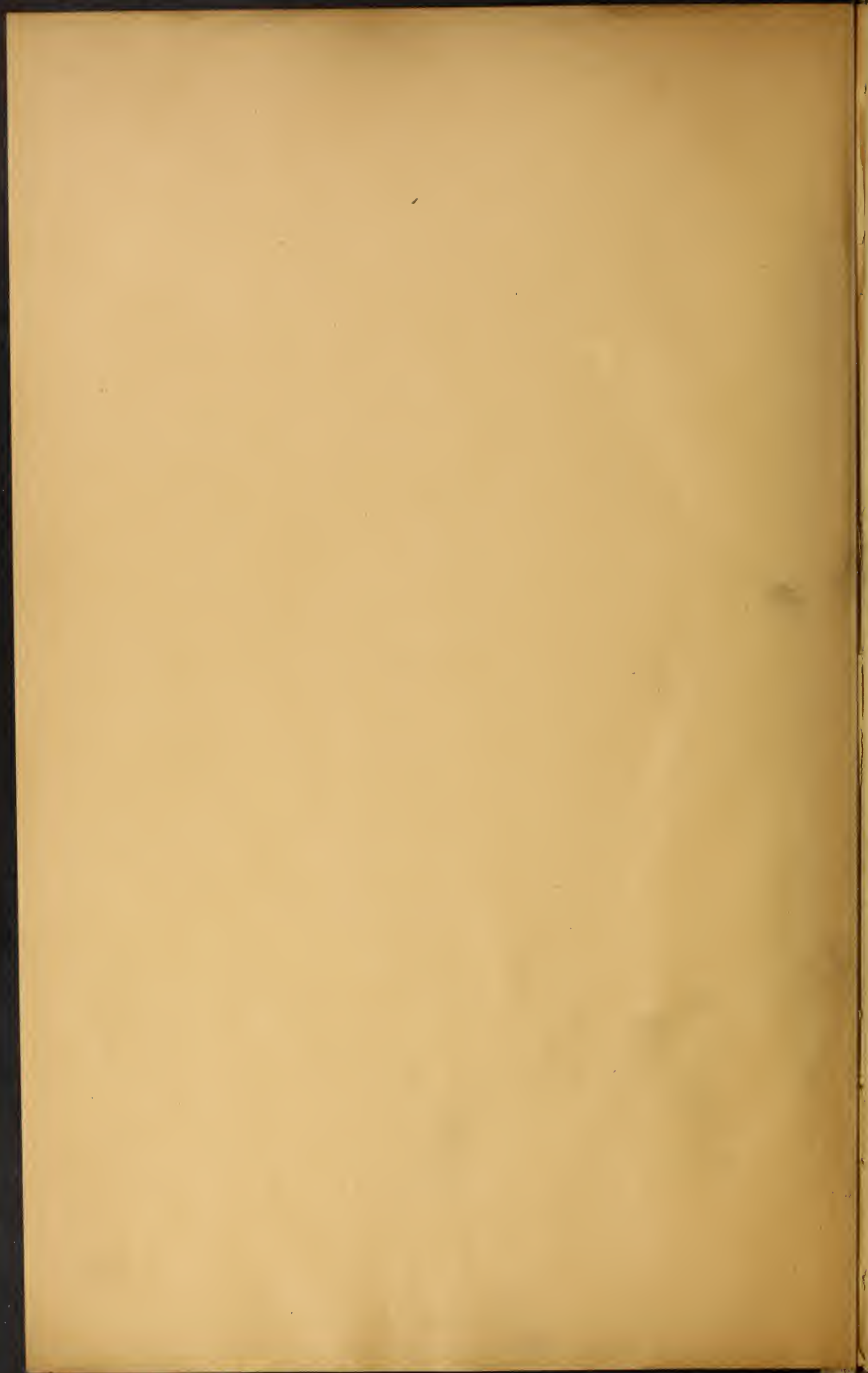


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'AIDA' OPENS SEASON OF OPERA IN ENGLISH

Sept. 16-1903
New Venture at the Century
Shows Good Promise
of Success.

PLEASANT VOICES HEARD

Szendrei Conducts With Fine Intelligence—Notables in the Audience.

"Aida"—At the Century Opera House.

The King.....George Shields.
Amneris.....Kathleen Howard
Rhadames.....Morgan Kingston
Ramfis.....Alfred Kaufman
Amonasro.....Louis Kreidler
Messenger.....Vernon Dahart
Priestess.....Florence Coughlan
Aida.....Elizabeth Amsden
Conductor, Alfred Szendrei.

What may possibly prove to be a chapter of deep importance in the history of opera in this city was begun last evening at the Century Opera House, formerly called the Century Theatre. Verdi's "Aida" was given in English by a newly organized company under the direction of Milton and Sargent Aborn, backed by members of the City Club and certain gentlemen closely associated with the existence of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The season is to continue thirty-five weeks, and that this is no idle announcement the projectors of the enterprise have endeavored to demonstrate by a publication of the estimated expenses and the sum subscribed to meet them. The operas are to be sung in English except at the last performance of each, which will be given with the original text.

No proclamation has been made in regard to the purpose of this linguistic scheme, but no one would be astonished if the close of the season witnessed an application of the referendum to musical politics. A popular vote, for example, showing a large majority in favor of giving the operas in English would confound those doddering old creatures who persist in arguing that operas can be sung more artistically in their original texts than in translations, and would at the same time buoyantly bear aloft the hopes of those whose hearts have long told them that they can make translations just as good as the originals and frequently much better.

A Promising First Night.

There will be much ado over the question of singing English in the course of the season, and so let us try not to say it all just yet. The news of a first night is what concerns us this morning. For one thing it can be said without hesitation that no production of serious opera at low prices has ever started forward with more substantial support. Not only is the money provided, but last evening personages of social importance showed their interest in the enterprise by their presence and their plentiful applause.

If these personages had been alone the promise of the future would have been less certain, for these entertainments are not expected to entice these people away from the Metropolitan when the season at that house begins. The number of persons not prominent in society, plain people, eager for operatic enjoyment, was large enough to show that acquaintance with the character of the new enterprise had reached the right quarters. There was plenty of applause and an atmosphere of good humor pervaded the house.

Nevertheless the fate of the new operatic project was not settled last evening, nor will it be settled for months to come. The performances will go on whether they have audiences or not, and if they can be sustained on a level of sufficient merit they should in time gain their public.

Good or at least respectable presentations of operas of artistic worth supply an element of culture in a community. Those concerned in them perhaps overestimate their value, and there is surely too much chatter about "educational opera"; but few will dispute the proposition that it is more wholesome for people to go to opera in English than to music halls or bad farce comedy, where culture of every kind is taboo and only the English of the gutter is admitted.

Excellent Conducted.

Last night's performance was one in which there were merits numerous enough to command respectful consideration. The conducting of Mr. Szendrei was perhaps the most conspicuous merit of all. A firm command of his forces, a clear knowledge of the score, a fine musical intelligence, and a thorough understanding of the possibilities of the auditorium were manifest in his work. His orchestra was composed of good material and its tone was discreetly kept down so as to give the solo

voices the dominant parts in the musical scheme. His management of the big ensemble which ends the second act was a masterpiece of judgment and adaptation of effects to the house in which he was.

It may be added at this point that the chorus was sufficiently large and that it sang generally well. The ballet was numerous enough for the stage and its duties were in general well performed. The scenery and costumes had enough brilliancy to please the average eye and to show that the projectors of the enterprise have no intention of being niggardly in mounting operas.

It goes without saying that in a scheme of this kind world-famed singers do not find a place. Their salaries make opera at low prices quite impossible. But last night's cast was musically better than many which have been heard in cheap opera, while dramatically most of its members were at any rate inoffensive, and in some cases guileless.

Morgan Kingston, for example, displayed a tenor voice of excellent quality in *Rhadames*, but his ignorance of stage deportment worked serious injury to every scene in which he was concerned. Miss Amsden sang the music of *Aida* charmingly, but without much breadth or style. Still it is always a pleasure to hear a woman who can sing in tune and with a good quality of tone throughout her scale. Without doubt Miss Amsden will be one of the serviceable members of the new company.

Praise, and a Few Regrets.

Mr. Kreidler as *Amonasro* disclosed a good barytone voice of ample proportions, but a tendency to overdo things. However, it is not essential this morning to review in detail the doings of each singer. There was much to commend, and also not a little to regret. The vocal style and the action of several of the principals leaned toward amateurishness. Only sound training and experience in good companies will remove this shortcoming, but doubtless the always earnest advocates of translated opera will tell us that this is just what these singers are going to get at Century Opera House.

At any rate, the season has begun auspiciously, as the common phrase has it, and the repertoire is announced. On May 12 "*Les Huguenots*" will be given, and that week will end the series which was commenced last evening. It will be interesting to watch the progress and development of the public attitude between now and then. Perhaps serious history will be made. Certainly all lovers of music will hope so.

A Creditable Performance and an Interesting Issue Joined—What Will Be the Outcome?

Enthusiastic men conceived it; philanthropic men gave it their encouragement; experienced men put the plan into execution, and last night witnessed the beginning of the latest of many experiments to popularize grand opera. The Century Theatre was the place, Verdi's "*Aida*" the opera, the language used by the singers was the vernacular, the audience was numerous and disposed to recognize every bit of excellence, exaggerate its value, and so the affair passed off auspiciously. The representation was highly creditable; many performances in Italian, for which greater pretensions were made, have fallen below it in point of the excellence of the individual artists and the general effect. The organization for which the City Club and the Metropolitan Opera directors have stood as sponsors, and the brothers Aborn have created put its best foot forward. It is not a peculiarly graceful or shapely foot, but a sturdy and energetic foot which will carry a problem, which has been made greatly to exercise the public mind, a considerable distance toward a solution—for the time being. If it results in the permanent establishment of popular opera in any language, English, Italian, French or German, it will mark a great change in the popular attitude toward the lyric drama and be a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

A great many, an unusual number, indeed, of the words which were sung were intelligible. This seems to indicate that the discussion concerning opera in English which has been carried on with a great deal of energy for several years has borne good fruit. It has left untouched the question whether the understanding of operatic English is always conducive to enjoyment. Messrs. Morgan Kingston (*Rhadames*), Alfred Kaufman (*Ramfis*), Louis Kreidler (*Amonasro*), and, in a smaller degree, Miss Kathleen Howard (*Amneris*) and Miss Elizabeth Amsden (*Aida*), by enunciating the words distinctly, for the greater part helped those who wished to have a more intimate acquaintance with the sentiments of the play's people than they have been able to extract from Italian performances to get it. Only a few of them, Mr. Kreidler coming into prominence here, made the emotion of the drama felt. With varying degrees of success they also disclosed the beauty of the music—not all of it, but so large a measure that it was possible to say that the opera was sung with good intonation, with a great deal of animation and with precision. The new tenor, Mr. Kingston, disclosed a tenor voice of fine, even quality. Good power and splendid possibilities. His

voice of a tenor, a tenor who played the fiddle "by main strength," but this seemed to be accepted by the audience as a virtue even when it was applied to the aquatic aria which might be borne on an angel's wings, which is the first unexpected number in the score. In appearance and action he was destructive of all romantic illusion. The first defect might be remedied by an expert theatrical dresser at once; the second may be removed by study and experience. He has the making of a fine artist; his path leads to the heights. Familiarity with the calling spoke with emphasis from the singing and acting of Mr. Kreidler and the singing of Mr. Kaufmann, and also from the work of Miss Howard, whose admirable voice would be more admirable were it more freely emitted. In Mr. Shields there was found a representative of the type of dramatic singer who has been a clog on English opera for generations. Miss Amsden's hobble skirt and its disclosures are more likely to cause greater comment than the undeniable brilliancy of her voice and her effective use of it—which is a pity. In her case, too, there is promising artistic material.

There was little refinement of nuance in the singing of the chorus and the playing of the orchestra, but plenty of volume and frequent outbursts of energy—matters to which Mr. Szendrei, the conductor, seemed to devote more attention than he did to eloquence of expression. But he displayed a masterful hand and complete knowledge of the material part of the score. Wholly praiseworthy, partly because it was neither too garish nor too lavish was the setting of the opera—in all things commensurate with the performance.

Though there was not the faintest element of novelty in the representation, which had been loudly heralded and was acclaimed with much gladness, the fact remains that the new venture has brought up for a discussion several questions which it is expected the venture of the Century Company will bring to a determination. Some of them are as old as the lyric drama itself, some as old as the history of opera in America.

It is only the phase in which the questions are to be presented that give them the semblance of novelty.

If the argument is to turn on the relative popularity of what is commonly talked about as Italian and English opera, it may be said that the controversy between the two forms, as they now present themselves—two variations of the same thing differing from each other only in the language employed in the representation—has been carried on for eighty years in New York, with success going now to one side, now to the other. If the question at issue is whether the English language is a better vehicle for the lyric drama than Italian or any foreign tongue, it may be said that considerations which ought to be obvious to every cultured mind have settled it long ago: the proper language to sing operatic music in is the language for which the music was composed, the only language to which the musical idiom can be said to be native. It is as destructive of the spirit of Italian or German or French music to sing it in English as it would be to sing English opera in Italian, German or French. No paraphrase can be fitted to music without loss to the beauty and potency of the original text, as well as the music. No people can feel the power of the phrase "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth" in Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus as the English can feel it unless it be sung in the original and understood. There is no English, no French nor German equivalent for "Oh, patria mia, mai più ti rivedrò" when sung to the music which it called forth from Verdi's soul. There is no equivalent in any other language for that exaltation of Isolde's spirit, "Mild und weise wie er lächelt." The essence of French melody departs when another

vessel is substituted for French verse. These are facts; incontrovertible, enduring, because they rest upon the genius of national art. They are not to be set aside by appeal to any popular forum.

What remains of the question of language is the effectiveness and expediency of the compromise of singing foreign operas in the vernacular, for as yet we are not confronted with the prospect of English opera in English. That and the old one, which is not an aesthetic question at all, except as aesthetics are involved in the matter of translation, whether or not English can be sung so as to be intelligible. Except when the methods of the composer intervene and the difficulties are enhanced by the translator English can be articulated in song as well as any other language. It can be. Any one of a dozen operetta soubrettes in New York proves that every night; but as a rule it is not in serious opera. Why? Partly because of the singer's lack of intelligence of operatic speech; partly because of the affectations of the singers; partly because of the singer's lack of intelligence; partly because of their want of

training, chargeable in a measure to the want of opportunity.

The Century Company's experiment will help us to form a conclusion as to the value of this compromise. It will also demonstrate whether or not there is a large enough demand for opera at lower prices than those exacted at the Metropolitan Opera House to justify the existence of two operatic institutions, one aristocratic on the basis of cost as well as artistic offering; one democratic in prices and performance. There are several phases of this question. Is opera so admired and desired by the multitude that it will be supported for its own sake? Does the multitude care so much for the song that it will be content with something considerably short of the best in the singer? Is serious opera a really popular form of entertainment? Can it live without the help of fad and fashion? Will performances, necessarily mediocre, though never so worthy and creditable, be accepted because they do not cost so much as performances in which the glamour of great names and fames, much pomp in the audience room and on the stage are consorted with great perfection in the representation?

We shall see. Perhaps some features which do not look altogether wise now will be modified as the experiment goes on. To those who view the situation in the light of long experience it may seem as if the challenge were in some respects too daring. Perhaps the management will learn that it is expecting a very great deal indeed to expect an opera to attract a remunerative audience for seven successive nights and one afternoon, even in New York. The attractive power which the Metropolitan Opera exerts over all the strangers within New York's gates will not be duplicated by the Century Opera, whose transient clientele will have to come from the sincere music, or, better opera, lovers who visit the city. And they have much else to divert their attention. Will operagoers who know how great the artistic exactions of operas so widely diverse as "*Rigoletto*" and "*Tristan und Isolde*" are be content with the representations which they are likely to receive at the Century Theatre? These and many other things are to be unfolded to us. The purpose is praiseworthy; the effort sincere. There will be nothing but rejoicing if the experiment succeeds.

H. E. K.

Century Opera Season Begins.

Grand opera at popular prices is not a novelty in New York, but performances which are, to all intents and purposes, endowed for the masses are decidedly new, and when, combined with this, the operas are sung in English, the experiment begun last night in the Century Opera House is one the result of which will be watched with keen interest. All lovers of real music will therefore rejoice at its real success last evening. In this republic opera endowed by the Government is, of course, an impossibility; therefore it has remained for a number of public-spirited citizens to take the place of a paternal Government. Complaint has often been made that the reason why previous attempts to provide "opera for the people" in this city lasted only a few weeks, or at best a few months, was that the individuals who fathered and financed these enterprises had neither the resources nor the faith to persevere until the public had got the habit of patronizing such performances. This will not occur in the case of the Century Opera Company, which boasts not only a goodly number of backers of responsibility, but an encouraging subscription list, and, what is fully as important a factor, much enthusiasm. Therefore there is every reason to assume that the question whether the music lovers of this city wish to hear some of the greatest and most popular operas for one-third the price asked at the Metropolitan will at last receive a trustworthy answer.

In selecting the Aborns to assume the management the Century Company was wise. These managers have for some years been conducting opera at popular prices in many of the large cities of this country, but their efforts in New York have been confined for the most part to the Borough of Brooklyn, with prices ruling at about one-half of what is charged in the present venture. That those performances were meritorious cannot be gainsaid; that the public responded, and the Aborns were encouraged to continue in the field, would seem to be pretty conclusive evidence that there is a widespread demand for opera in English at moderate prices. In the present experiment the question is whether a doubling of prices, and more than tripling the cost of production, will bring about the necessarily greater popularity, and, in the

produce sufficient revenue to make it unnecessary to depend upon gifts for financial success.

The New Century company contains many good singers—not up to the Metropolitan Opera House standard. It is true; but no one expects that. There are scores of opera houses in Europe which are not up to that standard, yet they are profitably conducted, with singers considerably below the rank of Caruso, Scotti, Homer, Fremstad, Farrar, and others of that ilk. Yet these performances are well rounded and thoroughly enjoyable, and, not infrequently, the singers are recruited for the larger houses. The promoters of the present plan believe that there are about as many real lovers of music in this country as in Germany, and that there is good reason to believe that, with a competent all-around company such as has been secured for the Century Opera House, giving the best operas, in the vernacular, even without the highest priced stars, the necessary clientele will be obtained.

Opera in English has been the subject of much argument in the past. For several years the directors of the Metropolitan have been bombarded with requests for it, and the only answer has been "English opera"—that is operas for which the libretto was originally written in English. The Metropolitan management would go no further than that, the argument against using the vernacular being that more is lost than could by any possibility be gained, in using translated librettos. The present season will give ample opportunity for judging whether the English language really is less fitted for vocal music than the leading tongues of Continental Europe, or if the language is not at fault, whether our operatic artists are, by reason of having taken less pains to master English for singing than they have in the case of German, French, and Italian. With this must also be taken into consideration the usual innumerable translations of foreign text, which do not fit the score, and which, more often than not, bring the accent upon the wrong word or upon closed instead of open vowels. Too often opera in English has been made unintelligible, as far as the words are concerned, because the singer has slurred one or two syllables, reaching forward for an open vowel. No one ever complained of inability to understand "The Bohemian Girl," the original libretto of which was written in English. The plan of repeating the operas, in their original language, on the Mondays succeeding the week of their presentation in English, should throw some further light upon this, as nearly, if not quite all, the singers in the company claim English as their native tongue.

In selecting for the opening night, Verdi's "Aida," the management showed much wisdom. It is the best and most popular opera of a composer the centenary of whose birth is just now being celebrated the world over. It is moreover, an extremely effective opera—effective in its choral and orchestral aspects, as well as in the glorious melodies assigned to the principals. It is needless to say that it has been thoroughly rehearsed. How, then, was it performed?

Let it be said, first of all, that the performance, as a whole, was surprisingly good, and happily disappointed those who came prepared to see a merely amateurish performance. It would naturally be unfair to give a definitive opinion either of the prospects for the whole season or of the capabilities of the individual artists, some of whom showed distinct signs of nervousness. But the sum total compelled immediate respect and admiration for the way the great task before the new company had been grappled with. The chorus is full of promise, its costuming was brilliant, the pagantry last night quite impressive, and the stage-setting all that could be asked. "Aida" is being given less well to-day in many cities abroad which pride themselves upon their opera. For one thing, one felt that the management had confidence in itself and its ability to work out the problems, and, considering that it had no Caruso and no other stars, its beginning may be said to have been as satisfactory as any one could reasonably have expected, and there was evident promise that still better work will be done later in the season.

For one thing, the Century opera gains by its smaller stage. There is something much more intimate about it, notably when two or three of the principals appear alone, than could be the case with the Metropolitan. This had surely something to do with the complete sympathy and appreciation with which the fine audience—there

was standing room only after 7.15—listened to and inspired the singers. Of these, Miss Elizabeth Amsden, Morgan Kingston, an English tenor of distinction, and Miss Kathleen Howard carried off the honors. Miss Amsden, the Aida, who has previously sung in Boston and Montreal, is gifted with a voice that has purity, freshness, and beauty of quality to commend it, though it is rather light of texture, and not capable, apparently of a wide range of dramatic utterance or color. She seems unable, however, to achieve pianissimo tones in the upper register. There were moments in which she departed noticeably from the pitch. Her share of the Nile scene was most commendably sung, and there was genuine artistic feeling in the closing duo. As an actress, she was less praiseworthy, occasionally missing the broader dramatic aspects of her part. Her Aida gave no indication of noble origin, and her mincing gait did not materially improve matters, nor did her strange and decidedly unattractive attire, a tightly draped silken garment, whose revelations were far too complete.

The Amneris, Kathleen Howard, is an American girl, until lately a member of the Darmstadt Opera, where she sang a variety of rôles to operetta parts. London, too, has heard Miss Howard, and at Covent Garden. In her last night's rôle she was said not to be in good voice; but she sings with style, though her upper tones are often thin and pinched, and in marked contrast to the warmth, color, and richness of her lower register. That she has clear dramatic talent was perfectly obvious, and her splendid hearing and fine presence added greatly to the value of her impersonation, which was on the whole of a high order.

Special interest attached to Morgan Kingston, the Rhadames. Mr. Kingston's vocal possibilities were discerned by a London manager some time ago, when the singer worked as a miner in Wales. The present is his first operatic experience. His enunciation is distinctness itself, however, and his vocal qualifications undeniable. It is a large voice, resonant, virile, of an admirable natural quality. Mr. Kingston is at present inclined to force his tones, a habit of which it is to be hoped he will speedily divest himself, for his voice is too fine to mar by such abuse. He should also endeavor to acquire a surer use of mezzo voice and a wider range of tone coloring than he seems now able to command. As for acting, on that side he still has everything to learn; one longed last night for the mobility and ardor of Caruso, particularly when Mr. Kingston's voice appeared to best advantage in the closing duo, his singing of which was well-nigh faultless.

The other rôles were, with one exception, efficiently cared for. Louis Kreidler's Amonasro was vocally and dramatically of a very high order—a piece of work that would have done credit to the Metropolitan stage. His diction was exemplary. Alfred Kaufman, the Ramfis, and George Shields as the King, were both satisfying. The mystically lovely music of the Priestess was poorly sung by Florence Coughlan.

On the whole, the standard of enunciation was high last night. About three-quarters of the singers engaged for the Century Company are natives of this country, while some of the others are English. While many of the American-born members of the Metropolitan have, on various past occasions, made a sorry showing in using their own language for operatic purposes, the outcome of last evening's test of English as a singing language was distinctly encouraging, though it is, no doubt, easier to project words comprehensively into the auditorium of the Century Theatre than across the gigantic spaces of the Metropolitan. It is regrettable, however, that a better translation of the text than the clumsy version used on this occasion could not have been obtained.

As for the orchestra, it was there one noticed the greatest contrast with the standards of the Metropolitan. It is lacking both as to quality and ensemble, its basses being particularly in need of the attention of the conductor, Mr. Alfred Szendrei, a Hungarian, whose conducting of several Wagnerian operas in Chicago was highly praised. He has undoubted ability and great spirit, and is to be credited with much of the vigor of the performance, and can probably be relied upon to put on the necessary finish, and bring about the proper balance among his instrumentalists before long.

"AIDA" IN ITALIAN HEARD AT CENTURY

Sept. 23, 1913
Audience Seems as Familiar
With Original Text as Are
Those Downtown.

TWO NEWCOMERS HEARD

Engenio Folco Sings Rhadames,
and Victor Navarrini Im-
personates the King.

The second week of the season of opera at the newly christened Century Opera House began last evening. The opera was still "Aida," but in accordance with the plan announced long ago the work was sung with the original Italian text. It is the purpose of the managers to give one representation of each opera with its original words, and it is intended that this representation shall be the last one in each series.

The audience last evening was of large size and its attitude toward the performance betokened an astonishing familiarity with "la bella lingua Toscana" or an easy indifference to that tremendous question, "Shall we have opera in English?" The listeners seemed wondrous like to those the observer sees in the higher priced seats at the more pretentious opera house further down town. They enjoyed "Aida" in pretty much the same way.

The change in language called into action two hitherto unheard members of the company. Engenio Folco sang Rhadames and Victor Navarrini was the impersonator of the King. The other members of the cast had been heard in the English performances. There was no important revelation in the art of either of the newcomers, both of whom have been heard in these domains before now.

Mr. Folco has a pretty voice and sang some of his music with a certain amount of fire. But he nevertheless made an approach toward a difficult achievement, that of making Rhadames dull. This rôle is one of the most graceful in the repertory of the dramatic tenor. It is hard to achieve failure in it and Mr. Folco certainly did not do quite that. Mr. Navarrini was an active King. The war on his borders disturbed his tones greatly.

Miss Amsden showed improvement in the rôle. Possibly she found the Italian text more grateful than the English. Her "Ritorno vincitor" had more significance, more musical quality, last night than before. Mr. Kaufman repeated his clean and sensible delivery of the music of Ramfis and Thoma Chalmers, of whom many pleasant things have already been said, was once more the Amonasro.

The orchestra was smoother and had more elasticity, as might have been expected after a week of contemplation of the score.

This evening Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" will be produced in English, in which language it will be sung during the remainder of the week. On Monday next it will be given in Italian.

BISPHAM IN VAUDEVILLE

Palace Audience Welcomes
Barytone in New venture.

The ranks of the stars of vaudeville were added to yesterday afternoon by the advent of David Bispham, the well known operatic barytone, upon the stage of the Palace Theatre. It was Mr. Bispham's first appearance before a vaudeville audience, and yesterday's large one gave him a hearty welcome and applauded vigorously, especially after his singing of the "Pagliaccio" prologue and "Danny Deever."

Of course, Mr. Bispham sang these songs in English. In addition, he prefaced his songs with a speech giving his reasons for believing in opera in English, and advising his auditors to hie themselves straight to the Century Opera House. It would have been better both for Mr. Bispham and for his cause had this preliminary address been curtailed; a Broadway vaudeville house is not a Chautauqua.

But when the barytone got down to work and sang an air from Handel's "Scipio," "The Dancing Master" song of Mendelssohn, and the "Pagliaccio" prologue, his audience warmed up with surprising quickness. His voice was in as good condition as it has been these last few years, his diction was admirably clear, and he sang with the old Bisphamian spirit. Even a vaudeville audience appreciates good music when it is given it, and it appreciated it yesterday. Mr. Bispham may be said to have made a favorable start in his new field.

"LA GIOCONDA" AT CENTURY.

Second Opera of New Opera Com-
pany's Season Sung in English.

La Gioconda Miss Ewell
La Ciccio Kathleen Howard
Alvise Badoero Alfred Kaufman
Laura Mary Jordan
Barnaba Gustaf Bergman
Zanone Louis Kreidler
Zanone's Mother Hugh Schuster
A Pilot Vernon Dalhart
Isopo Alfred Szendrei

The Century Opera Company moved on to another stage of its history last evening, when it made its first change of bill. The second opera of its repertory was Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," one that has become pretty well known to New York operagoers in the last few years. It is far from being as well known or as popular as "Aida," however, as it is far from being as great a work, and there was not quite the public response to this second offering of the Century management that there was to the first.

The audience last evening, however, was a large one. And there is enough in "La Gioconda" in its theatrical effectiveness and superficially striking musical features to stimulate applause at the right moments—the airs, chief of which is "Heaven and Ocean," as it was sung last evening; the duets, trios, quartets, choruses, and the brilliancy of many orchestral passages. These were not lacking in their effect, nor was the handsome scenic outfit, again reminiscent of the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is easy to think that "La Gioconda" must necessarily be a work of great popularity, with all its obvious bids for popularity. Whether it will appeal to the Century Opera's public for a week will soon be determined. For many listeners the music has lost much of its freshness, and there are many passages in it that now seem cheap and tawdry. Nor does the libretto shoot horror as it once did into the hearts of spectators, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to find any character in the opera to sympathize with.

A brave attempt was made to produce an impression with "La Gioconda." There had evidently been care put into its preparation, and there was much that was highly creditable in the performance. The principal singers all deserved praise in various measure. Miss Ewell's voice had quality that was agreeable, and she made effective most of the music given to a Gioconda. The Laura was Miss Mary Jordan, whose voice has considerable power of the sort called dramatic, but she has yet something to learn as to dramatic expression in action. So has Mr. Gustaf Bergman, the Enzo, whose voice has excellent quality, and would have more if he would find more varied nuances of expression in it. Mr. Kreidler gave a full measure of melodramatic villainy to the part of Barnaba, and Mr. Kaufman as Alvise was one of the most competent of the cast. And Miss Howard's singing of the music of the blind mother deserved much commendation.

The chorus sang at least with more volume than it did; the orchestra still needs improvement in the precision of its ensemble. The ballet did its best in the "Dance of the Hours," and won a round of applause. Mr. Tzendrei's conducting again showed skill and authority, if was doubtful if quite as much of the English text was intelligible in this performance as in the previous ones. There might be a question whether this was a loss or not, for what was intelligible was depressingly poor English. But this is only a phase of that greater question which is going to be settled by the Century Opera by and by.

"GIOCONDA AT CENTURY

Performance of Opera in Eng-
lish Is Sjirited.

Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" is the second opera essayed by the new Century Opera Company in its campaign for popular opera in English, and last night the company gave the old work its first performance at the Century House.

"Gioconda" is a work that contains many severe difficulties for the singers, and it would be too much to expect an altogether satisfactory performance outside the walls of a very few of the great opera houses. Yet last night's representation contained not a few virtues which would have done credit to any impresario, and the audience hugely enjoyed the proceedings.

Of the singers first honors went to the Gioconda of Miss Ewell, the Laura of Miss Jordan, and the Alvise of Mr. Kaufman, the duet between the two women in the second act in particular being sung with effect. Miss Ewell displayed not a little dramatic power; while Mr. Kaufman's diction deserves a special word of praise. The Enzo was Mr. Bergman, who was extremely nervous, a condition that did not benefit his performance, notably in the great air in the second act.

The Barnaba of Mr. Kreidler was big voiced, though wanting in any attempt at legato, and Miss Howard was satisfactory as La Ciccio.

The mise-en-scene was unusually good and bore abundant testimony to the efforts of Edward Siedle, lent to the company by the Metropolitan.

The Dance of the Hours was danced with spirit by the ballet and brought forth warm applause. Mr. Szendrei infused the orchestra with life, and his conducting probably will grow in assurance with greater chance for rehearsal.

Taken all in all, it was a spirited performance of a work that has proved a mine of melody for more than one young

It was sung in English and the story was told in a most interesting manner for which some were thankful and some were not. In its story "Gloconda" is the rawest of raw melodrama, and if this was made any more apparent by English words, at least an educational value was obtained.

"La Gloconda" by Century Company.

The Century Opera Company was successfully launched with "Aida," an opera so melodious and spectacular, so full of musical and dramatic climaxes, that it is sure to please the multitude if well done. It was well done, on the whole, last week, and better still on Monday night of this evening. The result being that the receipts for the nine performances exceeded the expenses by several thousand dollars, which is distinctly encouraging to the managers and the projectors of this "opera for the people."

Sept. 24, 1913
It is likely that a similar success will attend the production of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" next week and of "Madama Butterfly," "Carmen," and some other popular works in the repertory. That it will be shared by "La Gloconda" is not likely for last night's audience, though not small, was not as large as the audiences which heard "Aida." For this, Ponchielli's opera is responsible. One wonders why it was chosen for so early a stage in the proceedings, for the avowed object of the Century Company is to teach the public to appreciate operas for their own sake, and there is no doubt that "La Gloconda" owes its popularity chiefly to the star casts—including Caruso, Amato, Nordica, or Destinn—that have always sung it. Even with a star cast it has many dull moments. It is not an opera which one could implore the public to love for its own sake, like the master-works of Verdi, Wagner, Gounod, Bizet, Puccini, Humperdinck, and Massenet, which the patrons of the Century Opera Company will hear during the next seven months.

Tastes differ, to be sure. A man was heard exclaiming rapturously last night that "La Gloconda" is a master-work, important in the history of music not only for its own sake, but because it was the direct predecessor of two other Italian "master-works," Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Those who like these master-works will enjoy parts of "Gloconda," too, although it is in the yellow libretto rather than in the music that one finds the relationship.

In last night's performance of "La Gloconda" there was a good deal to commend, thanks, largely, to the cordial coöperation of the Metropolitan Opera House, which sees in the Century Opera a coadjutor rather than a rival, and which on this occasion obviously helped out with scenic features and with the ballet, which has contributed toward the popularity of this opera almost as much as the star casts. The dancing was admirable and called forth much applause, while the stage management in general was excellent.

The principal parts in the plot were taken by Lois Ewell as Gloconda, Kathleen Howard as her blind mother, Gustaf Bergman as Enzo, Louis Kreidler as Barnaba the spy, Mary Jordan as Laura, and Alfred Kaufman as her revengeful husband. The most finished performances of the evening were given by Miss Howard and Mr. Kreidler, whose name has also appeared on Metropolitan Opera House programmes. Miss Ewell's voice is rather light for the part of the heroine, but it has an agreeable quality. Gustaf Bergman is the possessor of a manly, robust voice, which, however, he uses so "nasally" (which means with little nasal resonance) that he does not get the full value of its volume. The audience enjoyed particularly the duets of the first two acts, the first being sung by Enzo and Barnaba, the second by Gloconda and Laura.

It has been repeatedly pointed out in commenting on performances of opera in English given at the Metropolitan, that, as a rule, the American singers in the cast enunciated less clearly than the foreigners. I cannot be said that last night's performance gained much by being sung in English, but let not that worry or warn any one who wishes to hear Ponchielli's opera for the sake of its music. The libretto is so intricate that it requires an hour's careful attention to unravel the plot in any case so that clear enunciation is of no great importance in this instance. Differences of opinion as to enunciation are due to the fact that one actually does hear words more distinctly in some parts of the house than in others.

The orchestra, under Alfred Szendrei was at its best in the ballet music. It often lacked glow of color and dramatic nuances. The chorus is made up of good material,

and for the most part it sang with precision and spirit.

"GIOCONDA" AT CENTURY A TALE OF TWO TENORS

Walter Wheatley Sings at Matinee and John Bardsley in Evening.

It was a tale of two tenors at the Century Opera House yesterday. The opera was "La Gloconda" and the tenors were Walter Wheatley, the Enzo of the afternoon, and John Bardsley, the Enzo of the evening.

Mr. Wheatley, who has been heard before as Rhadames in "Aida," found the part of the Genoese noble more to his liking than that of the Egyptian general and sang the "Cielo e mar," to give it the name made famous by Enrico Caruso, with unusual sweetness.

Sept. 25, 1913
The Gloconda was Miss Elizabeth Amsden, whose fine voice has already given much pleasure as Aida. Gloconda is not altogether a grateful part. Jocund she surely is not, and Miss Amsden could not make her that, but she showed again that she is a singer who will probably be heard from in the future. The Barnaba was Thomas Chalmers. Mr. Chalmers has proved himself one of the company's most satisfactory artists, and his conception of the spy was one more subtle in delineation than barytones have usually made it. His voice is not a big one, but it is one of beautiful quality and one that he uses with discretion and regard for nuance. Miss Jordan again sang Laura and Miss Howard La Cleca.

The orchestra's playing was surer and more finished than at the opening performance, Mr. Szendrei being especially effective in the ballet music, but if the male chorus were equal to the female better results in the ensembles would be obtained. Indeed, a strengthening of the male choir and more orchestral rehearsals would appear to be the prime needs of the new organization.

The evening cast was the same as at the opening performance on Tuesday night, with Miss Ewell, Jordan and Howard and Mr. Kreidler and Mr. Kaufman, except that there was a new tenor in the person of John Bardsley. He disclosed a voice of pleasing quality, which nervousness, unfortunately, prohibited from its proper display. He will probably be more successful in future performances, but last night his great air, though sung with feeling and surprisingly good diction, went for little.

"La Gloconda" in Italian.

At last night's repetition of "La Gloconda" at the Century Opera House, Alberti Amadi made his first appearance, in the part of Enzo. He has been for two seasons a member of the National Opera Company in Mexico City, and he was the tenor of the company which went on tour in this country with Mascagni and his "Cavalleria Rusticana." He had previously sung a Milan and Bologna. His voice is typically Italian, with some of the good qualities and some of the defects of the average singer of that type. His appearance, and the fact that the opera was sung in the mellifluous Milanese tongue, attracted many Italians to the upper parts of the house.

Alberti Amadi Makes Debut in Ponchielli Opera.

Sept. 30, 1913
Following the lead set by last Monday night's "Aida," the Century Opera Company last evening presented "La Gloconda" in its original tongue, and again an audience of capacity proportions in all but the orchestra seats journeyed forth to listen to a work sung in the tongue for which it was written.

With two exceptions, the cast was one that had appeared in former performances. Miss Elizabeth Amsden, looking more than ever like the Emma Eames of other days, and gowned quite in the style of Marguerite, lent her beauty and her rich tones to the character of the street singer; Miss Mary Jordan was a Laura, ample, if at times overprodigal of voice; Miss Kathleen Howard's unusual histrionic powers lent poignancy to the blind mother, and Mr. Kaufman was a stentorian Alvise. The new singers were the Enzo and the Barnaba.

Of Signor Alessandrini's conception of the spy and of his voice, the better portion of praise must go to his enthusiasm, of which no Italian ever was more abundantly endowed. Signor Alessandrini has appeared before on the Roversy, and so is not unknown.

Sept. 30, 1913
But the Enzo of Alberto Amadi was, as the French say, "another pair of sleeves." Signor Amadi disclosed a voice of unusual sweetness, if one at times a little light for Ponchielli's orchestration, but one which gave much pleasure in the purely lyric passages. He appeared once or twice laboring under a nervous strain to an accompanying rigidity in his tones, but on the whole his debut should be

and for the most part it sang with precision and spirit.

The women's chorus once more proved itself one of the strongest assets of the company, and the dance of the Hours brought well won and vigorous applause.

OFFENBACH MELODY HEARD AT CENTURY

"The Tales of Hoffmann" Produced by Aborn Company

With Great Success.

October 1, 1913
AUDIENCE GIVES FAVOR

New Singers Appear in Familiar Work, Which Is Sung in English.

Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" was produced at the Century Opera House last evening in the presence of another of those large and enthusiastic assemblies which have welcomed each of its predecessors in the still young season of the enterprise.

If there had been any doubt about the success of the fantastic French opera comique in its new abode it vanished swiftly at the close of the first act, when long and loud applause greeted the singers and singing actors. The mood of the audience once established remained and the performance went forward to its close with unceasing approval.

It is more than thirty years ago that this opera, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," was first made known to New Yorkers by one of Maurice Grau's opera bouffe companies. It had no popularity at that time and soon was laid away. In recent years, however, it has found much favor in Germany and had also some successful revivals in France.

Doubtless for these reasons Oscar Hammerstein, seeking for novelties to put upon the stage of his Manhattan Opera House, took up the forgotten work. He revived it on November 14, 1907, and it was received with delight. The cast was by no means perfect: Renaud, Dalmores and Gilbert carried the burden on their shoulders. The women were all unequal to their tasks. But the acting of the three men and the charm of the music were sufficient to establish the opera in favor.

Nearly All American Singers.

After the expatriation of Mr. Hammerstein the opera passed into the repertory of the Philadelphia-Chicago company, which introduced it to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House on February 14, 1911. Dalmores and Renaud still carried the greater part of the burden. Now the work has become a feature of the repertory of a theatre devoted principally to the performance of opera in English, and it was presented last evening chiefly by American singers.

Little has been said in this place about the significance of the employment of English texts at the Century Opera House. Up to the present time the language has apparently had not great influence upon the attitude of the public. But it is possible that in a work of this type a clear understanding of the text might be of greater importance.

Last evening it was evident that in some of the comedy scenes the text went for something with the audience, while in the more serious episodes the music claimed larger attention. But this is a matter which must be set aside for the present. The real meaning of the Century Opera House cannot yet be defined. The enterprise has met with abundant public favor and has fairly deserved it. But whether the public has formulated a definite demand for opera in English or not cannot yet be decided.

The presentation of the opera last evening had features of merit not unlike those already noted in the more serious offerings. The musical excellences were greater than the dramatic and the general results more agreeable than separate contributions. It is an ancient mathematical axiom that the whole is the sum of all its parts. A fairly good whole therefore may be created with parts not all of equal value.

The mounting of the opera was by no means the least creditable element of last evening's presentation. The scenery was suitable, the costumes sufficiently bright and varied and the groupings pleasing to the eye. The chorus has sung better in other works, but it was by no means bad. The orchestra played with spirit and with some color, and Mr. Nicosia conducted generally with skill.

Bardsley in Fine Voice.

The most satisfactory single impersonation

3
Alon was that of John Bardsley as Hoffmann. His voice is one of pretty quality and is quite equal to the demands of Offenbach's music. It is perhaps not necessary to sing so much of the role at half voice, but it is better to do that than to be robustious. There was a great deal of grace in Mr. Bardsley's style and his Hoffmann will be remembered as one of the season's agreeable disclosures.

A newcomer was Lena Mason as Olympia. This singer has a high voice and is fond of high tones which are not always delightful to the sensitive ear. But on the whole she looked the part, sang the music to the manifest satisfaction of her auditor, and acted marvellously like an automaton. Morton Adkins undertook the roles of Spalanzani, Dappertutto and Dr. Miracle, in which Mr. Renaud used to exhibit his extraordinary virtuosity in the art of acting. Mr. Adkins reached no high level of distinction, but made commendable efforts.

Jayne Herbert, another newcomer, was a plump and gracious Niklausse, but her singing was less striking than her appearance. Lois Ewell was a good Giulietta and Ivy Scott was the Antonia. Francesco Daddi, sole survivor of the original Manhattan cast, appeared as Cochenille. He was as amusing as ever.

"The Tales of Hoffmann."

The large audience which heard "The Tales of Hoffmann" at the Century Opera House last night, and the applause which greeted the singers and the music, attested the wisdom of choosing Offenbach's masterwork for the third opera to be produced by the Messrs. Aborn in their series of performances at popular prices.

Offenbach was not one of the great masters, yet he shared the fate of some of the greatest masters of not living to hear his best work. He died in 1880, and "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was not produced till the following year. It had 101 performances the first year, which, however, does not signify much in Paris. Subsequently, interest in the opera waned, and while the Germans took some interest in it, its association with the Ring Theatre disaster in Vienna seemed to cast a damper on it. At the present time it is popular in Germany, and equally so in France. England paid no attention to it till Oscar Hammerstein produced it; and he produced it in London because it had been one of his great successes in New York, thanks, largely, to the incomparable art of Maurice Renaud in impersonating the three utterly different aspects in which the demon presents himself in the three acts; and to the coöperation of M. Dalmores and the late M. Gilbert.

Port. Oct. 1, 1913
These three men, aided by Signor Campanini, who entered as thoroughly into the spirit of this opera as if he also had been a Frenchman, made the performance of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" memorable in our operatic annals. Far less satisfactory, on the whole, were the performances of this opera given last season at the Metropolitan, owing partly to defects in the cast culminating in the tenor, partly to the absence of a real fantastic atmosphere and Gallic lightness of touch, and partly to the fact that the Metropolitan is too big for an opera of this genre.

In this respect the Century Opera House is preferable, being just the right size for work of this kind, for which, in fact, it was originally constructed. In the matter of spirit, also, there was more to commend last night than there was in the bigger house; and to the greater part of those present it was no doubt an advantage to hear the text in Mr. Meltzer's excellent translation. It would be rank flattery to say that the Gallic spirit was revealed in all its subtle details, or that the singers in their acting made the story as fantastic as it can be made; but there were features which call for unstinted praise. The impersonator of Hoffmann, in particular, John Beardsley, distinguished himself by natural acting and good singing; he has evidently studied his part thoroughly and may some day be heard in higher-priced opera. Next to him in merit comes Morton Adkins, who sang the part of Dappertutto well, though in the acting he failed to make the most of his opportunities. Mr. Kreidler was disappointing as Coppelius, but gave the part of Dr. Miracle a good deal of the sinister aspect it calls for.

Miss Lena Mason amused the audience by her antics as the doll. Her voice is exceptionally high in its range, and her coloratura was good of its kind; it would have been better had she always agreed with the orchestra in the matter of pitch. Miss Lois Ewell sang the agreeable rôle of Giulietta well. The part of Antonia was assigned to Miss Ivy Scott, who made good deal of it, but must learn to control

the tendency of her voice to tremble. As Melausse, Miss Jayne Herbert looked well, but her singing left much to be desired. It is needless to say that the audience was pleased with the antics of Mr. Daddi in the parts of the two servants, Cochenille and Franz. Scenically, the best thing was the palace with the Venetian background, which was greeted with a round of applause. Mr. Nicosia conducted the orchestra and usually had all his forces well in hand.

“TALES OF HOFFMANN”

October 1, 1913

Third Opera of Season Given at the Century.

Jacques Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," anglicized into "The Tales of Hoffmann," was sung last night in English at the Century Opera House. The choice of Offenbach's sole opera comique as one of the first works to be presented by the new opera company can be justified in several ways.

It is true that the opera itself was one of the few that held its popularity during those exciting days when Oscar Hammerstein was imperator of West 34th street, when Maurice Renaud, in his protean representation of the Spirit of Evil, left memories never to be effaced, and to expect an artist in a popular priced opera house to equal or even approach the supreme art of the great French barytone would be a consummation beyond the dreams of managers. Yet Mr. Renaud's impersonation was not the only reason for the opera's popularity.

The music of Offenbach is ever light, graceful and melodious, and more than ever so in his master work. The "Barcarolle" is played daily throughout the land on ten thousand gramophones and by a hundred orchestras. Every young girl who is learning to strum on the piano knows it and tries to play it. In short, in the last few years it has taken its place with the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria" and the "Meditation" from "Thais" as a musical epidemic. Then, again, the story is varied, picturesque, sentimental and melodramatic, and an impresario could not hope for four more potent magnets of popular appreciation.

As a final reason for its choice, considering the fact that it was to be sung in English, a really adequate translation had at last been found, for which thanks are due to Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer. Last night Mr. Meltzer proved that he had driven home an effective stroke in the warfare for translated opera in which warfare he has for so long been the Henry of Navarre.

While it is impossible that any translation, however capable, can be entirely satisfactory in always following the melody line, Mr. Meltzer's brought forth strange solecisms, and was on the whole admirable in its fidelity to the spirit of the work. After all, Hoffmann is a German, and the essence of the German, and Offenbach's opera is so thoroughly foreign librettos as "Aida" and "Gioconda."

Last night's performance was admirable in its staging, as has always been the case at the Century. The chorus was well drilled and well costumed, and things moved smoothly and with spirit. Of the singers, first honors, beyond all question, went to the Antonia of Miss Scott and the Hoffmann of John Bardsley. Mr. Bardsley, despite a slight hoarseness, gave a performance of rare grace and distinction, a performance infused with true pathos and poetic feeling. In addition, his diction was really remarkable for clarity of expression. His singing of Miss Herbert's part when she failed in her first entrance was a remarkable feat and one deserving of high praise.

Miss Lena Mason brought forth many laughs for her acting of the Doll. Her voice was inclined to stridency, possibly from intention. Miss Ewell, as the Venetian Courtesan, and Mr. Kreidler, as Dr. Miracle, were deserving of favorable mention, as was less the case with the Nicklausse of Miss Herbert. Of course, our old friend, Signor Daddi, was as amusing as ever as Cochenille and as Franz.

Another new singer, whose voice and acting made a distinctly favorable impression, was Miss Ivy Scott, who sang the part of the consumptive Antonia. Mr. Adkins was acceptable as Dapertutto. Mr. Nicosia conducted.

“HOFFMANN” SUNG AGAIN

Oct. 2-3 Triumphant Matinee Performance at Century of Offenbach Opera.

There were several changes in the cast at the second performance of "The Tales of Hoffmann" yesterday afternoon in the

Century Opera House. The leading part was taken by Walter Wheatley in place of John Bardsley. Miss Howard sang Nicklausse instead of Miss Herbert. Mr. Kreidler sang both Dapertutto and Dr. Miracle, and Miss Scott Giulietta and Antonia. Mr. Wheatley's impersonation was an admirable one vocally, until toward the end he appeared to tire, and he did his best to simulate poetic distinction. The best performance of the afternoon was given by Miss Howard, whose very feminine boyishness was delightful in its roughish swagger. Miss Scott's idea of the famed Venetian courtesan appeared to end with her costume, set on one side beyond the dreams of Paquin. However, her voice, despite its tremolo, made partial amends.

On the whole, the Messrs. Aborn are to be congratulated upon their production of the Offenbach opera, and a second hearing, but emphasized both virtues and defects. The virtues are chiefly conspicuous on the scenic and musical side; the defects, where it might be expected they would be—on the dramatic. The magical atmosphere so permeating in the three episodes of the German novelist is dependent upon the impersonation of the man or men enacting the triple character of Hoffmann's evil spirit. This atmosphere appears absent in the present production of the work, and little this side of histrionic genius can be expected to bring it about. Maurice Renaud was such a genius. Neither Mr. Kreidler nor Mr. Adkins, sincere artists as they may be, possess it.

The translation of Mr. Meltzer, while by no means perfect, is considerably superior to the one used in "Aida" and "Gioconda," and especially in the comedy portions there was a response from the audience that might not have been obtained had the work been sung in a foreign tongue. Yet when Hoffmann bursts into lyric song there must have still been French in the audience who sighed for French.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Oct 6, 1913

Large Audience Hears Italian Orchestra Open Aeolian Hall Season.

The Italian Symphony Orchestra of New York, Pietro Florida, conductor, gave its inaugural concert yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, the occasion marking the opening of the season for that concert hall. It is said of the organization that it is composed wholly of Italian members of the various symphony orchestras, who have joined together to give one concert each season in the Fall before they begin their work with their regular organization, and another in the Spring when their own orchestras have disbanded.

There was a surprisingly large audience yesterday for a symphony concert on the first Sunday in October. It was a friendly audience, but its liberal applause seemed fairly well justified. The new orchestra exhibited a vigor and valance in ensemble which was surprising, considering the temporary nature of its makeup, and some flexibility, although the results were happier when it was in loud passages. Four compositions were performed. They were the Overture of "Lodoiska," by Cherubini; Beethoven's Symphony No. 6, (Pastorale), the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," and an "Invocation to Youth" from the opera "Paoletta," by Pietro Florida, the conductor.

Mr. Florida proved himself a businesslike conductor, and a modest one. He obtained a good degree of precision from his players and gave all the scores a firm, sensible reading, with perhaps more interest in robustness than tenderness or beauty of tone. Horatio Connell sang capital, when he could make himself heard over the orchestra, the excerpt from Mr. Florida's opera, but the latter composition, removed from its context, offered little opportunity of judging the conductor as a composer.

ITALIAN PLAYERS HEARD.

City Has a New Symphony Orchestra and New Conductor.

What every one knows is that New York suffers from a plethora of orchestral concerts. Doubtless it was for that reason that an attempt was made last season to establish one orchestra of Italian players, whose mission it should be to make known to us the hitherto unheard-of works of Italian composers. The mere George O. Frey, euphonium, and Joseph Stoopack, violin. The applause was of the pure Hippodrome proportions, and the playing of the band gave ample reason for it.

Another concert was taking place at the same hour at the Hippodrome, where the United States Marine Band, William H. Santelmann, leader, brought out a good sized audience. Good band music is always enjoyable, and the President's Own was one of the best. There were several soloists—Miss Mary Sherier, soprano; the mere George O. Frey, euphonium, and Joseph Stoopack, violin. The applause was of the pure Hippodrome proportions, and the playing of the band gave ample reason for it.

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Florida's reading of Beethoven's pastorate was nothing revolutionary, but it was grateful, because most of us are very weary of the violent projection of small personalities into the celestial ether of Beethoven's music. The orchestra struggled bravely with the composition, and in some places was almost good. The audience, which was largely composed of Italians, applauded the performance with fervent loyalty and doubtless enjoyed it.

At least one end may be reached by the concerts of this Italian Symphony Society. They may serve to reveal to the excellent countrymen of Mr. Puccini that there are several composers worthy of consideration and that there is some pleasing music which does not demand for its interpretation throats of brass, lungs of leather and souls of steel. In other words, all is not opera that is tuneful and even in Italy there were composers before Verdi.

MUSIC OF A SUNDAY

Oct. 6-7

Four Concerts Mark Opening of Season in New York.

It was made plain yesterday that what ever may be said about Sunday music there is respect of quality this season there will be no complaint respecting its quantity. There was not only summer temperature in the air, but much music also. Two

concerts were given in the afternoon and two in the evening. A new organization calling itself the Italian Symphony Orchestra of New York, made its first appeal to the public at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon, under the direction of Pietro Florida. Hitherto concert institutions stamped with the notion of nationalism in their titles have made it their mission to perform the music of their countries for the sake of making propaganda for their schools of composition. If this is the purpose of the new orchestra the programme did not emphasize the fact yesterday. Beethoven, with the "Pastoral" symphony, and Wagner, with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," most typical of Germans, furnished far and away the greater part of the entertainment, the only other pieces being Cherubini's overture to "Lodoiska," and a scena from Signor Florida's English opera, "Paoletta," which was sung very acceptably by Horatio Connell.

There was nothing even approaching what might be called an interpretation of the familiar symphony, but much to be deplored in the rigid adherence to tempi and technical mishaps, in the wind parts especially.

The concerts at the Century Theatre, which are expected to run through the season on Sunday nights, had their beginning yesterday. The room was crowded, and some of the music, notably Mr. Bergman's singing of "E lucevan le stelle," from Puccini's "Tosca," aroused great enthusiasm. The other singers were Thomas Chalmers, Kathleen Howard, Louis Kreidler, Lois Ewell, Morgan Kingston, Lena Mason and Jayne Herbert. A rather awe-inspiring item on the programme read "Symphony No. 7, Beethoven," but only the first movement was played—fortunately, for the band did not disclose material adequate to symphonic music. American compositions are to be features of these concerts, and a beginning was made with Henry F. Gilbert's "Overture on Negro Themes," for which more could be said had it been better played. It suffered in performance quite as much as did the symphonic movement, though under the circumstances the mischance done to art was less.

Another concert was taking place at the same hour at the Hippodrome, where the United States Marine Band, William H. Santelmann, leader, brought out a good sized audience. Good band music is always enjoyable, and the President's Own was one of the best. There were several soloists—Miss Mary Sherier, soprano; the mere George O. Frey, euphonium, and Joseph Stoopack, violin. The applause was of the pure Hippodrome proportions, and the playing of the band gave ample reason for it.

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...and the men's chorus also showed that the pitch had for them at last at least a slight magnetic attraction. Yet it was in the men's chorus and the orchestra that the chief weakness was again apparent, and it is well for the management to realize that in a company devoid of stars a capable ensemble is of primary importance. Educational opera for the masses need not be brilliant, but it must be sound.

Oct. 9-1913
The Orto of Miss Howard was a far better performance both vocally and histrionically than the one given by her predecessor, her make-up being unusually effective and her acting informed with sinister strength of purpose. Mr. Kreidler showed understanding, too, of the character of Telramund, though there was no reason why he should continually try to wake the echoes in Central Park. Telramund was a villain, but even the wickedest villains do not always proclaim their villainy at lung top pressure. Mr. Wheatley's Lohengrin was a very terrestrial knight, but in the lyric passages his voice gave pleasure. Miss Scott's Elsa was uninspired and was afflicted with a tremolo. The rest of the cast was at the opening performance.

Sunday Concerts.
Every seat was filled last night when the Century Opera Company gave its second Sunday concert, and there was applause for everybody and everything. The orchestra played the "Mignon" overture, and had to repeat the "Meditation" from "Thais." The chorus was heard in the introduction to "Dinorah," and the soloists were Alfred Kaufmann, Ivy Scott, Walter Wheatley, Thomas Chalmers, Morgan Kingston, Morton Adkins, and Mary Jordan. The satisfaction of the audience culminated in the sextet from "Lucia."

MISS BREEN IN CONCERT
At Carnegie Hall Miss Grace Breen, the daughter of Magistrate Breen, gave a recital last night before a large and distinguished audience, whose approval was not withheld. She has had some experience in Italy, is free from nervousness, and enunciates well. In other respects she still has some things to learn. Her programme included Italian, French, and American songs.

Clean Hall and New Programme Cheer Audience at Carnegie.

Carnegie Hall, resplendent in a new coat of paint, seemed last night scarcely our old and shabby friend. It was, the opening concert of the season, and the management during the summer had at last turned their attention to a long felt want. Also there was a new programme, more pleasing to the eye than the one of former years. So for these blessings the audience must have been duly thankful.

The occasion for the opening was a song recital by Miss Grace Breen, and the large audience that attended attested to the interest felt in the young woman's artistic venture. Miss Breen has, it is understood, been studying for the last two years in Florence, under Signor Lombardi, but beyond the possession of considerable intelligence and feeling her art seemed as yet too immature for its display in the surroundings given it last night.

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The voice itself was too light for the size of the hall, though the upper tones had considerable purity and carrying power. The use of her medium, however, was usually most unpleasant in its results. Yet she sang her first group of Italian songs with some feeling, and evidently pleased her audience. More study and the choice of a more intimate auditorium will probably work a great improvement in the young woman's art.

Another concert was in progress at the same moment at the Century Opera House, the second of the Sunday night series, and another capacity audience attended. The greatest pleasure was given by Miss Scott's singing of the air from "Madam Butterfly" and by Mr. Chalmers with Gounod's "Dio Possente," though Mr. Kingston's "Vesti la Giubba" brought down the house. To many, however, the vicious use of a most beautiful voice must have given anything but pleasure. If the playing of the orchestra had been better Miss Jordan's singing of "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" would probably have gone for more and been more perfectly in tune.

Of course, the sextette from "Lucia" brought forth its accustomed acclaim, acclaim that was well earned by the artists.

GRACE BREEN MAKES DEBUT.

Oct. 13/13
Magistrate's Daughter Gives Song Recital at Carnegie Hall.

Grace Breen selected an evening's song recital at Carnegie Hall, a hard task even

A rich, decent last night and carried it to a successful conclusion. From gallery to boxes the big hall was well filled and the young American soprano got an enthusiastic reception.

Her enunciation was excellent. Her voice is flexible and well controlled. She was at her best in Massenet's "Ouvre tes Yeux l'Heure." The audience received this and Moore's "Thy Young Days Shaded" and Leon's "Birth of Morn" warmly.

At the end of her first trio of songs she was called back three times and the flowers covered the top of the piano. Walter Golde, composer of "Absence," one of the songs on the list, was a sympathetic accompanist.

Grace Breen is a daughter of Magistrate Matthew Breen and has been studying two years in Florence under Lombardi. She made a successful debut there at a concert given by him. Among the box holders were District Attorney Whitman, Justices Delany, Giegerich, Philbin and Weeks, Judge Rosalsky, Chief Magistrate McAdoo and Magistrates Preschi, Barlow and Appleton.

NEW TALENT AT CENTURY

Artists Sing Strange Parts in "The Jewel of the Madonna."

The two performances of "The Jewels of the Madonna" at the Century yesterday brought forth a soprano, a contralto, a baritone and two tenors all new to their parts. In the afternoon Miss Lois Ewell sang Mallela, and gave an effective performance, although her conception of Neapolitan character appeared gained from north of the Alps. She used her fine voice with spirit and generally with skill. Mr. Adkins found insuperable difficulty in turning a young American into a Camorrista leader, and made of him a figure that would have done credit to a country Sunday school. Of such stuff Neapolitan bravos are not made. Miss Herbert's Carmela was the best thing she has yet done at the Century.

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The two tenors were John A. Bardsley and Walter Wheatley. Mr. Bardsley gave a performance of considerable histrionic worth, and when his voice did not fall into his throat, of not a little vocal effectiveness.

Mr. Wheatley failed perhaps to suggest all the pathos of the character, but he acted with some power and sang well. The management of the crowds was again excellent, and the dance in the last act by Albertina Rasch and Edmund Makall was one of the best features.

"The Jewels of the Madonna."

The managers of the Century Opera Company and the audiences to which they cater are benefiting by the friendship not only of the Metropolitan Opera House but of the other two organizations that are allied with it. Last night, when Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," was sung in English at the Century Opera House, for the first time, the performance was beautified by new scenery especially painted by Mr. Urban for the Boston Opera Company and lent to the Aborn brothers for this week and next Monday, when the opera will be sung in Italian. Mr. Urban's settings are decidedly unconventional, and they certainly are effective in an operative way. Particularly striking is the background of the first act, with a distant view of the Bay of Naples; and it must be said that the chorus last night, on the whole, acquitted itself well of the difficult task of representing the life and bustle and local color of the feast of the Madonna.

When "The Jewels of the Madonna" was first sung in this city, on March 5, 1912, by Dippel's Chicago Opera Company, the story of the libretto was told in detail. To make it a twice-told tale would hardly be worth while. It is decidedly a "play unpleasant," telling of the mad actions of an infatuated young man who stole the jewels from the image of the Madonna, in the hope of winning a girl who loves another, who happens to be chief of the Camorristi.

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It is hardly to the credit of Wolf-Ferrari that he devised this plot himself. One cannot but think that, after having failed to interest either the Italians or the Germans by his attempts in "Le Donne Curiose" and "Suzanne's Secret," to imitate the methods of Mozart, or of Verdi's "Falstaff," he turned in despair to the crude blood-and-thunder methods of Mascagni and Leoncavallo. This observation refers particularly to the second and third acts. The first is a Meyerbeerish attempt to create an effect in every possible way, with the aid of bells, shooting, band on the stage, processions, and a universal bustle.

To the opera-goer who can stomach its lurid plot compounded of lust, sacrilege, and suicide, "The Jewels of the Madonna" is undoubtedly more interesting than the "Donne Curiose" or "The Secret of Suzanne." It is, at any rate, melodious, and,

while few of the tunes have any originality, they are skillfully handled, and there is a considerable amount of musical characterization.

On the whole, last night's performance was the best that has been given by this company since the opening night. Mr. Szendrei usually had the orchestra and the general ensemble under good control. Elizabeth Amsden came from Boston to assume the part of the wayward Mallela, which she did with abandon and a voice of agreeable quality and fervor. Kathieen Howard, as Carmela, was satisfactory, and so were Francesco Daddi (by courtesy of the Chicago Opera Co.), as Blaso, and Louis Kreidler as the leader of the Camorristi. Particularly commendable was Gustav Bergmann's impersonation of the infatuated iron-worker, better indeed, both as singer and actor than Signor Bassi, who had the part of Gennaro when Dippel's forces gave the premiere of this opera.

Verdi Centenary Festival.

The Italian Orchestral Society, Cesare Sodero conductor, gave a Verdi Centenary Festival at Carnegie Hall last night, which began somewhere near 9 o'clock and presumably ended before midnight. There was a large orchestra and close to a dozen singers volunteered their services. Among the numbers were Act 3 of "Aida" and Act 4 of "Rigoletto" complete. The largest outburst of applause during the earlier part of the evening came at the conclusion of the "monologo" of Act 3 of "Otello" as sung by a young tenor whose name appeared on the programme as Enrico Areson. He displayed a big voice of robust quality and showed himself possessed of dramatic feeling and power.

JAN KUBELIK APPEARS.

Principal Numbers Well Received at Hippodrome Concert.

Jan Kubelik, violinist, reappeared, after an absence, in the first recital of the season at the Hippodrome last night. There was as large an audience as usual turns out for this player, and it gave no evidence that it did not find the qualities in his work which have built up his following.

His two principal numbers, the Max Bruch concerto No. 1 in G minor and Wienlawski's concerto No. 2 in D minor, are adapted to the display of the best points of his style, and were well received. But there were occasions when a lack of power and vigor, or the breadth of phrasing that belongs behind mere beauty of tone in a cantabile passage, made themselves more noticeably felt than has been the case in past seasons with the player, and one could have wished for more of the "grand manner."

Oct. 20-1913
Nahan Franko and his orchestra assisted Mr. Kubelik and contributed three interesting and well-performed numbers to the programme. Besides his concertos, the violinist played "Scenes de la Czarda," by Hubay, and "Campbell," by Paganini. George Falkenstein assisted at the piano.

NORWEGIAN SOPRANO

SCORES A SUCCESS

Miss Bertha Lund Is Heard at the Hungry Club's Three Hundredth and Sixty-fifth Dinner.

An especially interesting musical programme followed the 365th dinner of the Hungry Club last Saturday night at the Hotel Marceilles. Miss Bertha Lund, mezzo soprano, who arrived only last week from Norway, sang a group of Grieg songs in the Norwegian tongue. She was attired in the national costume, and its brilliant colors, her long blonde hair braided and her pleasing personality all combined to win her much success, while her beautiful voice delighted all. Later, having changed to evening dress she sang charmingly in English "Rose in the Bud," accompanied in all her songs by Miss Rhea Benoit.

The other artist on the programme was Arthur Fischer, pianist, whose splendid technique, depth of feeling and expression created the greatest enthusiasm. His selections were Liszt's Eighth Hungarian Rhapsody, Schumann's "Warum?" a Chopin mazurka and a symphonic poem of his own composition. Mr. Fischer last season was co-star with Miss Mary Garden in her concert tour. After the programme there was dancing in the grand ballroom.

CONCERTS OF A DAY.

A. J. San. Oct 20-1913

Kubelik Comes Again, and Mrs. Dufau Sings Songs.

On its face yesterday was a busy day in the world of music. No less than four concerts were given, two at Carnegie Hall, one at the Hippodrome and one at the Century Opera House. Despite the fact that the last named was the typical "Sunday night concert" of an operative institution it was not the least praiseworthy of the four. Of the three others that at the Hippodrome was devoted to the reappearance of Jan Kubelik, violinist,

whose howling notes and other hands had not been advertised as extra-specially as heretofore.

Mr. Kubelik was aided by Nahan Franko and an orchestra. His numbers were the Bruch G minor concerto and Wienlawski's concerto in D minor. Comment on his familiar interpretation of such music is quite unnecessary. While he was thus employed Cesare Sodero and an orchestra of Italians were engaged in celebrating at Carnegie Hall the 100th anniversary of Verdi's birth.

Naturally the programme was composed of selections from Verdi's operas, and there were various singers all the way from Clementine de Vere, who used to sing in opera in Maurice Grau's time, down to a tenor who is reported to have had a sensational success recently in Milan. Doubtless that is or was the reason why he is now found slugging in a Sunday night concert in New York.

Possibly the only concert of the day calling for any special comment was that of Jenny Dufau, coloratura soprano of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, given at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon. It continues to be a source of wonder to experienced observers of musical doings that opera singers of Miss Dufau's type have the courage to brave the rigors of the concert platform. Equipped with a voice of naturally good quality, this singer has learned to sing with such a vicious tone production that she acculitates almost every note and frequently wanders from the pitch.

While standing alone on the concert platform she exposes to every trained ear her regrettable poverty of vocal resource, her want of style, her inability to interpret songs and her failure to measure with anything like correctness her own qualifications.

Only singers of exceptional gifts or accomplishments can succeed in the concert room and especially in the solitary adventure of the so-called "song recital." Few opera singers endure the test. The discreetest of them contentedly evade it. If Miss Dufau had confined herself to such things as her air from "Lucia" and let the songs of the German lieder writers alone she would have shown better judgment.

Sunday Concerts.

Sunday is evidently destined to be, more than ever, the principal day for concerts. Yesterday there were four of them, and the season has only just opened. In the afternoon Jenny Dufau gave a recital in Carnegie Hall. She is the coloratura soprano of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, and, judging by the applause she got here yesterday, she is likely to please audiences in those cities likewise. Her voice is less remarkable for quality than for brilliancy of execution, which is the main thing in florid music. She is less successful with German songs than in selections like the mad scene from "Lucia" and Proch's variations.

At the Hippodrome, Jan Kubelik played for the first time this season last night, and his admirers gave him a cordial welcome. He rendered familiar concertos by Max Bruch and Wienlawsky and some shorter pieces in a familiar way, with clever technique and no waste of precious sentiment. The audience was very large. A very large audience also attended the usual concert at the Century Theatre, at which many of the leading singers of the company appeared.

In Carnegie Hall, in the evening, Cesare Sodero made good use of the Italian Orchestral Society of New York in providing an effective background for a Verdi Centenary concert. The audience was not as large as it might have been, but that did not dampen the ardor of the singers and players, who had their reward in abundant applause. Giovanni Gravina sang an air from "Simone Boccanegra" effectively, while Signor Areson won praise for his fine tenor voice. Mme. Niessen Stone sang the flute air, "O don fatale," from "Don Carlos," with good results. The most agreeable feature of the concert was, however, the singing of "Aida" selections, by Clementine de Vere Sapiro, who used to be so great a favorite in our concert halls in the days of Anton Seidl. Her voice has undergone a change, being no longer of the coloratura variety, which is not to be regretted. It now has a quality more dramatic, more suitable for emotional expression, while, at the same time, it is as sweet and pure as ever; and the skill with which she employs all the resources of vocal technique is admirable. It is to be hoped she may be heard often in our concert halls this season.

MELBA HEARD AT CARNEGIE HALL

A. J. Telegraph

Her Admirers There in Large Numbers and in Enthusiastic and Uncritical Mood.

Oct 22 1913
SONG AFTER SONG DEMANDED

New Version of the Old "John Anderson My Jo" Loses in Musical Value.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

There is a story about Mme. Nellie Melba, who gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the lately washed Carnegie Hall, which runs to the effect that twenty-five years ago she went and sang to Sir Arthur Sullivan. She was then fresh from Australia. Sir Arthur, though such stupidity was scarcely in his line, said to her: "I can find you a place in the Savoy Theatre chorus."

The young songstress, characteristically undismayed, then went to Mathilde Marchesi, one of the few real teachers of singing that ever lived. Madame Marchesi said: "Come to me and I shall make you one of the wonders of the world."

This story may be true. It may be exaggerated. It may even be from the fertile and imaginative pen of that prolific Italian writer, Signor Benjamin Trouvato. But Madame Melba has been one of the wonders of the world, as singer and as stylist in song. It would be paying no compliment to her halcyon days to inform the public now that she was as good as ever. The glories, the silvery beauties, the reverberant and linked sweetnesses of her once exquisite voice have mostly departed. There were gleams and interspaces of them yesterday, especially in the song from "La Bohème," the very first bars of which were warmly welcomed by the audience, and which was warmly applauded on its conclusion.

They Take One Back.

Those glimpses and glimmers took one back to joyous and golden days in the Paris Opera and Covent Garden, when that which Emma Eames calls "the God-given voice of Nellie Melba" enchanted every one, delighting all with the vision and promise, not unfulfilled, of a new Pasta, or a reborn Grisi.

Little pleasure, and, strange to say, less instruction, was to be derived from Madame Melba's rendering of the Mad Scene from "Hamlet." Perhaps there was no inspiration, as far as the audience was concerned, in such over-elaborated arabesque, in such tricksome and tawdry vocal acrobatics. Verily, as Goethe has said, the young rattle rings and the old rattles.

Her Dramatic Sense Acute.

Mme. Melba has always been surprisingly pleasant in her interpretation of modern English songs. For one thing, her enunciation is lucidity itself and her dramatic sense in this department of song is present and acute. She sang a new version of the old "John Anderson, My Jo." Musically it has not the value of the older setting.

Her admirers were at Carnegie Hall in large numbers, and in an enthusiastic and uncritical mood they demanded from her song after song. She was nothing loth to respond, and she interpolated chanson after chanson, as well as one or two things that might be impartially described as ditties. From the prima donna waltz song let us at all times be delivered.

The programme concluded with the Ave Maria from "Otello" and the Voi che sapete from the "Nozze di Figaro." M. Gabriel Pierre was the accompanist. Many, in the dimly religious light of Carnegie Hall, thought it was Satti-Casazza.

A QUEEN OF SONG

Oct 22 1913
Madame Melba Returns in Concert.

It is a gracious dispensation of Providence that though there is never a performance of art in which its decadence is not deplorable, it is not deplorable, however, and secured from the late Coleridge-Taylor

moved by the observers there is also to time in which indicates of an apostolic succession may not be seen and enjoyed. Mme. Melba—this much may be said without discourtesy or even a want of gallantry—does not belong to the singers who are now in the heyday of their careers, but she most emphatically belongs in the front rank of those who are keeping alive the beautiful traditions which were already traditions when she came to us to demonstrate that the succession which links the happy present with the happier past is not yet broken. She gave a concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Like a wise artist, she made no attempt to invade the territory of the cerebral recitativists, but chose instead of recreate the delight which she used to give in the not long ago, when she was an ornament of the Metropolitan Opera House. She sang operatic airs, and to give them a dignified surrounding she called in the aid of an admirable orchestra. She did not hesitate to sing "Good-bye, Summer," and the "Matinata" to please the thousands who remained for the kind of aftermath to which Mme. Sembrich and Mr. Paderewski are accustomed, but the manner in which she sang them left unspoiled the impression which her loftier offerings, with orchestra—the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet," the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello," the "Voi che sapete" from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" and Mimi's farewell from Puccini's "La Bohème" (which last she sang on recall)—had given. Her incursions into the field of French melody were less effective only because they could not put into so bright a light as did the operatic fragments the phase of art in which she is an exemplar, the phase which is concerned first of all with singing as singing. But here again, as in the unfamiliar setting of "John Anderson, My Jo" and the Tosti ballad she played the part of a lovely exemplar by her demonstration of how beautifully, how distinctly and with what charm English words can be sung.

If Mme. Melba is wise in singing operatic airs, she is none the less wise in singing them on the concert stage. She was never convincing as an actress, certainly not when last she sang at the Metropolitan Opera House three years ago or at the Manhattan Opera House before that, and least of all when she permitted herself to be persuaded to essay the part of Brünnhilde in "Siegfried" and put an untimely close to her regular activities in local opera. Her field is the field of lyric song, the field in which beauty of voice and beautiful vocalization go hand in hand, the field in which such exemplars as she and Mme. Sembrich fulfil a mission lovely in its primary manifestation and of inestimable value to aspirants in all the departments of dramatic song. They are musical artists, and those who would be great should emulate their musicianship, no matter into what line their voices, temperaments and tastes lead them. No declamatory agonizing of the kind so frequently heard from dramatic singers nowadays could be half so moving as was the sheer beauty of tone and perfection of melodic line which Mme. Melba disclosed in the "Ave Maria" yesterday. It embodied the highest ideal of classic loveliness and transported her listeners into regions of which opera audiences seldom get even a glimpse. It marked the climax of the concert's delights for in it her voice and her art were at their best. That voice never was more exquisite in its quality of virginal purity, that art never so perfect in its poise and in its adjustment of means and end. They were both as the sweet south-breathing from a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor. After such singing there was nothing to do but to marvel, admire and love. The thousands who crowded Carnegie Hall felt its power; they gave her such honor as is reserved for the elect, and gave it out of a deep sense of gratitude for a rare benison of which they knew they had been the recipients. It was a gracious audience which also showed its appreciation of the fine performances of Mr. Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Orchestra. They, too, won a recall, so unusual a circumstance in a singers' concert that it is well worthy of mention.

Out of the plenitude of her artistic nature Maud Powell has for years enriched the local admirers of violin music with knowledge of its newest manifestations. From her they first heard the Tchaikowsky and Dvorak and Sibelius concertos and many other works. Some have endured the test of time, some have passed away into the limbo of forgotten things, but she who played them for us first has not grown arrogant because of her successes nor been dismayed by her failures. Steadily she has kept on making propaganda for the new. Had not the commercialism which has taken hold of modern art not but a bar to her zeal we should have heard the Elgar concerto from her two years ago; but that novelty involved a

larger financial sacrifice that she could not make. She embraced the next large opportunity which offered, however, and secured from the late Coleridge-Taylor

the concerto which he composed that she might present it at the Norfolk (Conn.) festival of June, 1912. Last night she played it, though to a pianoforte accompaniment, at a concert in Aeolian Hall. Into its performance she threw all her great zeal and all her great skill. It gave pleasure; it did not create a profound impression nor convincingly demonstrate its right to a long existence. It is not deep in thought, and it conveys no significant message. Its introduction, by far the most striking movement in idea, has no adequate fullness in the three movements which follow it. It has some exotic feeling more easily identified with Africa than any other country, but the allegro, andante and finale which succeed it are without distinction in either melody, harmony or rhythm. The composition betokens a knowledge of the instrument for which it is written, but makes little draft upon its capacity, and that little superficially. It did not put the concert on a much higher plane than did the group of pieces by American composers, for which Mme. Powell also stood sponsor, of which only a pretty scherzo by Edwin Grasse, which exploited a dainty conceit, embodied in the title "Marguerite," a reverie, "Evening," by Bergh, and a jocosely piece, "Marionettes"—all exquisitely played—deserve mention. Only Mr. Francis Moore's performance of the pianoforte part prevented Bach's sonata in E, for violin and clavier, from sounding like a tentative reading.

"BUTTERFLY" IN ENGLISH *Oct 22 1913* Puccini Opera Well Given at Century Opera House.

Of all the operas Puccini wrote the one most to the public's taste is "Madam Butterfly," and, although at the Metropolitan Miss Geraldine Farrar has made of the little Gelsa girl a creation peculiarly her own, even divorced from her personality, the opera is loved by all persons sentimentally and melodically inclined.

A. J. Telegraph
Last night it was sung in English at the Century Opera House, the first time in the vernacular since those nights at the Garden Theatre seven years ago, when Colonel Savage introduced Cio-Cio-San to the American public. At the Garden Theatre that public grew fond of her; it took her to its heart a few months later, when Miss Farrar brought her to the Metropolitan, even though in the meanwhile she had changed her language.

When last night she lisped once more in English the public appeared just as fond of her as ever. To be fair, "Butterfly" bears translation better than most Italian operas, largely because of its original American parentage, and although at times the libretto last night sounded stilted, there was on the whole little to offend. For once practically every word of the four chief singers got safely across the footlights, save in those portions when the orchestral swell rose highest.

It is indeed a pity that the Century Theatre cannot house the lighter productions of the Metropolitan. The acoustics of the theatre are now excellent and the greater intimacy of the auditorium suit it peculiarly for such operas as in Paris make their home at the Opera Comique. This much is surely to the advantage of the new opera company, even if the performances themselves cannot hope to rank with those of the larger houses.

Last night's "Butterfly" with the possible exception of "Aida," was the best thing Milton and Sargent Aborn have so far accomplished. To be sure, Puccini opera does not present the difficulties of several of the other works, and its structure is far from complicated; yet, even making allowance for this, the performance was a creditable one.

Miss Ivy Scott sang the title part well, despite a slight tremolo, and she acted it sympathetically. Beyond a lack of power in his extreme upper notes Mr. Wheatley's Pinkerton was adequate vocally, and he made perhaps as little of a cad as it is possible to make this most unheroic hero.

The Sharpless was Thomas Chalmers, and although Sharpless is one of the few barytone parts in which there is little chance for singing, Mr. Chalmers made of the character a man that many of our consulates would yearn to employ.

Miss Howard's Suzuki was a character well composed and well executed. Mr. Nicolsa conducted with a restraint which must have been gratifying to the singers, although even they might have wished at times for a little more fire.

It is evident that such works as "Butterfly" are the ones best suited to the resources of the Century; and, judging from the size of the audience at last night's performance, perhaps also best appreciated.

Mme. Melba in Carnegie Hall.

Carnegie Hall was the scene yesterday afternoon of a triumphant exposition of admirable singing, flawless enunciation, and a voice which, while it is possessed by a singer whose fame is not new, is as

fresh as that of a young girl. Mme. Melba was the singer. Coloratura sopranos have come and gone since the days of Grau, when Sembrich and Melba were both frequently heard at the Metropolitan Opera House, but their names still have a potent magic to crowd a great concert hall, although they have followed divergent lines in the years of their artistic maturity.

Beautiful enunciation is not one of the qualities one usually expects to find in a florid soprano, so it was a double pleasure to hear Mme. Melba's. Her voice has mellowed and warmed in the last years; her phrasing is perhaps more beautiful than ever, and the qualities that have made her especially famous have not been dimmed by the passage of time. Probably Mme. Melba would be the last person in the world to wish to come back to opera in New York, as concert work like hers is so much more profitable; but connoisseurs who heard her yesterday felt profound regret for the days that are gone, when her voice was heard again and again in New York during the season.

Oct 22 1913
In the two songs by Duparc, "Phidyle" and "Chanson Triste," the increased warmth of the singer's voice was especially noticeable. Apart from this and certain beautiful effects of high pianissimo, these songs did not suit her so well as the operatic selections on her programme. She wisely replaced the advertised number from "Louise" by Mozart's "Voi Che Sapete," and among her encores was Mimi's "Addio" from "La Bohème." Besides these, she sang the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello." Nothing on her programme was finer from the standpoint of beautiful tone, perfect breath control, and phrasing than this broad, flowing melody of Desdemona. Following it, the Mozart number was equally satisfactory, Mme. Melba's voice sounding as limpid and fresh as it did when she made her first appearances in New York. If students of singing who were in Carnegie Hall yesterday opened their ears to hear the beauties of the art of singing, instead of listening to hear flaws, as the average student persists in doing, they received an invaluable lesson.

Besides the orchestral accompaniments to Mme. Melba's arias, Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra played Dvorak's "Carneval," Goldmark's Scherzo Op. 45, and "Les petits riens," by Mozart.

Carnegie Hall has been freshened to the eye since last season, but not to one's sense of temperature. It was as hot and close as usual yesterday afternoon.

Oct 22 Maud Powell's Recital. 1913

One of the many distinctions of Maud Powell is that she has introduced more new violin concertos in her native country than any other artist. Last night, at Carnegie Hall, she played the G minor concerto of the late Coleridge-Taylor, the gifted Anglo-African, who died not long ago at the early age of thirty-seven. The concerto was his last work but one, and it is related that "when on his deathbed he sat up suddenly, and, making a heroic effort, sang a part of the beautiful second movement of this work, at the same time conducting an imaginary orchestral accompaniment with great animation."

When Sir Edward Elgar had completed his violin concerto he secured Fritz Kreisler for its first performances. Coleridge-Taylor, whose "Hiawatha" has made him as great a favorite in England as Elgar, dedicated his concerto to Maud Powell, and she played it first at the Norfolk festival last year. It is a composition well worth hearing, although it cannot be said that it is fascinating or strikingly original. There is plenty of melody, mostly of an obvious kind and a pleasing avoidance of cacophony. The composer's father was a negro physician in Sierra Leone, his mother an English woman. In some of his pieces he has introduced African color, but this concerto is purely European. It is the work of a thorough expert. Coleridge-Taylor began his career as a violinist, and subsequently he became professor of the violin at the Royal College of Music. It was to be expected, therefore, that the concerto would be in the true idiom of that instrument. The opening movement is somewhat dull; the andante has considerable charm, and the final allegro con brio is brilliant, while avoiding cheap pyrotechnics.

Maud Powell played the concerto admirably, with beauty of tone and an ease that betrayed mastery of her art in every phrase. The orchestral parts would have added much to the effect, but Francis Moore made the most of the transcription for the piano and the violinist's missionary zeal also helped to atone for the lack of the intended variety of color in the accompaniment.

Yesterday afternoon at the Century Opera

...the conductor... could be able to write and congratulate on the success of his concerto, for the audience applauded it cordially.

In a Bach sonata in E major Mme. Powell revealed the charm of her art from her points of view. Particularly impressive were her rhythmic accents, which are so important for the full appreciation of Bach's music. The sonata was followed by a group of American pieces, concerning most of which a pleasant word might be said—Carlson Bauer's "Ocklawaha River," Grasse's "Cherzo," "Marguerite," Harry Burleigh's "The Avalanche," Borg's "Evening," and Albert's "Marionettes." Great artists do not always bestow the same attention on pieces of this sort as on works by the great masters, but Maud Powell is an honorable exception. She was, finally, heard to best advantage in what to many was the most attractive part of her programme, a group consisting of a Slavic dance by Korak, a Beethoven minuet, a Hungarian dance by Brahms, Chopin's "Minute" waltz arranged by the player herself, and Sarasate's "Cobbler's Dance," to which, it needless to add, the enthusiastic audience compelled her to add some extras.

MADAME BUTTERFLY
AT CENTURY OPERA
A. J. Sam
Puccini's Popular Opera Attracts a Brilliant Audience.
Oct 22-13
MUSIC MOSTLY WELL SUNG
Work Creditably Produced and Principals Win Plenty of Applause.

The Century Opera House was crowded last evening, and on this occasion it is not hazardous to say that the magnet which drew the public was the opera itself. The work offered was Puccini's melodious "Madame Butterfly," which has for several seasons been one of the most potent attractions at the Metropolitan. At that house its glories are associated with those of the unique prima donna Geraldine Farrar.

But there is no Farrar at the Century. Neither is there a Caruso to make radiant the starlit night in the role of perfidious F. B. Pinkerton. There is a company of honest and conscientious singers who are not of worldwide celebrity. So it was not the warbling together of darlings of the operatic gods that drew the great audience of last evening. It was "Madame Butterfly," done into respectable if not emotional English and presented in a manner which permitted the beauties of the score to delight the hearers.

An Interesting Performance.

The Century Opera Company has offered nothing in which the musical and dramatic elements were more harmoniously blended. Neither the singing nor the acting rose to heights of distinction, but on the other hand neither sank below a level of really commendable merit. This is precisely what should be expected of the Century organization. It justified its existence and fulfilled its mission last evening, when it gave an interesting and pleasing performance of a thoroughly popular opera.

Just how much was gained in the direction of public understanding of the work through the use of English words it would be difficult to determine. It is agreeable to be able to say that the enunciation of the three most important interpreters was clear and intelligible except in those passages made obscure by the nature of the musical setting. The disguise of words by extended melodic treatment is something found in operas in all languages and the singers of English should not be faulted for failing to make themselves understood in such passages.

Principal Singers Pleased.

Ivy Scott as Cio-Cio-San, Walter Wheatley as Pinkerton and Thomas Chalmers as Sharpless were the most important singers. Mr. Daddi as Goro, Miss Howard as Suzuki, Jerom Uhl as Yamadori and Alfred Kaufmann as the Bonze were the secondary artists. Carlo Nicolsa conducted and his musical treatment of the score was praiseworthy.

Miss Scott's singing was marred by a slight tremolo, which was incongruous with the utterance of the simple little girl of 15. But aside from this she sang the music of the part with no small amount of skill and with good dramatic purpose. Mr. Wheatley was suffering from hoarseness, but in spite of it he sang Pinkerton's music well. Without doubt some opera-goers did not regret his discreet avoidance of the customary prolongation of all the high tones. Mr. Chalmers was a manly and musical Sharpless.

The resources of the institution were well disclosed in that the scenery of the Metropolitan Opera House was employed. The costumes were excellent and the stage management was generally good. "Madame Butterfly" will be sung in English during the remainder of the week and in Italian on Monday evening. Next Tuesday evening "Tosca" will be produced.

YOUNG HARPIS APPEARS.
Winnifred Bambrick Exhibits Surprising Vigor of Style.

Winnifred Bambrick, a young harpist, made her New York debut last night with a recital at Aeolian Hall. As she appeared on the stage she was a girl not out of short skirts who seemed about 16 years old. The recital began dismally enough, for it was within two or three minutes of nine when the start of a long programme occurred, and the audience showed a little impatience. Then the first number, a "Fantasie de Concert," for harp and string orchestra, by Pinto, proved a very long composition whose thematic material and harmonic treatment were of wearying commonplaceness and whose form seemed to defy understanding more successfully than even a fantasia is entitled to do.

The youthful harpist struggled through this and the succeeding group of pieces, which were for harp solo, and gradually it became evident that she was possessed of decided virtuosity. She exhibited a vigor of style, backed by two strong wrists, that was surprising in one so young. Rapid arpeggios, quick chord successions through the octaves and, more notably, scale runs, both single and in octaves, had no terrors for her. Her vigor led to her principal fault, lack of tone resonance, which was particularly noticeable when she attacked too strenuously, as she always did, the highest octaves where there is at best little resonance in the harp.

Almost every one of her numbers was marked as "first time performed" or "first time in America." In the latter classification came two of the most interesting numbers of the programme, a "Fantasie Originale" with organ accompaniment by Dubois, and "Danse Sacree" and "Danse Profane" by Debussy. Marie Stoddard was successful with two vocal groups. A. F. Pinto conducted the orchestra and Robert Gayler accompanied on organ and piano.

MISS NEWCOMB'S RECITAL.
American Pianist Makes an Agreeable Impression in Aeolian Hall.

Miss Ethel Newcomb made an interesting and agreeable impression at her first New York appearance as a pianist, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She is an American who has studied and played abroad. Though it was her first appearance here, she showed that she was not hampered by the inexperience or the uncertainties of youth. She has maturity of judgment and appreciation, and an understanding of what lies beyond and below the surface of music.

She has not the highly finished mechanism of the virtuoso; her playing yesterday, in fact, showed more than a few technical lapses. These were the more numerous in the beginning of her recital, when she appeared to be not fully at ease, and to be under the influence of nervousness. By the time she had reached the end of it she was playing with much more assurance and certainty.

But it was more to the point that Miss Newcomb gratified her listeners with the unmistakable evidences of a really musical feeling, taste and insight. These qualities warmed and vitalized her playing and gave it artistic value. There was a steady crescendo in the manifestation of her performance in the beginning of her performance in Beethoven's so-called "Pastoral Sonata" Op. 28—a name to be avoided, as it has nothing of Beethoven's authority—to its close in Chopin's Ballade in F minor, to which she gave a finely felt and truly poetical interpretation.

The sonata, on the other hand, had been presented with a certain stiffness and lack of spontaneity. Miss Newcomb's playing of Brahms's Variations on a theme of Handel's, was truly interesting. Reproducing the many-sided play of the composer's imagination, and her Chopin selections—the Nocturne in E major, three Etudes, a mazurka, and the Ballade in F minor—all brought into play qualities that are those of sincere and sensitive musicianship rather than of the virtuoso.

MISS NEWCOMB HEARD.
Another Leschetitzky Pupil Appears in Recital.

Over in Europe there is an old gentleman named Theodore Leschetitzky, whose trade it is to inject technic into aspirants for fame as performers upon the piano-forte. Many Americans who labor under the delusion that piano playing cannot be taught as well on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, a delusion fostered by the historical fact that nearly all the celebrated pianists live in Europe, cross the stormy sea to absorb the learning of this old gentleman. When he has taught them as much as he can they believe they are finished and they come home to appear in public.

Sometimes this is a wise thing to do and sometimes it is not. Ethel Newcomb, one of the products of the Leschetitzky technic mill, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. That she had profited by the instructions of the old gentleman was made plain from the

fact. Her technic was correct and generally facile. But it was not possible to discern behind it any of the moving forces of music.

An enumeration of Miss Newcomb's merits would read like the summing up of a board of judges at a final examination in a conservatory in this town. To be a virtuoso, however, requires something far and away beyond what any teacher can give. Miss Newcomb's chief numbers were the D major sonata, opus 28, of Beethoven and the Brahms-Handel variations. There were pianoforte skill and musicianship, but there was no personal note in the interpretations of these compositions.

MR. WERRENATH'S RECITAL.
A Programme of Songs by Little-Known Composers 1913

Mr. Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, has made a name in New York not only as one of the most artistic of local singers but also as one of the most enterprising, who is not content in well-worn paths. He gave a concert last evening in Aeolian Hall that kept him well outside the well-worn paths. His singing throughout the evening was admirable in its finish, its phrasing, its enunciation, and the way in which the best was obtained from the natural resources of his voice. But there was no name upon the programme of one who is recognized and accepted as a classic master of song composition.

No doubt Mr. Werrenrath is accomplishing some sort of a useful purpose in making known the songs of men who do not often figure on the programmes of New York song recitals, in showing what manner of workmanship is achieved by Hans Hermann, Joseph Marx, Willibald Richter, and Arnold Schoenberg, even if they do not turn out to be epoch-making or, sometimes, even interesting works of art. Arnold Schoenberg, who is one of the subjects of contemporaneous debate in Germany, has hardly had a hearing in New York. He was represented by three songs, ("Georg von Frundsberg," "Warnung," and "Dank," heard for the first time in New York, for which Mr. Werrenrath felt constrained to make a sort of explanation. They have more mercy on performers and listeners than other compositions of Schoenberg, and, indeed, there are very interesting traits in the harmony and in the declamatory outline, widely as they differ from some hitherto accepted types.

Mr. Werrenrath sang then a group of American songs, of which the most interesting were by A. Walter Kramer, Carl Busch, and F. Morris Class, and he closed with Sir C. V. Stanford's "Songs of the Sea," songs in which only occasionally the stirring spirit of the words gleams in the music, and more in the first, "Drake's Drum," than in the others.

UNFAMILIAR SONGS.
A. J. Sam
A Note on Yesterday's Musical Recitals.

Mr. Reinald Werrenrath deserves the gratitude of music lovers for several things which he did at Aeolian Hall last night; first of all, however, for his beautiful singing—beautiful in every respect, wherefore its charm could not wholly be destroyed by some of the songs which he sang. That debt paid, he must be thanked for having so pleaded the cause of a number of latter-day song composers that if that cause is found worthless by the popular court he will at least have the consciousness of having done the best that a gifted advocate could do to obtain a different result. Finally, his audience was beholden to him for singing some songs at the end of his list which brought back to some bewildered minds a realization of the fact that true songs are fit poems set to melodies which give them an added sensuous charm and harmonies and rhythms which help to vitalize their sentiment and emotionality. Mr. Werrenrath went to Germany and scoured his native land, with its conglomeration of people, for two-thirds of his pieces, and then found the songs which brought surcease to suffering in that England which either tries hard to belittle the value of its own composers or lauds a few of them to the skies. In this case the songs were C. Villiers Stanford's "Songs of the Sea"—songs about Drake and Devon's glory, songs with beginning and middle and end, with sanity of sentiment such as we find in the old ballads which were limited in the texts with lit of time and musical themes inspired by the spirit and words of the poems and developed in intimate and lovely association with them.

In marked contrast with these songs Mr. Werrenrath sang three songs by Arnold Schoenberg. The singer made a plea in their behalf by speaking in a half deprecatory tone of the manner in which this feature of his programme had been heralded. He would not have the impression prevail that the songs were without melody, harmony or form. On the contrary, they had the beauty of Richard Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung." It would have been wiser perhaps had he let his singing alone plead

for them. If good wine they needed no bush; if poor such advocacy could only bring harm. Fit poetry vitalized and sweetened by music—such has been the ideal of lyricism, in fancy, since the days of Amphion and Orpheus, since Thebes and Ilion "rose into towers." It is a new art which seeks to charm ears, fancy and emotion with declamatory musical phrases, which can be called melodic only by a kind suffering, over and under chords as frequently repellent to the melody note as attractive, all intended to illustrate a poem which, faithfully translated, speaks this precious sentiment:

My dog but growled at thee, and I poisoned him, and I hate every one who causes strife. Two blood-red blossoms I send thee, my heart—on the one a bud; be good to the three until I come. To-night I come again—be alone. Yesterday as I drew near, thou wast gazing with another into the sunset glow—remember thou my dog!

Mr. Werrenrath growled and snarled very eloquently and delightfully indeed at the beginning and end of this song and did all that his fine art could do to make an ugly thing beautiful. Mr. Schoenberg owes him thanks for that, and his hearers, who gave deserved appreciation for all that he did, owe him at least a measure for having gratified the curiosity which he aroused.

It was said in behalf of Miss Cordelia Lee, who played the violin in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, that she was an American who had gone to Leopold Auer, in St. Petersburg, for instruction. It would be a pity and probably unfair to hold the Russian artist—he is an artist and a great one—responsible for the young woman's concert, but it is a cause for congratulation that she did not acquire such intonation and phrasing and such a conception of melody as she exhibited in this country. H. E. K.

MR. WERRENATH SINGS.
A. J. Sam
An Interesting Concert by One of the Best Local Artists.

Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, gave a concert of songs in Aeolian Hall last evening. This young American has not now to make himself known to lovers of really good singing. He has earned his spurs and belongs to the knighthood of his art. Those who go to his concerts carry with them delightful expectations and come away with lovely realizations. Not only does Mr. Werrenrath dignify and enhance the worth of every song he sings, but he is tireless in his search after new matter of interest and unflinching in his courage in presenting it.

His programme last evening was far from the madding rut of the conventional recital. The composers who were represented are here named in the order in which they stood on the programme: Hans Hermann, Joseph Marx, Willibald Richter, Arnold Schoenberg, Walter Kramer, Deems Taylor, Carl Busch, Frank La Forge, Morris Class, Bruno Huhn and Villiers Stanford. Oct. 24-1913

The three songs of Schoenberg were heard for the first time in this country and Mr. Werrenrath deemed it necessary to make a brief speech of apology for them because they did not publish in all their terrors the revolutionary ideas of the composer. Schoenberg is the most widely discussed composer in Europe just now and some of his music has almost incited peaceable audiences to riot.

The three songs heard last evening will not do so. They were "Wie Georg von Frundsberg von Sich Selber Sang," "Warnung" and "Dank." Modern indeed all three were, and there were harmonies which would have made Albrechtsberger gasp and mayhap even Beethoven stare. But they were three good songs, with the text judiciously declaimed and the melodic phrase treated with a view to musical beauty. The last of the three is a particularly beautiful song, which is certain to find its way into the repertoire of all serious singers on this side of the sea. Only in the accompaniments did the songs seem to be obscure in purpose.

In the third group of songs, all of which had English texts, the honors went to Frank La Forge's clever little lyric, "To a Messenger," which had to be repeated in response to warm applause. Stanford was represented by his stirring group of "Songs of the Sea." It seems hardly necessary to make comment on Mr. Werrenrath's singing. His masterly use of all the resources of his voice, his clear enunciation and his reposeful, finished and poetic interpretations of his songs again commanded the highest praise.

THERE IS NO RIOT WHEN MR. WERRENATH SINGS
A. J. Sam

Though London Rose in Uproar When Schoenberg Songs Were Rendered, New York Was Calm.

Those who went last night to Aeolian Hall in the pleasant expectation of a riot were grievously disappointed. Mr. Reinald Werrenrath sang. He is a clever and poetical songster. He uttered songs by Arnold Schoenberg. In New York this is no occasion for a riot.

In London, when this composer's songs were sung, there was an uproar of protest. The British had collided with an idea.

The attitude of the British towards an idea is the attitude of a policeman towards an offender. Arrest it or jostle it. Let it move on out of the metropolitan district. The songs written by Arnold Schoenberg are a bit prosaic and declamatory. They did not, however, cause any excitement last night.

Mr. Werrenrath is a profoundly satisfactory artist. He has strong dramatic sense. His interpretations have meaning, fire and the power of climax. He breaks through the integument to the kernel of his songs. The voice is amiable and expressive. The musical intelligence is acute and energetic. He might have spared us, last night, the inanities of Carl Busch and the simplicities of Mr. Deems Taylor. Yet his first group of songs, good in themselves, lost nothing in their interpreter. Bruno Huhn contributed, compositorially, one song, based upon Edgar Allan Poe's "Israfel."

Mr. Charles Albert Baker presided at the piano. It is customary in these cases to say he was discreet. He was discretion itself.

CORDELIA LEE'S DEBUT.

First Appearance of Another Violin Pupil of Leopold Auer.

Cordelia Lee, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Miss Lee comes from the Dakotas and is a pupil of the distinguished master, Leopold Auer, teacher of Elman, Zimbalist and Kathleen Parlow. She played Handel's sonata in D major, the perennial Bruch concerto in G minor, Saint-Saens's "Havaneise," Hubay's "Zephyr," Bach's chaconne, the Schubert "Ave Maria" and Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow."

The young woman's concert disclosed the presence of an unquestionable talent, paired with a want of artistic ripeness. It would be difficult to decide whether another year with the master would have eliminated some of the rawnesses of style or whether experience and artistic growth will do the work better. At present Miss Lee has more temperament than artistic judgment, more boldness than finish, more dash than dignity.

Some of her intonation was sadly faulty and some of her bowing was unkind to the gentle instrument on which she played. Her reading of the Bruch music was greatly oversentimentalized, but in the Bach number she showed to more advantage the excellence of her schooling. Artists are made, not born. The greatest musical gifts come to naught if not guided by patient self-criticism and humble devotion. Miss Lee may have a future, but yesterday's recital indicated the immediate need of attention to the intellectual side of her art.

Cordelia Lee's Recital.

Cordelia Lee presented a serious and dignified programme at her violin recital yesterday afternoon, which was her first appearance in New York, and the earnestness of her attempt was evident. That she has some qualifications for the task she set herself was also evident; but they were not enough to make her really successful in it. There were times when her tone in cantabile passages was sweet and agreeable; there were others in more rapid passages, when it was rough and scratchy. Nor was Miss Lee's intonation at all secure. It may be that nervousness at a first appearance was responsible for at least a part of this; but it could hardly have been responsible for the excess of sentiment which she put into so much of her playing or the uncertainties and ineptitudes of phrasing which marked a good deal of it.

Her programme began with Handel's D major sonata, and included also Bruch's G minor concerto and the Chaconne from Bach's D minor solo sonata, and shorter pieces by Saint-Saens, Hubay, Wilhelmj and Wieniawski. These are almost all matters that task the resources of the most accomplished players. Cordelia Lee is not at present quite well enough equipped to play them in public.

Cordelia Lee, Violinist.

The difficult problem of how to lure men to musical entertainments would be solved in a minute if all concert-givers were as fair to behold as the girl from Dakota who gave a violin recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon—a Gibson girl of the most attractive type in face and form, accentuated by Southern grace of movement. From the moment she stepped on the stage, Cordelia Lee's succès de beauté was assured.

It cannot be said that the performance was as flawless as the performer—that would have made Miss Lee the equal of Fritz Kreisler. Probably her tone was as good as any one could get from the instrument she played on; but in Bruch's G minor concerto (which, by the way, brought its composer \$180 and its publisher at least a hundred times that sum), she was at a serious disadvantage in not having the rich Bruch orchestration to sustain the solo instrument. Such concertos should never be played with piano accompaniment.

even though the pianist be as good an artist as George Falkenstein. Ears accustomed to the luscious hues of recorded violins miss them under such circumstances and hold the soloist responsible for what is beyond her control. Miss Lee's chief faults in this number were a tendency to exaggeration in accent and shading, into the slow movement she infused the glow of genuine feeling, which toward the end, however, verged on sentimentality.

Technically, Miss Lee's performance of the Bruch number left little to be desired. Straightforward and sincere was her playing of the preceding number, a Handel sonata in D minor, in which her intonation was perfect. The "grand manner" one would hardly expect in one so young. The "Havaneise" of Saint-Saens presented considerable difficulties which the player overcame with ease and a display of true artistic temperament. Hubay's "Zephyr" and Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscou" gave her further opportunity to display this brilliancy of technique to be expected of a pupil of Auer.

But the afternoon's most remarkable performance was the playing of Bach's formidable "Chaconne" for violin alone. In this Miss Lee proved herself a true artist in every sense of the word. Tone, intonation, and phrasing were perfect, the shading was fascinating, and if the cantilena was more tender and feminized than one is accustomed to, this must be recognized as a merit, for to Bach, as to most great composers, there is a feminine side which is too often ignored. If Miss Lee can give a concert in which she plays everything as well as she did this supreme test of violinistic artistry, her success is assured.

Mr. Werrenrath's Recital.

Mr. Werrenrath is to be congratulated, first for his courage, and second for his improvement. His courage was shown at his Aeolian Hall recital last night, in presenting his first and second group of songs, and his improvement was evident throughout. In the first group the only song worthy of performance or mention was the "Wanderers Nachtlied," by Joseph Marx. None of them was novel except to those who heard them in their present form for the first time, their musical content having been better used by other composers. The Schönberg songs given might improve upon further hearing, but even Mr. Werrenrath's earnest efforts could not make further hearing imperative. The third group, in English, was far more interesting. Mr. Kramer's "Nocturne" being the best, although others were repeated. The "Nocturne" is full of the feeling of night, and was delightfully sung. C. Villiers Stanford's songs of the Sea gave Mr. Werrenrath his best opportunity, and both the singer and the songs deserved all the applause they got.

Mr. Werrenrath surprised his most ardent admirers. He has gained tremendously in breadth since last season, partially at the expense of diction—his words could not always be understood—but he made tonal climaxes his former singing had never shown, and his command of tone color has gained immeasurably. He was always in tune, sang without effort, and as a singer gave his audience the greatest satisfaction. He is more than fulfilling the promise of former hearings, and that is high praise for any singer.

Mr. Baker's accompaniments were as good as Mr. Werrenrath's singing, and the ensemble was perfect. The audience was large and its enthusiasm judicious. Despite the lack of intrinsic merit in the selections, it was an enjoyable recital.

NEW "BUTTERFLY" SOPRANO

Edith Helena Makes First Appearance with Century Opera Co.

Miss Edith Helena made last night her first appearance with the Century Opera Company. She sang the title part in "Madam Butterfly." Miss Helena was to make her debut in "Lucia," but Miss Ewell's sudden illness brought her services into demand two weeks before she had been announced.

Miss Helena displayed a powerful voice of a timbre that was not altogether pleasing, being at times decidedly acidulous. Her Cio-Cio-San was a rather more temperamental young woman than is usually embodied in the part, and one who sang and acted with operatic fervor. The remainder of the cast had been heard before, and Mr. Nicosia again conducted. The audience was one of capacity proportions.

MISS FARRAR'S RECITAL.

First Appearance of Operatic Soprano in a Song Programme.

Opera first, then concert, and last of all, song recital—that has been the order of Miss Geraldine Farrar's progress here, since the night, now several years ago, when she made her New York debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, as the Juliette in Gounod's suave setting of the lovely and tragic chronicle of Verona. Concert appearances followed quickly, but the third stage in this musical pilgrimage of the young American soprano was not reached until yesterday afternoon, when she offered her first New York recital of songs, to an audience that filled Carnegie Hall, despite the sorry weather out of doors.

It was a gathering distinguished in aspect, and ready now and again to grow vigorously enthusiastic. And, after the set programme had been accomplished there was a concerted rush toward the stage, and a hushed listening to extra numbers, including "Annie Laurie," to Miss Farrar herself, clad in a white gown that seemed worthy of the ardent inspection given to it through field glasses, by many of the women and some of the men present, was in happy and varied mood, and the occasion passed off with most of the outward signs of joyous success.

But it was opera first—one felt that, even when the singer was most detached from her surroundings, as she stood before the piano in the centre of the Carnegie Hall stage. For the order of Miss Farrar's progress, as indicated above, has been logical; it has been dictated, one might say, by her limitations. Singing songs, without the aid of drama, except that which is implicit in most art songs worthy the name, is the final achievement of a vocalist. One must be at least that, and one must also be a musician. Even Miss Farrar's most enthusiastic admirers must have felt yesterday, when she essayed tones in her upper range, that there was something amiss with her mode of utterance. There were F's and G's and A's that grew hard and bitter as the singer prolonged them; there were lower notes that suffered a similar fate when she forced them for the sake of effective stress. There were departures from pitch, and the quality of Miss Farrar's colorature was not flexible—her songs in the earlier style, taken from Gluck, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, proved that.

But when she reached the smoother waters of Schubert, in his Italian song "Non t'accostar all'urna," there was much to enjoy. When she was willing to sing without conscious pushing of the tones, as in Tschalkowsky's haunting "Er liebt mich so sehr," or the "Sternen" of Moussorgsky, or, again, in Massenet's dainty and popular "Ouvre tes yeux bleus," the singer attained genuine excellence.

For Miss Farrar is never lacking in dramatic intelligence; that is her strong point. And when just this quality may properly dominate, as in Loewe's "Walpurgisnacht," ballad yesterday, she rises to real power. But at a song recital, singing, in and of itself, is the thing.

Geraldine Farrar in Recital.

At several orchestral concerts in this city Geraldine Farrar has sung groups of songs in such an interesting way that it was a foregone conclusion that a song recital by her would fill Carnegie Hall and hold the audience to the end. This was the case on Saturday afternoon, when this popular singer gave her first New York recital. Her programme was most agreeably varied, and contained a far greater percentage of vocal gems than is usual on such occasions. It was, indeed, a model programme.

Not only was Miss Farrar's programme interesting, but her singing was equally so. The richer middle and lower tones of her voice and the dark timbre were especially noticeable Saturday and made her bearers feel that she has made a wise move in her decision to sing Carmen this year. Many of those who have heard her only in modern operas must have been surprised at the ease and fluency of her florid work in the Handel and Mozart numbers, "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre" and "Alleluja," which she sang in her first group. Equally fine in its way was Schubert's "Non t'accostar all'urna," which calls for deep feeling and dramatic expression. "Heidenröslein," also by Schubert, was not so satisfactory. Miss Farrar seemed inclined to rush certain phrases too much, and to dwell on high notes in a way which marred the simplicity of this lovely song, a simplicity akin to that of Mozart's "Veilchen."

A group of three Franz songs followed, all beautifully sung, especially the last, and most characteristic, "Gute Nacht," one of the gems heard far too seldom in our concert halls. Practically all the Franz songs are immensely difficult, owing partly to their intimate emotional quality, partly to the position of the voice, almost as cruel

at times as it is in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony chorus, but they well repay any effort expended on them. The same can hardly be said of the two Loewe ballads Miss Farrar sang. With rare exceptions, the musical repetitions in these ballads become monotonous, and unless every word is understood—an impossible feat in a large hall, except, apparently, to Wüllner or Melba—they fall flat.

Rubinstein's name was represented by two songs, "Die Lerche," and one of the enchanting Oriental group to words by Mirza Schaffy, "Tbu nicht so spröde, schönes Kind," which is another song far from easy for the singer. Grieg's "Lauf der Welt" delighted the audience, as it does always. Miss Farrar sang it with French words, which seemed to suit its gay charm better than the German text that is usually sung. She also sang Grieg's spirited and effective "Ein Traum" as an encore.

R. Strauss's Zueignung," one of his best songs, "Sylvelin," by Sinding, Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" and MacDowell's "The Bluebell," were some of the other songs on the programme. In the last, one wished Miss Farrar had taken the heart-breaking flight of the bumblebee away from the bluebell a little more to heart. It is a miniature tragedy, but to her it was comedy. She added a number of encores, the last being "Annie Laurie," to her own accompaniment. Mr. Arthur Rosenstein accompanied Miss Farrar's songs admirably.

Harold Bauer's Unique Programme.

Harold Bauer is only forty years old, and his name has not yet found its way into Riemann or Grove, but it will get there all the same, if he continues in the path he has cut out for himself. His home is in London, but since 1900 he has repeatedly forsaken it to make long tours in this country, always with distinguished success. He has shown heretofore that he can play the music of diverse schools most entertainingly. On Saturday afternoon, at Aeolian Hall, he chose to confine himself not only to German music, but to the two most serious of the German masters, Bach and Beethoven. In doing so, he had evidently taken to heart the younger Seneca's maxim, *res severa est verum gaudium*. He certainly played the serious music as if it gave him pleasure to play it, and the audience also found pleasure in listening to it. It was a large audience; the pianist got a most cordial greeting when he appeared, and enthusiastic applause after each of his numbers.

Bach, Beethoven, Bach, Beethoven, Bach, Beethoven—thus read the unique programme. The older master was represented by three preludes and fugues from the Well-Tempered Clavier, which Hans von Bülow called the Old Testament of Music; namely, Book I, Nos. 3 and 22, and Book II, No. 12. The Beethoven numbers were the sonatas opus 10, No. 3, opus 81

and opus 77, in the playing of the Bach music the most admirable thing was the clarity with which each of the voices of the polyphonic structure was made to assert itself. On listening to this lucid exposition of the contents, one wondered how any one can find Bach complex or puzzling or how that Frenchman could have defined a fugue as "a piece in which one voice runs away from the others, and the listener from the player." The Beethoven sonatas were played by Mr. Bauer in the charge of classical spirit, yet with no lack of color and expression.

NATIONAL MUSIC
Scandinavian, Russian and Rumanian Composers Heard.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT

Notable Specimens of Norse Music in Carnegie Hall.

Yesterday's music was strongly tinged with nationalism. A concert in Carnegie Hall in the afternoon was devoted wholly to the compositions of Scandinavian musicians—Danish, Swedish and Norwegian—and in the programme of the first concert of the Symphony Orchestra, also in the afternoon but in Aeolian Hall, there was a symphony by a Russian composer to begin with, and an orchestral rhapsody based on melodies of his native

the student of the characteristic tendencies of modern music, the concert in Carnegie Hall was the more instructive one of the two, for it disclosed much of the fine flower of the oldest, as well as the richest, of the schools of composition based upon popular or racial idioms.

The symphony in E minor by Tschai-kowsky which Mr. Walter Damrosch brought forward can scarcely be called distinctively Russian—it is only in the last movement that the Russian bear shows his claws—and the Rumanian rhapsody by Enesco, which had its first performance in New York on this occasion, was better calculated to astonish, bewilder and amuse than edify. All, or nearly all, the music played and sung at the Scandinavian concert, on the other hand, brought to the consciousness of the hearers a refined art, inspired with the feeling of Norse folksong. In a way this was only natural, for the Scandinavian school of composition is the oldest and most advanced of the national schools, and if there is a Rumanian school it has not yet made itself manifest.

There was nothing indicative of the thought, feeling and social or national life of the people from whom Enesco is sprung in the garish composition to which he has given a national title. Its tunes suggest neither place nor time, and their treatment nothing more than the reckless ingenuity of a devotee of a latter day technical tendency in orchestration, which owes nothing to the elegant French school in which the composer received his training and as little to the best exemplars of the German and Russian schools. If its themes proved anything at all they proved that Rumanian folksong is in no respect Oriental and does not partake of either in matter or spirit of the folksong of the peoples with whom the Rumanians are associated in popular thought. It may be that this is its proud characteristic; that it, as the people fondly and proudly imagine themselves to be, is of Roman descent. If so, better specimens than Mr. Enesco has employed in his rhapsody and a different treatment than he has given them will have to be brought forward. The rhapsody is a bewildering bit of musical hilarity, an amazing tour de force in orchestration and rhythmical combination, a garish harmonic phantasmagoria—that is all. It helped to show that Mr. Damrosch has developed his orchestra into a band of virtuosi who can make light of the technical difficulties which the young composers of to-day like to pile up; but it erased some of the beautiful impression which had been created by the playing of the band in the symphony, the Uvaldi concerto-grosso, and the accompaniment to Mme. Gadski's songs which had preceded.

It was the purpose of the concert in Carnegie Hall to disclose the characteristic beauties of Scandinavian music. The singers were Scandinavians, the orchestra was largely made up of Scandinavians, a Scandinavian directed the music of the affair and the composers whose names appeared on the house bill were all Scandinavians. The latter were the Danes, August Carl Nielsen, J. Glaeser, P. E. Lange-Müller, Peter Arnold Heise; the Norwegians, Christian Sinding, Sigurd Lie, Halfdan Kjerulf, Agathe Backer-Grøndahl, Edvard Hagerup Grieg, and the Swedes, Gunnar Wennerberg, August Söderman, Emil Sjögren, Vilhelm Stenhammar, V. O. Peterson-Berger and Hugo Alfren. The solo singer was Mme. Julia Claussen, Mme. Charlotte Lund and Gustaf Holmquist, Professor Cornelius Rubner, of Columbia University, played Grieg's pianoforte concerto and Ole Windingstad was the conductor.

Not much of the music was familiar to our concert rooms; only the Grieg pianoforte concerto, the same composer's "Landkjending" for male voices and orchestra and a few of the songs, one of which "Sylvelin," by Sinding, had been sung in the same room twenty-four hours before by Miss Farrar, with an affected pathos very foreign to the song as interpreted by Mme. Lund. She also sang Sigurd Lie's "sne" (Snow), a marvellous bit of flocculent and poetical tone-painting, and Kjerulf's setting of the song which is Björnson's idyllic romance "Synnøre Solbakken" the heroine murmurs to herself while preparing to steal away from the hut on the Saeter—an inexpressively pathetic utterance, almost too tender for communication to an audience. Indeed, it cannot be sung as it ought to be sung in the concert room. It is too intimate in its inarticulate melody, yet Mme. Lund's singing of it touched her hearers deeply. An example of orchestra delineation, Nielsen's overture "Hellos," a tonal description of a sunrise, was another composition which would have challenged the admiration of even jaded concertgoers had it been performed under more favorable conditions. It is full of loveliness in thought, feeling and color. It was altogether a notable concert.

SYMPHONY SOCIETY BEGINS ITS SEASON

N. Y. Sun Oct. 27-1913
Novelty of Georges Enesco
Given at the First
Concert.

MME. GADSKI THE SOLOIST

**New Number Is an Exhilarating
Piece of Music and Should
Be Heard Often.**

The Symphony Society of New York gave the first of its long series of concerts yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised Tschai-kowsky's fifth symphony, an air from the same composer's opera "Joan of Arc," a concerto for strings by Vivaldi, three Wagner songs, "Stehe Stille," "Im Treibhaus" and "Traume," and Georges Enesco's "Rumanian Rhapsody" in A. The solo singer was Mme. Johanna Gadski of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The programme of music does not call for analytical comment. Only the last number was new and it proved to be a composition appealing to the general taste rather than to the contemplation of connoisseurs. It ought to be heard often, because it is an exhilarating piece of music. Enesco has treated in it Rumanian folk tunes, chiefly of the dance type, much as Brahms and Dvorak have treated the dances of other peoples of southeastern Europe. The instrumentation is brilliant and the characteristic rhythms are well emphasized. But the last episode is too long drawn out.

One thing may perhaps be added in passing, namely, that music which has a distinct national character ought to be heard often, and its hearing is not needed anywhere quite so much as it is in this country. It ought to be richly informing to the hearers, who may in time possibly be brought to an understanding of the important fact that the unspeakable rubbish which is screeched, strummed and drummed throughout Europe as representative American music is a national shame and ought to be disowned by every self-respecting traveller. This offer of the American music halls represents nothing but the desire of the ignorant and the delight of the vulgar. It does not spring from the American soil, nor does it breathe a single thought of the uncontaminated part of the American people. For this reason if for no other it is good for us to listen to the folk tunes of peoples who have their own musical idioms and who sing in the naturally poetic accents of a yet unspoiled peasantry.

Mr. Tschai-kowsky's symphony is also an artistic development of national character expressed in music. The themes are partly taken from the life of the people or at any rate made in faithful imitation of Russian folk tunes. The larger and more highly organized form has led to the introduction of other themes not so clearly representative, but the character of the symphony as a whole is distinctly Russian. It was admirably performed by Mr. Damrosch's men yesterday.

The Vivaldi concerto gave some of the leading members of the orchestra opportunities to display their excellent art in the solo parts. Mme. Gadski was in command of her vocal gifts and was heard at her best in "Im Treibhaus," which she sang with much judgment and excellent voice management.

Whole Concert of Scandinavian Music Is Heard

N. Y. Sun Oct. 27-1913
**Greig's Concerto in A Minor Feature
of Programme Which Attracts
Large Audience.**

A concert made up entirely of Scandinavian music is unusual, even in cosmopolitan New York, but such a concert was given yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Society in Carnegie Hall, and it attracted a large audience.

The programme ran through nearly three hours and included numbers by a chorus of two hundred men, an orchestra of sixty and four soloists. Most of the music was comparatively unknown in New York, and it must be admitted that much of it was rather monotonous in character. Exception should be made of the Grieg concerto in A minor, which was well played by Professor Cornelius Rubner, director of the School of Music of Columbia University.

The first of it was Miss Charlotte Lund, a soprano who was heard last year in a concert made up entirely of American songs. A group of songs by Müller, Sinding, Lie, Kjerulf and Grøndahl again brought out the tonal beauty of her voice and her interpretive powers.

A voice comparatively new to New York was that of Mme. Julia Claussen, mezzo-soprano, of the Chicago Opera Company. She sang a cycle of six songs by Heise. Her voice has great carrying power and possesses much natural beauty. She made a most favorable impression on the audience. The other soloist was Mr. Gustaf Holmquist. His pleasing bass voice was heard in a group of songs by Söderman, Stenhammar, Sjögren and Peterson-Berger. He also sang in the closing number "Landkjening," by Grieg, with the chorus and the orchestra. Other choruses were Glaeser's "Norden" and "Här oss Svea," by Wennerberg.

N. Y. Sun Oct. 27-1913
SCANDINAVIAN MUSIC.
An Interesting Concert Given Yesterday in Carnegie Hall.

A concert of Scandinavian music was given yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Society. The occasion was without doubt the largest musical enterprise ever undertaken by Scandinavians in the Eastern States, and Danes, Swedes and Norwegians were present in large numbers to hear a programme of music of their own representative composers.

Those taking part were a united male chorus of 200 voices drawn from several local Scandinavian singing societies; the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra of sixty-one pieces, under the leadership of Ole Windingstad; the Norwegian soprano, Mme. Charlotte Lund, who by birth is related to both Ole Bull and Grieg; the Swedish contralto, Mme. Julia Claussen, of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company; Gustaf Holmquist, a basso of Chicago, and Prof. Cornelius Rubner, the composer-pianist, who was born in Copenhagen and is now at the head of the department of music at Columbia University.

The well arranged programme set forth very interesting specimens of music in varied and contrasted styles. It included an overture by Carl Nielsen, called "Helios," which the programme notes described as giving a musical picture of the sun worships of the far North; two chorals, "Norden," by Glaeser, and the national anthem, "Hoe oss Svea," by Wennerberg—this being a striking piece of writing, which consists of patriotic airs interwoven with the Lutheran choral "A Mighty Fortress"; a group of five songs for soprano, by Lange-Müller, Sinding, Lie, Grøndahl and Kjerulf; Eduard Grieg's concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra; a cycle of six songs for contralto, called "Dyvekes Sange," by Dane Paul Heise and with words by the Danish poet Holger Drachmann, as depicting the story of a simple maid who was loved by a king; a group of four songs for bass voice, by Söderman, Sjögren, Stenhammar and Peterson-Berger; a Swedish rhapsody for orchestra, called "Midsommarvaka" ("Midsummer Eve"), and Grieg's "Landkjending" ("Sighting Land"), for bass solo, chorus and orchestra.

Frank Bibb played the piano accompaniments to the songs sung by Mmes. Lund and Claussen, and Edwin Schneider to those sung by Mr. Holmquist. The programme was well presented generally and it evoked genuine interest and appreciation from an audience that was made up of cultured music lovers. The chorus soloists and orchestra entered into their parts with a spirit of manifest sincerity and ardor, while the music itself served to suggest amply the beauty, poetry and rugged strength of the northern peoples for whose expression it stood.

Sunday Concerts.

While Scandinavia has produced only one composer of the first rank—Edvard Grieg—there are a number of excellent Norwegian, Swedish, and Danes who have written good music. If the object of the concert given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by the Scandinavian-American Society was to prove this, it was a decided success. Besides the composer named, who was represented by his piano concerto and his "Landsig" cantata, there were Sinding, Kjerulf, Lange-Müller, Sjögren, and others, Gade only Miss Amsden achieved anything aping, strange to say, ignored. The programme was absurdly long—too long for four concerts, to discuss it in detail. Undoubtedly the direction of Ole Windingstad, the choral and choral numbers were well done. One of the soloists was Charlotte Lund, who sang a group of songs most effectively. A good impression was made by Miss Julia Claussen.

At the Century Opera House, last night eight members of the company were heard as soloists, besides the well-known pianist Cornelia Rider-Possart. There was a large audience. At the Hippodrome, N. Y., Franko stood proudly at the head of an orchestra of over a hundred players, and conducted popular numbers like Grieg's "Peer Gynt," Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, a Liszt rhapsody, etc., while the soprano Mlle. Dufau, and other provided the necessary solo numbers.

Harold Randolph's Piano Recital.

The director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music gave a piano recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall. His programme consisted of Busoni's arrangement of the Bach Toccata and fugue, Scarlatti's Allegro in D minor, Brahms's arrangement of Gluck's gavotte from "Alceste," and his own intermezzo in E flat minor and Capriccio in B minor. These were followed by Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, a group of American compositions, Liszt's Etude in F minor, and the Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire.

Mr Randolph's programme was not of an especially emotional type. It suited his style of playing, which is scholarly, but not especially appealing.

The American compositions which figured on the programme were a berceuse and scherzade by George F. Boyle, a scherzo by Ernest Hutcheson, and a minuetto by Wilmanuel Wad, the latter being the most individual of the four. Mr. Hutcheson's scherzo was well written, but would have been more effective had it been shorter.

PUCCINI'S MELODIES AT CENTURY OPERA

N. Y. Sun Oct. 27-1913
**"Tosca" Given With English
Text Pleases an Audience
of Considerable Size.**

Performance of Puccini's Opera, with Better Singing Than Acting.

Florida Tosca.....Elizabeth Amsden
Mario Cavaradossi.....Morgan Kingston
Baron Scarpia.....Thomas Chalmers
Cesare Angelotti.....Alfred Knapp
A Sacristan.....Benedict Reine
Squadra.....Vernon Dallas
Conductor, Carlo Nicolsia

At the Century Opera House last evening Puccini's popular opera "Tosca" was brought forward. Of course the work was sung in English, and it will have one Italian performance next Monday.

The audience was one of considerable size, but by no means as large as that which assembled for the production of "Madam Butterfly." It was evident, however, that those who sat in the theatre last evening obtained pleasure from the music of the opera.

Without doubt they also found commendable features in the performance, though here the critical observer was obliged to exercise more reserve than the casual auditor who was present for the satisfaction of the moment. The weekly productions at the Century inevitably suffer from want of familiarity somewhere parts with a spirit of manifest sincerity and ardor, while the music itself served to suggest amply the beauty, poetry and rugged strength of the northern peoples for whose expression it stood.

These people have to learn and rehearse many new roles and Tuesday night must always be a first night for some one. It is not likely that operagoers in general are aware that uncertainty on the part of any one singer is likely to create uncertainty among those who really know their roles. Such conditions as those which exist at the Century Opera House have to be taken into consideration every week.

The principals in last evening's performance were Elizabeth Amsden as Florida Tosca, Morgan Kingston as Mario Cavaradossi, and Thomas Chalmers as the Baron Scarpia. Of these only Miss Amsden achieved anything aping, strange to say, ignored. The programme was absurdly long—too long for four concerts, to discuss it in detail. Undoubtedly the direction of Ole Windingstad, the choral and choral numbers were well done. One of the soloists was Charlotte Lund, who sang a group of songs most effectively. A good impression was made by Miss Julia Claussen.

At the Century Opera House, last night eight members of the company were heard as soloists, besides the well-known pianist Cornelia Rider-Possart. There was a large audience. At the Hippodrome, N. Y., Franko stood proudly at the head of an orchestra of over a hundred players, and conducted popular numbers like Grieg's "Peer Gynt," Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, a Liszt rhapsody, etc., while the soprano Mlle. Dufau, and other provided the necessary solo numbers.

The chorus sang calmly and the orchestra discovered more inherent weaknesses than in any previous performance. In justice to the enterprise it ought to be said that the orchestra last night was downright bad and it will have to be pulled up vigorously. Mr. Nicolsia was not to blame for the shortcomings, for he conducted with saving grace. Beh the scenes there was a want of music.

colation, as in the finale of the first act, when the organ was always half a beat behind the orchestra.

It probably will be necessary before next season to discard some of the English texts now in use. They are impoverished in style and deficient in musical correctness. In none have the shortcomings been so mercilessly exposed as they were last evening in the prose declaration of "Tosca." The clear enunciation of some of the lines was disconcerting.

FEEBLE LYRIC TRAGEDY

Oct 29 1913
Puccini's "Tosca" at the Century Opera House.

There were no laurels to be distributed at the Century Opera House last night after the Aborn singers and players had ended a struggle with Puccini's "Tosca." The play is tragic, the music generally nerve racking and lurid. Tragedians are essential to an adequate presentation of Sardou's action, tragic singers, skilful instrumentalists and an imaginative and masterful conductor necessary to give charm of any kind to the music. These requirements were feebly met. Mr. Chalmers acted Baron Scarpia with the sardonic wickedness of a Domine Sampson; Miss Amsden leaned an arm on a sofa and sang pleasantly to Chalmers at tea, who had not frightened her much. As for Mr. Kingston, he brought back memories of the days when opera in English looked and sounded like an experiment by amateurs. The rest was chiefly impotence and rudeness and a painful revelation of the mesalliance which exists between modern Italian melody and prosaic English words—when the words were unappreciably intelligible.

H. E. K.

MR. HOFMANN'S RECITAL

A Multitude Hears a Master Play.
Oct 29 1913

LISZT'S B MINOR SONATA

The Greater Charm of Less Imposing Works.

Mr. Josef Hofmann made Liszt's sonata in B minor the climactic feature of the recital which he gave in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It was the culmination of his achievements from the pianistic point of view, though probably far from that from a purely musical. It seems to be a duty which weighs more or less oppressively upon every great virtuoso to master the technical difficulties of the extraordinary work—it is certainly that—and give the cognoscenti his interpretation of its contents. That pious labor done, it rests with the cognoscenti to make up their minds whether or not they have had a good time. Irrespective of all other considerations, it is generally a fact that they have been interested in what they know to have been a great mechanical and intellectual feat. If an inscrutable Providence has closed their ears and souls to the transcendent beauties which Liszt's devotees perceive in it, many of them are yet willing to approach it as the storied pagan did his idol—knowing that it is ugly, they yet feel that it is great; and they pay tribute to the master who has successfully broken its seven seals.

It is exceedingly doubtful if ever a pianist pleaded its cause more eloquently than Mr. Hofmann did yesterday or with greater dignity. He did not try to overwhelm his listeners with thunderous sound nor wheedle them with sentimental murmurs; but what clarity of utterance, continence and integrity of style and a lofty, well poised proclamation could do to make the sonata's message clear he did. An audience that crowded the large room gave him rapt attention and thundered its admiration when he had done; but it is at least likely that the impressions which lingered longest, most delightfully and with warmest affection in the memory when the too long afternoon was over were those which had been created by compositions of a vastly different character—by Beethoven's "Pathétique" sonata, for instance, in which the evangel of poetic beauty was proclaimed in a voice that was all-compelling; in Chopin's E flat minor polonaise, in which Mr. Hofmann conjured up a pageant of ghostly chivalry, with knights and nobles in stately conclave plotting and muttering threats of revolt in bated breath, or even in the F sharp minor fantasia of infelix Felix Mendelssohn, whom the player's master, Rubinstein, was not afraid to honor. As for the Handel variations in D minor, old fashioned as they were, they

exhibited pianoforte playing in its utmost perfection.

The recital was a triumph for the performer from beginning to end, and was extended to an inordinate length by the insistence of sensation mongers upon supplemental entertainment at the close which would allow them to crowd down to the platform. The concert giver who will lead the way in rebuking this absurd custom will win the admiration of all sane music lovers.

H. E. K.

Josef Hofmann and Liszt's Sonata.

Hans von Bulow relates in a letter from England written in 1878 that it was not till 1848 that a Beethoven's sonata was played publicly in London—that is, not till twenty-one years after Beethoven's death! In view of a singular fact like that, it is not very surprising that Liszt's stupendous B minor sonata should not have become fully appreciated till two decades after his death. He himself did not play it often, realizing that it was music of the future. The story that Brahms fell asleep while Liszt played it for him has been indignantly denied by Brahms's biographers, but it is quite likely that he did not admire it; tastes differ.

In Berlin, last year, correspondents noted that this sonata, long decried as "not a sonata," was played more frequently than any other sonata. In New York it has in recent years won more and more admiration, some of the greatest of pianists having interpreted it. Yesterday, at Carnegie Hall, it formed the climax of Josef Hofmann's first recital. Among the thousands who heard it there were doubtless a considerable number who had not quite made up their minds as to its merits. The absolute silence during its performance and the thunderous applause at the end indicated that all had been converted to the gospel of Liszt by his eloquent Polish apostle.

Ever since he was a small boy, Josef Hofmann has astonished and delighted music lovers; but never did he reveal himself such a giant of the keyboard as yesterday in the interpretation of this work. When Wagner heard Klindworth play it for him, it made him "forget all his London wretchedness," as he wrote Liszt concerning this sonata which he found "beautiful beyond all conception—grand, lovely, deep, noble—sublime like yourself." Yet it is not likely that Klindworth could reveal its beauty and its grandeur as eloquently as Josef Hofmann did yesterday, when he seemed to exhaust all the possibilities of alternating tenderness and power inherent in the modern pianoforte and pianoforte music. Liszt's B minor was revealed as the Himalayan summit of all sonatas. In the final climax it seemed as if the pianist had summoned to his aid an orchestra of a hundred. This prestissimo finale of startling splendor has been described by James Huneker (in his book on Liszt) in glowing terms, which must be cited:

It is brilliantly captivating, and Liszt the Magnificent is stamped on every bar. What gorgeous swing, and how the bases of the earth seemed to tremble at the sledgehammer blows from the cyclopean fist of this musical Attila. Then follow a few bars of that Beethoven-like andante, a moving return to the early themes, and softly the first lento descends to the subterranean caverns whence it emerged, a Magyar Wotan majestically vanished into the bowels of a Gehenna; then a true Liszt chord-sequence and a stillness in B major.

The Liszt sonata was the logical conclusion of Mr. Hofmann's recital. After such a performance of such a work almost everything else would have been an anticlimax, and Mr. Hofmann made the mistake of constructing a final group of unfamiliar material. After the tense interest accorded the sonata, the audience was not capable of further effort in listening, and the three numbers by Rachmaninoff, two Preludes and Polchinnelle, a barcarolle by Dvorsky, and a brilliant étude by Scriabine, fell rather flat. Only Debussy's "Soirée en Granade," with its odd fascination and wonderful, delicate tinting, which the pianist played superlatively well, aroused much interest. The recital lasted nearly two hours and a quarter without the final extras.

Mr. Hofmann's prevailing mood was one of introspection tinged with melancholy. He played, before the Liszt sonata, one by Beethoven (the Pathétique), besides a set of dull variations by Handel and a duller fantasia in F sharp minor by Meudelssohn, both of which it would have been wise to omit; also a nocturne and a mazurka by Chopin, preceded by his E flat major polonaise which would have been the climax of the concert had it not been for the Liszt sonata. In both these pieces Mr. Hofmann seemed to be improvising, like Paderewski in his best mood. It was a minor mood. This polonaise has none of the pomp and brilliancy of the others; it

is introspective, deep, gloomy, awe inspiring, and inspired; and it was played by an inspired pianist.

FLORENCE HINKLE SINGS.

The Excellent Soprano Heard in a List of Pleasing Songs.

Florence Hinkle, soprano, was heard in a recital of songs last night in Aeolian Hall. Miss Hinkle is a young American singer who has been heard frequently here during the past few seasons, mainly as a soloist in concerts of larger scope, and it has been her good fortune steadily to win ground in the estimation of those who admire good singing.

Last evening her programme was one of a strict recital form, and it included groups of classical airs, classical German songs, modern French songs and songs in English.

It was in the singing of the classic airs that Miss Hinkle was heard to best advantage. With a beautiful voice that is unusually good in quality and true in pitch she sang Handel's "Piangere la sorta mia," from his opera "Julius Caesar," with admirable command of breath and phrase. Then again in the numbers "Heller Blick," by Haydn; Mozart's "Contentezza," and "Come Unto These Yellow Sands" of Purcell her excellent freedom in vocal skill was disclosed in a manner that imparted to her delivery the dignity of style so significant in the rendering of classic models of song.

It was when she essayed into fields of more modern composers that the listener felt a possible lack of mood in the variety of her temperamental feeling and its expression.

And in songs of lighter vein a little more command of the art of nuance would not have been out of place, nor a little more depth of sentiment. But these deficiencies were largely offset by the abundance of fine vocal accomplishment which Miss Hinkle displayed, and that her efforts were genuinely appreciated and greatly delighted her many hearers was frequently made manifest throughout the evening.

Oct 29 1913 VIOLIN AND VOICE

Interesting Recitals by Florence Austin and Florence Hinkle.

Aeolian Hall housed two concerts yesterday, and at both of them there were good sized audiences. In the afternoon there was a new recruit to the army of violinists who are preparing to descend upon this defenceless town. The newcomer was Miss Florence Austin, who speedily made it evident that New York has heard both better and worse violinists. Miss Austin proved, at any rate, that she is a player of intelligence and the possessor of considerable technical facility. She played generally in time and her tone, if not large or unusually warm, was clear. In the Wlenlawski Concerto in D minor she took advantage of the opportunity given her for the feats of the virtuoso and emerged on the whole with credit. It cannot be said, however, that anywhere in her programme did she indulge in flights of the imagination, nor did she probe any hidden depths. To be sure, her programme gave her no such chance, consisting, besides the concerto, of a suite in G minor, by F. Ries, and a number of shorter numbers. The audience was warm in its appreciative displays.

MR. GRANVILLE SINGS.

Oct 30 1913
Recital of Pleasing Songs by Young Barytone.

Charles Norman Granville, barytone, gave a recital of songs in Aeolian Hall last evening. Mr. Granville was heard in the same place on November 7 of last year, when he made a pleasing impression. His voice is one of naturally agreeable timbre, albeit it seemed last evening not to be in perfect condition. A slight hoarseness roughened its tones and caused some passages to be sung with manifest effort. A tendency to open the tones too much was noticeable and doubtless this did not help the singer in the midst of his difficulties.

Mr. Granville offered a programme providing a plentiful variety of styles and moods and calling for the exercise of a larger art and a deeper insight than he possesses. It might have been wise to substitute at even the last moment some other number for the air "Questa dunque" from Verdi's ancient opera "I due Foscari." The music is Verdi at his worst and Mr. Granville showed no command of the style demanded for an effective delivery of it.

He was heard to much better advantage in such songs as Handel's "Come and Trip It," which he sang with nice appreciation and good execution. A really charming song, Secchi's "Love Me or Not," Mr. Granville sang with taste and sentiment, and his appreciation of Mozart's "An Chloe" was good, though his intentions were not fully realized in his delivery. His enunciation was generally excellent. He was heard by an audience of large size and was liberally applauded.

TWO SONG RECITALS.

Oct 31 1913
Marie Morrissey and Leon Renny at Aeolian Hall.

Mme. Marie Morrissey, a contralto, new here, was heard in a song recital last night in Aeolian Hall. It was well that this young singer chose to be heard here, as she had something to offer of her chosen art that was worthy of serious consideration, and indeed far more than have many of the aspirants for vocal glory who appear before this public. Her interesting programme was not severe in its interpretative demands, and gave the impression of having been very wisely adapted in the choice of selection to the limits of the singer's individual vocal powers and style.

There were several older Italian airs by Durante, Pergolesi, and Martini, and one more modern, "Cade la Sera" by Millotti, which were followed by French, German and English songs. In her first air, Durante's "Danza danza, fanciulla gentile," an unsteadiness in tone emission and an opaque quality in the timbre of her upper notes marred the otherwise fine symmetry of style in Mme. Morrissey's singing.

That this was due to nervousness was obvious, as in the following numbers her performance was marked by not only a natural ease and grace of manner but a display of voice that was usually rich, full and resonant in quality, a clear enunciation, and the exercise of a genuine gift for penetrating below the surface.

In the same hall in the afternoon Leon Renny gave a recital of songs, chiefly French. Mr. Renny proved to be a singer of the genuine salon type, given to soft sentiment and head tones. He ought to make a strong appeal to those who adore all musical heroics.

NEW CONTRALTO IN RECITAL.

Oct 31 1913
Miss Marie Morrissey Sings in Four Languages in Aeolian Hall.

Miss Marie Morrissey, contralto, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last night, her first in New York. The audience was large and well disposed toward her.

Whatever her faults, it may be said of Miss Morrissey that the quality of her voice in the middle register is not lacking in beauty and fullness, although extreme high and low tones need development.

The programme was perhaps too varied for a beginner. It contained songs in four languages and they ranged from a light American composition to a dramatic German lieder. The first group was Italian. It included numbers by Durante, Millotti, Pergolesi and Martini. It was in the French songs, "S'appel de Prentemps," by Holmes, and "J'ai Pleuré en Réve," by Hilde, that Miss Morrissey appeared to best advantage, and she distinguished herself again in Hildach's "Das Krant Vergersenhelt." Schumann, Strauss, Franz, Chaminade and Georges also were represented on the programme and there was the group of American songs at the end. The young singer's English diction was excellent in songs by Homer, Beach, MacDowell, Petté and Huhn.

TWO SONG RECITALS

Oct 31 1913
Singer at Evening Performance Is Showered with Flowers.

Leon Renny, a singer of French songs, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Renny might be designated either a tenor or a barytone though in strict justice he is neither. He is a parlor singer of the type admired in certain circles both here and abroad, and yesterday he sang a number of pretty perfumed Parisian compositions with all the taste required by this particular school of song. In fact, his taste was so superabundant that there did not appear to be much left afterward.

Aeolian Hall is not a parlor, and in it a certain virility of tone and sentiment is required to make even a Massenet or Godard heartbreak affecting or understandable. Mr. Renny is in his line evidently something of an artist, but his art is one requiring the most intimate of surroundings.

In the open world there are virtues besides the one of taste, and the same truth holds good of the open concert world. In the evening the same auditorium housed another song recital, the protagonist being this time Miss Marie Morrissey, contralto. Miss Morrissey was, it was announced, making her New York debut, and the immaturity of her art was evident. Neither out of the opening Italian group, nor of the modern Frenchmen, nor, above all, of Schumann, did she bring forth the spirit without which all else is vain. Yet her voice was a fine one; of a rich, firm texture, and one which, except in the higher regions, she produced with skill.

In addition she possessed a handsome presence and an unaffected manner. A large audience showered the singer with flowers and applause.

RECITAL OF MR. LEON RENNAY, AMERICAN BARYTONE

Mr. Leon Rennay, American Barytome, Pleases Audience in Aeolian Hall.

As a singer of French songs of a light, sentimental character Mr. Leon Rennay, an American barytome, showed skill and an understanding that pleased the fair sized audience that heard his first recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme evidently had been arranged to show his voice at its best. There were no flights of emotion or spectacular feats. The voice is limited in range and in volume, but the quality is good. Moreover, the singer uses good taste. He has spent much of his life in France and has absorbed the spirit of the modern French song.

The programme began with "Quel Ruscelletto," by Paradisi, sung in Italian, and included one other Italian number, "Filli Mia," by Biniboni. However, most of the selections were sung in French, the composers represented being Hubert, Tiersot, Godard, Jacques-Dalcroze, De Fonleailles and Gabriel Plorné. A group of English songs by Purcell, Peel and Stickles, with which the programme closed, were well enunciated.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the Soloist, Heard Late in the Evening.

It would be interesting as well as instructive to know who desires a concert programme requiring that an audience shall sit for more than two hours. Perhaps some day people will be told, but in the meantime a patient and long suffering public will be asked to subscribe to entertainments of such prodigious size as that offered by the Philharmonic Society at its first concert of the seventy-second season in Carnegie Hall last night. Mr. Strinsky, the conductor, has often displayed want of judgment in making programmes, but he can hardly surpass a record which includes the fact that the soloist of the evening walked on the stage at 9:50 P. M. and had finished the first movement of a concerto at 10:10. There were two movements to follow, and after them the "Marche Slav" of Tchaikowsky. Surely Horace was right when he said: "Art is long; life is short."

The concert began with the "King Lear" overture of Berlioz, which is sufficiently uninteresting in itself and was not made any more attractive by Mr. Strinsky's labored interpretation. Then came the "Fantastic" symphony of the same composer, a work which is offered with some frequency chiefly because of the delight which conductors find in it. There are music lovers also who can discern in its score some large and important message; but critical listeners seem to become weary of it in the course of time.

The work has its indubitable effects. It has splendid tonal qualities and certain vigorous and infectious rhythms; but its profundity is more pretentious than real, and its feeling is manufactured. It was played last evening with no small brilliancy of tone by the Philharmonic musicians. There are new men and good ones in the orchestra, the concert master being an acquisition. It may be doubted whether the removal of the trumpets, trombones and tubas to the side of the stage opposite to that which they formerly occupied worked any advantage.

The solo performer was Mme. Teresa Carreno, who was heard in her old battle piece, the B-flat minor concerto of Tchaikowsky. She was welcomed to the stage with great cordiality and responded by playing with her old time brilliancy and color.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Oct 31-1913

Its First Concert This Season with Mme. Carreno.

The Philharmonic Society began its seventy-second season in Carnegie Hall last night, and the music which it played will be repeated in the same room this afternoon. There was nothing in the performance to indicate the age of the organization unless it was the programme, which lacked even the suggestion of novelty. A similar remark might be made of the solo feature if long admiration for Mme. Carreno, a deep sense of gratitude for pleasure given in the past and again awakened last night, and a proper sense of gallantry did not prevent. Art like hers does not grow old, and its charm is only enhanced by retrospect and the wonder compelled by its perennial freshness. She played Tchaikowsky's concerto in B-flat minor with great brilliancy and carried her hearers with her as completely as she used to do an earlier generation of concertgoers. The list of pieces was divided between the Russian composer and Berlioz, the concerto being preceded by the overture to "King Lear" and the "Fantastic Symphony" and followed by Tchaikowsky's

folk tune and the melody of the Russian national hymn. Some changes have been made in the personnel of the orchestra and also in the disposition of the players. There is a new concertmaster in the person of Mr. Leopold Krimer, once a leader of the strings under Theodore Thomas in Chicago, and afterward the principal of Signor Campanelli's band in the Chicago Opera Company. Mr. Strinsky has divided his brass instruments so that the trumpets, trombones and tubas now flank the strings on one side and the horns or the other. Whether or not these changes have had a material effect on the quality and balance of the band's tone could not be said after a first hearing, but it is to be noted that the music had a fine homogeneity last night and the euphony was admirable.

FLORENCE AUSTIN IN ATTRACTIVE RECITAL

Violinist at Her Best in Playing of Well-Chosen Program Before New York Audience

The present musical season seems to be rich in performances by women violinists, for during the last few weeks two have appeared in recital in New York, and on Tuesday afternoon, October 28, Florence Austin, the American violinist, played the following program at Aeolian Hall:

Ries, Suite in G Minor; Wieniawski, Concerto in D Minor; Vitali, Chaconne; Campagnoli, Prelude; MacDowell, "Long Ago" (transcribed for violin with piano accompaniment by A. Walter Kramer); Cecil Burleigh, "Through the Snow"; Musin, Valse de Concert; Ernst, "Airs Hongroises."

Miss Austin was at her best. The Wieniawski concerto, a work that abounds in violinistic problems, was played with characteristic rhythmic impetus and musical feeling. She should be thanked for reviving the lovely Ries suite, with which she opened her program, for it was not the familiar one from which the hackneyed "Moto Perpetuo" is taken, but the other one, a far better and more interesting composition, Schumannesque in its melodic material and generally attractive.

MARIE MORRISEY SINGS.

Oct 31 1913 Her Voice of Genuine Contralto

Quality, Rich and Colorful.

Marie Morrisey, contralto, made her first appearance on the local concert stage last night at Aeolian Hall with a song recital which revealed real promise. She had four groups of songs, in Italian, French, German, and English, respectively.

The singer disclosed a voice of genuine contralto quality, rich and colorful. More than this, she evidenced decided intelligence and the qualities of feeling and expression that entitle an artist to a place on the platform of the concert hall. She was invariably able to carry the audience into the mood of the song she was singing, and the majority of the songs she chose for her programme were of the sort whose success stands or falls by this test.

Among the most happy of her results were achieved with "Nauges" by Georges, "J'ai Pleure en Reve" by Huc, Schumann's "Abendleid," "Morgen" by Strauss, "My Star" by Beach, MacDowell's "The Blue-Bell" and "Twilight at Sea" by Petté. Harry M. Gilbert played the accompaniments sympathetically.

Philharmonic Season Opens.

With an audience that filled Carnegie Hall and that indulged in the most enthusiastic applause, the Philharmonic Orchestra began its season last night. This venerable institution is now in its seventy-second year, but never has it seemed younger, more vigorous, and better drilled than at present. It was an excellent orchestra last year, but there were some weak spots. These have been eliminated by the infusion of new blood, and, judging by last night's exhibition of virtuosity, the New York Philharmonic now has no superior at home or abroad in the general excellence of the players and their ensemble. In one respect, indeed, and a most important one, the Philharmonic is supreme, namely, the preëminence of the leaders of each family of instruments—a distinction which will be emphasized in the season's programmes. The Philharmonic brasses have aroused envy even in Boston; the wood-wind soloists are masters of their craft, and the strings last night had a saturated richness and a fulness of tone that was most agreeable to the ears. The best-laid plans of orchestras, however, are apt to go awry if there is no con-

ductor to match in Josef Strinsky the Philharmonic Orchestra has a leader worthy of its standing among the world's great orchestras. With the exception of Arthur Nikisch, no conductor of either continent could have replaced the great Gustav Mahler as he has done. The esteem in which local music-lovers hold him was shown last night by the cordial reception accorded him when he walked to his stand, and the enthusiastic applause and the recalls after he had shown what he can do with his renovated orchestra, which had to rise after the brilliant performance of Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony to share the well-deserved plaudits.

Mr. Strinsky has often been praised for his varied and well-balanced programmes. His one fault in this respect is that he is too generous. It is a maxim established by long experience that no orchestral concert should last over two hours, if as long as that; but last night's lasted nearly two hours and a half. One could not very well leave before the end, for the final number was Tchaikowsky's splendidly melodious and brilliant "Marche Slav," which nobody wanted to miss; but it would have been well to lop the first number, Berlioz's "King Lear" overture, the lovely Cordelia tune in which does not prevent it from being, the whole, an insufferably dull show piece. It would be well, too, if some one had the courage, to "bail down" the wearisome prolix third part of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," which, in the matter of duration, was the most important number of yesterday's programme. However, Strinsky and his noble body of players made amends for this dulness by the zest with which they brought out the horror of the March to the Scaffold, and the devilish orgy of the doped artist's dream of Witch's Sabbath.

Teresa Carreno played the first Tchaikowsky concerto after the intermission. The distinguished Venezuelan pianist was received with thunders of applause, and after the final movement she was recalled seven times, everybody joining in the tribute of admiration for the sweep, the power, the brilliancy, and, on occasion, the tenderness of her playing. She will be heard in recital at Carnegie Hall next Tuesday, which occasion there will be a better opportunity to enter into details about her art. In the meantime it is interesting to contemplate the fact that the Americas, North and South, have given the world their best violinist and pianist of the fair sex to-day—Maud Powell and Teresa Carreno.

Phoebe Crosby Joins the Century Forces

Another capable artist has joined the Century Opera Company's forces. This is Miss Phoebe Crosby, a young American soprano, who last night sang Tosca in Puccini's opera of that name.

A few evenings ago Miss Ewell, appearing as the heroine, suffered a slight injury to her ankle. This gave Miss Crosby her opportunity.

Miss Crosby has a well cultivated, flexible voice and is an actress of more than ordinary intelligence.

Mr. Kingston was again cast for Cavaradossi and Mr. Kreidler for Scarpia.

The house was large and appreciative.

LOEFFLER'S MUSIC EXCELLENTLY PLAYED

Oct 31 1913

"Villanelle du Diable" Reproduced at Symphony Society's Second Concert.

MME. HOMER THE SOLOIST

Metropolitan Contralto Heard in Music From Works of Bach and Verdi.

The chief interest of the second concert of the New York Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was found in the final number, Charles Martin Loeffler's "Villanelle du Diable." The work was last played here by the Philharmonic Society under Gustav Mahler in February, 1911, when it received much applause. Yesterday afternoon, although it was the last number, the audience expressed its pleasure in such a manner that the composer had to show himself

and bow his thanks. Mr. Loeffler's brilliant talent as a composer has long been known to the inner circle of music lovers, those who are not afraid to like or dislike things regardless of the opinions of Europe. Conductors, to their credit, have at no time hesitated about giving Mr. Loeffler a hearing, for they well know that while he is a modernist in the full sense of the term he is also an independent.

His songs, his chamber music and his orchestral compositions are alive with the new thought in melodic and harmonic style. Nevertheless he is not a follower of Strauss or Debussy. His ideas are original, his treatment of them is his own. Best of all he has something to say, which cannot always be affirmed of some other composers striving to converse in the speech of the musical futurists.

The "Villanelle du Diable" is one of Mr. Loeffler's most effective orchestral compositions. It is not one of his finest, for it is rather a piece of musical description than an expression of emotion. But it is panoramic in its richly colored and varied depiction of the pictures suggested to the first number, Berlioz's "King Lear" overture, the lovely Cordelia tune has not a bald spot and the numerous rhythms afford constantly renewed stimulation to the ear. The work had been carefully prepared by Mr. Damrosch and it was played admirably. The concert began with Haydn's D minor symphony, after which Mme. Louise Homer of the Metropolitan Opera House sang "Oh, l'ardou" from Bach's "St. Matthew" passion. Then followed Brahms's serenade in D, and before the Loeffler work the air "Oh, Don Fatale," from Verdi's opera "Don Carlos." Mme. Homer sang the Bach air better than the Verdi music, but the audience enjoyed the popular style of the latter more, and therefore reserved its larger approval for the contralto's delivery of it.

It may be that Mme. Homer knew that she sang the Bach better, for her artistic knowledge ought to have told her so. Certainly the temptation to be metallic in tone and over-sentimental in utterance is hard to resist when the composer's thought seems to call for it. But these are the days for resurrecting the sins of the early Verdi. His centenary must be celebrated and his last works are sadly wanting in airs, which can be taken out and used for concert purposes. The entire programme heard yesterday will be repeated to-morrow afternoon.

THE "VILLANELLE" IS NOT UP TO PAR

Composition of Charles Martin Loeffler of Medfield, Mass., Shocks Musical Ear.

Oct 31 1913

IT IS NOISY AND BLATANT

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Amateurs of music in New York owe much to Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Society for the sturdy way in which, year after year, they have insisted on the production of new music. It has not always been the most grateful of tasks, but the sense and spirit of the idea are highly commended.

There was a new composition to be heard yesterday. It was from the pen of Charles Martin Loeffler. Mr. Loeffler was born in Germany and lives in Medfield, Mass. This, according to a process with which one is familiar, but by which one is not quite convinced, makes him a star-spangled composer; that is to say, one to whom the innocents are frequently to be exposed. Mr. Loeffler was moved to write the "Villanelle du Diable"—which was done yesterday—on reading a contribution to deathless literature by a French poet, M. Rollinat, bearing the same name as the composition.

Pastoral Poem With Refrain.

A villanelle, as its name suggests, is a little pastoral poem with a refrain. The pastorality of M. Rollinat's soul-irradiating and amiable lyric is sufficiently indicated by the fact that its consolatory refrains are "Hell's a burning, burning, burning," and "The Devil, prowling, runs about." So you see Mr. Loeffler's explosion deals with the underworld, though he himself calls it a symphonic fantasy for grand orchestra and organ.

Like many other unbridled and unprovoked modern authors of unprohibited music, he requires many more instruments, and a larger time in which to express himself than ever did the masters of music. Although pretentious, over-elaborated, and noisy, this "villanelle" is destitute of merit. The style is not uniform, individual or sustained, and some of its passages are such an insult to the ear, that one wonders how a musician could have

pened them. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say all this because exactly the opposite is stated in the programme notes, written by Mr. Leblad and circulated by the Symphony Society, in the concert room.

Prints Translation.

Mr. Hall makes the remark that the "music like the poem is marvelously vivid," and then disastrously enough, he prints a translation of the marvelously vivid poem. In one of the verses M. Rollinat says that the Devil "inoculates our souls with bitter whispering." To inoculate with a whisper is a zymotic feat which neither Jenner nor Pasteur ever dreamed of achieving. But if inoculation by whispering is possible and bitter, what is to be said of inoculation by acid orchestral uproar?

Mr. Hall concludes his dithyramb on a mediocre musician by saying:

"Mr. Loeffler is one of the ablest and most brilliant composers of the world."

Ah! We had not suspected it! The concert began with a charming rendering of Haydn's Clock Symphony, and included the Brahms Serenade in D, admirably interpreted by Mr. Damrosch's symphonists. The strings have been well selected and play with a vigorous breadth.

Madame Louise Homer was the soloist. She charged at the air, "Oh! Pardon Me," from Bach's "St. Matthew." In style, interpretation and even in quality of voice, her version of this noble music was almost hopelessly at fault, but she restored herself to the favor and confidence of her hearers, by a dramatic singing of the "O Don Fatale," from "Don Carlos."

Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey was heard at Carnegie Hall in an ambitious and well-executed programme. This songstress has long been known as a successful and well-disciplined singer of oratorio, and her voice is of beautiful quality and even range, while her singing is of good and legitimate school. Her Handelian style, and styles akin to it, lie well within her powers. In "Heder," she did not show much heart or subtlety, and she hardly educed the supreme poetry of Brahms's "Mainacht." A group of French modern songs pleased on Tuesday. Perhaps, after a while, it her auditory, but her French pronunciation is not beyond criticism. Her accompaniments were played by Mr. Charles Albert Baker.

At the Hippodrome an enormous mass of music-hungry souls greeted Mme. Melba and Mr. Kubelik in a miscellaneous and popular programme. Mr. Loudon Charlton's "startling aggregation of stars" were tumultuously greeted. And they deserved it.

RIDER-KELSEY SINGS

An Exquisite Recital in Carnegie Hall.

It is somewhat early to speak of a retrospective glance at the musical season, and the mere thought of a look into the future has something so appalling to the professional observer that it works an automatic estoppel. But when the men singers and the women singers of many kinds have ceased from troubling and the players upon instruments of strings, the blowers upon wood and brass are again at rest it will be in order to reflect upon the spots which shone brightly in the wide and drab expanse.

The song recital which Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey gave in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon will awaken pleasant and refreshing memories for the frequenters of the city's concert rooms. Mme. Rider-Kelsey has artistic gifts and graces which place her among the aristocratic few. She pursues the ideals which present themselves to the vision of the elect, and she pursues them intelligently, affectionately and, what is much to the purpose, effectively. It is easy to see her model in her list of songs, as well as in her manner of singing, and no higher compliment can be paid her than to say that that model is Mme. Sembrich, and that time and again she reminded her hearers yesterday of her exemplar. Nor can a higher compliment be paid to the taste and intelligence of her auditors than to record the fact that they found their greatest pleasure in the songs which she sang with the nearest approach to Mme. Sembrich's singing of them.

First in the list of them was Handel's "Oh! Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" and next Brahms's "Mainacht." No local singer could have sung Scarlatti's "Se tu m'ami" and Pergolesi's "Se tu m'ami" as she sang them, or displayed a nicer sense of the essential things in which the master beauty lies, but here she fell a little short of her who is supreme mistress in the field which these songs illustrate.

circumstance which did not seem to be as much due to her singing as to the failure of Mr. Baker, her accompanist, to appreciate the style demanded by the pure old classic Italian school. For the manner in which she illustrated this style, in the air from "Semele" it would be difficult to find words of praise which might be suspected of extravagance. And this is true, too, of the lofty poetical expression with which she uttered the Brahms song.

In all her songs Mme. Rider-Kelsey's voice was exquisite in quality. Its purity, integrity of texture, steadiness and responsiveness to the demands made on it by the sentiment of the songs were in themselves a joy, and her diction alike admirable in Italian, German, French and English. Her selections for the French list ("Le colibri" and "Les papillons," by Chausson; Debussy's "Le pleure dans mon cœur" and especially Huë's "A des oiseaux") were extremely happy, and her English songs were less an anti-climax than usual. H. E. K.

OPERA IN ENGLISH ONLY.

No More Foreign Languages to Be Heard at the Century.

Convinced that the season at the Century Theatre has proved the success of opera in English the Aborn brothers have decided to discontinue after to-morrow night's production all performances in any other language.

When the season was originally arranged the management announced that at one performance each week the opera would be sung in the original tongue. When "The Tales of Hoffmann" was produced the demand for seats at the performances of the opera given in English was so great that the management was urged to abandon the contemplated performance in French and give the Monday evening representation in English.

This was done and further examination has shown that the Monday night performance, which was supposed to be for those who want to hear the opera in its original text, was in reality attended by a quality and even range, while her singing is of good and legitimate school. The "Tosca," which was announced for to-morrow night in Italian, will be sung in that did not show much heart or subtlety, and she hardly educed the supreme poetry of Brahms's "Mainacht." A group of French modern songs pleased on Tuesday. Perhaps, after a while, it her auditory, but her French pronunciation is not beyond criticism. Her accompaniments were played by Mr. Charles Albert Baker.

CONCERT AT THE VANDERBILT.

Betty Callish Is Soloist at First of Sunday Affairs.

Miss Betty Callish of the Metropolitan Opera Company was the soloist at the after dinner concert last night at the Vanderbilt Hotel. It was the first of a series of concerts to be held in the Della Robbia restaurant of the hotel on every Sunday evening during the winter season. Those who entertained parties at last night's concert were: Robert Chandler, Thomas Sildell, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Warren, Eldredge Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Brevoort, George Hubbard Smith, Clarence Cornick, Charles H. Steinway, Judge William Hewicks, H. S. Sanford and Col. and Mrs. George A. Harvey. Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Boissevain, Capt. Philip Lydig, Charles D. Wetmore and A. J. de Ipanema Mareira, second secretary of the Brazilian Embassy, were also present.

Viscount de Martini's French orchestra, and Josef Fejer's Hungarian orchestra played. Miss Callish opened the programme with "My Little Gray Home in the West," by Herman Lohr. Josef Fejer played a violin solo, Massenet's "Meditation from Thais." Miss Callish sang "Dune Prison," by Reynaldo Hahn, and later sang Bartholomew's Neapolitan fisher song, "Pesca d'amore" and Paolo Tosti's "Ninna Nanna" and "L'ultima Canzone." Viscount de Martini rendered a violin solo of a nocturne by Chopin.

MELBA-KUBELIK CONCERT.

Artists Greeted by Audience That Fills Hippodrome.

The Australian soprano, Mme. Nellie Melba, and Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, appeared jointly last night at the Hippodrome in an entertainment which the programme styled a "concert extraordinary." The attraction of the two distinguished artists was so great that an audience of from 8,000 to 9,000 persons was present, filling every seat in the auditorium, even to the chairs which were placed so as to occupy all the available space on the stage.

Mme. Melba was greeted with prolonged applause as she appeared clad in a beautiful rose colored gown, heavily embroidered in gold and hung with white lace. Her costume was finished with ropes of diamonds falling about her neck and a circlet of diamonds with black aigrettes on her head.

She was first heard in Handel's "L'Allegro il Penseroso," with a flute obbligato played by Marcel Moyse. The famous prima donna's beautiful voice was at its best and she gave a remarkable display of her birdlike notes and marvellous powers of vocalization. Her other programme numbers were an aria, "Il re pastore" from Mozart's "Figaro" and the Arditti waltz song, "Le sarrai Rose."

Mr. Kubelik likewise received an ovation from the admiring audience, and

his numbers were played with the brilliancy of technique and style. The were Pagani's concerto for violin in D major, Schubert's "Ave Maria," Dvorak's "Humoresque" and "Zephyr," by Hubay. Edmund Burke, an Irish baritone, assisted in the concert by singing with a voice powerful in volume pieces by Diaz and Moussorgsky.

Gabriel Lapiere was the accompanist of the evening. Each number on the programme was encored.

ROSALIE THORNTON PLAYS.

Young Pianist Has Not Yet Developed into the Concert Artist.

Rosalie Thornton, a young Boston pianist, made her first appearance in recital here yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Her programme consisted of the Beethoven Sonata Op. 33, four Chopin numbers, Brahms's Intermezzo in E flat and Rhapsodie in E minor, two Arabesques by Debussy, and "Midsummer" and "The Joy of Autumn" from MacDowell's "New England Idylls." Miss Thornton's playing of the sonata, her largest number, was capable but not illuminating, lacking principally in breadth and variety of effect. As the afternoon wore on the impression was strengthened that, while equipped excellently to play the salon type of music, she has not yet developed into the concert artist.

There was a few lapses of memory and an occasional tendency to forget that the pedal was being held down. Her best work was done in the first Chopin étude and the Debussy and the MacDowell numbers, which were played excellently.

Miss Thornton possesses a very unusual length of arm and flexibility of wrist. She has developed the latter quality until it amounts to a fault that interferes when vigorous effects or large volume of tone are to be desired.

"LUCIA" IN ENGLISH

How the Bride of Lammermoor Killed Her Husband.

A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

Donizetti's Opera Performed at the Century Opera House.

About 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and again at 10 o'clock last night, Bide-the-Bent entered a hall in Sir Henry Ashton's castle, where a lot of wedding guests were making a jubilation, and informed them that Lucy Ashton (or rather Lucia, for "Lucy" doesn't fit the music had killed her husband immediately after the ceremony of marriage. It was startling news, though no one would have thought it from the conduct of the merry company, nor even from the words of the messenger, which, though they look somewhat disjointed, ungrammatical and repetitious in cold type, flowed on quite placidly on a stream of tune nicely punctuated with reiterations by the chorus. This was how Bide-the-Bent conveyed the tidings:

Cease ye, oh, cease these sounds of gladness,
Grief I bring ye a dire misfortune.
From the chamber where, sad and silent,
To her lord I Lucy guided;
Cries of anguish broke loud upon us,
'Twixt suspicion and fear sore divided,
Terror seized me; I burst upon them;
Sight of dread appall'd my senses.
By her husband the bride was kneeling:
In her hand she held the dagger,
And her anguish recommenced.
Wretched maid, she'd slain her husband.
Gazing near, and from her lips a smile broke forth.

Ah! her spirit most unhappy,
Reason's bonds had cast away;
Her spirit unhappy,
Reason's bonds, yes, reason's bonds had cast away.

Ah! heaven in mercy the crime forgive her!
Sad was her fate, cruel hatred's prey,
Sad was her fate, cruel hatred's prey,
Gazing forth with eyes all vacant,
In her hand she held a dagger.
Ah! may heaven in mercy the crime forgive her!
Sad was her fate, cruel hatred's prey,
Sad was her fate, cruel hatred's prey,
Sad was her fate; ah, yes! said was her fate;
Ah, yes! said was her fate.

Mr. Alfred Kaufman sang these words, and enunciated them with a distinctness which was painful, and made some of his hearers realize what was meant by him who said that words which were too foolish to be spoken might be sung. But it really didn't seem to signify much, so far as the people who hear them at the Century Opera House were concerned. It was opera, it was opera in English, at reasonable prices; it was Donizetti's music and that sufficed the audiences, and will suffice the audiences for the rest of the week. After Bide-the-Bent had brought the woful tidings Edith Helena came in, laughing insanely, then essayed a vacant stare, dropped a dagger to the floor and, alternately staring and smiling at nothing, entered into competition with a warbling flute. It was a pretty contest too, for the singer showed herself an adept at many tricks of vocal art, besides making a better dramatic character out of the familiar operatic marionette than

some of the few whose exceptional voices and skill have kept Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" alive. Messrs. Walter Wheatley and Louis Kreidler strove valiantly, albeit somewhat stridulously, to impersonate Lucy's heroic lover and cruel brother, so valiantly, indeed, that they gave the public all of the challenge scene in Part III., which the Italian companies generally spare us.

Mme. Carreño's Recital.

Mme. Teresa Carreño gave a recital of pianoforte music in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, at which she played Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," Beethoven's sonata in C-sharp minor (the ill-named "Moonlight") and two groups of shorter pieces by Chopin, Brahms, Schubert and MacDowell. In none of her performances did she recall the impressions which she made in the not long ago, nor even those awakened by her playing last week at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. H. E. K.

DONIZETTI'S MELODY AT CENTURY OPERA

"Lucia di Lammermoor" Performed at a Holiday Matinee.

At the Century Opera House yesterday afternoon Donizetti's popular opera "Lucia di Lammermoor" was sung in English. The audience was one of encouraging size and its applause was naturally bestowed upon those succulent old melodies which have so long delighted operagoers. The sextet was received with prolonged acclamations and part of it had to be repeated. The "mad scene" was another cue for enthusiasm, and doubtless the joy was not diminished by the fact that the representative of the unfortunate heroine elected to omit the aria with which the scene ends in the score.

Those who are familiar with the opera, and they are many indeed, will remember that after a certain elaborate cadenza supported by a flute Lucia sings a passage known best by the Italian text, "Spargi d'amore pianto." This was dropped yesterday and thus the delineation of insanity was concluded with an extremely high tone, such as people ought to expect to hear in mad scenes.

First performances of operas do not customarily take place at the Century in the afternoon. The presentation of new works at matinees used to be an idiosyncrasy of Mr. Gatti-Casazza further down town. "Lucia" (as the work is generally called in this age of haste) emerged in the afternoon because yesterday chanced to be a public holiday and its opportunity was not to be missed.

English Tests Enunciation.

The performance was interesting in more ways than one. In the first place, the employment of the English text once more tested the skill of the singers in enunciation. Some of them acquitted themselves with much credit, but as there is considerable recitative in the opera the mercilessly clear delivery of it brought out the saddening truth that most of the text was depressing stuff. Sir Walter Scott did not create it of course, but some one ought to recreate it. A small incident in it was the inexorable demand that sometimes the heroine's name had to remain Italian; otherwise it could not be fitted to the music. At other times she was just plain Lucy.

Also she was Edith Helena, who had not previously been heard with the Century company. Miss Helena is no novice on the operatic stage. She has had experience both in Europe and this country and she knows far more about operatic routine than several others in the Aborn company. Her voice shows signs of honorable service, but none the less she sang her part of the sextet well. In the "mad scene" she was heard to less advantage.

Walter Wheatley as Edgar seemed to be vocally tired, and his tones lacked freedom and vibrancy, but his manner of singing the music was quite in keeping with the level of merit established at the new home of opera in English. Louis Kreidler was also not in the best of voice, and there was little significant action in his Henry Ashton. The parts allotted to the chorus and orchestra in Donizetti's facile score present no difficulties and they were therefore easily disposed of. Mr. Nicosia conducted with ability.

MME. CARREÑO'S RECITAL.

Unfamiliar Qualities of Her Piano Playing in Carnegie Hall.

There are few pianists who are better known in New York than Mme. Teresa Carreño, or who have oftener played here. Her return to this country after several seasons' absence was signaled last week at the first of the Philharmonic Society's concerts, when she appeared for the first time playing Tchaikowsky's B flat minor concerto. Yesterday afternoon she gave her first recital in Carnegie Hall, where a large audience heard her.

**Brahms, Liszt and Wagner Con-
tribute to Complete Rich
Programme.**

Possibly there was a note of pride under the apparent modesty of the programme of the first of this season's concerts by the

People go to the Boston Symphony concerts because they can hear a normal and accurately interpreted programme of masters by masters. I abstain from the use of the adjectives superb and divine, and the rest of the doubtful and amateurish vocabulary of excited bards and hysterical reviewers. I cannot say more than "normal." It is the epithet applied by a celebrated historian to a great character.

The custom of using embryonic gesture and bodily posing in the readings of songs is growing among singers and it has clearly defined dangers. Action on the concert platform, no matter how slight tends to destroy rather than to heighten the illusion. The music should be permitted to speak entirely for itself. When the song is good and the singer equal to it, the music will suffice. In other cases nothing will serve as a substitute. Some of Mr. Witherspoon's approaches to

The programme was interesting as being that a complete recital can be made up of American songs, even from so narrow a field as four living composers. With the exception of Mr. Linner, the composers were present in person to play the accompaniments of their songs. There was a very fair-sized audience, which seemed to enjoy thoroughly the work of the singer.

In theatrical delineation were all the more to be regretted in a singer whose concert appearances carry with them so much of artistic authority.

SCHUMANN CONCERTO BY JOSEF HOFMANN

J. J. Sullivan Nov. 8, 1913
Great Pianist Plays It for the
First Time Before Local
Audience.

A FINE INTERPRETATION

Orchestral Part of Programme
Also by the Famous
Romanticist.

Liszt reproached himself in that he did not persist in playing the piano compositions of Robert Schumann despite the fact that the public of his time was incapable of appreciating their delicate beauty and their romantic spirit. The great pianist in the end told himself, what every true artist must repeat, that he should never be afraid of his convictions because for the moment they seemed to be unpopular.

"No matter how excusable," he wrote, "my cowardice in respect to Schumann's compositions may have been I have unintentionally set a bad example, which I can hardly repair. The current of custom and the slavery of artists, who, for the preservation and improvement of their life and fame, are swayed by popular opinion and applause, is so subduing that it is exceedingly difficult even for the boldest and best disposed (among whom I am vain enough to class myself) to defend their better selves against all the greedy, confused crowd, who are unworthy to be called musicians."

Liszt might have a sigh of relief if he were alive to note how eagerly pianists in the present day ignore the bad example which he set. Josef Hofmann, for instance, has played Schumann's music often and with manifest affection, and it was perhaps a matter for wonder that until yesterday afternoon he had not performed the piano concerto in this city. However, at this second Friday matinee of the Symphony Society Mr. Damrosch, the conductor, having planned a Schumann programme, Mr. Hofmann was the solo player for the first time here in the lovely concerto.

Beauties of His Interpretation.

Those who have closely followed the progress of Mr. Hofmann's musical development in recent seasons will not be astonished at the assertion that his interpretation of this unique composition for the piano was one of great beauty. Technically, it was almost flawless; tonally, it was quite so. Mr. Hofmann's technique is so crisp in finger work, so broad, yet continent, in dynamic range and so searching in its exploration of the resources of color found in the piano that comment upon it is little more than a continued song of triumph.

All that needs to be added is that the interpretation of Schumann's music was filled with mellow feeling and governed by a fine and thoughtful appreciation of the content of the pages. It was a performance in every way worthy of this admired master of the keyboard, and not the least of its pointed merits was the absence of all evidence of a desire to reconstruct Schumann in accordance with personal idiosyncrasy.

Above all things the reading was reverent. Like Liszt, Mr. Hofmann might easily do other things which would amaze and excite his public more than his playing of this concerto, but he will not do anything else which will more endear him to the sincerest lovers of noble music.

The Orchestral Numbers.

The orchestral numbers of the concert were the overture to "Manfred" and the "Call of the Alpine Fay" from the scenic music of the same drama, the "Abendlied," a four hand piano piece orchestrated by Saint-Saens, and the symphony in B flat. Mr. Damrosch's orchestra was generally in good form yesterday, albeit there were some disconcerting slips in the symphony. Perhaps the most satisfying part of the orchestral contribution was the accompaniment in the concerto. Mr. Damrosch is a musician who has always excelled in this kind of work. Doubtless his early experiences as an oratorio and opera conductor serve him well.

EVAN WILLIAMS SINGS.

Popular Tenor Heard by Large Audience at Recital.

Evan Williams, the popular Welsh tenor, gave a recital of songs last evening in Aeolian Hall. His programme consisted of the recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still,"

and air, "Wait For Me," from Mendel's "Jephtha"; the recitative and air, "Sound an Alarm," from the same master's "Judas Maccabeus"; Beethoven's cycle, "An die Ferne Geliebte" (sung in English); "An Irish Noel," by Holmes; the cradle song of Brahms, Sidney Homer's "A Youth's Departure to the War" and the "Sorrows of Death," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

Mr. Evans has a large number of admirers and the hall was full. Applause was abundant and most of it was well merited. There are few tenors indeed who impart to their offerings so much of the interest derived from magnetic individuality of style as this singer does. Purists may find fault with some of his mannerisms, but even captious criticism must give commendation to certain genuine and valuable traits of Mr. Williams's singing.

His technical equipment embraces among other things a remarkably good breath control, which enables him to sing the extended phrases of Handel without breaking them, while at the same time he introduces interesting nuances even into his colorature. His delivery of the Handelian recitatives had commanding breadth and eloquence, and his enunciation, even in florid passages, is a triumph of art.

There may be questions as to the taste of some of his methods of expression, but as to the warmth, the sincerity, the wholeheartedness of his singing there can be none. The publication of the personality is at all times influential, and it is this undoubtedly which makes Mr. Williams such an attractive artist with the general public.

HOFMANN AND SCHUMANN

The Pianist in a Symphony Concert.

Mr. Walter Damrosch and his Symphony Orchestra called in the aid of Mr. Josef Hofmann yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, and together they paid a tribute to the genius of Schumann by giving a concert at which his music only was performed. No composer was more deserving of such honor, and none can better endure the test of filling an afternoon with music and not permitting it to become monotonous. Mr. Damrosch gave his hearers an example of the composer in his most profound and psychological mood by playing the "Manfred" overture at the beginning and ended the concert with the freshest and sunniest of his symphonies—that in B flat. He also played the invocation to the Alpine fay, that filmy, iridescent bit of music which so faithfully reproduces Byron's beautiful spirit with hair of light.

And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form The charms of earth's least mortals grow To an unearthly stature, in an essence Of purer elements.

But why he thought it necessary to follow this with a transcription of the "Abendlied" (made by Saint-Saens) it is not easy to guess. Surely, it was not necessary for the sake of contrast, with so much else to choose from. All this music was well played and came with compelling force in the room so well fitted for orchestral music, though the material side dominated the spiritual, for the readings were not profoundly poetical, not even that of the pianoforte concerto, the solo part of which Mr. Josef Hofmann rendered with fine dash and impeccable correctness. It is not a show piece for virtuoso display, this concerto, but neither does it tolerate a perfunctory attitude on the part of its performers. The concert will be repeated to-morrow afternoon.

H. E. K.

EVAN WILLIAMS IS HEARD AGAIN

J. J. Sullivan Nov. 8, 1913
Welsh Tenor Presents Programme
of Classical Number at Aeolian
Hall "Recital."

J. J. Sullivan Nov. 8, 1913
AUDIENCE SEEMS TO ENJOY IT

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

A few years ago Mr. Evan Williams, who was heard last night at Aeolian Hall, made several appearances in concerts and oratorios, and was welcomed, and justly so, as the coming tenor. He was a Welshman, and that in itself implies that he was a singer from a nation of fair singers.

His voice had the warmth and poetry of temper that are naturally associated with the Celtic nature in song. Since the time I have mentioned something has happened. The youth, the fire and the beauty of the voice have departed, and the voice is but the ghost or echo of its former self. And he is still a young man.

Some attribute this tragic change to the destructive influence of ignorant and execrable teaching. It may well be so, for nothing can go so quickly and so

utterly undermine and demolish the most felicitous of natural gifts as misdirection. One could quote the instance of another well-endowed and Cymric singer who has tumbled over the same precipice.

There is no need to enumerate the faults of vocal emission, of interpretative treatment, of tonal production, of enunciation and of breathing (the foundation of singing), for which Mr. Williams was last night responsible. These considerations lose themselves a while in the particular disaster of the lamentable deterioration of his voice.

His audience, unrefined, racial and sentimental, enjoyed even his Schubert, and, as far as the more emotional of them was concerned, went into silent ecstasies over his illegitimate histrionics. Nor did the Welsh singer seem at all displeased with himself. But the judicious grieved, and their distress, so a high authority has suggested, outweighs a whole theatre of others.

Nov. 8, 1913

When a singer with temperament and an unusually good voice, assisted by a sympathetic and intelligent accompanist, presents a well-balanced programme to an enthusiastic audience, the date should be marked with a red letter. Such an event took place last night when Mr. Evan Williams gave his annual recital with Mr. Spross at the piano and Aeolian Hall well filled. In these days of vocalists who treat songs as media for the exploitation of method it is a treat to hear a vocalist who follows Sims Reeves's dictum, "Never sing a song until you can recite the words effectively." By so doing Mr. Williams more than atoned for the buskiness that at times marred the flow of his voice. He made the Handel arias vital, saved the Beethoven group from monotony and brought out all the charm of the three Schubert songs. Although the programme was almost doubled by the encores his admirers demanded, his voice had lost all trace of buskiness before he reached Mendelssohn's Sorrows of Death and he sang it magnificently, carrying the audience by storm. Mr. Spross shared the applause both as accompanist and as composer. He has never played better than he did last night.

Longy Chamber Music.

When the Longy Modern Chamber Music Society gave its first concert Saturday night at Aeolian Hall, sympathetic chords must have vibrated in Boston, for the audience evidently had been recruited from Carnegie Hall, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays, and the society hears the hall-mark of that institution, its members finding their larger employment under the baton of Dr. Muck. They are: J. Theodorowicz, violin; A. Bak, violin; K. Rissland, viola; J. Keller, violoncello; A. de Vito, piano; A. Brooke, flute; G. Longy, oboe; G. Grisez, clarinet; F. Hain, horn; P. Sadony, bassoon.

Paul Juon's octet, op. 27, has no parts for flute or second violin, and the society's pianist was replaced on this occasion by Carolyn Beebe, of New York. In ancient chamber concerts it was not unusual for the harpsichord to give the time as well as the pitch to the other performers. It is, perhaps, a touch of modernity that such direction as may now be needed should fall to oboe, and in this respect Georges Longy acquits himself admirably. But in ancient chamber music, Beethoven, doubling an octet, found material for a symphony, and in the romantic period Schumann found in a quartet of strings with piano ample means for the expression of his grandest conceptions. And since Juon's work is cast in sonata form, which is no more capable of further improvement in these days than sonnet form, it must be confessed that his harmonies are thin, his invention poor, and his thematic treatment chiefly of interest in revealing contrasted instrumental effects instead of developments in which they should be blended.

The closing number was Maurice Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for harp solo, played by Arthur Holy, with string quartet, flute, and clarinet accompaniment. Sandwiched between these works were three French songs, admirably interpreted by Mrs. Marie Sundellus. Despite the number of chamber-music organizations which find support in New York, there is room for more, especially for musicians of the ability of those associated with Mr. Longy in this new venture, but it may be suggested, in view of the first programme, and of the wealth of music from which a choice may be made hereafter, that there is no need of over-emphasis on the word "modern."

Nov. 10, 1913

The People's Symphony Society, which does for orchestral compositions what the Century Opera Company does for operas, in presenting them at popular prices, began its season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, under the able leadership, as usual,

of Franz A. Arens. There was a large audience, which showed its appreciation of the good music offered, the principal works being Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture, and a Liszt Polonaise. A novelty was James Philip Dunn's setting for tenor and orchestra of Poe's "Annabel Lee."

At the Hippodrome, in the evening, the ever-popular and indefatigable world's band-master, John Philip Sousa, closed his annual tour with a concert that was heard by a huge audience, which was so pleased that it demanded encore after encore, eager to hear some of the "March King's" own pieces. The soloists were Virginia Root, Margel Gluck, and Herbert Clarke. At the Century Opera House, at the same time, the usual Sunday concert was given, leading members of the company being the soloists.

At Aeolian Hall last night Marie Mieler-Narodny, the Finnish soprano, gave a recital of folk and art songs, chiefly Finnish, Russian, and American. She did not try to impress by means of feats of vocal execution, but by the more alluring method of entering fully into the spirit of the music. It is needless to say that the audience enjoyed most the Finnish songs.

MUSIC FROM BOSTON

J. J. Sullivan Nov. 9, 1913

A Day with the Orchestra and
Chamber Musicians.

J. J. Sullivan
AN AMIABLE MUSCOVITE

Russian, Czechish, Slavonic
and French Com-
positions.

There was much other music in town yesterday, but that which filled the ears, afternoon and evening, of those whose minds are attuned to higher things than opera was chiefly supplied by the Bostonian artists, who have made a monthly visit to the metropolis for many years. Heretofore the visitors have been content to give us orchestral music, but this year Major Higginson's melodious missionaries have split themselves into two organizations, the smaller one of which, calling itself the Longy New York Modern Chamber Music Society, has set itself the task of fostering a kind of music for which the local Barrère Ensemble has for some time tried to create a field. Perhaps a patient people, after hearing four hours or so of the very good kind of music which is made in Boston, will be dispensed of using so cumbersome a title and permitted to speak of Mr. Longy and his associates as the Longy Club; if not, it will become a weariness of the flesh to discuss their agreeable entertainments, the first of which began in Aeolian Hall last night, four hours and a half after the Boston Symphony Orchestra had concluded its first afternoon concert in Carnegie Hall.

The afternoon programme, like that of Thursday evening, was unembarrassed by a solo performance, and likewise was made up of music which had been heard here before—some of it very often, some of it not often enough to have had the bloom of novelty rubbed off it. A circumstance worth a word of comment because of its musical character was that the all-pervasive German composer was without representation in either of the day's scheme. The afternoon's symphony was by a Russian—Glazounow's fifth, in B flat—after it came two pieces by Czechs—the overture to "The Bartered Bride," by Smetana, and Dvorak's "Husitzka" overture, separated by a symphonic poem, "Les Eolides," by the Belgian, Cesar Franck. Mr. Longy gave his hearers music by the Russian, Paul Juon; the Frenchman, Debussy; Louis Aubert and Maurice Ravel, and a stranger to our concert list, who, though he was represented by French music with a French title, bears a name which has an English sound—Henry Woodlett. Of his personality it is not given to us to speak.

In spite of all this there is no pressing call for a disquisition on nationalism in music. As a matter of fact there ought, after so much music played by musicians of the same calibre, to be no call for a disquisition of any sort. Three and a half or four hours of music, with only a brief space for rest, refreshment and the other affairs of life, ought to turn the most devoted reviewer into a recorder of events. Fortunately, the patrons of the concerts of our Boston visitors do not need much else; there is so much in their concerts which they have learned to take for granted. The Glazounow symphony in

his afternoon (Nov. 10) at 8 o'clock, when it did on March 4 and 5, 1913, under the direction of Mr. Seidl, it had its first performances on this side of the Atlantic in concerts of the Philharmonic Society.

Then it brought with it a pleasant feeling of surprise, for the audience was prepared for a rude shock, and it was almost startling to "meet up" with a new Russian (as they would say down Boston way) who was willing to win attention by persuasive methods, instead of arresting it with et alia, so to speak. Borodin and other wild Muscovites were uppermost in the popular mind, and a Russian who showed some respect for traditional forms of expression was unexpected, to say the least. It was but natural then, as it was again yesterday, that the listeners should yield themselves willing captives to his fine instrumental sonorities, should delight in the fascination of his jocose movement and enjoy his melodies and the treatment which he gave them all the more because they brought with them no need of brain-racking. Where they were more put to it to account for their pleasurable emotions was in the case of the musical delineation which César Franck gave to the somewhat mysterious daughters of Aolus, which some years ago Dr. Frank Damschke treated as musical pabulum for young people, though it is anything but that. "Les Eolides" is a composition whose value is still open to question. If its composer had given it a motto like the lines in Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound":

"Ah, me! again I hear the sound of fluttering night; the air pants to the soft beat of light-moving wings,

the propriety, if not the adequacy, of its brief subject might have been recognized, though its too extended treatment would still have been monotonous. To ask the listeners to accept it as a musical exposition of the long poems by De Lisle which Mr. Hale printed in his notes on the programme, was asking too much. But perhaps the fortunate ones who had the programme book found recompense in reading the delightful excursion into ancient literature to which the annotator invited them. As for the performance of Smetana's overture, it was a delicious tour de force simply.

It is evidently the conviction of M. Longy, the brilliant hautzolist of the Boston band, that music is like jealousy, which "doth make the meat it feeds on"; otherwise he would have hesitated to burden the local list with a new series of concerts in the field which has proved stubborn to M. Barrère and is this season to be occupied also by an organization much like M. Longy's in composition. His first concert had a fine body of intelligent listeners, and he strove to avoid the unquestioned someness of music of the kind which he is cultivating by mixing it with music for pianoforte, voice and harp. Nevertheless his first number, the only one which could be called characteristic, was undeniably tedious. It was an octet by Paul Juon for violin (Mr. Theodorowicz), viola (Mr. Rissland), violoncello (Mr. Killer), Mr. Longy (oboe), Mr. Grisez (clarinet), Mr. Hain (horn), Mr. Sadony (bassoon) and Miss Carolyn Beebe (pianoforte). The wind instruments in Mr. Juon's music had an acidity which is never noticeable in the Boston Orchestra, which employs them all, and the composition itself had little to commend it beyond the Russian folk-time episode (in the style of the "Kornarskiska") of the first movement and the obviously national melody of its finale. On the whole, industry rather than inspiration seemed exemplified in the composition.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Time 8:00-9:15
A Programme of Modern Music at Its Afternoon Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its doings in New York yesterday with its afternoon concert in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Muck gave another exemplification of his ideas about unity of style in programme-making in the programme for this concert, which consisted entirely of modern compositions. The symphony was Glazunov's fifth, apparently one of the best productions of this too fertile Russian composer, who is prone to say much when he has little to say. Dr. Muck had played the symphony here before, seven years ago, and it had previously been played by the Philharmonic Society under Anton Seidl.

There is in it the skill of a master of orchestration and a musician accomplished in the technical resources of his art, in thematic elaboration and formal structure. He must have tunes that win their way speedily, even if he helps himself with charming frankness from Verdi or Wagner. His first two movements are the best; and of these the first is the most valuable in its ideas. It "sounds" and makes an immediate and agreeable impression, even though the way in which the chief theme, obviously Wagnerian in its origin, shapes itself rhythmically, after its suggestion in the introduction becomes rather monotonous. The scherzo, a pretty piece of aerial and delicate orchestration, is suspiciously thin in substance. In the third movement there might desirably be more matter, even with less art; for what the composer

is not really so important as the would make it sound. And in the last he fails too vigorously upon a syncopated tune and drives it hard.

In the overture to Smetana's opera, "The Bartered Bride," the conductor found matter with which to exploit to the very highest the virtuosity of his orchestra. Has this overture ever been played at such a terrific tempo before, and with so clearly and crisply, made so brilliantly voluble? It may well be doubted. It may also be doubted whether such a speed is really quite the best for the music, and whether it would not sound better taken with a shade less of such breathless haste. César Franck's symphonic poem "Les Eolides" can scarcely claim an important position among his orchestral works, for it is very tenuous, though pretty long. Doubtless it was meant to be only a picturesque and suggestive sketch; and its vaporous charm was wholly represented by the orchestra's performance.

The last number was Dvorak's "Fustiska" overture, music in which the solemn proclamation of the Hussite hymn is made effective, and made to count for much through its long development and its combination with a melody of martial aggressiveness.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY OPENS ITS SEASON

Nov. 10-11
h. 7. 30-8. 30

Orchestra Is Greeted by a Large Audience in Carnegie Hall.

NEW COMPOSITION HEARD

Work of James Philip Dunn of This City, and Based on Poe's "Annabel Lee."

The People's Symphony Society gave the first orchestral concert of its fourteenth season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Up to the present time this organization has achieved much success in the fulfilment of its purpose, which is primarily educational, in enabling persons of limited means to hear good music at low prices. Yesterday a large audience had assembled in spite of the bad weather and it manifested eager interest.

Before the programme began there was a short delay while the orchestra and its conductor, Franz X. Arens, were photographed by flashlight.

The list of compositions offered on the programme included Chadwick's overture "Melpomene," Goltermann's concerto in A minor for violoncello and orchestra, Dvorak's "New World" symphony, a poem for orchestra, with tenor solo, entitled "Annabel Lee" as a setting to Poe's poem of the same name, by James Philip Dunn (first time), and Liszt's E major polonaise No. 2, as arranged for orchestra by Carl Muller Berghaus. The solo part in the Goltermann concerto was played by Sara Gurovitch and her performance of it gained for her much enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Dunn, whose composition was heard for the first time, is a young local composer who has written works largely in the field of chamber music. He has set to music two other poems of Poe. The one he heard yesterday was of interest chiefly for an effective orchestration, suggesting both the modern Italian and French schools. Frank Ormsby sang the solo part.

Mr. Arens's orchestra, which has been increased by several new members, gave evidence throughout the programme of a marked improvement in the niceties of tone, color and finish. Its work was much appreciated by the listeners.

FINNISH SINGER HEARD.

Nov. 10-11
Mme. Maria Mieler-Narodny Gives Recital of Finnish, Russian and American Songs.

An unusual programme was that presented last night in Aeolian Hall by Mme. Maria Mieler-Narodny, a Finnish soprano. There is a rugged charm in Russian music and it is not often that New York has an opportunity to hear a great deal of it at one time, but the effect in this case was a little monotonous, due partly to the singer's style of delivery and partly to the sameness of the music. But undoubted pleasure was given in many of the songs, particularly the Folk songs.

Mme. Mieler-Narodny has a voice of good resonant quality, with carrying power and a satisfactory range. To some of the Finnish songs she gave a sympathetic interpretation. The Russian songs also were sung in a way that showed an intelligent insight. In the American group she was not so happy, however. That part of the programme devoted to

The Russian songs of songs of Korakhoff, Kugelstein, Gile, Dargomizsky, Rachmaninoff, Moussorgsky and Tchaikovsky, as well as the stirring folk song "The Song of the Boatman" in the Finnish section aside from folk songs, the names of Merikanto, Knia Sibelius and Jaernefelt appeared.

SABBATH A MUSIC DAY

Nov. 10-11
Symphonic and Band Concerts Are Offered.

PEOPLE'S SOCIETY HEARD

Presents Its Season's First—Sousa at Hippodrome—Mme. Naroding Sings.

As is usual with Sundays nowadays, yesterday had more than its quota of concerts, great and small.

Aeolian Hall in the afternoon saw a repetition of the New York Symphony Society's offering of Friday.

Carnegie Hall, however, held the first concert of the season of the People's Symphony, an organization that is doing good work in offering symphonic music to the masses. Yesterday it presented a new composer to the public in James Philip Dunn, whose composition for tenor and orchestra, "Annabelle Lee," to the words of the poem of Poe, was said to be ultra modern and realistic. It was, as far as it bore memories of Debussy and Puccini, and in that it was nearly unsingable, a fact which did not add comfort to the naturally excellent voice of Mr. Ormsby.

The orchestra gave a very rough and ready reading of Dvorak's "New World" symphony, and a smoother one of Mr. Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture. The audience was large and liberal in applause.

In the evening Aeolian Hall contained a small audience, brought out to hear Mme. Maria Mieler-Narodny in a programme of Russian, Finnish and English songs. Mme. Narodny disclosed a voice of excellent natural quality, but a certain monotony in her interpretations failed to give the songs the interest they should have conveyed.

At the Hippodrome Sousa and his band returned, triumphant as of yore, with all his old marches, a new suite, "The American Maid," and a number of other selections, all enjoyed hugely by a huge audience. The solo performers were Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist; Miss Virginia Root, soprano, and Miss Margel Gluck, violinist.

ANOTHER DIPPEL FOUND

Nov. 10-11
Chalmers Wins Century Honor by Taking Singer's Place.

The concert at the Century Opera House last night departed somewhat from the prearranged programme by reason of the illness of three singers of the company. The house was well filled with an appreciative audience. Thomas Chalmers sang in the place of Alfred Kaufman, and his friends in the audience at once dubbed him the "Dippel of the Century."

The orchestra opened with the overture from "Rienzi." Morton Adkins sang "Vision Fugitive," from Massenet's "Hérodiade." Ivy Scott appeared in place of Edith Helena and gave the bird song from "Pagliacci." Othello's death scene, from Verdi's "Otello," was given by Gustave Bergman. The serenade from "Faust" was sung by Thomas Chalmers. The Peer Gynt suite of Grieg, closing the first half of the concert, was the number most applauded.

The second part was opened by the orchestra with the bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah." Thomas Chalmers then sang "O Cast Fiore," from Massenet's "The King of Lahore," and Kathleen Howard an air from "Carmen." Jayne Herbert followed with an aria from "Samson and Delilah" and Morgan Kingston with an aria from "La Tosca." The orchestra closed the programme with the "Pomp and Circumstance" march of Elgar.

Miss Wetmore's Recital.

A small gathering heard Miss Helen Wetmore give a song recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Miss Wetmore has been heard here before in English opera under Mr. Savage's dispensation. Her programme last evening was ambitious and varied, after the usual fashion of such programmes, beginning with a romanza from Mozart's "Così fan tutte" and other music of an earlier date, continuing with songs of Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans. Some of these were said to be given for the first time in New York. Miss Wetmore showed more ambition than beauty or freshness of voice or command of style.

Recital by Miss Learned, 1913

Miss Helen Learned, a mezzo soprano, who was heard and commented on favorably some time ago, has again appeared in recital before a New York audience this time at Aeolian Hall, yesterday afternoon. Her programme was arranged along prescribed lines, a group of German songs, followed by one in French and ending with a third in English, but many of the songs themselves were unbackneyed and proved an agreeable variation from the habitual programme. Miss Learned opened her recital with a Mozart aria from "La Clemenza di Tito." Her voice has increased in volume since her previous recital, and while it is not now an organ of much power or of very extensive range, it is of agreeable quality and is used admirably. Miss Learned's breathing, phrasing, and enunciation were all particularly good. The most successful numbers on her programme were Bach's "Vergiss mein nicht," "Dis moi que tu m'aime" by Hess, and the final group in English, Lully's "Bois Epais" and Saint-Saëns' "La Cloche," especially the former, seemed a trifle heavy for her voice, but the lighter "Dis moi" not only suited the singer but the audience also, so it was redemanded.

Mr. John Cushing, who showed himself to be a most sympathetic accompanist, played the whole programme from memory.

A GALIC NOVELTY AT CENTURY OPERA

Nov. 12-13
"Samson et Dalila" of Camille Saint-Saëns Presented in English.

PRODUCTION VERY GOOD

Choruses Well Sung and Scenic Effects Given With Adequate Color.

Samson and Delilah (to Anglicize it) has a musical fabric which wears very well, for it is of that substantial stuff which retains its color no matter how long it is left in the operatic cupboard. There is honest workmanship throughout the score, not only in the skilful alternation of situation and mood, of arias, choruses and dance music, but in the admirable detail that enriches it.

The mellow charm of the chorus of women bearing wreaths is a veritable balm after the episode of Abimelech's discomfiture in the first act and it perfectly prepares Delilah's entrance. The betrayal of Samson is accomplished in a swimming sea of musical ecstasies in which the familiar air of the heroine takes its place naturally. There is also ballet music which modernists repudiate as old fashioned, but which the people will love as long as they love to dance.

The presentation of the opera by the Century organization last evening was as a whole commendable, and in many respects excellent. It contained some deficiencies of smoothness in the ensemble of action and music, obviously due to the insufficient rehearsing imposed by a frequent change of bill in the repertory of the house, and furthermore to an inadequate knowledge on the part of some of the participants as to the proper histrionic color demanded by the text. The defects of non-adjustment will without doubt be to an extent remedied as the performances of the week advance.

There was a large audience, and, judging from its interest in the performance, the management, in order to satisfy public demand to hear the work, may care to vary its schedule and so give it more time than the usual allotment of one week to each opera. The use of the English text with Saint-Saëns's music was not a

severe a test in clear enunciation upon the skill of the singers as in the previous performances.

When a large chorus sings in time and in tune the speech it utters, even if unintelligible, is apt to fall upon the average ear with the saving grace of an impelling rhythm. Last night the chorus bore the larger share of the vocal burdens, and it is a pleasure to say that most of its utterance was distinct and understandable. It was, furthermore, happy in depicting the dramatic feelings so richly characterized by the music of the Hebrews and their hostile foes.

The principals in the cast were Morgan Kingston as Samson, Kathleen Howard as Delilah and Lewis Kreidler as the High Priest. Morton Adkins enacted the short role of Abimelech and Alfred Kaufman that of an old Hebrew. Mr. Kingston's undertaking in the role of Samson disclosed again his excellent tenor voice, and he showed a good, if limited, understanding of the Biblical hero's nobility of character, but it must be said that his lack of judgment in some of the essentials of stage routine were a little disconcerting to the eye.

Miss Howard looked the part of the beautiful and seductive enchantress. Her voice is of a good quality and she used it frequently, as in the last scene of the first act, very well. Her tones, however, as she produces them are not sufficiently even to lend all the lure and charm to such music as in the famous air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix."

Mr. Kreidler did good work as the wily High Priest, both in singing and acting. The orchestra under Mr. Szendrei's skilful direction brought out to advantage the many beauties of the score. The piece was extremely well mounted, the scenery having been brought from the Boston Opera House. The costumes were effective and the dances were well executed.

A word of praise is due the stage management for the well arranged tableaux of the chorus and ballet in the temple at the opening of the second scene of the last act, and again for the well executed fall and collapse of the great Phillistine edifice at the close.

INTIMATE MUSIC

H. J. Sullivan Nov. 12/13
Singers and Players and Chamber Music Makers.

AN AMERICAN QUARTET

Mr. Kneisel Delights the Lovers of Pure Music.

To a large portion of the public "the musical season" will begin next Monday, when the big opera house opens its doors. To another portion, less eager and constrained, if not almost impressed, it began when ambitious singers, pianists and violinists made essay for advertising purposes in the concert rooms, with the help of kind patrons and willing managers. To the elect among the connoisseurs and amateurs in the true sense of the word, it began when the Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert last night in Aeolian Hall. Then, for the first time since the passing of the summer, there was a gathering of gentlemen and gentlemen who came together not to oblige their friends or accommodate a manager who had contracted to give a hearing to a would-be artist, but to delight their souls with mature and perfect art.

Faithful to the principles which are dear to his patrons, Mr. Kneisel brought forward music by masters whom all the world acknowledges—Beethoven's String Quartet in F minor, Op. 95, and Brahms's Clarinet Quintet; and, faithful also to a duty which few artists perform as discreetly and successfully as he, he played some new music, in order that his patrons might be kept advised of what the creative musicians of to-day are doing. This new music was George W. Chadwick's Quartet in D minor, which The Tribune tried to introduce to its readers last Sunday. A frankly old-fashioned composition, much more so than that which preceded it on the programme, though that antedated it by three-quarters of a century at least, but so fresh and charming in its melodic contents, so fluent in its utterance, so ingenious and ingenious in its construction that an audience keenly alive to the profound loveliness of the Beethoven music which went before and the Brahms music which came after was yet so delighted with it that after rounds of applause between the movements it called the players back to the stage two or three times at the end, and when it learned from a gesture of Mr. Kneisel's that the composer was in the house, paid a tribute to him which brought him twice to his feet.

It is in chamber music, as a rule, that new problems are presented to music lovers,

and Mr. Kneisel's audiences have always kept an open mind to new precepts, but it was a refreshment last night to note the appreciation and approval which it gave to an American composer who is not afraid to proclaim beauty in conventional phrase. Such temerity, of course, is easy to the master who can conceive beautiful thoughts and give them beautiful expression; it is only the composer who has nothing beautiful to say who affects unwillingness to speak in the old and familiar idioms. In that affectation lies his only safety. It was also a pleasure to observe that the native note in Mr. Chadwick's music was recognized. This note, as it sounds in the quartet heard last night, is not at all tinged by aboriginal Indian tune, and only slightly by Afro-American folk-song, but it is unmistakable, nevertheless. All the slow melodies in the quartet breathe the spirit of New England, and this spirit knits the parts of the composition together into a unity which is the mark of good and true art.

Earlier in the day a concert took place in Carnegie Hall, which differed from nearly all of its kind that have occurred this season in that it challenged the interest and won the admiration of the judicious amongst its hearers. It was a pianoforte recital by Miss Eleanor Spencer. A smaller display of palms on the stage, fewer chrysanthemums and less flamboyancy in the preliminary announcement of the affair might have stamped Miss Spencer's unquestionable success with more emphasis. When such things are done for a novice a feeling of suspicion and distrust is aroused in the observers of artistic affairs. Miss Spencer might have been spared that drawback. She played an unconventional programme, and everything that she did, she did, not like a novice, but like an artist ripe in intelligence, mature in feeling and most admirably grounded in technical ability. She has a fine sense of tonal beauty, a keen sense for rhythm and there is a pulse about her playing that many a veteran might study with profit. The public will profit by a better acquaintance with her.

H. E. K.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

H. J. Sullivan Nov. 12/13
Mr. Chadwick's D Minor Quartet Gives Pleasure to the Audience.

The first concert of the season of the Kneisel Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme consisted of Beethoven's quartet in F minor, opus 95; Chadwick's quartet in D minor, No. 5, and the Brahms clarinet quintet, in which Henri Leon Le Roy of the Philharmonic Society was the clarinetist. Mr. Chadwick's quartet was composed in 1898 and had been performed in Boston and in Europe, but never before in the local concerts of Mr. Kneisel and his associates.

Mr. Chadwick had forsaken the calls of stern duty at the New England Conservatory, of which he is the head, and come to New York to enjoy a hearing of his own music. He must have had joy indeed, for the composition was played with ravishing finish of style. The applause of the audience was hearty and the composer acknowledged it from his box.

Mr. Chadwick has said that this quartet is written in the same general style as its predecessor in E minor, except that "some of the themes have a more pronounced flavor of the plantation melody." Lasting gratitude shall be the composer's for this information. Once he gave us a quartet of which we benighted New Yorkers said that the themes were plantation, whereupon the amiable composer temporarily lost his smile and vowed that all the tunes were Irish.

If he had not told us that in this later work the themes had a plantation flavor we should have suspected it and perhaps even gone so far as to charge him with open Dvorakism. But since he has entered a plea of confession and avoidance there is nothing left to the commentator but to be happy that the composer has written a simple, fluent and charming quartet, wholly popular in style and certain to entertain those who have the opportunity to hear it.

Those who would like to know what can be done with the American negro's music when it is treated artistically and not in the fashion of the Broadway music hall will find something here to bring them new delight. Dr. Dvorak did not ill when he enunciated what Boston has celebrated as the Spillville doctrine, to wit, that music having a distinctly American character could be made out of the adapted melodic idioms of the Southern slave.

The other two numbers on the programme call for no descriptive comment at this time. The Beethoven gospel continues to be the basic part of the Kneisel sacred writ and all lovers of music will hope that the quartet will continue to disseminate it. Certainly when the F minor is performed as it was last evening there is little room for anything but supreme satisfaction.

MISS SPENCER'S DEBUT

H. J. Sullivan Nov. 12/13
First Appearance Here of a Pianist Favorably Received Abroad.

Eleanor Spencer, pianist, made her debut in a recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She has been playing in Europe, both in Germany and in England, and in each of these countries pleasant things have been said of her art. A sheet of extracts from the comments of foreign newspapers shows that the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Daily Graphic* of London fell readily upon the most important features of her performance. One of them declared that it was a pity that most of the youthful aspirants for fame did not play as well as Miss Spencer, and the other noted that the essentially musical nature of her tone and the confidence inspired by well grounded technique were the things first to impress her hearer.

It is one of the agreeable duties of this morning to agree with both of these British observers. Miss Spencer's tone is without doubt the most valuable part of her equipment, for it is faithful to the instrument and always grateful to the sensitive musical ear. It possesses in an unusually high degree the true singing quality, which is so important in piano playing.

On the other hand there is a want of range in the tonal color, due to a lack of skill in the use of the manifold varieties of touch and pedal combinations open to the pianist. Furthermore Miss Spencer in some of her interpretations yesterday revealed a want of clarity in thematic enunciation and a deficiency in keen feeling for rhythm.

She was heard at her best in Schumann's "Abesqua," which she played with some approach to the style required by the difficult music. It is not technically difficult, but it calls for more insight than this young pianist has yet developed. But Miss Spencer has a piano talent and will doubtless grow in artistic stature.

APPLAUD OPERA CONCERT.

H. J. Sullivan Nov. 10/13
Popular Operatic Music by Familiar Singers Heard at the Century.

Last night at the Century Opera House an interesting programme of popular operatic selections was presented and a large audience applauded with plenty of enthusiasm whenever a favorite singer appeared. Mr. Gustaf Bergman, Miss Ivy Scott and Miss Kathleen Howard were the principal soloists.

The orchestra furnished the first number, playing the Overture to "Rienzi." Mr. Morton Adkins followed with an aria from Massenet's "Herodade," then came Miss Scott with the bird song from "I Pagliacci" and Mr. Bergman with a song from "Othello," and the first half of the programme ended with Greg's "Peer Gynt" suite played by the orchestra.

After the intermission the orchestra was heard in the bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah." Mr. Thomas Chalmers sang a selection from "The King of Lahore," by Massenet, Miss Howard presented the Seguidilla from "Carmen," and the concert was brought to a close with Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," played with spirit by the orchestra.

MME. GADSKI'S RECITAL.

Operatic Soprano Pleases Audience in a Programme of Songs.

Mme. Johanna Gadski, the distinguished dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a recital of songs yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She was heard with manifest delight by an audience of admirers, which applauded her heartily and asked for numerous additions to her programme. Mme. Gadski has labored long and with genuine devotion in the field of the song and has emerged into the trying light of public favor in many parts of this country.

Those who have watched her successive essays in the difficult field of the lied can proclaim with pleasure the fact that she has made noteworthy progress. She has gained greatly in style, in repose, in interpretative skill. In her earliest recitals it was the voice rather than the art which pleased, but now it is truly vice versa.

Naturally a singer who has so long been associated with heroic roles finds her surest means of expression in songs voicing the larger moods, and so it is probably correct to say that she reached her highest level of excellence yesterday in Franz's "Im Herbst," which she interpreted with much feeling and dramatic force.

Mme. Gadski has always had a predilection for the "Kinderlieder" of Taubert and has constituted herself the chief agent for their spread in this country. She has seldom sung any of them so charmingly as she did two on her list yesterday afternoon. Some will recall the humorous achievements of this dramatic artist in "Verslegelt." It would be an injustice to the singer not to record the fact that she was not in perfect command of her voice, which was occasionally tremulous and which in mezza voce effects often refused to remain true to the pitch. But no singer is a machine, and concerts often have to be given when artists are physically a little below par.

NEW VOICES IN "SAMSON"

Changes Made in Cast of Opera at the Century.

There were several changes in the cast of "Samson and Delilah" at the two performances yesterday in the Century Opera House. In the afternoon Miss Herbert replaced Miss Howard as the Phillistine seducer, with not altogether pleasing results, but Gustav Bergman's Samson was a considerable advance, both historically and, as a whole, vocally, upon that of his predecessor.

The High Priest of Thomas Chalmers was also an excellent impersonation, and his fine voice was again heard with pleasure.

In the evening Miss Jordan essayed the part of Delilah, and sang the music excellently. Both audiences were of fine size.

CONCERT BY KINGSTON

Century Tenor Heads Welsh Singers at Aeolian Hall.

Morgan Kingston, tenor, of the Century Opera Company, gave a concert last night in Aeolian Hall supported by the Gwent Welsh Male Singers, of Newport, South Wales, George F. Davies, conductor. Mr. Kingston's fine natural voice was again in evidence, but as it is heard so often at the Century, both in opera and at the Sunday night concerts, there is nothing new to add.

It is only greatly to be regretted that his method of tonal production is not all that might be wished. His singing of "E Lucevan le Stelle" had in it the veritable Caruso sob, even if the likeness ended there.

The Welsh singers took their part with spirit, even if the selections they undertook were of the type beloved by the most provincial English towns. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

PHILHARMONIC FIELD

HAS TWO RICHARDS

H. J. Sullivan Nov. 14/13
More Than Six Richmonds Are

Needed to Meet Them

in Combat.

"EIN HELDENLEBEN" AGAIN

Also a New Festival Prelude Performed for First Time Here.

The programme of the second evening concert of the Philharmonic Society given last night in Carnegie Hall was one of great substance. The principal relief was afforded by the two vocal numbers, the prayer from "Rienzi" and the forging song of young Siegfried, both sung by Jacques Urlus, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House. It seems unimportant to comment at this time on the singing of this member of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's forces. He will be heard often in the course of the opera season, and he will sound better in the Metropolitan than in Carnegie Hall. Therefore let him pass peacefully on his way.

The concert began with nothing less than Richard Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture. This was followed by the first vocal number, and then came Richard Strauss's tone poem "Ein Heldenleben." After the second vocal number the concert ended with Strauss's "Festival Prelude," opus 61, in which the organ is lucrally employed to aid the orchestra.

The close assembling of compositions by Wagner and Strauss, especially the sharp contrast between the first two numbers and the pretentious "Heldenleben," might have raised in many minds memories of a popular European jest, which may be thus paraphrased: "If we have to hear Richard, let it be Wagner; but if Strauss, let it be Johann."

"Ein Heldenleben" does not wear as well as some of Strauss's other works. Its pages contain some splendidly effective writing, but searching examination serves to disclose the fact that much of it is due to cunning in the contrast of rasping ugliness with simplicity, which emerges from the horrid turmoil in the guise of beauty.

The battle scene is particularly cheap composition, and its chief claim to acceptance is its reproduction of the hideous din of armed conflict and the repulsive worthlessness of it all. Over these pages Mr. Strauss might have inscribed, if he had known it, the curt and complete dictum of Gen. Sherman. Old fashioned music lovers will perhaps continue to prefer the inferno of Gluck.

The performance of this extremely difficult composition was in general creditable to the orchestra. It was not technically perfect, but it had brilliancy and again

most part well worked out. The solo violin part well, though his tone might easily have had a little more temperament in it.

The festival piece, which was put at the end of the programme, was the novelty of the concert. In the circumstances we prefer to omit any description of it if it is given at some future entertainment earlier in the evening.

STRAUSSIAN SONORITIES

New Music at a Concert of the Philharmonic Society.

FUTILE WAGNER SONGS

A Word About the Invasion of Pianists.

There was much futile music at the concert of the Philharmonic Society which took place in Carnegie Hall last night and was given up to the exploitation of Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss and incidentally to Mr. Stransky. The second Rihard, though the lesser in the book of art, was far and away the noisier of the two, though all the music that sounded futile was not of his making. Jacques Urius, a German tenor, was the solo performer, and to accommodate him some music from the Nibelung tetralogy was detached from the theatrical elements which are essential to its proper understanding and presented as concert music—not pure and simple for that it can never be, but baldly, nakedly, unblushingly. Mr. Urius sang the prayer from "Rienzi," which is a lyrical effusion of old-fashioned pattern. The charge of futility does not lie against it except as it lacked interest in the performance, neither the singer nor the conductor disclosed appreciation of Wagner's manner in the reading of the mordent, which is an important element in its melody. It was it was slurred over as if it were merely an ornament instead of a significant part of the melody. When curious critics, some decade ago, were discussing whether the characteristic turn ought to begin with the upper note or the lower, Dr. Von Bülow told a story of how the composer was once so disturbed, not to say outraged, by the manner in which it was played (in the overture to the opera in which the melody occurs) by a band which serenaded him in Dresden, that he descended from the balcony of the hotel to the street, and after an apology to the leader, directed a repetition to show how it ought to go. It was perhaps the only time on record that a great composer conducted a serenade brought in his own honor, but the chief value of the story lies in the lesson in interpretation which it gave, which lesson seems to have been wasted on the artists who produced the music last night.

Futile in the larger sense, however, was the performance of the songs which Siegfried sings while casting, forging and tempering the magic sword in the second of the tragedies which make up the Nibelung play. Thirty years ago, when this music was first heard in the concert room, probably a little too conscious of the fact it used to be a more or less pleasurable excitement to imagine the picture of the heaving bellows, the flickering fires, the hissing steam and ringing hammers and the resounding blow with which at the last the anvil was cleft in twain, all of which was vividly pictured in the music, but since the scene has become a familiar one on the stage it has lost its right to presentation in the concert room.

But the evening was given over to sonorities alternately musical and coephanous and the audience showed a keen delight in them. In none more than in those of Strauss's "Heldenlieber," which had what we suppose must be called a brilliant performance inasmuch as equal justice was done to those portions which assailed the ears and offended the æsthetic sensibilities and those which charmed them. Frantic applause followed the performance of the work. There would probably have been a similar demonstration after the Straussian novelty had not the "Festival Prelude" been turned into a postlude by being played at the end of the concert. The prelude is the latest of Strauss's creations and had its first performance less than a month ago at the dedication of the new music room of the historic Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna. Whether or not the new room is as large as Carnegie Hall cannot be said at this writing. If not it can be said that Herr Strauss has either great confidence or little regard for the integrity of the eardrums of the Viennese friends of music, for last night's performance showed considerable abridgement of the original score. As the composer laid it out this calls for

the things ought to number 30 alone, with divided violas and violoncellos as well as violins, besides five flutes, four oboes, one heckelphone, five clarinets, four bassoons, one contra-bassoon, eight horns, four trumpets (with an extra choir of from six to twelve at the climax in the end), four trombones, bass tuba and eight kettledrums (with two players). Many of these instruments were mercifully spared, as last night whether or not with essential loss to the music we cannot say, but probably not. It is, on the whole, conceived on simple lines, so far as its ideas go, there being no such polyphonic complexity as marks the "Heldenleben," which produced a much greater as well as more dissonant din. Its march melody, which starts out with a phrase suggestive of the old hymn, "Adeste Fideles," is good, straightforward music, and there is an admirable display of the festival spirit in its development. But it will probably be but a passing phenomenon in our concert-rooms.

The season is, by a liberal allowance, about four weeks old, yet within that time eleven players upon the pianoforte have been heard here in public concerts. Some names may have gotten away—escaped the notice of the observer, that is—but, to the best of his knowledge, without close study of the records, the list reads like this: Harold Bauer, Ethel Newcomb, Harold Randolph, Josef Hofmann, Ignaz Jan Paderewski, Cornelia Rider, Possart, Teresena Carrino, Rosalie Thornton, Eleanor Spencer, Victor Wittgenstein and Hattie Scholder-Edlin. Some of these names have so lofty a sound that under different circumstances it might seem almost a humiliation to mention them in the same breath (or paragraph) with the others.

They belong to the classic, in the ancient Latin sense, among the world's musical artists; some of the others are most importantly inferior. And yet their owners have all given recitals and have all asked public attention to the fact. Most of them have received it; some, in whose case silence, which though it is criticism, is yet criticism of a kindly order have not. It is to be hoped that they are grateful, but to be feared that they are not. Recitals, be it known, except those given by artists who are great, are not given for the people who have been persuaded by one or another motive to hear them, but for the benefit of the multitude who are expected to read about them. And this it is which makes discussion of them difficult to all except the writers for trade papers. When two-score players upon the pianoforte twiddle their fingers with equal facility over the keyboard in the course of a season what good has been accomplished by twenty records of the fact? Twenty players have played here; a thousand have done the same thing in the other places which make it the elsewhere. That is the one obvious fact to be grasped by the serious mind.

The eleventh player in the list set forth above has come back a mature woman to the city in which some years ago she played as a prodigy. She was interesting to only a few then; she has it in her now to make herself interesting to many, or would if she had not so many colleagues. Mme. Scholder-Edlin has the distinctive gifts of a pianoforte virtuoso. She is probably a little too conscious of the fact and too willing to exploit them at the expense of the good art which is always modest, but she has them, and therefore justifies the hope that soon she may employ them so as to give more refined pleasure than she did at all times yesterday.

WELSH CHORUS SINGS. Morgan Kingston Enlivens Concert With Air by Puccini.

The Gwent Welsh Male Singers and their compatriot, Morgan Kingston, tenor of the Century Opera Company, gave a concert last night in Aeolian Hall. The programme offered was rather popular in selection, and began with the "Soldiers' Chorus" from Gounod's "Faust." The choir of fourteen members and the men selected from it for solos were heard in pieces by Macy, Dudley Buck, German, Wilson and others. The songs in the list with Welsh titles were "The March of the Men of Harlech," arranged by Richards; "Ar Hyd y Nos," by Harry Evans, and in closing the Welsh national anthem, "Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau."

The singing of chorus and its soloists was not up to the artistic standards accepted on local concert platforms, but to its advantage it can be readily said that its work was attractive to the ear for the freshness of spirit, good rhythmic sense and a natural resonance of tone it contained. There was much applause from a large audience for the choir and its conductor, George F. Davis.

Mr. Kingston was down in the list for an air from Puccini's "Tosca," "E lucevan le stelle," and a group of songs. These were "Eleanore," by Coleridge Taylor, Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me" and "Love, I Have Won You," of Landron Ronald.

In the Puccini air Mr. Kingston's beau-

tiful quality of voice was not only a great asset, but gave place, even though the singer's features of a dramatic style were wanting. In lighter songs his singing was especially enjoyable for the sweet and tender feelings he showed and a freedom from all affectation.

NEW YORK PIANIST HEARD. Hattie Scholder-Edlin Gives a Recital at Aeolian Hall.

Hattie Scholder-Edlin, a local pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Her programme listed the Bach D minor toccata and fugue (Tausig's transcription), Chopin's B minor sonata, Scarlatti's sonata in A major, the Brahms rhapsody, opus 79, No. 2; Schumann's "Des Abends" and "Traumens-Willen," Moszkowski's etude in A flat, Liszt's concert etude in F minor and Rubinstein's etude in C major.

The pianist showed a command of large sonority, always within the normal limits of the piano, strong and rapid finger work and a fine singing tone. She was especially expert in the management of the pedal in sustaining significant tones in harmony and some of her tone color effects were excellent. Her rhythm too was well defined. Her playing in general, however, was not rich in imagination, and her readings, despite the qualities mentioned, were too often dry.

MRS. BIRMINGHAM SINGS. An Evening of Songs by a Contralto From San Francisco.

Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, contralto, gave a recital of songs last evening in Aeolian Hall. Mrs. Birmingham comes from the Pacific coast, even from California, where she is regarded as one of the leading contraltos now before the musical public. This inevitably makes comment on her art somewhat difficult for an Eastern observer. In New York there is neither local pride nor prejudice. People here do not care whether a musical artist comes from San Francisco, Hongkong or West Thirty-fourth street. If the last one cannot sing the cry is, "Back to Thirty-fourth street." If the first one can sing the cry is, "Stay here; do not return to San Francisco."

But if a local commentator dares to intimate that Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, the ideal California contralto, is not the ideal for New York he must be ready to face the charge of narrow minded Eastern prejudice. This being the case, THE SUN's musical chronicler makes not the least hesitation in saying that no reason whatever was disclosed in last evening's recital for Mrs. Birmingham's flight thitherward. At home she satisfies desires; here she will not.

Her voice is one of excellent quality, but her tone production is incorrect from top to bottom. Especially when she made sudden crescendo, of which she seemed remarkably fond, did she disclose that defect commonly called "throatiness." Dr. Floyd Muckey, a student of the vocal mechanism, objects to the use of such terms by critics and holds that the writers ought to speak scientifically. When the readers of daily newspapers and the singers are all expert physiologists the writers may perhaps accept the doctor's advice.

Meanwhile it may be sufficient for this day of evils to add that Mrs. Birmingham's tone was sombre throughout the scale. This word "sombre" is also a singer's term and is not scientific, but its meaning is perfectly well known to musicians and well informed amateurs. Singers who continually employ it can never give variety to their delivery, cannot delineate lighter thoughts, cannot be gay, happy or humorous, but are ever lugubrious and depressing. Therefore Mrs. Birmingham was no more discouraging when she sang Bononcini's "Per la gloria d'adoravi" than when she sang Schubert's "Geheimes." On the whole this was not a particularly uplifting evening of song.

Mme. Krueger Sings in Excellent Voice

Mme. Adele Krueger gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening before a good sized audience. The doors were not opened until half past eight, causing several hundred to shiver in the rain outside. Mme. Krueger sang songs by Brahms, Strauss, Duparc, Luckstone, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikowsky and Tifton. She possesses a pleasing and well trained soprano voice.

Walter Damrosch Wasted Twenty Minutes

Walter Damrosch wasted twenty minutes of valuable time in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon by inflicting on his audience two movements of "Thebes," by one Fanelli, a French scribe whom Gabriel Plerne rescued from evidently well-deserved obscurity a year or two ago by producing this composition, which was a seven days' wonder in Paris, because it was noised abroad (after it had been noised in the concert-hall) that in these "symphonic pictures" of Egypt Fanelli had anticipated, three decades ago, some of the boldest harmonic innovations of Debussy and his followers. If he really did preserve it unaltered as written in 1882, "Thebes" is certainly remarkable for that reason. But otherwise

it is uninteresting—absurdly true, coherent, uninspired; there is not even any real Oriental atmosphere in it. The second movement fell flat yesterday, not a hand was raised in applause, and there was very little of it after the third. The first was mercifully omitted. Probably Mr. Damrosch did not care to stand for more of these futurist inanities; yet he remarked before the performance that had Fanelli been encouraged he might have become the leading composer of France. In the names of Berlioz, Auber, Bizet, Gounod, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns, we say "bosh."

After this foolish attempt to boost mediocrity, the audience was in a mood for appreciating the D minor concerto of Bruch as played by Kathleen Parlow, and the orchestra's performance of a Volkmann serenade and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." In Carnegie Hall a large audience heard the Philharmonic Orchestra in an interesting programme, which reached its climax in a splendidly virile and emotional performance of Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony. After the slow movement, in which Xavier Reiter played the horn melody enchantingly, the whole orchestra had to rise in response to the enthusiastic applause.

Mme. Gerville-Reache, who sang an air from Berlioz's "Troyens" and one from Massenet's "Roma," was not in good voice, nor was she always true to the pitch. A welcome addition to the list of concert pieces was Massenet's "Scènes Pittoresques." It consists of a march, an air de ballet, Angelus, and a Fête Bohème, a series of minia-tures, but charmed with all the care that Massenet always expended on his work, large or small. In the march and in the delightful mazurka, which is called "Fête Bohème," a distinctly Hungarian touch is noticeable. The Angelus is longer and probably more popular than any of the other four, but still more beautiful is the luscious melody for the cello, accompanied by plucked strings, which opens the second movement. "Serenade" might have been a more appropriate name than "air de ballet" for this little gem.

MUSIC BY FANELLI HEARD AFTER YEARS

French Composer Discovered
by Pierre Takes Place on
Symphony Programme.

KATHLEEN PARLOW SOLOIST Volkmann and Strauss Contribute Numbers to a Pleasing Afternoon Concert.

Why did not George Moore know about Fanelli? Probably because a poor copyist could not carve his way into that august society which met at the New Athenian cafe. Fanelli's story is that one day he applied for work to Gabriel Plerne, and showed some specimens of his musical penmanship. Plerne examined the writing and inquired what it might be. Fanelli confessed that it was his own composition, whereupon Plerne determined that it ought to be heard.

The next day, after the performance, Fanelli was the most eagerly discussed man in Paris. Why? Because in music composed in 1882 he had anticipated Debussy in the employment of the whole tone scale, and in several other ways had marched far in advance of the modernists, especially in the contrivance of deadly harmonies and writhing melodies.

At the concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Walter Damrosch conducted two excerpts from Fanelli's symphonic pictures entitled "Thebes." They were "On the Nile" and "Triumphal Entrance of Pharaoh." These movements are preceded by one called "Thebes: Before the Palace of Tahoser," and the three are intended to illustrate the first three chapters of Theophile Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy." But the first movement was omitted yesterday.

Mr. Damrosch could not resist the temptation to say a word about Fanelli before interpreting his music. He hazarded the opinion that if the musician had heard his own music performed thirty years ago he might have developed into the most important master of the present in France; but the opportunity came when the period of development was gone forever. Mr. Damrosch may be right. Who can tell?

It is certain that the music heard yesterday had delineative power. It had also

orchestral mastery and its employment of the whole tone effects was as skilful and as graphic as Debussy's. The unusual results reached by the simple use of thirds in the first excerpt were enough to stamp Fanelli as a writer of original conception, while in the general planning of the color scheme there was proof of the existence of a real imagination. The entrance of Pharaoh had brilliancy as well as harmonic device and its instrumentation, including an insistent and relentless iteration of a drum rhythm, was masterly. Pierre was right; the man deserved a hearing.

The soloist of the concert was Kathleen Parlow, who played Bruch's D minor concerto for the violin, the second of his three. Miss Parlow was heard with pleasure, for her style is one of much charm and merit. But there were moments yesterday when her intonation was trying to the ear. The other numbers on the programme were Volkmann's F major serenade for strings and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The performance of the last work agreeably astonished the hearers, who naturally expected that it would not sound well in Aeolian Hall. On the contrary it was delightfully clear, musical and humorous. This was doubtless due to the conductor's mastery of the trying acoustics of the hall.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mme. Gerville-Reache Heard in Numbers From French Works.

The first of the Sunday afternoon concerts of the Philharmonic Society took place yesterday at Carnegie Hall. A programme of modern French music, with the second part given up to Tchaikowsky's fifty symphony, was offered, and the contralto Mme. Gerville-Reache of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company was the soloist.

Mr. Strinsky and his orchestra gave as an effective opening number the overture to Edouard Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys." Mme. Gerville-Reache sang an infrequently heard aria, "The Death of Dido," from "The Trojans" of Berlioz, the "Spring Song" from Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah" and the "Air de Posthumus" from Massenet's opera "Roma," a work produced at Monte Carlo in 1912 shortly before the composer's death.

The contralto caught fully the sombre and impassioned sentiment of the aria, and again in her later numbers she showed a power for dramatic feeling that her singing pure and simple could not match. She displayed a voice naturally superb in quality and range, but a mismanagement of it so bad that in some of her tones positive havoc was produced in their emission and the pitch entirely lost.

After the Berlioz aria came the orchestral suite "Scenes Pittoresques" of Massenet. The orchestra's reading of Tchaikowsky's symphony called forth much deserved applause, as it was full of fine tone quality, poetic feeling and well made climaxes.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

First Performance of Music by Fanelli, with a History.

It was no doubt necessary that the New York public should be introduced to the music of Eugene Fanelli, who gained the attention of Paris last year with his music and a pathetic story relating thereto, and Mr. Damrosch was the one to do it at the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. The pieces in question are a set of three "Symphonie pictures" called "Thebes," "On the Nile" and "Triumphal Entrance of Pharaoh," suggested by Gantier's "Romance of a Mummy." Their composer was making his living as a copyist of music, and brought his manuscript to Gabriel Pierné, conductor of the Colonne Orchestra, not as specimens of his composition, but of his friendship. The conductor saw something remarkable in them, and found that though they were composed in 1882, when Debussy was a student, they were couched in an idiom quite parallel with that which has since made such a mark in the world as of the younger man's devising. Fanelli, cking out a miserable existence in the lowest ranks, had never heard his music performed. Pierné performed it, and there was much excitement over the gifts and power of expression it discloses, foreshadowing much of the essential quality of the modern French School.

Mr. Damrosch explained this to the audience before playing the music, and justly remarked that, however pathetic the story, it could not affect the judgment of musicians or listeners as to the music itself. He pointed out, however, that, while the music might seem in places uncouth and unskilful, there could only be conjecture what Fanelli might have become had he had a chance to hear his music and to continue his work as a composer.

The first "picture" was omitted in the performance, and the last two were played. The music did seem uncouth and unskilful in more than one place. The one called "On the Nile" is an attempt to create an atmosphere, establish a mood, with not much musical substance. There is little or no attempt at giving the more, or less conventional "Oriental color" that musicians use when they are thinking of the Far East. The melodic intervals, often those of the "whole tone scale," and the effect of the harmonies based upon it, often of the keenest dissonance, do indeed suggest what is ordinarily attributed to Debussy. The composer has been less successful in the first piece

than in the second one played. Atmosphere, color, mood, do not really shine through this music. It produced very little effect upon the listeners, who let it pass without a single hand. The festive character of the second was easier of attainment. There is here Oriental monotony of rhythm, often accentuated by the insistent drum, there are brilliant and sonorous fanfares, sometimes successful touches of orchestration. But there are numerous "holes" in the orchestration, and it is evident here and there that the composer had not quite the skill to carry out fully his intention. There is interest, at least, in this piece, beyond the story of its origin; and there is a fragment of tragedy in the fact that nothing can probably be expected further from the man who wrote this music thirty years ago.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist whose appearance roused interest two and three seasons ago, and with reason, was the soloist. She played Bruch's second violin concerto in D minor. Miss Parlow's style has broadened and deepened, as well as gained in polish and refinement. Her powerful and sympathetic tone, her remarkable facility and precision of technique, her energetic bowing, are again admirable. Her playing of the concerto was robust and straightforward, not lacking in sentiment and warmth. It made a deep impression upon the audience, who recalled her several times.

The other orchestral numbers of the programme were Robert Volkmann's Serenade for strings in F in four movements, and Richard Strauss's tone poem "Till Eulenspiegel." The delicate charm, the truly individual spirit, the finished workmanship of Volkmann's serenade ought not to have been forgotten and neglected so long as they have been by orchestral conductors.

MUSICAL COMMENT

H. J. Triunfo
Nov. 17, 1913
Some Reflections on a Sunday's Doings.

RIGHTS OF SUBSCRIBERS

A Novelty at the Symphony Orchestra Concert—The Philharmonic Heard.

There are some wise critics who deem it to be a part of their duty to keep the public informed of the fact that a love for music is not necessarily demonstrated by devotion to opera. For them there was much to do yesterday, and most of it was attended with unpleasant circumstances than those encountered by the many people for whom music means opera and opera spells music. Some of the many had much to occupy their minds, however. The situation which confronted a few hundred opera lovers who for years have smiled at the frantic efforts of another few hundred to secure seats at the Metropolitan Opera House because they have been entrenched behind subscriptions obtained from the Tyson Company, was most disturbing. Well it might be. Evidently they who thought themselves so secure have been living in a fool's paradise. They thought themselves subscribers to the opera and found themselves only customers of a company of speculators, against whom they were powerless to enforce the simplest kind of a business contract—to compel a delivery of goods bought and paid for.

The question, as a matter of fact, is not so simple as that, for there are other obligations besides those of the speculators who sold the tickets and then hypothecated them, and those of the trust company that advanced the money and then asked the speculators' customers to redeem their property by paying for it a second time. There is something much greater than mere plausibility back of the theory that the custom of many years and the acts of the opera company have made the speculators, who have stood between would-be subscribers and the company, the agents of the latter. If they are that their customers are entitled to look to the company for redress of their unquestioned wrongs. No doubt the question will be presented to the legal tribunals for decision, and the facts will have an ugly look, in view of the altruistic attitude which the Metropolitan Opera Company has assumed in its case against Mr. Hammerstein. The case in an important aspect is in the hands of the court at the present juncture; whether Mr. Hammerstein's lawyers presented any argument half so forcible in his behalf as the Metropolitan company in neglecting to preserve their subscribers against imposition is doubtful. It has been held, we believe, that a ticket of admission to a theatre is a personal license, revocable at the will of the manager who issued it. No doubt many will think that the present muddle offered an opportunity to the Metropolitan company to do a great right by a judicious exercise of this privilege and the issuance of new tickets to the innocent purchasers of Tyson & Co.

Perhaps that is a sentimental view of the case. There is another, which has found expression in some violent charges

implying deep moral obliquity. If the tickets were purchased by Tyson & Co. and actually delivered to them, and if they had been sold to the subscribers, what is the attitude before the law of the company, which now seeks to sell them a second time to the owners, or, failing in that, offers to dispose of them to newcomers? What happened to the lawyer who died in disgrace a week or ten days ago, who was convicted of offering to return for a consideration the stolen property which a client had put into his hands? Whether or not there is a parallel between the cases is a question for a legal tribunal to decide, but it looks as if, for the sake of the Metropolitan Opera House, it ought never to have been permitted to arise.

Of the two concerts given by the city's two most important orchestras yesterday afternoon, the most interesting was that of the Symphony Orchestra, in Aeolian Hall, but there was enough of artistic value in that of the Philharmonic Society to make it seem a pity to lovers of symphonic music that the two affairs fell together. Mr. Damrosch offered a novelty in the shape of a piece of music which had a first performance under sensational conditions in Paris a year or so ago; but also he gave a first hearing for this season to that sterling young violinist, Miss Kathleen Parlow. She played Bruch's concerto in D minor, with a broad, sweet dignity of style which made even the hearing of the hackneyed piece a delight. The novelty was a portion of the music dignified by Egyptian titles and based on fantastic Franco-Egyptian rances by Fanelli, which had long been buried in obscurity until revealed by M. Pierné. When revealed, the critics discovered that Fanelli antedated Debussy in Debussysm, just as later they found some of the essence of the Frenchman's art in the Russian Moussorgsky's opera, "Boris Godonow." In consequence there was a brief hue and cry, and then the music was put back upon the shelf. It is a world in which the publicity agent is a strenuous and tireless worker; but it is not he, but the creative artist, who makes masterpieces.

In Carnegie Hall Mme. Gerville-Reache helped to entertain the Sunday patrons of the Philharmonic Society. H. E. K.

Violin Lovers Hear Gardner in Recital

H. J. Triunfo
Nov. 17, 1913
The Little Theatre held a fashionable audience last evening, when Samuel Gardner gave an interesting violin recital. In each of his nine contributions to the programme this promising musician gave evidence of individuality, sincere feeling and skill. Mr. Dostal sang tenor arias by Puccini and Donizetti, while Emil Newman and Walter Golde gave valuable support at the piano.

ARTISTIC FEATURES OF OPERA OPENING

H. J. Triunfo
Nov. 18, 1913
Echoes of Ticket Scandal
Do Not Mar Music of "La Gioconda."

BRILLIANT FIRST NIGHT OF PROMISING SEASON

Caruso and Destinn, Amato, Matzenauer and Duchene Give Now Life to Ancient Aairs.

By way of contrast and relief the operatic doings of two months past and the more or less scandalous incidents in connection with the distribution of a few hundred seats belonging to subscribers to the season threw the first night of the Metropolitan season into a higher light than any of its predecessors in many years, not that the social aspect of the affair was any more brilliant than many of its predecessors, or that any hitherto unheard of excellence attached to the opera or its performance. It was only because circumstances combined to heighten recognition of what the Metropolitan opera means to New York. The fact only seems to add to the feeling of public humiliation which the ticket scandal has caused. From every point of view it was unpardonable, and ought to have been impossible. Whether or not the careless attitude of the public will permit it to be glossed over and the policy of the opera company allow its reputation as things which need not be discussed just now. The fact which will always confront everybody directly concerned in it is that a threat of proceedings in replevin brought forth property innocently purchased promptly paid for and withheld from its owners on technical grounds, which in no wise concerned the purchas-

ers. It is to be hoped for the good of opera and the honor of the Metropolitan Company that the impossibility of such a scandal will never arise again.

The opera was "La Gioconda," which had made a brilliant opening for the Metropolitan season before, though if it ever was performed with more effectiveness in any department than it was last night may be questioned. Since it was first brought forward, just thirty years ago, as the most glittering feature of the first season of opera at the house in upper Broadway it has had many vicissitudes. For a long time its score accumulated dust on the library shelves; its scenery, voted gorgeous in its day, was put to various more or less ignoble uses. Nobody seemed to miss the work, which, without all its musical vulgarity and its crass melodramaticism, is yet tremendously effective because of its direct appeal to the faculties which the ordinary opera devotee carries with him to the lyric playhouse. But since there has been a Caruso to sing in it it has been a delight to the multitude, and since a Destinn has joined him in it it has provided moments of supreme artistic pleasure to the lovers of good dramatic song. Both of these artists gave of the plenitude of their gifts to last night's representation; and with them were associated Signor Amato, a master of dramatic song when he is willing to forego his love of vocal exaggeration; Mme. Matzenauer, owner of a magnificent voice and the ability to use it wisely and well; Maria Duchene, an unexpectedly capable representative of the blind woman, and several singers of less importance. But with the foremost of the performers were Signor Toscanini and the inconspicuous members of the orchestra. H. E. K.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. LA GIOCONDA, opera in four acts and five scenes, book by Tobio Gorrio, music by Ponchielli.

La Gioconda.....Miss Emmy Destinn
Laura Adorno.....Mme. Margarete Matzenauer
Alvise Badoero.....Mr. Andrea De Segura
La Cieca.....Mme. Maria Duchene
Enzo Grimaldo.....Mr. Enrico Caruso
Barnaba.....Mr. Pasquale Amato
Zuane.....Mr. Bernard Begu
Un Cantore.....Mr. Vincenzo Reschiglian
Leopoldo.....Mr. Pietro Audisio

"GIOCONDA," WITH GREAT CAST

A Finished Performance of Ponchielli's Opera—Caruso in Good Voice.

La Gioconda.....Miss Emmy Destinn
Laura Adorno.....Mme. Margarete Matzenauer
Alvise Badoero.....Mr. Andrea De Segura
La Cieca.....Mme. Maria Duchene
Enzo Grimaldo.....Mr. Enrico Caruso
Barnaba.....Mr. Pasquale Amato
Zuane.....Mr. Bernard Begu
Un Cantore.....Mr. Vincenzo Reschiglian
Leopoldo.....Mr. Pietro Audisio
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

'LA GIOCONDA' OPENS

NEW OPERA SEASON

H. J. Triunfo
Sixth of the Series Under the

Direction of Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

Nov. 18, 1913

PERFORMANCE WELL GIVEN

Mr. Caruso. Mr. Amato. Mme. Destinn and Mme. Matzenauer the Principals.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The sixth season of opera under the direction of Giulio Gatti-Casazza began at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. With the disturbances which had ruffled the air this particular account has no concern; the story is told elsewhere. Here begins the unadorned record of the season's musical activities. The opera with which the long series of delights began was Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," which had already been heard this season in English at the Century Opera House.

It was not the first intention of Mr. Gatti-Casazza to begin with the work heard last evening. He had selected Massenet's "Manon" just as last year he chose Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The only and singular Geraldine Farrar, adored of young girls, was to have impersonated the foolish heroine just as she had previously done in the Puccini work. But Miss Farrar has been indulging in airy song recitals and costumes and she caught cold. Thus she was deprived of the distinction of helping Mr. Caruso to usher in the season and the giant's robe fell upon the ample shoulders of Emmy Destinn.

In view of the popularity of "La Gioconda" in these days it is interesting to read some of the comments made on it in earlier years. For example, Streatfeild says it "overflows with melody of a rather commonplace description." In the next paragraph he continues: "The most promising of Ponchielli's pupils is Giacomo Puccini, a composer who has not

Europe, though several of his works have been successful in Italy." That was written in 1896.

In the latest edition of the *Clementi* et *Larousse* "Dictionnaire des Opéras," revised by the industrious Arthur Pougin, we read that "La Gioconda" is the most important work produced by the modern Italian school since "Aida." This authority, however, does not reach the development of Mr. Puccini beyond his "Manon Lescaut."

It would be interesting to know precisely what the sum of opinion among really musical operators of the present day in New York would be in regard to Puccini's work. No extraordinary public excitement was caused by its production at the Century Opera House earlier in the season, and it seems probable that "Cielo e mar" and Mr. Caruso are the most potent factors in its success, as stated somewhat by two or three other vocal features and a ballet.

The performance of the opera last evening was one of uncommon excellence. Although all of the principals had been concerned in the same interpretation before and despite the fact that some of them were deficient in their wonted velvet, the spirit with which all entered into the discharge of their duties and the command of the style possessed by all of them made the representation one to give plentiful and substantial pleasure to the large audience.

Naturally the lion's share of the applause fell to Mr. Caruso as *Enzo Grimaldo*. He was cordially received on his entrance and there was a vigorous attempt to induce him to repeat "Cielo e mar." He showed excellent judgment in declining to accept the invitation.

Emmy Destinn is never at her best as *La Gioconda*, but she sings the role with understanding and with devotion; and in it she has her truly great moments. Mme. Matzenauer too has more perfectly fitting roles than *Laura*, but she is too well equipped an artist to do anything in an uninteresting manner. Mr. Amato was not in good voice. Mme. Duchene must have a word of commendation for her *Cleca*, which was sung with some style. Mr. Toscanini conducted, but there will be more important things to say about him on subsequent occasions than last night's opera suggested.

Metropolitan Opera Begins.

The season of grand opera in four languages opened last night at the Metropolitan. It was a great occasion, it is needless to say, for society folk, to whose operation is due the fact that New York has the most expensive opera in the world; a great occasion, also, to those—and they are in the majority—to whom costly stars are of more importance than the operas themselves. Everything, in short, wore a costly aspect last night—except the opera itself, Puccini's "La Gioconda," which is for the most part about as cheap as music can be.

Had it been possible to carry out the original plan of opening the season with Massenet's "Manon," the audience would have heard a masterpiece, interpreted by Geraldine Farrar, Caruso, and Toscanini with superlative art. Miss Farrar's illness prevented this. Caruso, of course, had to appear anyway, and he has a part in "La Gioconda" which gives him opportunities to display his beautiful voice and rare art of singing; opportunities of which he made delightful use last night. It is violating no secret to say that it is owing chiefly to his inclusion in the cast that "La Gioconda" has been able to hold its place in the Metropolitan repertory. For while there is plenty of melody in the score, it is for the most part exasperatingly commonplace, even in the ballet music, which makes its chief appeal to the eyes. As usual, the dances were picturesquely done on this occasion. Mr. Amato, who has a prominent part in the cast, did not sing well, but Mme. Destinn gave much pleasure to the audience and words of praise are due to others concerned, notably Mme. Matzenauer, Mme. Duchene, and Mr. De Segura.

It seems a pity to waste so much good vocal art on so tawdry an opera when the same big cast would float some neglected masterpiece. Scenically, the production has its merits, but in the matter of realism there are some curious lapses. It might be well to send a few stage hands to Venice to learn how to run a gondola. Inasmuch as this scenery was presumably painted in Italy, why are the surroundings of the Doge's palace not correctly reproduced on the stage?

RECITAL BY HARRIS

No Surprises in Concert Heard by Moderate Audience.

George Harris, Jr., gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, a recital which drew an audience of moderate proportions. Mr. Harris is not unknown in the concert-going world, and yesterday brought no surprises. His voice is a small one, of little virility of timbre, but one which he uses with

taste and discretion.

He was perhaps as pleasing in Hugo Wolf's "Nimmersatte Liebe" and in his French songs as in anything he sang yesterday. Mr. Harris has neither the voice nor the art that stirs the heart to frenzy or the eye to tears, but neither his voice nor his art ever offend the canons of good taste. His audience evidently appreciated this and enjoyed his offerings accordingly.

"TROVATORE" AT CENTURY.

New Tenor, Henri Barron, as Manrico, and Lois Ewell, Leonora.

Lois Ewell, Kathleen Howard, Florence Coughlan, Henri Barron, Morton Adkins, Alfred Kaufman, Vernon Dalhart, John Interrante.

At the Century Opera House last night the first performance of a week's engagement of "Il Trovatore" was given. Various phrases have been used at various times to describe the hold this Verdi opera has on the affections of the public, and it evidently remained strong enough at least to have drawn a large audience last night to the Century. The performance was an interesting one. Lois Ewell returned to the company after an absence, and her singing of the role of Leonora, which she invested with a human charm that is not always looked for in the portrayal of heroines of the old school, was the most enjoyable single feature of the evening.

The performance brought forward as Manrico a tenor who had not before appeared with the company, in the person of Henri Barron, who had been heard with the Savage production of "The Girl of the Golden West" on tour. His singing last night was not impressive. Morton Adkins was heard to advantage as the Count di Luna, and Kathleen Howard had effective moments as the old gypsy, Azucena. The production was very good scenically. Carlo Nicolsia conducted with skill and discretion.

'IL TROVATORE' SANG AT CENTURY OPERA

Verdi's Old Time Work Heard by Lovers of English

Lyric Drama.

A NEW TENOR APPEARS

Performance Suffers From Poor Condition of Voices of Some Singers.

It might be impossible to arrive by inference at the correct conclusion in regard to last evening's performance at the Century Opera House. The opera presented was that ancient battle horse "Il Trovatore." There was a time when impresarios were wont to say that this work was always certain to attract a large audience. But naturally times change and public taste changes with them. Yet there have been occasions even in recent seasons when "Il Trovatore" was heard by large assemblies at the Metropolitan Opera House.

To deduce from these facts a conclusion that people did not wish to hear the opera in English would be to proceed in a direction diametrically opposite to that followed by the managers of the uptown lyric temple in their plans. They have lately abandoned performances of operas with their original texts on the ground that the audiences preferred to hear them all in English.

There are two other solutions of the problem, one that the opening of the season at the Metropolitan injured the triumphant progress of the Century, and the other that the public wished for a stronger cast. Neither solution appears to have much value. The singers with one exception were those to whom Century audiences are accustomed and there was no opera at the Metropolitan last evening.

It must be—alas, that it should have to be—that "Il Trovatore" is growing gray and feeble and that its pulses can be made to beat with vigor only when they are stirred by celebrated singers. The one indisputable fact remains, to wit, that the audience of last evening was not as large as most of its predecessors nor was there any great enthusiasm.

There was a new tenor, namely Henri Barron, who was a good looking Manrico, and who showed some knowledge of stage routine. But Mr. Barron's voice was either temporarily in bad condition or it has suffered from hard usage. It lacked clearness and resonance and most of the tenor's singing was exceedingly labored.

Miss Ewell was the Leonora, and in the early scenes she displayed an ambition to impersonate the role on lines of her own and cast tradition to the winds. Her Leonora was a young and rather vivacious

maiden and was decidedly disinclined to take the dire threats of the Count seriously. She sang her music in a pretty but not heroic style.

Kathleen Howard was the representative of Azucena, the Little Buttercup of grand opera. Miss Howard's contribution to the performance had certain solid merits, chiefly in the department of conception; but, as in some other roles, her singing was hampered by the want of a useful upper register.

Morton Adkins was the unfortunate Count di Luna. On the whole his treatment of the part was creditable, despite the fact that he was palpably hoarse. Alfred Kaufman undertook the sorry part of Ferrando.

Mr. Nicolsia conducted the opera and even he was unable to get satisfactory results from the orchestra. The chorus sang passably, and the industrious ballet showed how gypsies amble when departing from the mountains in search of food. But one thing may be confidently predicted and that is that the performances of "Il Trovatore" will improve as the week wears on.

THE MARGULIES TRIO.

A Chamber Composition of Wolf-Ferrari Has First Hearing.

The Adele Margulies Trio opened its tenth season last night with a concert in Aeolian Hall. This organization is one enjoying favor with the musical public both for the excellence of its ensemble and the high grade of merit found in its programmes. It offers annually a variety of the best works in standard chamber music literature and it is always on the alert to produce good novelties.

The players of the trio are Miss Margulies, piano; Leopold Lichtenberg, violin, and Leo Schulz, cellist. They were greeted by a large audience last night. The programme offered consisted of Brahms's trio in E major, opus 8 (revised version); the sonata for piano and violin in F major, opus 8, of Grieg, and a trio in D major, opus 5, by Wolf-Ferrari. The composition by Wolf-Ferrari had not been played before in America. It is one of the composer's six works in chamber form, all of which belong to his earlier achievements. The trio was well presented last evening and made a favorable impression.

It is certainly of a highly youthful and romantic spirit and herein may be said to lay the chief charm of its four movements. It contains few dull passages; there is abundant melody and a clear construction.

The Brahms trio, revised by its author about forty years after it had first been written, is of especial interest to this musical public, as it was by this work that the composer was introduced to America by William Mason, the pianist, who played with Theodore Thomas and Carl Bergman at a concert in 1855 given in Dodsworth's Hall in this city. Both the trio and the Grieg sonata as played last night were delightful assets in the programme as a whole. The playing of Miss Margulies and her associate, Mr. Lichtenberg in the sonata was a prominent feature.

THE MARGOLIES TRIO.

A Composition by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari Played for First Time Here.

Probably Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's trio, Op. 5, No. 3, would hardly have had a place on the programme of the Adele Margulies Trio, as it had last evening at their first concert this season, if he had not had three operas successfully performed in New York. But if not highly important, it is agreeable music, the early work of a young musician who did not try to be severe or profound, nor yet to write in the latest idiom of Italy, France, or Germany, and who had some melodic invention at his command and was not afraid to use it. Though its matter is not important, it is written with skill and a genuine feeling for construction and cohesive form. Wolf-Ferrari wrote a number of chamber compositions in his earlier years, of which a sonata for piano and violin and a piano quintet had previously been played here. This trio was worth playing and gave pleasure to a discriminating audience in the excellent performance offered by Miss Margulies, Mr. Lichtenberg, and Mr. Schulz.

They played also Brahms's beautiful trio in B major, Op. 8, in the revision by which he so much improved it thirty-seven years after its first publication, and Miss Margulies and Mr. Lichtenberg played Grieg's sonata for piano and violin, another Op. 8.

THE MANNEK RECITAL.

A New Sonata by an American Has First Performance.

The first of the series of sonata recitals planned by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes took place yesterday afternoon in the delightful auditorium of the Princess Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Mannes have labored for several seasons in building up a clientele for their interesting entertainments, and the growth of the popularity of these concerts has been one of the pleasant manifestations of the advance of musical taste in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannes ventured to subject themselves last summer to the ordeal of appearance in London and there also they found a cordial recognition of their art. Sonatas for violin and piano are numerous and the form was no stranger to the local concert room when the happy pair began to specialize with it. But it had enjoyed only a haphazard existence and the musical public seldom enjoyed opportunity to hear the best works in this genre under satisfying conditions.

With a small and reposeful audience room, a little company of sympathetic

listeners and two performers whose affections are deeply engaged by their self-appointed task and whose musicianship is sufficiently good, the ideal is attained probably as nearly as it can be in a world full of deficiencies, chiefly human.

The programme yesterday consisted of Veracini's sonata in E minor, which was heard for the first time at these concerts; John Powell's "Sonata Virginiensis" in E major, played for the first time in public, and Schumann's sonata in D minor, opus 121. Mr. Powell is an American, born in Richmond in 1882, and music of his has already been made known here. On December 14, 1912, Efrem Zimbalist played his violin concerto, which was received as a composition showing promise.

Yesterday's work is in three movements but without pause. The first is entitled "In the Quarters" and has a slow introduction followed by an allegro macioso. The second, "In the Woods," is the andante and the third, "In the Big House; Virginia Reel," is the finale, marked allegro giocoso. The composer, as in his violin concerto, has utilized themes borrowed from the melodic idiom of negro song and has treated them with the complex harmonies of sophisticated music.

He has also developed his themes, where necessary, in the manner established by the fathers of the sonata form. The composition was surely not intended to be a profound work, but rather a pleasing bit for the ear seeking rest and refreshment amid the tumult and the shoutings of contemporary art. As such it has a certain if not large value. It was only tolerably played, Mrs. Mannes in particular seeming to find difficulties in the piano part. The pure and beautiful old Veracini sonata was performed admirably.

MUSICAL NOTES AND COMMENT

Yesterday's Doings and the Opera Ticket Situation.

There were several musical entertainments yesterday which ordinarily might have called for attention, but which under the circumstances were just about as exciting as the Sunday afternoon meetings used to be when a few good people who loved and could play chamber music gathered together, and if a new sonata for pianoforte and violin or a new pianoforte trio had recently appeared in print, played it and talked over its beauties; if there were no new works the old ones did service. Everybody was happy in the knowledge of an hour well spent—at least nobody had got into any mischief. Such innocuous and wholly commendable entertainments were the recital of sonatas for pianoforte and violin given in the afternoon at the Princess Theatre by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes and the concert of chamber music in the evening at the Aeolian Hall by the Adele Margulies Trio. At each of these meetings new music was performed for the entertainment of those who hear such music only on public occasions—a "Virginian" sonata at the former and a trio by Wolf-Ferrari, who is German-Italian by birth and American by marriage—but there was nothing revolutionary in this new music, and, having been heard, enjoyed and, let us hope, assimilated, it will beyond question be so speedily forgotten as to make one recall the familiar epitaph on the baby.

There was something different in the recital of violin music at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon given by Mr. Fritz Kreisler, whose great gifts and popularity make it possible for him to be one of the greatest artistic missionaries of the age. No violinist can bring together such audiences as his, none create greater enthusiasm, or give greater pleasure. Of late he seems inclined to put his powers to what seems to be a small use—to tickle the senses by the most fascinating presentation of small things. So yesterday. But in one view, and a particularly significant one just now, this is not a petty use of his powers. The social world has gone mad over the dance. Mr. Kreisler seems unconsciously to have anticipated this tendency some years ago, when he began to arrange old dance pieces for concert performance. The charm of their music as he plays them is irresistible, and if he could restore a love for the old movements which they used to inspire, to offset the prevalent vulgarity, he would be entitled to be hailed as a moral reformer, as well as one of the greatest of living musical virtuosi. No greater proof of that fact was needed than the enthusiasm of a stupendous audience at his recital yesterday.

Yet when the whole record is made of what happened in the music rooms yesterday there remains uppermost the question in its moral, legal and artistic aspects of what the Metropolitan Opera House Company is going to do to make good its

claim to being a great popular cultural institution in America. Is it going to purge itself of all stain in connection with the opera ticket scandal? Is it going to make official announcement that hereafter the public may deal with it directly in respect of subscriptions as well as tickets for single performances? Is it going to make good its pleadings in a case in which until the recent disclosures no lover of good art could withhold his sympathy and support? Is it going to show that neither in act nor in sympathy it was guilty of encouraging the effort of a company with which it is by the name of one of its directors affiliated, to repudiate a contract unquestionably valid between it and the purchaser of one of its certificates of admission? That is the question of the day and the one which the company ought to answer voluntarily, without legal compulsion. H. E. K.

MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL.

H. E. K. *Nov. 19-11-13*
The Great Violinist Makes His First Appearance This Season.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, who came to America last season for only a few orchestral concerts and offered no solo recitals, has returned this season to give much of himself in both these ways. He made a beginning yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall with a recital. Every time he returns, Mr. Kreisler's noble, virile, versatile, and widely sympathetic art seems finer than it did before; for he is an artist still young and still in the process of growth toward the highest things. And yet the judgment that he is among the greatest of contemporary artists is already one that can be bestowed upon him without fear.

He did not show all his greatest qualities in his recital yesterday, though there was indeed matter that brought out some of his finest musicianship—the E major suite of Bach, of which the prelude and gavotte are often played, the two minuets and gigue much less often. It is a solo suite as Bach wrote it, but Schumann added skilfully and judiciously a pianoforte accompaniment, and it was this version that Mr. Kreisler played yesterday, though nothing was said about it on the programme, as there should have been. Mr. Kreisler's tone did not have all through his composition quite its full sensuous beauty and smoothness which was manifested later in the programme; but it had a masculine and searching power. The splendid vigor, nerve, and rhythmic elasticity of his performance, especially of the prelude, his warmth and breadth of style, and the pregnant significance of his phrasing made it memorable.

Mr. Kreisler has long given his attention to music of the pre-classical period, of which he always has an accumulation on his programme in short pieces, often arrangements or transcriptions. Some of these are of a tenuous nature and are not quite worth the time and skill that he devotes to them, at least in such numbers. There were several in his group yesterday that well repaid attention, as a noble slow movement by Johann Sebastian Bach's son, Wilhelm Friedmann, and the prelude and allegro by Paganini and the variations by Tartini, which are familiar. There were others of less significance, and the least of them, "La Chasse," by Cartier, who exploits in it all the conventionalities of a hunting piece, and very few musical ideas, was the most popular. Mr. Kreisler was induced to repeat it—and, to be sure, he played it with an adroit delicacy, even if not always in perfect intonation. Pieces, all short, by Gluck, Schumann, and Mozart. Mr. Kreisler's own popular "Caprice Viennois," and three of Paganini's caprices were the other numbers on the programme. There were some of the audience who would have liked to see a great artist devoting more attention to greater music, more worthy of his powers and his art. Fortunately, there will be opportunity for them to be gratified before the season is much older.

MR. KREISLER'S CONCERT.

H. E. K. *Nov. 19-11-13*
Great Violinist Receives Much Applause From Large Audience.

Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The word "great" is tossed about with little discrimination, but readers of the musical department of THE SUN are well aware that it is here used very rarely indeed. In regard to Mr. Kreisler it can be employed with a precision of English impossible to surpass. The artist was heard yesterday by an audience which filled the large hall and was insatiate in its demands.

Mr. Kreisler was forced to repeat "La Chasse," by Cartier, the great pupil of Viotti, and to provide an extra number after a set of variations by Tartini. After Mozart's rondo in G major he was again made to play an encore number, and he had to repeat his own "Caprice Viennois." Concluding his programme with three caprices by Paganini he was recalled again and again and had to play still more extra numbers.

It is not many years since violinists felt obliged to litter their programmes with trick pieces, scrambles of harmonics, pizzicati of the left hand and chromatic smears. Audiences yearned to hear feats. But thanks to the devotion of a few honorable artists, such as Ysaye and Kreisler, no violin music is better loved to-day than the noble old works of the

classic masters of this instrument.

Therefore the mere record of the first part of Mr. Kreisler's programme yesterday is significant. It consisted of Sebastian Bach's suite in E major, a grave movement by his son, Friedemann Bach, Couperin's "Chanson Louis XIII. and Pavane" (this from a pianist), a prelude and allegro by Pugnani, a sarabande and allegretto by Corelli, and the Cartier and Tartini numbers already mentioned. It remains only to add that the artist played like Kreisler.

French Melodies and Old Verses Please Hearers

H. E. K.

Misses Edith M. Searle and Maud Ethel Jones Give Charming Recital in Costume.

Nov. 20-11-13

Two young women in costume gave a recital of French folk songs and stories at Delmonico's yesterday morning. They were Miss Maud Ethel Jones and Miss Edith M. Searle. A quaint charm and a pleasing simplicity made the entertainment distinctive.

The story telling was done by Mrs. Searle, who with unaffected simplicity and an intimate manner recited Austin Dobson's "Lines on a Fan" and Lang's translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette."

Miss Jones, who is the possessor of a sweet, sympathetic voice and a stage presence which, while it differs from that of the concert singer, is delightful in its ease and lack of self-consciousness, sang several songs, which were interesting from the fact that they are rarely heard. The first song was "Merci Chantant," a song of the twelfth century. Other very old works were Adam de la Halle's "J'ai Encore un tel Paté," which dates from 1285; "Plus ne Suis ce que J'ai Eté," by Clement Marat, and a sixteenth century melody called "Les Romanesca." She also sang a pastorelle, four bergerettes and a minuet taken from music of the eighteenth century.

Both young women were charming in appearance. Miss Searle costumed as a Lady of Provence of the thirteenth century and Miss Jones in the quaint garb of a peasant of Normandy.

Five young women acted as programme girls. They were Misses Dorothy Fox, Marjory Webster, Helene Vander Poel, Grace Kerr and Marjory Young.

RECITAL BY MR. BACHAUS.

H. E. K.
German Pianist's Interpretations

Once More Command High Praise.

Nov. 20-11-13
Wilhelm Bachaus, a German pianist, who made his debut here in January of last year and was heard several times with pleasure, made his reappearance yesterday afternoon in recital at Aeolian Hall. The programme presented by Mr. Bachaus once again showed him to be a musician of high ideals and his performance disclosed anew the high qualities which commanded admiration during his previous stay in this country.

He began with Saint-Saens's piano arrangement of the overture to the twenty-ninth cantata of Bach, also known as a movement in one of the violin suites. Mr. Bachaus played this music with splendid virility and with the assurance of confident authority. His reading of the great C minor sonata, opus 111, of Beethoven, which followed, was notable rather for the boldness of its style than for penetrative insight. The variations, however, had moments of noble musical beauty, especially the variation with the difficult shakes, which was played with exquisite clarity and with lovely tone.

Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia, which is rarely heard in these days, was the third number, and here indeed Mr. Bachaus sustained a very high level of interest. There was breadth of style in the first allegro and genuine interpretative power in the slow movement. The performance as a whole was one to increase the respect which this artist has earned.

An extended group of Chopin compositions followed, and the recital came to an end with Liszt's twelfth rhapsody. Mr. Bachaus had a good audience, whose applause was at times a little premature. It is always well to be quite certain that the end of a composition has been reached before beating eager palms.

MOZART'S OPERA

H. E. K.

Nov. 20-11-13
The German Part a Good Foot Forward on the Second Night.

Perhaps because there were no art-weary persons with jaded appetites in the audience, perhaps, also, because there were no tired and indifferent persons concerned in the performance, Mozart's "Zauberflöte" received a representation at the Metropolitan Opera House last night which caused a swelling of the heart in many music lovers that they had not felt for many long

days. In its externals the performance resembled the memorable ones of last season, when the generally neglected, much misunderstood and frequently travestied opera was given not only the scenic furnishings which it deserved, but when also respect was shown to its music. But there were features which to its intelligent lovers made it more consistently lovely than ever before. The exquisite concerted music of the three ladies of the always invisible court of the mysterious Queen of Night was better sung than it was last year, when there seemed to be some obstacle in the way of the euphony, which, if it falls in Mozart, leaves a lack which is lamentable indeed. Last night the three singers were Vera Curtiss, Miss Lillian Eubank and Miss Lila Robison, whose voices blended so well that it was no longer possible to say that the three ladies had to yield the palm to the three geni, as was the case a twelve-month ago. Of course, Mozart, while kind to them, poured out riches for the three boys, whose music is as a flood of golden sheen; but it is well when there needs to be neither comparison nor contrast between the performances. That was the case last night, when the names of Miss Sparkes, Miss Cox and Miss Mattfield could be bracketed with those of their companions in grateful recognition.

Small people these, the Continental operagoer will say, when there are artists to sing the music of the Queen of Night, of Pamina, of Sarastro, and Tamino, the Prince of Nomansland, of Papageno and Papagena. But there are no insignificant personages in Mozart's opera when a well equipped establishment, a devout conductor and an intelligent impresario undertake its representation. Then Mozart's music glorifies the seemingly foolish phantasmagoria from the first note of the overture to the last note of the score, and so last night its lovers went out of the house grateful to Mr. Gatti, to Mr. Hertz, to Mme. Hempel, who was at her full artistic stature in her two arias; to Mme. Destinn, who preserved the artistic and dramatic dignity of a princess in her singing and acting of the part of Pamina; to Mr. Ullrich, who was as manly a prince as the book allowed him to be; to Mr. Griswold, who, as before, gave a lesson in noble dramatic diction as the representative of Sarastro, who needed none when he appeared in the person of Mr. Braun; to the inimitable comedians, Mr. Goritz, Mme. Alten and Mr. Reiss; finally, in no different but not smaller degree, to orchestra and chorus.

LAST MOZART OPERA FINELY PRESENTED

H. E. K. *Nov. 20-11-13*
"Die Zauberflöte" Has Second

Night in Metropolitan Season.

PERFORMANCE PLEASES

Music Generally Well Sung and Scenic Attire Interesting to Eye.

Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" was brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, the second of the subscription series of the infant season. The work was given last season and with most of the singers concerned in last night's representation. Jacques Ullrich was less familiar than Leo Slezak as Tamino, though he did sing the role last season. The second of the Queen of the Night's ladies was Lillian Eubank, a new member of the company, who made her debut and disclosed the possession of a voice of plentiful quantity and excellent quality.

Mr. Ullrich deserves praise for the sincerity of his treatment of the music of Tamino and for his general appreciation of the style. But it must be confessed that his delivery is quite devoid of the suavity of manner, the elegance of phrase, required by Mozart's music. The other members of the cast repeated their excellent contributions to a noteworthy ensemble.

In such a case as this an enumeration of individual merits seems to be called for with more than ordinary pressure, though in general a performance of "Die Zauberflöte" must be gauged rather by its sum total of results. But memory dwells with delight on the charm of Emmy Destinn's art in the music of Pamina, on the bumptious humor of Otto Goritz as Papageno, and on the nicely limited farce of Mr. Reiss as Monostatos.

Frieda Hempel as the Queen was much better than she was last season. She sang the florid air in the second act admirably. There were two other members of the cast whose singing was especially admirable. Mr. Griswold once more de-

livered the music of the Queen of the Night with noble repose, suavity and feeling. It is a joy to hear this important bit done by an artist of Mr. Griswold's rank. As for Mr. Braun, his Sarastro was imposing, just as it was last winter.

The new scenic attire provided for the revival of the opera a year or so back is still interesting. The rearrangement of the staging shows what can be done with the aid of modern appliances to relieve Mozart's opera of much of the tedium occasioned by frequent changes of scene and the consequent interruption of the interest. Mr. Hertz conducted the work once more and to him must be awarded much of the praise for the high artistic results attained.

The opera, which is presented with but one intermission, is not calculated to display the audience for a very long period; therefore there was but a fleeting glimpse last night of the box occupants and the costumes of the women.

H. E. K.
Miss Hempel, the Star of Second Performance of the Season,

Wins Great Applause.

Nov. 20-11-13
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—THE MAGIC FLUTE, opera by Mozart.

Sarastro.....	Mr. Carl Braun
Königin der Nacht.....	Miss Frieda Hempel
Pamina.....	Miss Emmy Destinn
Erste Dame.....	Miss Vera Curtiss
Zweite Dame.....	Miss Lillian Eubank
Dritte Dame.....	Miss Lila Robison
Erster Knaube.....	Miss Laura Sparkes
Zweiter Knaube.....	Miss Louise Cox
Dritter Knaube.....	Miss Marie Mattfield
Tamino.....	Mr. Jacques Ullrich
Sprecher.....	Mr. Putnam Griswold
Erster Priester.....	Mr. Lambert Murphy
Zweiter Priester.....	Mr. Carl Schlegel
Dritter Priester.....	Mr. Julius Bayer
Papageno.....	Mr. Otto Goritz
Papagena.....	Mme. Bella Allen
Monostatos.....	Mr. Albert Reiss

REGER AT PHILHARMONIC

New Suite Played Dedicated to

Nov. 21 Josef Stransky. 1913

The Philharmonic Orchestra at its regular Thursday evening concert offered to the expectant American public a new composition by Max Reger, "A Ballet Suite," Op. 130. This suite was of particular interest, in that it is dedicated by the composer to Josef Stransky, the conductor of last night's concert. Mr. Stransky gave to the work a labor of love, so much so that he repeated the fifth movement, a Valse d'Amour, much to the delight of the large audience. This waltz was surely Johann Strauss, despite the fact that it was written by a mind so far removed as that of the Munich composer. The suite was in six short movements—Entrée, Columbine, Harlequin, Pierrot et Pierrette, Valse d'Amour and Tarantelle. There was much throughout that was distinctively Reger, but there was a good deal of life and humor in the third movement, and a catching rhythm in the last. The composition will scarcely prove of lasting interest in our concert field, but last night it abundantly held the audience's attention.

The solo performer was Leopold Kramer, the Philharmonic's new concertmaster, who gave a very musical, if hardly brilliant, reading of the Bruch concerto No. 2, in D minor. Mr. Kramer's tone was fairly warm and his bowing broad in style. If there was little inspiration in the spirit he invoked. The programme opened with the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" and closed with Tschalkowsky's Fourth Symphony.

THE PHILHARMONIC PLAYS

A New Suite by Max Reger—Leopold Kramer, Concert Master, as Soloist.

A new composition by Max Reger, his "Ballet Suite," Op. 130, was played for the first time in New York at last evening's concert of the Philharmonic Society, and was found interesting and attractive in a measure beyond many of the prolific German composer's works that have been heard here. It is one of his latest—though in the case of one who so frequently bestows new ones on the world it would be dangerous to say that it was his very latest. It had a special interest for the audience of his Philharmonic Society from the fact that it is dedicated to Mr. Stransky, who brought it with him on his return this Autumn to New York.

Reger has dropped or concealed much of his contrapuntal severity in the six movements of this suite, which moves in the imaginary world of a pantomime, and is concerned with the conventional characters of the ballet, Columbine, Harlequin, Pierrot, and Pierrette, with a Valse d'Amour, and gives in addition an Entrée and a Finale. There is play of fancy in the six movements, and though the composer uses only a moderate orchestral apparatus he uses it with much skill in gaining varied and delicate orchestral tints. There is something alluring in the amorous languor of the "Columbine" and in the unstable kaleidoscopic harmony of the "Harlequin" with its abrupt and unexpected ending. A cello solo is the principal feature of the "Pierrot," but there are many interesting fragmentary suggest-

underdeveloped. The... It... called for a second time.

The orchestra played the Ballet Suite unusually well, with fine finish, and a full exposition of the rich and delicate orchestral color. Mr. Stransky conducted it with obvious zeal and enthusiasm. There was much brilliancy and dash, too, in its performance of the overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." The last number was Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, with which Mr. Stransky is in fullest sympathy.

The new concertmaster of the orchestra, Mr. Leopold Kramer, made his first appearance here as a solo player in Max Bruch's second violin concerto. It was a praiseworthy performance; not that of a great virtuoso, but intelligent and in many ways musical. Mr. Kramer's tone is not all that it might be in heat, warmth, or power; nor has his playing all the finish and precision expected from one who devotes himself wholly to the playing of concertos, which it could hardly be expected to have. But he won the approval of the audience, as was made evident.

Philharmonic Plays Reger Novelty.

Max Reger, the most prolific and one of the most prominent German composers of the period, doubtless meant to honor his friend, Josef Stransky, in dedicating to him his latest orchestral work, but he was also wise in doing so, for that insured its production in New York under the most favorable conditions possible. A finer performance of it, both in the matter of technique and spirit, than was given last night in Carnegie Hall by the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Mr. Stransky, could not be imagined.

The composition is entitled "A Ballet Suite," and it is numbered opus 130—a tall figure for a man who is only forty years old. It consists of six parts, entitled "Entrée," "Columbine," "Harlequin," "Pierrot et Pierrette," "Valse d'Amour," and Finale—a group of titles recalling Schumann's "Carnaval"; but there is no attempt at descriptive writing. It cannot be said that the new work is remarkable for thematic individuality. Reger's method usually reminds one of the French chef whose culinary skill enables him to prepare a palatable dish with thistle tops. To be sure, the globe artichoke is a thistle, too, and one may perhaps grant that these six pieces are six little artichokes.

Never before has Reger expressed himself so concisely as in this suite. His six pieces are very short, and in all of them one can admire his amazing technical skill as well as his use of solo instruments and combinations. The audience liked particularly the "Pierrot et Pierrette," with its oboe and cello solos, and, still more, the waltz, which has the genuine Viennese swing. Mr. Stransky was compelled to repeat the waltz, and after the finale the orchestra had to get up and be applauded, too, for its virtuosity. It is encouraging to see how high-class audiences do love waltzes. The time will come when a Strauss waltz will figure in every orchestral concert.

The soloist of the occasion was the new concert-master of the Philharmonic, Leopold Kramer, formerly of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago. He had already given a good account of himself in Strauss's "Heidenleben," and last night he more than confirmed the impression then made. He has an agreeable tone, a facile technique, and a polished style. He was recalled a number of times.

Beside the Reger piece the Philharmonic gave a lively and graceful performance of Mozart's "Figaro" overture, and a reading of Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony which has never been surpassed, if equalled, here in glow of color, emotionalism, and virtuosity. All the gloom, passion, fire, pathos, and wildness of this Muscovite music were revealed in the most moving manner, while the *piu mosso* of the scherzo was a *tour de force* that took one's breath away. Mr. Stransky certainly does wonders with his improved Philharmonic. It is the best orchestral playing now to be heard in America.

"La Boheme" with a New Tenor.

The season's first performance of Puccini's "Bohème" took place last evening at the Metropolitan. The only change from the usual cast was the Rodolfo. Giovanni Martinelli made his first appearance before a New York audience. He succeeded in pleasing a large part of his hearers. To explain the reason for such satisfaction would be difficult. We have heard worse

tenors on the Metropolitan stage, but after the heralding of a supposedly unusual tenor voice, the result was disappointing. Mr. Martinelli was hoarse, possibly from a cold, but probably from forcing his voice to make a great deal of sound, and he makes frequent use of the disagreeable white voice in which Italian tenors are so prone to indulge. He sings with two qualities. When he omits the *voix blanche*, his voice is not disagreeable, but last night's performance would not stamp him as beyond the average. He showed some improvement towards the latter part of the opera, so possibly he may redeem himself later in the season. It is to be hoped so, for the opera house is not so rich in good tenors as it once was.

Miss Bori made a very charming Mimi and sang the part as well as she did last year. She is an excellent actress, and as she is also a very pretty, graceful woman, the rôle of Murger's Latin-quarter heroine fits her absolutely; especially the last two acts, where she has a chance to show her command of pathos, both vocal and histrionic.

Scotti, Seguro, Didur, and Miss Alten have been heard so frequently in their several parts that it is unnecessary to go into details. They were as lively and entertaining as usual. Neither Scotti nor Seguro have now the voices they once possessed, but they both have musical and dramatic intelligence, a far rarer gift than mere voice.

Under Mr. Polacco's masterly baton the orchestral part of the performance became the most interesting feature of the evening. Puccini, like all present-day composers, has the technique of orchestral variety and color at his finger ends, and with such a conductor as Mr. Polacco the hackneyed and commonplace music became fresh once more. Mr. Toscanini could not have done more.

A NEW TENOR AT THE METROPOLITAN

Possible Improvements in the Opera of Bohemianism.

MISS BORIS SCORES A TRIUMPH

A Great Deal More Noise than Sentiment Displayed in an Admired Work.

Puccini's "Bohème" was brought forward at the third performance of the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It introduced a new singer, the tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, but it was not he who lent the most charm or greatest interest to the work. The opera, in which Puccini's genius no doubt appears at its best, could easily endure a refurbishing, provided it took the form of a restudy of its artistic elements from the bottom up. A dozen Rodolfos have come and gone since the opera came to us, in 1898; as many Mimis and almost as many Musettas, but no artistic manager has come to suggest that a new conception or two might be injected into the opera, that its comedy scenes might be made less uproariously and ridiculously farcical, its sentiment a little less vapid. It might be difficult to do this when the librettist's only means of representing the Bohemians of the Murger period is to send a long-coated, tall-hatted individual through the most impossible din of a Parisian fete reading a book, another at his heels toting an antiquated horn from which he never blows a tune, still another who does nothing but make stump speeches about the art of poetry, and finally to disclose them exhibiting some melodramatic action at the death of a cocotte. Lafcadio Hearn once wrote in a letter in which he rebuked a friend for occupying himself too much with the grind of journalism that under all the levity of Murger's picturesque Bohemianism "there is a serious philosophy apparent which elevates the characters of his romance to heroism. They followed one principal faithfully—so faithfully that only the strong survived the ordeal—never to abandon the pursuit of an artistic vocation for any other occupation however lucrative, not even when she remained apparently deaf and blind to her worshippers."

How much truth there may be in the theory cannot be said in a note of opera. It comes to mind, however, in connection with the reflection that it would be a good thing to try to do

else with Puccini's opera, or in default of such an effort to make an experiment with Leoncavallo's setting of the same theme. We might then be spared some of the horse play which alternates so regularly and wearisomely with the mawkishness of the Puccini opera as it has always been given and perhaps always will be given under the existing artistic conditions.

The new tenor did not live the opera into relief last night, not because his voice was disappointing, but because his use of it was. His is a splendid, clear, resonant organ; much could be done with it were intelligence, taste, feeling, a sense of nuance and the value of changing timbre called to its aid. But his strongest conviction seemed to be that force meant feeling, and that there was no emotion which could not be best expressed by explosion. He would try to blow up a ship of the line when telling of the joys of being a poet or the stirring of a new love. And so he grew tiresome early in the evening, while his youth companion, Miss Bori, grew in loveliness of expression with every changing phase of her passion. And it was a pity for the sake of the general effect that Signor Polacco's notions of how the opera ought to be performed was much like the newcomer's.

MISS EASLEY IN RECITAL

Soprano, Assisted by Francis Rogers, Sings at Aeolian.

There was another song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, when Miss Donna Easley, soprano, assisted by Francis Rogers, barytone, appeared before an audience that filled the hall. Despite a slight hoarseness, Mr. Rogers sang Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds," Scarlatti's "O cessate di piagarmi" and Carissimi's "Vittoria" with fine breadth of style and with admirable expression.

As for Miss Easley, who is the possessor of a voice of a pretty quality, it might be suggested that only a coloratura soprano of prime rank can be successful with Bohème, as such an air as the one from "Lucia" chosen yesterday. Also, wide wanderings from the pitch are not agreeable to sensitive ears. Further study ought to improve Miss Easley's art.

PUCCHINI'S MELODY AT METROPOLITAN

Giovanni Martinelli Makes His First Appearance as "Rodolfo."

"LA BOHEME" WELL GIVEN

Lucrezia Bori Returns in Role of "Mimi" and Wins Much Favor.

Puccini arrived in the repertory of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The opera was one of the composer's creations most loved by the public. "La Bohème" it was, and possibly it would lead Mr. Puccini's list here were it not that the great personal popularity of Miss Farrar puts "Madama Butterfly" at least beside it. Last evening the audience occupied every available bit of space in the theatre. It was a highly demonstrative audience and its applause was much more liberal than that bestowed on the singers at the opening performance.

Doubtless much of the applause was given by the warm hearted compatriots of Giovanni Martinelli, a young tenor who made his debut as Rodolfo. They were glad to see him and to hear him and without doubt many who were no Italian also got pleasure from his singing. Most things operatic in these days have to be measured by the standards of the time, which are not high. Mr. Martinelli therefore may prove to be a popular member of the company.

Probably he was nervous last evening and this condition may have to be held as the cause of some shortcomings. It may even have accentuated the pinched method of emission which injured his tones. His voice is one of unusually beautiful quality and when freely emitted is brilliant, as was, for example, in the high C of the narrative. There was little nuance and normal harmonies, but it effectively meets the demand for continuity and appropriateness and it constantly responds with appreciative intelligence and a large measure of graphic power to the scenes and actions which it accompanies.

It can be said for the young woman while she is not a prima donna of the ideal Metropolitan type her singing of the role last evening was decidedly better than it was last season. Young Bori, who make progress are most anxious and should be encouraged. In most respects Miss Bori's Mimi was delightful.

The other members of the cast have been heard so often in the same roles that comment on them would be pointless. But after all it ought to be said that the authority, the style, the diction and the acting of Mr. Scotti as Marcello always arouse delight. Giorgio Polacco conducted generally with skill, though the orchestra was too powerful at times.

Giovanni Martinelli Appears in "La Boheme" and Shows Considerable Power.

REST OF CAST FAMILIAR

Lucrezia Bori Sings Mimi with Great Beauty—Performance Brilliant in Third Act—Polacco Conducts.

After the third act of "La Bohème" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night it was evident that in the new tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, who was making his first appearance, the company had added to its number a valuable member. Mr. Martinelli was the only stranger in the familiar cast which is regularly called upon to sing "La Bohème," Lucrezia Bori appearing as Mimi and singing for the first time this season along with Bella Alten, Scotti, de Seguro and Didur, and others.

The new tenor had not been more than fairly effective in the first act, during which what was probably a combination of slight nervousness and the necessity for striving against a little orchestral over-zealousness had caused him to force his voice somewhat, which resulted happily for neither quality nor pitch. In fact none of the principal singers seemed at their highest effectiveness during the first act.

With the third act the performance became more brilliant and more moving. Martinelli here showed considerable power. His voice is of very good quality in the higher range, which he uses naturally and easily. When he has sung several times in the, to him, strange house his middle voice will probably be more effective. Miss Bori was in good voice and sang with great beauty, especially in the two last acts. The others repeated the well-known performances of their rôles on the established level of excellence. Giorgio Polacco conducted effectively for the most part, though there were times when he let his men play too loud, and several instances in the second act when chorus and orchestra were not in perfect accord as to tempo.

Opera Based on Columbus Sung in Philadelphia

Baron Alberto Franchetti's Work Sung by the Chicago Opera Company with Mr. Ruffo in the Cast.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Thursday.—Baron Alberto Franchetti's "Christoforo Colombo" was produced by the Chicago Opera Company with success at the Metropolitan Opera House to-night for the first time in America, being received with applause by an overflowing audience.

The score is based upon the libretto written by Luigi Illica, a dramatist of knowledge, ability and experience, who perfectly well understands how an operatic libretto should be constructed and who in his treatment of the present subject has supplied a succession of broad, simple and significant situations which are especially well adapted for musical illustration. The score which Baron Franchetti has associated with this moving and spectacular story is one of much interest and substantial merit. It is old-fashioned in its melodic harmonies and its unashamed melodiousness, but it effectively meets the demand for continuity and appropriateness and it constantly responds with appreciative intelligence and a large measure of graphic power to the scenes and actions which it accompanies.

There are good numbers for each of the leading characters and the chorus is employed with a notable degree of ability. Indeed, the prominence of the part taken by the chorus is one of the most salient and attractive features of the work.

"Christoforo Colombo" was admirably sung. Its name part was taken by Mr. Titta Ruffo, who brought to its eloquent and convincing realization all the resources of his art. It was an impersonation distinguished by spontaneous and convincing sincerity.

After Mr. Ruffo chief interest centered in the appearance of Mlaa Rosa Jalsia in the rôle of Isabella. She is a remarkable singer, of whom it seems safe to predict that she will achieve fame on the lyric stage.

The story is unusually simple. The first act takes place in the convent of St. Stephen, Salamanca, where Columbus unfolds to Isabella the wonderful prospect of discovery he has in view; the second, aboard the good ship Santa Maria, from which the first glimpses of America are had, and the third, at the tomb of Isabella, in the Cathedral of Medina, where Columbus dies. Originally there was another act, showing certain of the discoverer's experiences on the island upon which he landed in this hemisphere, but this was omitted in the present production.

MISS EASLEY'S RECITAL.

Miss Donna Easley gave a song recital, assisted by Mr. Francis Rogers, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, where there was a large audience drawn, it would appear, more by claims of friendship than by the excellence of Miss Easley's singing. Her light soprano voice has some attractive qualities, but her method and style of singing have not been cultivated to a point enabling her to do justice to the exacting numbers she put on her programme. Mr. Rogers sang artistically, with a nice differentiation of the spirit and significance of his selections. Mr. Spross played accompaniments well.

"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA."

N. Y. Times
Sumptuous Revival of Verdi's Old Opera at the Metropolitan.

Riccardo Enrico Caruso
Renato Pasquale Amato
Amelia Emmy Destinn
Ulrica Margaret Matzenauer
Oscar Frieda Hempel
Silvano Vincenzo Reschiglian
Samuel Andrea de Segura
Tom Leon Rothier
En Giudice Angelo Bada
Un Servo Pietro Audisio
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

Verdi's opera "Un Ballo in Maschera" was heard at the Metropolitan Opera House at the first matinee of the season yesterday, for the first time since February, 1905. Half a dozen performances of it had been given since that time by Mr. Hammerstein in his first two seasons at the Manhattan Opera House, but the opera is not a familiar one to at least the younger generation of opera goers. To many of these it came as a new experience; to others as the revival of almost forgotten memories.

The opera seems to-day old-fashioned, naturally; it is in Verdi's "middle period" style of 1850. It is an opera for singers accomplished in the art of ornamental song; and for their opportunity chiefly, no doubt, it was revived at the Metropolitan at this time—for them, and with a thought, perhaps, of the centenary year of the composer. But thoughts of composers in the opera houses of to-day are generally afterthoughts.

There is opportunity in "Un Ballo in Maschera" for some dramatic expression, however, in both song and action. And this is especially true now that some of the most glaring absurdities have been eliminated from the setting of the opera in this production. There is no longer a Governor of Boston, Mass.; a Cried secretary, a negro witch, a palace filled with Puritan courtiers in their sobriety garb, or disguised as Neapolitan fishermen. Both Boston and Naples having been eliminated, the action is made to take place in some undesignated country. This fact, of course, has little bearing on the merits or interest of the opera itself, except that it does away with matters to which opera goers of fifty years ago were indifferent, but which would greatly annoy the eye, jar upon the intelligence, and spoil what pleasure their successors to-day may find in the work. There are enough absurdities of the conventional operatic type left in it.

There are pleasing numbers that, as "numbers," may still give pleasure; numerous airs and concerted pieces, with which the principal characters are copiously supplied, and spirited choruses. Many of these were properly enjoyed. The opera, in fact, was indulgently contemplated by the enormous matinee audience yesterday afternoon, and with some enthusiasm. The enthusiasm was eminently deserved by the performance, which was a remarkably fine one, carried through with Mr. Toscanini's clear-cut brilliancy and precision, and his warmth of sensuous melodic expression in the orchestra. The cast was one of the most distinguished the company could afford. M. Caruso's singing as Riccardo was in his very best style, beautiful in tone, phrasing, and expression, and without his besetting exaggerations. Mme. Hempel sang the light-hearted music of Oscar the page with quite the right touch, and Mme. Destinn, Mme. Matzenauer and M. Amato maintained the high standard that was set.

The mounting of the opera was sumptuous. The scenes in the palace and in the open are well designed and painted, and the costumes, which are now of the seventeenth century, are handsome. Nothing, in fact, in the mounting or in

the performance to make it as effective as the opera can be made was omitted by the management. With all this, however, "Un Ballo in Maschera" seems out of its century at the Metropolitan.

Revival of a Verdi Opera.

The Metropolitan Opera House cannot now command a more distinguished cast than appeared Saturday afternoon in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera." Caruso, Amato, Destinn, Matzenauer, Hempel, Segura, Rothier, and Toscanini were the names which appeared on the programme, but the best efforts of all of them could make only certain moments interesting.

Saturday's performance brought to mind forcibly a remark made years ago by Lilli Lehmann, in answer to the question as to what had made her the singer she was. She said: "I practiced fourteen years *pianissimo*, nothing but *pianissimo*." Fourteen years of retirement for a number of singers now appearing before the New York public might be excessive, but several of them sorely need a period of rest and study. Many of Mr. Amato's admirers Saturday must have noticed that he was laboring under great vocal difficulties. Dramatic fervor and the wish to please do not cure a strained voice, nor supply the vibrant quality which is necessary to make tone carry in *mezza voce* passages. The most alarming symptom of the decline of a voice is the impossibility of giving body to any tones which are not very loud. The Metropolitan artists who make concert tours before the opera season no doubt add a goodly sum to their present bank account, but they spend more of their voices than the present gain is worth. To Mr. Amato's praise, let it be said that he did his very best under trying conditions; that he made a handsome, manly figure as Renato; that he sank his own personality more than he generally does in the rôle, and that he showed more command than usual of facial expression. He received much applause for his efforts, especially after his principal scene in the third act.

As he always does, Caruso gave of his very best. It was not his fault that he had no "Celeste Aida" to show the glories of his organ. On Saturday his voice seemed to lack something of its habitual warmth and of the indescribable beauty of tone which has so often thrilled his hearers. Let us hope that it is but a temporary eclipse of the most beautiful voice of the age. In the first two acts of the "Masked Ball" there was little to inspire him musically, but in the third and fourth he had opportunities to which he rose, as he always does.

On the whole, it was the women who especially distinguished themselves Saturday. Frieda Hempel sang the music allotted to her with much ease and much more musical success than she achieved last season. It is hardly probable, however, that, as the page of a nobleman, she would have had quite the free and easy manners she exhibited Saturday. She would have been taught a courtly bow, not to scrape her foot backward when she nodded, like a country bumpkin.

The most beautiful work of the afternoon was the aria which Destinn sang at the opening of the third act. The orchestral introduction, especially the first few bars, is beautiful, and the scene for the soprano is the finest in the opera. It is a pleasure to hear soaring high notes such as Mme. Destinn's, notes which show no effort and no tendency to fall below pitch. She and Caruso distinguished themselves also in the following duo, in which are many suggestions of "Aida," especially of the Nile scene.

Mme. Matzenauer's noble voice and beautiful singing gave to the second act its main value. She made an impressive-looking sorceress. Until the third act Mr. Toscanini could do little to make the music interesting, but here was material to work on, and he availed himself of it in his usual way. Perhaps the most interesting orchestral measures were the melodramatic, but effective, ones which precede the drawing of the assassin's name by Amelia. It suggested the storm music in "Rigoletto," though it did not reach that level. The scenery and staging were good. One could have wished for more gressome surroundings to the gibbet, which is the keynote of the third act, and should be made the dominant feature of the stage. A funny mistake in the programme announced that there would be a divertissement by the corps de ballet in this same third act.

The revival of "Un Ballo in Maschera" is intended as a tribute to Verdi, whose centenary is being celebrated this season. It seems strange that something more worth

while has not been attempted. More interesting, by far, would have been "Don Carlos," which, though it may not be worth more on the whole than the "Ballo," would have been a novelty, and Mr. Toscanini would no doubt have found opportunities to reveal its kinship to "Aida."

MISS TEYTE'S RECITAL.

N. Y. Times Nov. 25/13
A Programme of Modern Songs by Composers of Various Nations.

A good deal of the bloom has in one way or another been rubbed off the delicate art of Miss Maggie Teyte since her first appearance in New York two seasons ago. She gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon which was filled to the last seat with an enthusiastic audience; but her singing caused disquiet to some of her admirers through the change that has come over its character. Her voice never had great range of color and was generally pale; and when used with power was apt to take on a hard, even a acidulous quality. But there was an artistic delicacy and refinement of style, a fine taste, a clearness of diction, that atoned for much that did not please in the purely tonal and sensuous quality of her singing.

She forced her tone yesterday so that its essential beauty was often lost and the accuracy of her intonation was impaired. There was less delicacy and polish of style than has been among the admirable qualities of her art and the finish of her diction, the intelligibility of the texts of her songs, were less prominent than they have been. Miss Teyte in this recital appeared as the advocate and champion of the newest in vocal composition. Her programme numbered songs by modern French composers, Charpentier, Iliu, Debussy, Chabrier, Roussel; the Americans (Carpenier and Schindler); the Italian Zandonai, (who is responsible for the opera of "Conchita," given at the Metropolitan last season); the Russians Moussorgsky, (composer of "Boris Godounow") Stravinsky and Blechmann; the German Hugo Wolf, and Szymanowsky, presumably a Pole.

It would scarcely be possible, nor is it necessary, to consider these songs in detail, of which eight were confidently set down as performed for the first time in America. Perhaps they were; but there was much that was insignificant in them, much that owed its interest to trivial details of phrase or accompaniment or some trick of declamation or descriptive effect. There was not much that was the outcome of a deep and sincere musical feeling. Hugo Wolf's "Und willst du deinen Liebesten sterben sehn" towered high as a musical inspiration in this company. And it may be said that Miss Teyte sang it with more beauty of effect than she did most else on her programme—perhaps, among other reasons, because it offered more opportunity to the singer to express beauty.

The audience was enthusiastic and zealous in applause, and had very little difficulty in inducing Miss Teyte to repeat several of these songs. Mr. Kurt Schindler played her accompaniments with much skill and delicacy.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" FILLS METROPOLITAN

Geraldine Farrar Reappears.
Though Not Quite Over
Attack of Grip.

PERFORMANCE IS PLEASING
Giovanni Martinelli, the New
Tenor, Improves on Further Acquaintance.

Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" ushered in the second week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Although no official information was furnished, it was not unknown that the opera was presented under difficulties. Miss Farrar had been suffering from grip and was very unwilling to appear, but was persuaded to do so. Even on Sunday it was doubtful whether the opera could be given last night. Therefore it is a pleasure to record the fact that the performance was a good one; not the most brilliant ever given in the house, to be sure, but one which held the sustained interest of a large audience and gave real pleasure to musical listeners.

Miss Farrar is in most respects the ideal Cio-Cio-San, and she loses none of her personal charm as the seasons go past. Naturally there are some traits of the rôle which she cannot portray. When Sharpless asks, "Quanti anni avete?" and she replies, "Quindici," her actions in the latter half of the act make it very hard to believe that she has told the truth. One hardly thinks of the childlike Japanese girl, but finds somewhere in his memory echoes of highly spiced lines from Swinburne's "Laustine."

But aside from this there is so much to enjoy in the impersonation that one almost forgives the adored soprano for

her Cio-Cio-San tendencies. She is good to look at and last night had a most interesting makeup. But lovers of good singing found the most delight in her delivery of the music. Her entrance measures were frequently sharp, but this occurs when she is quite well. Once on the stage she showed great discretion in the use of her voice. She sang with great care and by doing so achieved artistic results which she often misses when she is sure of herself and prodigal of her tones.

Mr. Martinelli, the newly engaged tenor, whose function it seems to be to fill the place of the absent Mr. Martin, made his second appearance in the rôle of Lieut. F. B. Pinkerton, who was guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Mr. Martinelli was not suffering from great nervousness, as he was at his first appearance, and his tones were much less pinched and white. He sang with much enthusiasm and in some passages with a natural beauty of tone quite delightful. It would be too much, however, to say that there was any great exhibition of finish to his art.

Mr. Scotti was the Sharpless, a rôle in which his style and excellent skill as an actor are shown to advantage. Mr. Toscanini conducted the performance with his usual warmth, but there were moments when there was an excess of sound.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" GIVEN

First Appearance of Miss Farrar—
Mr. Martinelli as Pinkerton.

Cio-Cio-San.....Miss Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki.....Mme. Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton.....Mme. Helen Mapleson
B. F. Pinkerton.....Mr. Giovanni Martinelli
Sharpless.....Mr. Antonio Scotti
Goro.....Mr. Angelo Bada
Yamadori.....Mr. Pietro Audisio
Lo Zio Bonzo.....Mr. Bernard Bégue
Yakuside.....Mr. Francesco Corri
Il Commissario Imperiale.....Mr. Giulio Romolo
Conductor—Arturo Toscanini.

The second week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House was begun with Puccini's opera, "Madama Butterfly," which has taken its place as one of the most popular of the composer's works in New York, at least in the performance that is given of it at the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Geraldine Farrar, whose illness prevented her from appearing at the opening performance of the season, as had been planned, was restored to health and voice sufficiently to sing the part of Cio-Cio-San, which she has made her own here, and in which she has produced some of her most charming effects.

Miss Farrar appeared to be in excellent voice, and there were not many traces of her illness to disturb the enjoyment of her singing. What there were she endeavored to minimize by unusual care in her delivery of the music. She acts the part with much sinuous grace and seductiveness—perhaps with a grace that has become a little too sinuous for the ingenuous and youthful maiden she is representing. Instead of Riccardo Martin, who has so frequently been the representative of Lieut. Pinkerton in recent seasons, the new tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, sang that part. His singing was better than it was on his first appearance last week. He sang with less nervousness, with more freedom of utterance, with less forcing of his voice, and hence with more beauty of tone. In fact, his real voice may be said to have been made known for the first time in this performance; the impression was considerably better than in "La Bohème." Mr. Martinelli represented the character with a skill that was acceptable.

The rest of the characters were in the hands of the artists to whom they have been entrusted in recent years—Mr. Scotti as Sharpless—a sincere and dignified impersonation; Mme. Rita Fornia as Suzuki, Angelo Bada as Goro. And in and through all was the puissant influence of Mr. Toscanini, to whom the performance owes so much in the finish and delicacy with which Puccini's orchestration is made effective, and the warmth and expression of the dramatic movement are brought out.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—
MADAMA BUTTERFLY, opera by Mr. Giacomo Puccini.

Cio-Cio-San.....Miss Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki.....Mme. Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton.....Mme. Helen Mapleson
B. F. Pinkerton.....Mr. Giovanni Martinelli
Sharpless.....Mr. Antonio Scotti
Goro.....Mr. Angelo Bada
Yamadori.....Mr. Pietro Audisio
Lo Zio Bonzo.....Mr. Bernard Bégue
Yakuside.....Mr. Francesco Corri
Il Commissario Imperiale.....Mr. Giulio Romolo

There were moments in last night's presentation of "Madama Butterfly" in the Metropolitan Opera House when it seemed that Miss Geraldine Farrar, singing the title rôle, could not possibly finish the performance, so much did she seem to suffer from the attack of bronchitis which prevented her from appearing on the opening night of the season a week ago. Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis was in attendance on the prima donna, who was singing for the first time in three weeks. Only her nerve kept her going, and when, at the end, she took her final curtain call she seemed to be completely exhausted.

In these circumstances it would not be fair to comment much on her singing, which was almost entirely forced. She deserves credit, however, for her tenacity. As for her acting, it was superb. Every nerve was tense, and she emphasized every dramatic point by wonderful facial

MR. CONNELL IN RECITAL.

Baritone Pleases a Large Audience in Aeolian Hall.

In Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Ho also Connell baritone, gave a song recital. His voice is one of more than ordinary beauty. It is not of great power, but it has carrying power. His enunciation is commendable and his interpretative powers are satisfactory. A large audience showed its approval with liberal applause.

The programme was of a rather conventional type. A recitative and air from Haydn's "Creation" was placed at the beginning, and in the same group were an old English song, "Here She Her Sacred Rower Adorns," "Lungi dal Caro Bene," by Secchi, and Bach's "Dein Wachsthum Sel Feste." The second section contained Schumann's "Der Arme Peter" and "Ich Wand're Nicht," Hugo Wolf and Brahms furnished the songs for the third group, and in the last appeared excerpts from Colebridge-Taylor's "A Tale of Old Japan," "Elfin Knight," by Morris, "Hill Among the Mountains," by Ellis Clark Hammann, and Roger Quilter's "Blow Blow, Thou Winter Wind."

"THAIS" GIVEN IN ENGLISH.

Massenet's Opera Performed at the Century Opera House.

Athanael.....Louis Kreidler
Niclas.....Gustaf Bergman
Palemon.....Alfred Kauffman
Man Servant.....Hugh Schussler
Thais.....Lola Ewell
Myrtale.....Florence Coughlan
Crobyle.....Othella Hoffman
Albine.....Cordelia Latham
Conductor—Alfred Szendrei.

Massenet's "Thais" was added to the repertory of the Century Opera Company last evening, when its first performance was given in English. The audience was about as large as those that have witnessed most of the Century performances. It is a noteworthy fact that the opening of the larger house on Broadway has as yet had little effect upon the numbers who visit the Century Opera.

"Thais," since Mr. Hammerstein first introduced it to this public half a dozen years ago, has retained a certain popularity, though it is not one of his most brilliantly inspired works for the lyric stage. It has a few taking passages which please the public, the redoubtable "Meditation" being, of course, the chief. But there are extensive strata of dullness and of slow solemnity in the opera, when the action proceeds with the utmost deliberation or halts entirely.

The doings of the early Christians on the Banks of the Nile are sometimes a little slow for modern taste in dramatic representation. On the other hand, the scenes of gayety in Alexandria offer contrast and relief. The part that Miss Mary Garden had in making "Thais" popular is not lightly to be disregarded in considering the place of the opera in the repertory; nor the assistance rendered her by such artists as Messrs. Renaud and Dalmores. All of whom have been prominent in performances of the opera heretofore heard in New York.

There was intelligent striving on the part of the singers who carried the burden of the musical drama last evening. Mr. Kriedler as Athanael was deserving of much credit for his sincere and skillful impersonation, as well as for excellent singing. There were also excellences in Miss Ewell's Thais. The later part of it was better than the unregenerate portion, and yet if she did not wholly succeed in this it was not for lack of an anxious imitation of Miss Garden's manner, poses, gestures, and even, what was more serious, some of her vocal mannerisms. Mr. Bergmann met reasonable expectations, not too high, as Niclas. Mr. Szendrei worked hard to get good results from the orchestra, which showed training, and certain instrumental solo effects were well played. Among these the violin solo in the "Meditation" did not hold high place, though this interlude was repeated at the demand of the audience, as has so often been the case before.

The scenery, it was announced, was borrowed from the Boston Opera House, as the Metropolitan Opera House has never produced "Thais" and had none to lend. But it did not do much credit to the Boston Opera House, either in design or in color, and much of it seemed rather crude.

JOSEF HOFMANN'S RECITAL.

Beautiful Playing of the Pianist at His Second Appearance.

At his second recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Josef Hofmann did some of the most remarkable and beautiful piano playing that he has ever set before the public, in a programme that was original and extremely interesting for the lovers of the highest in his art. It was devoted entirely to Beethoven, Schumann and Liszt. The numbers by Beethoven comprised three of his smaller pianoforte pieces, the Rondo in G, and two Bagatelles that rarely occupy the attention of pianists in public, an done of his greatest and most difficult ones, the sonata Op. 10, No. 11.

Recital by Maggie Teyte.

Maggie Teyte gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, in which half of the songs were heard "for the first time" in America. It hardly seems likely that they will be repeated frequently. The general impression was that the hearer had been wandering in a maze of "Mandolines" and "Fantoches." Modern song writers are dishearteningly monotonous, and as Miss Teyte has little command of more than one genre, a whole recital of hers becomes a study in gray.

It is a pity that most singers are too busy singing to give any time to study. No doubt a few months with Jean de Reszke, with whom Miss Teyte once studied, would get her out of the bad vocal habits into which she has fallen. She is far too much given to staccato and to spasmodic accents. She sang songs by Charpentier, Hue, Debussy, Chabrier, Carpenter, Schindler, Zandonai, Roussel, Moussorgsky, Stravinsky, Hugo Wolf, Szymanowski, and Bleichmann. The song by Bleichmann was a pleasant relief. It had a definite, if not very distinguished, melody.

Miss Farrar as Madame Butterfly.

Emma Calvé used to look upon the great popularity of her Carmen as a calamity because it seemed to make the public unwilling to hear her in other operas. A few years ago it seemed as if Geraldine Farrar were destined to have a similar experience with her Madame Butterfly. She could have made a fortune by heading a company of her own and singing that opera all over the country; and she could do so now, for that matter. Fortunately, the public is almost if not quite as eager to see and hear her in some other roles, such as Manon, Tosca, and the Goose Girl in "Königskinder," while her appearance as Juliet, Zerlina, and Mignon would be hailed with as much pleasure as her promised debut as Carmen later in the season.

Last night an immense audience gathered at the Metropolitan to admire and applaud her impersonation of the unhappy Japanese girl who supposed she was the wife of an American naval officer. She showed somewhat less pains to appear a genuine *musumie* in every pose and gesture than she has done heretofore, as if Cio-Cio-San had been a Eurasian instead of a pure product of the Mikado's empire; yet the general effect was that of realism, and her facial expression of the intense emotions of the poor, deserted girl-wife was more entrancing than ever. Nothing has ever been seen on the operatic stage more fascinating and touching than the mirroring in her features of the vision she has of the ship's return with her husband, a vision rising to a climax of true ecstasy. And how wonderfully the emotions and the ecstasy were mirrored in her voice, too! In these respects Miss Farrar is incomparable among operatic artists of the day.

Notwithstanding her recent illness, which made caution necessary, her voice was in beautiful condition, and the "Un bel di," just referred to, was not the only place where the audience interrupted the performance with warm applause. It is a cause for patriotic pride to know that the best interpreter of this Italian rôle is an American. The cause of her tragic fate, Lieut. Pinkerton, is best impersonated by Mr. Caruso, and next to him by Riccardo Martin, the greatest tenor America has produced. For reasons incomprehensible he has been sidetracked to make way for one who has his name plus an Italian termination. Giovanni Martinelli did not make an altogether favorable impression at his debut last week. He was better last night; in the first act, particularly, his voice sounded beautiful; not so beautiful as Mr. Martin's, however; nor has he the American tenor's command of style. Neither of them can be called a great actor, but the balance is in favor of the American, who will, alas! he heard only during the last two months of the season.

In other respects the cast was familiar. Mr. Scotti again distinguishing himself as the American Consul. But the man who shared the chief honors with Miss Farrar was Arturo Toscanini, who makes a work of genius of a score which, in the hands of an ordinary conductor, seems a mere product of talent. The way he presents the glowing colors of the orchestration, the exquisite delicacy, alternating with fierce outbursts of passion or agony, and the voluptuous dissonances (which are so much more impressive than Dehnssy's because they touch the feelings as well as the fancy) is one of the operatic wonders of the world. Truly "Madama Butterfly" is Puccini's masterwork, containing more melody, more genius, more atmosphere than all

the cost of an orchestra-stall that is not fixed at twice the sum. Modern proficiency ought to be more attractive than ancient necropolis, and if the first glimpse at the delectable "Salome" was worth \$10 in the holidaytide, then a comedy which deals with a passion more general, if not more ancient, but which finds equally frank expression in the new lyric play ought to be worth more to the public which the Metropolitan Opera House, as an agency of education and refinement, is striving to uplift. If we were inclined to go into the question analytically we should say that an opera which begins with the lover kissing the hand of his lady love, extended from the curtains of her bed, while the birds are twittering their matin song, should be worth not two-thirds more than the regulation price of admission, but at least three times more, if the beginning of the dramatic action could have only been made coincident with the beginning of the instrumental music.

There is no question of art involved here; only a question of financial emolument. Herr Strauss, ls, as the world knows, what the Germans call a Pantoffelheld—the hero of his wife's slipper—though his dramatic poses grow naughtier and naughtier from day to day for business reasons. When he was in New York he said to one of its most best musicians that he would polish stoves if only the occupation could be made remunerative enough; and there need be no surprise that he was willing to humor the decadent taste of the German stage in his "Rosenkavalier," inasmuch as by doing so he was able to command larger royalties and enforce more rigorous demands than had ever been heard of before for its production.

The conditions explain in part the action of the Metropolitan Opera Company in giving the opera first as a representation outside of the regular subscription and in exacting an abnormal fee from sit patrons for the privilege of hearing it. They are fortunate, in a way, so far as they may enable the Metropolitan management to establish new and better relationship with their regular patrons. Though the statement was not altogether explicit, it may be said that the business manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company has invited all the subscribers to the company's performances to deal in this case with the management direct, irrespective of the agency through which the subscriptions have been made heretofore. It may also be said that the one great lesson of the Tyson scandal has been taken to heart and that the opera company's subscribers are not likely again to be left at the mercy of speculators, responsible or irresponsible.

We are a careless folk, and do not like to eear grudges long; so it would not be strange if certain recent doings, which look much as if they were begrimed with moral obliquity in several directions would be forgiven and forgotten. But no doubt care will be taken that they shall not occur again. Perhaps the management of the Opera Company will see its way to the proclamation of a promise to that effect, and eventually, also, to see that the public shall be put at least upon a level with the professional trader of tickets.

Miss Maggie Teyte gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It contained so much that was bewildering to an observer of this young artist's career that there is no desire to enter into a discussion of its features. A strange change has come over this young woman—her tastes, her style, her ideals, her voice and its use. Two years ago it was impossible to think, or speak of her except in terms of art. A year ago she began to exploit herself and composers whom she professed to have discovered, though they were known before she was born. Yesterday, except for a few moments, she seemed to be eager only to catch the ear of the groundlings.

H. E. K.

GRAND OPERA AT CHICAGO

Season Opens with "La Tosca" and Every Seat Taken.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—The Chicago Grand Opera Company opened its season to-night with "La Tosca." Mary Garden, Vanni Marcoux and Amadeo Bassi having the leading roles. Every seat in the house was occupied. The subscription is in excess of last year's, assuring a repetition of financial success.

The production of eleven operas in English will be a feature of the season. "Hansel and Gretel," "Cinderella," "Carmen," "The Tales of Hoffmann," "Martha," "Mignon," "Faust," "Natoma," "Madame Butterfly," "A Lovers' Quartet" and "The Secret of Suzanne" will be sung in English.

Mr. Martinelli, the new tenor, was not in happy voice either. He made his debut here last Thursday, and while not giving an entirely satisfactory account of himself, he held forth promises of better things. These were not fulfilled last night. His voice was unsympathetic and he forced it. In appearance he was admirable, young and alert and looked the part of a naval officer, every inch of him, when appearing as Lieutenant B. F. Pinkerton, U. S. N.

Mr. Scotti, as Sharpless, was excellent, acting this rôle with uncommon distinction and singing it well. Mme. Fornia was good as Suzuki. Mr. Toscanini was at his best, conducting the orchestra like a master.

There were many curtain calls after the second act, and the principals were showered with flowers. Miss Farrar insisted that the child who played Trouble take a huge bunch of chrysanthemums in its tiny arms. Later Trouble got a little bouquet more in keeping with her height and breadth.

It was the season's first "Madama Butterfly," but by no means so good a performance as had been offered at the Metropolitan.

FARRAR SINGS 'BUTTERFLY'.

Soprano Makes Debut of Season at Metropolitan.

There was a time when "Madama Butterfly" was a novelty, and an expectant world looked forward eagerly to that night when the youngest of its prima donnas would teach it how to weep for the sorrows of poor little Cio-Cio-San. "Madama Butterfly" is, alas, a novelty no longer, and Miss Geraldine Farrar is no longer the youngest of prima donnas, yet both the opera and Miss Farrar are more popular than ever, and Miss Farrar is still altogether young enough, even if last night her voice seemed a little weary.

It was Miss Farrar's first appearance of the season, postponed from the announced opening of "Manon," because of an attack of grip, and her admirers were present in good measure. It was evident, however, that the last traces of her cold were still with her, and she sang with unusual care and continence of tone, a consummation not altogether to be deplored. Yet her entrance she made with true intonation, and if she sang in the love duet with somewhat less than her usual brilliance, she executed the curtain tableaux with quite her usual realism.

Giovanni Martinelli was the Pinkerton, and seemed less afflicted with nervousness than he was on the occasion of his debut. As a result, his tonal emission was much more free, with a consequent diminution of the lightness which in Rodolfo characterized his upper notes. His fresh, rich voice was a delight, but it was again evident that he has still much to learn in the coloring of tone and in the art of delicate nuances.

Mr. Scotti was the admired Sharpless of other days; surely there is but one Scotti! Mme. Farina sang Suzuki most acceptably, and Mr. Toscanini made the orchestral score appear as something preciously near the creation of genius. All in all, it was a very successful Monday night "Butterfly," and the lovers of the opera were able to be as sentimental as they wished.

WHY NOT \$20 FOR ROSENKAVALIER?

Just as Much Reason for It as for the \$10 That Is Asked.

NO QUESTION OF ART INVOLVED

Strauss Wrote for Money, and, He Admitted, the More the Better.

There was what seemed to be a somewhat incomplete announcement in yesterday's newspapers about the first novelty to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 7. The opera is a new one, and because it is by Richard Strauss, and the subject, as might have been guessed, had not industrious publicity agents been engaged for two years in busily spreading the intelligence, piquant, to say the least, the occasion has been made put outside the regular subscription and the prices of admission raised to the standard of \$10 for an orchestra chair.

Those who know the plot of "Der Rosenkavalier" are probably wondering why

in B flat, often called, because of the German word that he used in the title, the "Hammer-klavier" sonata.

Mr. Hoffman was in a poetic and introspective mood. The transition from the simple pieces to the great one was not abrupt. He played them with exquisite delicacy and refinement of sentiment, with a tone of shimmering gold, of infinite gradation in nuance of dynamics and color. The sonata, as he played it, was revealed in its true stature; it was a performance of supreme euphony, of of subtly adjusted proportions of its greater outlines as well as of all the details of its structure; and it gave the impression of spontaneity, of an immediately personal utterance.

Few performances of this sonata succeed in that, because its difficulties, intellectual as well as physical, stand in the way. But no difficulties stood in Mr. Hoffman's way. The intricacies in which the work abounds, and especially the fugue of the finale, were an open book to him, and he made them so to his listeners. And yet the conception of the work throughout was in the poetic, the introspective spirit. It hardly verged upon the heroic; the grandiose first movement might well have had more passionate intensity than Mr. Hoffman read into it, and in the Adagio, the mingling of passion and sentiment which Beethoven invites gave perhaps a predominance of the sentiment, but a sentiment of uplifted fervor, of appealing eloquence. It is not given to many to bring home the significance of this composition to an audience; yet Mr. Hoffman's performance of it deeply impressed his listeners, and he was several times recalled after it.

His Schumann numbers included several of the "Fantaisiestücke," which Mr. Hoffman rearranged in a different order from Schumann's, and the "Kreisleriana," more music that virtuosos do not often much consider.

The pieces by Liszt included the Prelude in C, the two graphic Legends of Saintly miracles, "En Rêve" and one of the two polonaises.

HOFMANN RECITAL AT CARNEGIE HALL

N. J. Sullivan
N.W. 26/19/3

The Pianist's Programme Not

Altogether to Taste of
the Audience.

SOME BEAUTIFUL PLAYING

Climax of Virtuosity Reached in
Great Fugue of a Beethoven Sonata.

Josef Hoffman was heard again in recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was one which must have appealed with irresistible force to students and devotees of piano music, but on the whole it was not one to arouse the enthusiasm of the general public. Its principal failure in this respect was its demand for continued and concentrated attention. The slow movement and fugue of the Beethoven sonata, opus 106, which was the fourth and last number of the first group, have to be played without pause between them, and they are both long.

The fugue is not music for a miscellaneous audience. It is one of those tremendous onslaughts of the Titan Beethoven on the resources of the piano, made, as others of its kind were, when the master's mind was blazing with mighty ideas, almost too big for the instrument. The public cannot follow Beethoven in such flights.

The second group yesterday began with "Aufschwung," "Warum" and "Das Ende vom Lied," and here again the listeners were required to wait through pieces having no breaks between them. Then Mr. Hoffman played "Des Abends" as introduction to the "Kreisleriana," which he, of course, went through without a stop.

Better in Its Own Place.

"Des Abends" belongs to the "Fantasietücke," and although it served its purpose prettily enough yesterday, it is better in its own place. As for the "Kreisleriana," they should not be played without a single line on the programme to guide an audience. It is not to be expected that every one knows that this is a set of eight pieces dedicated to Chopin.

And it is a fact which all concert givers have got to face that the dear public does not like long streams of music into which it cannot plunge with loud splashes of applause. The public likes to hear itself. It wishes to feel that it is a factor in the success of the entertainment, and that its applause is not a thing to be sniffed out of existence.

Therefore when a pianist plays a sonata which will not endure pauses between its successive movements, or any series of small poems, as in the case of Schumann's "Carnival," it would be better to arrange the rest of the programme in small numbers, and give the audience abundant opportunity to warm its hands. Otherwise the pedal extremities are likely to grow cold and altogether too many people walk out of them before the concert is over.

Mr. Hoffman played superbly yesterday afternoon. Those who did not reach the hall in time to hear his performance of Beethoven's rondo in G major, with which the programme began, missed a very great musical treat. Such exquisite delicacy of touch, such transparency of tint, such captivately lyric style and such perfect artistic repose could certainly not be surpassed.

The grand sonata was played in a masterly manner, its climax being reached in the stupendous virtuosity of the fugue. But the most profoundly poetic part of this interpretation was that of the slow movement, which was played in such a truly noble and touching manner as to hold the hearers motionless.

Reference to the fact that it is hardly necessary, for all worshippers of the pianist's art know how lovely is the message which Mr. Hoffman delivers, through the music of the composer of the C major fantasia. The last group consisted of compositions by Liszt, in which the player's command of color and his clarity of finger work were in high evidence.

MASSENET'S "THAIS" AT CENTURY OPERA

N. J. Sullivan
N.W. 26/19/3

Lois Ewell Makes Improvements

on Mary Garden's Famous
Impersonation.

KREIDLER AS ATHANAEUS

Chorus and Orchestra Better
Than in Some Previous
Productions.

Massenet's "Thais" was produced in English at the Century Opera House last evening. The audience was one of good size but not as large as some of those which preceded it. Doubtless "Thais," despite the laudable efforts of Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud to spread the precious virtues of its gospel in the homes of this community, is not after all so well known as "Pagliacca" or perchance even as "Hansel and Gretel." This is a pity, for much is to be learned from this graphic, almost pornographic, sketch of life in Alexandria in the early years of the Christian era.

With the morals of opera as a rule there need be little concern. Most people do not become acquainted with them, especially when the operas are given in foreign tongues. But there are some lyric dramas, and among them most of M. Massenet's shine conspicuously, which flourish chiefly by their dealing frankly, not to say shamelessly, with matters untouched even the latest incursions into the regions of the sexological drama.

Every one who knows anything about "Thais" knows that it is the story of the disastrous essay of a monk to convert a courtesan of Alexandria. He succeeds in turning the woman from paths of sin to the seclusion of the convent, but he himself falls a victim to her lure and is morally wrecked. The beginning of his destruction is accomplished at the close of the first act by the woman's open display of her physical charms.

This is the high point of dramatic power and realism in the opera. When Mary Garden impersonated the heroine she threw off an outer wrap and showed her interesting figure clad in a tightly fitting gown of rose tint and diaphanous texture. Lois Ewell, who was the Thais of last evening, finished this scene far in the lead. She divested herself mostly of even the gown and stood for a few instants in the doorway of the palace of Nicias clad in the pink candor of a costume like that worn by M. Marcel's art models.

In M. Marcel's reproductions of paintings the effect is one of pure art. In the tableau of last evening it was something vastly different. And furthermore it must be confessed that owing to the want of perfect beauty of relation between the prima donna's latitude and longitude Athanael's weakness was not made as convincing as by the lesser exposition so cleverly contrived by Mary Garden.

Let it be added that there were secondary exhibitions of personal charms made by minor members of the cast and by some of the ballet and the chorus, and in nearly all cases the amplitude of the visions thrust upon the gaze of the spectators recalled the heroic prancings of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

There was also some singing and a little acting. Miss Ewell's vocal contributions to the evening's vivacious doings contained some remarkable imitations of the lyric style of Mary Garden, including what Joseph Weber would call the "sour notes." Mr. Kreidler sang the music of Athanael passably, but made little of the histrionic side of the role. Mr. Bergmann was excellent as Nicias, especially in the clearness of his enunciation. The chorus sang very well indeed and the orchestra played somewhat better than usual. Mr. Szendrei conducted and the opera was handsomely mounted.

RUSSIAN MUSIC NOW THE VOGUE

N. J. Sullivan
N.W. 26/19/3
Concert of Mme. Alda
Proves a Treat for
Musicians.

In contemplating the musical doings in New York yesterday it would have been embarrassing to have tried to associate them with anything in the character of the deity to whom our pagan ancestors consecrated the third day of the week. Tyr was scarcely the representative of harmony when he was worshipped, and though music does not necessarily mean harmony in the sense of a decade or so ago, or harmony music, yet it so happened that his day this week had so much music in it that one might have thought that his festival was enjoying a special celebration and that it meant song—song dramatic, lyric and instrumental, but song always and only. The opera house which is preaching the new evangel, over a hundred years old in this town, of opera in English used the day to publish the merits (musically if not morally delectable) of the Alexandrian courtesan Thais, as celebrated in Massenet's opera; Mr. Josef Hoffman took occasion, a long one, to prove to the lovers of virtuous piano-forte playing, how admirable, genuine and uplifting an artist he is; Mr. Connell, a baritone, who sings well, but has not learned that he has no sensational message to deliver, squeezed in a recital in the afternoon; Madam Alda, who always challenges interest and commands applause, a large hearing and many flowers, for names which have either to do with her artistic capacity, gave a concert in Carnegie Hall in the evening, and under conditions modest in the first case, and not objectionably obtrusive in the second, Mr. Edward Bromberg, a bass singer, and the Romaine Sympathy Orchestra, strove to make propaganda for the music of the land of the Czar simultaneously but in different halls also in the evening.

No doubt all of these occurrences might be discussed so as to entertain somebody if the world's interest in other matters was less eager. So there must be moderation and discrimination. Mme. Alda's audience would surely rather enjoy over again the pretty external incidents in an account of them than to be told how much more entertaining they were than her singing and how the artistic highlights of the affair were those provided by the accompaniment of Mr. La Forge and the violoncello playing of Mr. Casini. So forbearance here becomes a virtue. Mr. Altschuler has become so obsessed with the notion that Russian music is summed up in the miscellany "Pathetic" symphony by Tschaiowsky that sincere admirers of the compositions of the Muscovites are inclined to fight shy of his national concerts, for the "Symphonie Pathétique" has long been, not a patriotic preaching, but a plague from which ordinary concert-goers would be glad of deliverance for a period. Last night Mr. Altschuler made a nicer effort at propagandism by producing a dainty novelty by Jaernefelt—neither Finnish nor Russian, but charming—and also a proper, thoroughly unfortunate one, in permitting Maurice Warner to play the Glazounow violin concerto. This failed of its purpose only because it was not sufficiently well played.

On the whole, the best tribute to Russian art was that paid by Mr. Bromberg at his modest recital in Rumford Hall. Mr. Bromberg sang folksongs and art-songs, told his hearers something about their meaning in introductory remarks, and much more by singing them with a good voice and nice appreciation of their beauty. That beauty is great; uniquely so in the case of the folksongs and almost so in the case of the art-songs. Thank heaven for the unspooled element in Russian art!

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY CONCERT

N. J. Sullivan
N.W. 26/19/3
Players Enter Into Spirit of Their
Music, Bring Forth Much
Applause.

Tschaiowsky's "Pathétique" symphony was the most important number offered by the Russian Symphony Society of New York, of which Mr. Modest Altschuler is director, at its first local concert this season at Aeolian Hall last evening. This symphony has had better and smoother readings this season than the one heard last night, but Mr. Altschuler and his men entered into the spirit of the music in a way that brought out much applause. Another number by Tschaiowsky also was performed, a selection from the incidental music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet" entitled "Ophelia."

A "Valpurga" by the Finnish composer, one of whose symphonies was played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last year, proved to be a pleasant number, in spite of the composer's reputation for harsh, unusual harmonies. Jaernefelt's "Praeludium," which, according to the programme, was heard here for the first time last evening, failed to disclose anything that bordered on originality. However, it was melodious and simple in its harmonic structure, and the audience showed sufficient interest to have it repeated.

The soloists were Mr. Maurice Warner, a young violinist who demonstrated his immaturity earlier in the season. His selection last night was Glaucoff's concerto, which was played with orchestral support. The closing number was Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice."

"Thais" in English Loses Poetic Charm

N. J. Sullivan
Miss Ewell Takes Title Role at the
Century so Often Sung by

Miss Mary Garden.
N.W. 26/19/3
CENTURY OPERA HOUSE—THAIS
opera by Mr. Jules Massenet.

Athanael.....Mr. Louis Kreidler
Nicias.....Mr. Gustaf Bergman
Palemon.....Mr. Alfred Kaufman
Manservant.....Mr. Hugh Schuster
Thais.....Miss Lois Ewell
Myrtale.....Miss Florence Coughlan
Cephyle.....Miss Othella Hoffman
Albine.....Miss Cordelia Latham

Handsomely decked out with Boston Opera Company scenery and costumes Massenet's familiar opera, "Thais," was sung at the Century Opera House last night in English. The audience applauded most of all the melodious "Meditation," the orchestral prelude having to be repeated.

So intimately is the title rôle of the opera associated with Miss Mary Garden, who has sung it here so many times that memories of her impersonation were uppermost, particularly as Miss Ewell, who sang the part last night, began by giving a pretty good vocal imitation of her. She also wore a daring costume, although its Alexandrian sheerness and scant simplicity were not as marked as were Miss Garden's. But Miss Ewell had little of the sensuous charm needed to make this courtesan of Alexandria appear interesting. She coquetted but mildly with the uncouth Cenobite celibate, so her invocation to Eros and her lovemaking in the second act were tame. Miss Ewell sang most of the music quite well and she looked handsome in her robes.

Mr. Gustav Bergman was Nicias, the young bonvivant and philosopher, and he was a bit heavy for the part. He failed to express that joy of living which causes a man to sell even his vineyards in order that he may win the actress Thais; but he sang fairly well. Mr. Kreidler, as Athanael, the Cenobite monk, lacked ecstatic fervency, failing to express this either in singing or acting, but his enunciation was clear. Misses Florence Coughlan and Othella Hoffman were the two slave girls, and their ensemble singing was pretty. Mr. Szendrei conducted in the manner of a well routine conductor, but the performance dragged. The English text, a great part of which was understood, was not impressively poetic—in fact, much of it sounded quite bald. Scenically, however, "Thais" is a good spectacle at the Century Opera House.

MISS HEMPEL AS LUCIA

Metropolitan Hears Soprano In
Splendid Voice.

The advent of Miss Frieda Hempel at the Metropolitan Opera House made inevitable the resuscitation from the limbo of things forgot Denzetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." For this some will be happy and some will not, but the resuscitation was bound to come, as it ever will until the race of coloratura sopranos is no more.

Miss Hempel was not in good voice last year and wisely she postponed the duet with the flute. She returned to us this season a new singer, refreshed in voice and in confidence, and hence last night's "Lucia." Lucy Ashton was a very unhappy young woman, and if she could have lived Donizetti's musical apotheosis would have probably made her more wretched than kind hearted old Sir Walter ever dreamed.

Miss Hempel was both comely and unhappy, and her voice was lusciously round and rich, the voice of true lyric soprano. Yet in the florid passages of the mad scene hearts must have gone back with longing to the days of Nellie Melba and Marcella Sembrich. The days of brilliant bravura are apparently no more.

who sang Ashton, the cast was distinctly mediocre. There was, indeed, a new tenor, Italo Cristalli, whom Mr. Gatti engaged at the eleventh hour when Signor Mutinelli fell suddenly ill. Signor Cristalli was decidedly nervous last night, and it would be perhaps unjust to judge him finally from his Edgardo. It is enough to say that his voice sounded very, very "white," and that he often quarrelled with the pitch. It is altogether probable that Sir Walter would have passed by this particular selen of the House of Ravenswood without recognizing one of his favorite and most unhappy children.

The sextet Mr. Polacco made effective, though he took it at a somewhat slower tempo than the one of tradition. The audience was a large one and appeared interested in the proceedings.

DONIZETTI'S "LUCIA" AT METROPOLITAN

h-7-Sun Nov. 27
Italo Cristalli, a New Tenor,

Makes His Debut as

Lord Edgar.

1913

MME. HEMPEL AS HEROINE

Mr. Amato as Enrico in Better
Voice Than in Last
Week's Operas.

Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" was brought forward last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was known that the old work had been restudied for the purposes of this revival and that furthermore a new tenor was to effect his first appearance as the young Lord of Ravenswood. Doubtless the endeavor to infuse renewed vitality into the opera was due to the natural wish to widen the scope of Mme. Hempel's usefulness. The role of Lucia has always been one in which opera audiences expected to hear coloratura sopranos, albeit this is not essentially a coloratura part. But the cadenzos of the "mad scenes" seems now by the general consent of opera lovers to constitute an epoch of florid song.

Meanwhile it may be observed that the first scene air, "Quando rapito," admits of the introduction of some embroideries beyond those which flowed so quickly from Donizetti's too facile pen, and as for that frantic climax of audible rapture, the sextet, it at least allows the prima donna the use of one good high tone. Few operas have held the stage by sheer power of two numbers, yet without the "Ardon gl' incensi" and "Chi mi frena" (this dear "Lucia" would long ago have been relegated to the retirement of "Anna Bolena," "Don Pasquale," "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "La Fille du Regiment" are worth several "Lucias," though indeed no one of them has anything equal to the sextet in sheer vocal effectiveness.

Mme. Hempel's Lucia had much to commend it in respect of grace and daintiness of manner in the solo music of the first act and in the sextet she sang well her part. It would be idle to say that there was anything in her mad scene to excite the enthusiasm of old frequenters of the Metropolitan. She sang well and won plenty of applause, but with that kindly record the matter may for the present be permitted to rest.

Italo Cristalli, the new tenor, disclosed a voice of a kind quite familiar on the Italian stage. It is a light, thin voice of what is known as white quality and last evening it frequently had much nasality. There was no great amount of style in his singing and nothing to excite emotion. But due allowance must be made for the trying ordeal of a debut. Perhaps the nervous strain may have caused some of the singing out of tune.

Mr. Amato as Enrico was in better vocal state than at his previous appearances, but was still not in perfect condition. It is unfortunate that the pressing demands of the season do not permit his favorite harytone to take a short rest. The story of last night's proceedings may be concluded with the items that Mr. Polacco conducted, that the orchestra behaved much like a big guitar and that the harp solo was badly played.

'LUCIA' AT THE OPERA HOUSE

h-7-Tues Nov. 27 1913
Mme. Hempel as the Heroine—
First Appearance of Cristalli.

Lucia Frieda Hempel
Alfonso Marie Mattfeld
Edgardo Italo Cristalli
Lord Enrico Ashton Pasquale Amato
Raimondo Giulio Rosal
Arturo Angelo Bada
Normanno Pietro Audisio
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" appeared last evening in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. Its appearance was not an occasion of great

interest, although it gave an opportunity to Mme. Frieda Hempel to exhibit the manner of song in which she is most distinguished and most successful; and this seemed to be the chief object of the performance. It is hardly to be supposed that the audience of the Metropolitan at this time takes pleasure in the music itself of opera of the paleotechnic sort of which Lucia is at present the chief representative.

Miss Hempel as Ashton carried most of the burden of the performance, though mention should not be neglected of the flautist and the harpist of the orchestra, not named on the bill, who have such important assignments in the mad scene and the prelude to the second scene respectively. Mme. Hempel sang brilliantly and her upper tones were unusually effective. She ranks high at the present day as a representative of Lucia, and it would doubtless be difficult to know which way to turn to hear her airs in "Lucia" better sung than she sings them. And yet Mme. Hempel will probably not rank among the great coloratura sopranos.

Mr. Italo Cristalli, a new tenor, made his first appearance here as Edgardo, and quite failed on this occasion to read his title clear to present himself as leading tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House. His voice last night was sadly deficient in resonance; it had the quality known as "whiteness," and was troubled by the bleating effect that so frequently affects such voices. Worse yet, he showed an inability to stay upon the correct pitch for any considerable period. May be that some of Mr. Cristalli's deficiencies were due to the nervousness of a first appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House, often felt to be a considerable ordeal; and that when he has gained a greater confidence, he may show a better quality, a clearer idea of the pitch, a better command of phrasing than he did last evening.

The performance obtained some polite applause from the audience, which was large.

Recital by Mme. Rider-Possart.

There was still another piano recital yesterday afternoon, when Mme. Cornelia Rider-Possart appeared at Aeolian Hall before an audience of moderate size. Mme. Possart has been heard before this season and has proved herself an artist of admirable technical resources. She was that artist again yesterday, and gave of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, a very adequate reading. *h-7-Sun Nov. 27* Beethoven, however, requires more than the mere gift of technique, and of poetic inspiration there was little in Mme. Possart's interpretation. Other numbers on the programme were Mozart's "Pastorale Variée," Scarlatti's Presto in D minor and Ludwig-Schytte's Sonata, Op. 53.

THREE OPERAS SUNG THANKSGIVING DAY

Nov 28 1913

Wagner's "Parsifal" Excellently

Given Before Holiday Matinee
Throng at Metropolitan.

"MANON LESCAUT" AT NIGHT

Puccini's Opera, with Caruso, Mme. Bori, and Scotti, a Delight—"Haensel and Gretel" at Century.

Amfortas Hermann Weill
Titurel Carl Schlegel
Gurnemanz Herbert Witherpoon
Parsifal Carl Joim
Klingsor Otto Goritz
Kundry Olive Fremstad
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

"Parsifal," which was first produced on Christmas Eve, 1903, entered its eleventh season as a permanent part of the Metropolitan Opera's repertory in yesterday afternoon's holiday performance. It is the season when—after Jan. 1—the copyright on Wagner's works will expire in the countries of Europe, and performances of it will be given on every operatic stage that can compass its difficulties properly, and a good many that cannot. But there is nothing heard of the denunciations that were heaped upon New York and Heinrich Conried for profaning the masterpiece sacred to Baireuth alone, and degrading it by putting it upon a "commercial" stage, before an ordinary operatic public. The sincerity of much of this talk was tested by Mr. Conried's offer to the associated operatic managers of Germany to leave "Parsifal" alone in 1903, if they on their part would agree to leave it alone after 1913, when they, too, would come into the legal right to perform it. The result was a hasty refusal then, and universal preparation for it now.

But "Parsifal" has not been profaned by its New York productions, whatever may be the case in the Continental opera houses next January. These productions have been prepared with devotion and beautifully presented. They have deeply impressed their audiences, who have come to them and listened in an appropriate spirit, and who have perceived in them something apart from an ordinary operatic performance. This is as it should be, and the management of the Metropolitan has shown good judgment in reserving this work for times and occasions when it can be

performed with a carefully prepared audience, and with yesterday's audience.

There have been many changes among those concerned with this performance since 1903. Mr. Hertz has never yielded the conducting baton to another. Of the principal singers only Mr. Goritz remains, though Messrs. Bori and Hayer still officiate as Biquier and Knight, respectively. Yet the performance to-day is the same in spirit and in effect—except as it is more perfected in detail—as it was ten years ago. It has often enough been pointed out how great are the deserts of Mr. Hertz on account of the conscience and zeal he has put into his conducting of "Parsifal"—to say nothing of his skill and comprehension of it—whereby he has maintained the representations upon the high level set for them in the beginning. That was noticeably true yesterday; the performance went with remarkable smoothness and finish, with an admirable co-operation on the part of all concerned in it. Hardly has the orchestra sounded so beautifully rich and full without excess of sonority. With the exception of Carl Schlegel, who sang what is allotted to Titurel in the Hall of the Grail, and to the First Knight, and Sophie Braslau, who sang the music of the Voice, and who both deserved commendation, all the singers have been heard here before in "Parsifal."

Polacco's "Manon Lescaut."

Manon Lucrezia Bori
Lescant Antonio Scotti
Des Grieux Enrico Caruso
Geronte Andrea de Segura
Edmondo Angelo Bada
2. Oreste Paolo Ananias
Maceste Angelo Bada
Un Musicien Anna Duchene
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

In the evening the first performance this season of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was given, and the Italian composer's version of the Abbé Prévost's delectable story thus preceded Massenet's with which it was intended to open the season, but which had to be postponed because of Miss Geraldine Farrar's illness. Puccini's opera, one of his earliest productions, is one of his most spontaneous and charming ones. His gift of melody was abundant when he wrote "Manon Lescaut," and he made large draughts upon it. The action of the opera presupposes previous information of the course of the story on the listener's part, for the four acts are hardly more than four pictures taken from the book, but the music in them is not only melodious and vivacious, but it has also an abundance of characterization and shows a light and dexterous touch.

Mr. Caruso was the representative of Des Grieux, a part that he sings with some of his most delightful skill. Of course his appearance made the performance notable in the public mind, and accounted for a large part of the great attendance. Mme. Lucrezia Bori has excellent opportunities as Manon, and her singing as well as her impersonation gave pleasure. Lescant was capably represented by Mr. Scotti, who appeared in his best voice.

The performance was under the direction of Mr. Polacco, who carried it through with fire and dramatic movement, and sometimes with a little too much tone on the part of the orchestra. It was a carefully prepared performance and was worthy of the Metropolitan's high standard.

"HAENSEL AND GRETEL."

Holiday Matinee of Humperdinck's
Fairly Opera at the Century.

Peter Bertram Peacock
Gertrude Cordelia Latham
Klingsor Gladys Chandler
Gretel Mary Carson
The Witch Kathleen Howard
The Sandman Florence Coughlan
The Dew Fairy Grace Alberts
Conductor, Carlo Nicosia.

A pleasing incident of the Thanksgiving holiday was a special afternoon performance at the Century Opera of

"Hänsel and Gretel" in English. There were many children present, of a smaller and a larger growth, to whom the performance afforded evident pleasure. The performance had its merits, but it might so easily have had more that there was an almost inevitable feeling of regret in contemplating it. Mr. Nicosia, who conducted it, could scarcely be expected to have the fullest understanding of and sympathy with a work so essentially Teutonic, nor did he show them to the fullest. His tempos were not always appropriate or elastic, and certain portions of the orchestral score, such as the beautiful interlude preceding and including the apparition of the angels, had evidently been neglected in rehearsal and failed of their effect.

The singers who took part were mostly excellent; and most, not all, delivered the music in such a way that the text was easily intelligible. A general fault was over-emphasis in action and a lack of variety and restraint in singing. It would be a good deal to expect of American singers that they should find quite the right note of Teutonic naïveté, childish ingenuousness, and innocent merriment; but they could come a little nearer to the American sort. Miss Gladys Chandler gave Hänsel more patience, impatience, and awkwardness than was really necessary. Miss Mary Carson came nearer representing a credible and sympathetic Gretel. Both sing very agreeably. So does Mr. Bertram Peacock as Peter, but with too uniformly full a tone. Miss Cordelia Latham's diction was less good than most of her associates, and Miss Kathleen Howard mastered all the dramatic significance of the witch.

The scenery was not so good as much that has been used in other productions at the Century Opera, the need for improvement being especially felt in the scene in the forest. "Hänsel and Gretel," according to the announcements, is to occupy a week later on in the season at the Century Opera. It is to be hoped that by that time a more finished and carefully studied performance will have been worked out.

"Hänsel and Gretel" was preceded by a performance by the International Ballet, a series of dances by various groups of dancers, arranged by Luigi Albertini.

These were of various national character—Russian, Slavie, Hungarian, Italian, and Spanish. These were conducted by Mr. Josef Pasternak and several of them gave the audience manifest pleasure.

Four Operas.

Wednesday night's performance of "Lucia" at the Metropolitan would have been truly Italian had Miss Hempel not been in the cast. Of course, the orchestra was different, but the singers were of the kind heard all over Italy—white voices bleating out exaggerated emotion accompanied by meaningless and unceasing waving of hands. Without a programme it would have been impossible to identify Mr. Amato, his voice being as ineffective as the others. Mr. Cristalli, slim of figure, voice, and ability, did not rise above mediocrity. Miss Hempel, however, atoned for the others. Her voice lacks warmth—few Lucias have that—but she sang most agreeably, and fully deserved the applause that followed the mad scene. With the exception of "The Girl of the Golden West," "Lucia" offers more opportunities for an Italian chorus to look absurd than anything in the repertoire, and full advantage was taken of every opportunity. *h-7-Sun Nov. 27 1913*

Ten years ago, lacking about a month, "Parsifal" was first given in New York—the first performances ever given outside of Bayreuth, except the few private ones in Munich for Wagner's patron, King Ludwig II of Bavaria. The German papers were a unit in condemning the Americans for "desecrating" Bayreuth, but on the first of January next the copyright on "Parsifal" expires, and every German opera house, and some in other European cities, particularly Paris and Milan, are planning performances of "Parsifal." In New York "Parsifal" has become a regular feature of the season, not a part of the regular season, but still restricted to "special" performances on holidays—in a truly reverent spirit. *h-7-Sun Nov. 27 1913*

Yesterday was one of these occasions; the audience was in quite the proper spirit, but not so the performance, which showed the effect of neglect, owing to extra work put on the rehearsals of the new Strauss opera soon to be produced, "Der Rosenkavalier." In other words, the performance was quite perfunctory. There were no new elements in the cast; Jörn was the Parsifal, and the best of the cast, as it happened. Fremstad was a rather elderly Kundry (Kundry was upward of a thousand years old) and not very alluring, either vocally or otherwise. Witherspoon was the Gurnemanz. There were some new flower girls, notably Miss Eubank, but mostly the cast was familiar, including the always excellent Goritz.

Everything about the performance was as of old, including the chimes. In these days, when every concert organ has two octaves or more of real chimes, it is a curious fact that the Metropolitan cannot afford to have the four notes required. The chimes used sound like jangling piano wires. The chorus was uncertain at times, and even the heroic efforts of Mr. Hertz were unavailing; at times he was obliged to hurry the tempo, unfortunately for the performance. "Parsifal" is too impressive a work to be treated thus.

In spite of shortcomings, there were moments when the old impressiveness asserted itself, and for this the genius of Wagner was responsible. The orchestra responded nobly; it was not its fault if everything was not right; it was the fault of conditions. Even the scenic changes suffered. Though Wagner might be called the original inventor of "moving pictures," there were hitches yesterday and the transformations did not work smoothly. It may safely be said that it was not Mr. Sledle's fault; he has shown his capability too many times. It would not be surprising if it should be discovered that there were no rehearsals whatever; the performance gave that impression. Let us hope that "Siegfried" next week will fare better, even as "Lohengrin" has.

In the evening there was a better performance of a vastly inferior opera—Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." Caruso sang as only he can sing. His recent failure to quite reach his own level was evidently the result of an indisposition or indiscretion; last night he showed his voice in all its pristine glory, praised be the gods. His companion, Lucrezia Bori, was equally praiseworthy. Never before has she shown so convincingly that she must henceforth be classed with stars of the first magnitude. In every way she was enchanting—voice, singing, action, grace, personal appearance.

pearance. Scotti and De Seguro also lived up to their reputation.

At the Century Theatre, yesterday afternoon, long before the curtain went up, there was a big audience, largely children, waiting eagerly to hear "Hänsel and Gretel." Presently a man came forward and announced that the "International Ballet," which was to have followed Humperdinck's fairy opera would precede it. It probably made little or no difference to the audience. The dances were enjoyed, and so was the opera in which Gladys Chandler and Mary Carson made merry and suffered as Hänsel and Gretel, while Kathleen Howard was the grewsome witch.

Miltoo and Sergeant Ahoro announced yesterday that the board of directors of the Century Opera Company have decided to remodel the Century Opera House at the end of the present season so as to increase the seating capacity to 3,500 instead of the present limit of 2,100. It is their intention to continue this season until May 23, after which the alterations will be started under the direction of Carrere & Hastings, the architects who originally planned the building for the New Theatre Company. This complete rebuilding of the auditorium was decided upon as a result of the observations of the first two weeks of the Century opera season. The two balconies are entirely sold out two or three weeks ahead all the time, and there are thousands of calls for seats in these sections that cannot be met.

HOLIDAY OF OPERA

IN TWO THEATRES

H. J. Tribune
Nov. 28 '13
"Hänsel and Gretel" at Century
and "Parsifal" at
Metropolitan.

MANON LESCAUT FOLLOWS

Puccini's Opera With Bori and Caruso Offered to Subscribers.

Grace before meat is often condensed into those familiar words "For what we are about to receive make us thankful." Those who went out in search of musical delights as the pastimes of their holiday yesterday were on the whole able to give thanks without the aid of a preliminary petition. Three operative performances occupied the day, and one of them was conjoined with a terpsichorean divertissement of considerable sorts. This last took place in the afternoon at the Century Opera House, where the shining faces of many children betokened a time of much enjoyment.

The opera was "Hänsel and Gretel," heard for the first time on the Century stage, and it was preceded by what was called "An International Ballet." The dances arranged by Luigi Albertini were of the national types familiar to theatre-goers, Russian, Slavic, Hungarian, Italian, &c. Without much doubt the Spanish dance of Alberta Rasen and the Rondo shepherd dance by Jeanne Cartier and Edmund Makalik gave the spectators the largest amount of pleasure.

There is one thing to be said about "Hänsel and Gretel," to wit, that it is very hard to spoil it. There was little enough of delicacy or imagination in the representation of yesterday afternoon, yet the humor and the fantasy of the story could not be obliterated. There was barely a reminiscence in the musical interpretation of the solemn travesty of Wagner by Humperdinck and the glories of the composer's instrumentation were dim, yet the music was still good to hear.

Gladys Chandler was the Hänsel and Mary Carson the Gretel. These two singers had not previously adorned the Century stage. They acquitted themselves creditably, for they sang the music passably, acted with some spirit and meaning, and brought into the fairy story about all of the atmosphere which was present. Bertram Peacock sang the music of the Father with rigorous correctness, but little else. Kathleen Howard was the witch and Mr. Nicotia conducted.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the day of thanksgiving was observed in a graver spirit, as became an institution of more imposing pretensions. Since Heinrich Conried wrested from the depths of Bayreuth the Wagnerian gold of "Parsifal" this sacred stage festival play has become a local ceremonial. It now appears in the list of each season's activities at the Metropolitan as a modern

sacra rappresentazione, as it has been religious feasts or for the instruction of a stiff-necked generation.

The patrons of the house have accepted the position claimed for this opera by the manager. They bow their heads when they enter the theatre and they sit through the impressive first act reverently. It has been conceded that people may applaud the more fleshly second act, especially as it is in this that, contrary to dramatic custom, the villain is killed. The last act again calls for the bowed head, but when all is over the interpreters are usually summoned before the curtain which hides the castle of the Grail and treated to that applause without which life is to them an empty dream.

The performance of "Parsifal" yesterday enlisted the services of interpreters who have been seen and heard often in the same roles. Mme. Fremstad as Kundry, Mr. Jörn as Parsifal, Mr. Well as Amfortas, Mr. Goritz as Klingsor, and Mr. Witherspoon as Gurnemanz were the chief laborers in the vineyard, while Mr. Hertz presided in the conductor's chair with his familiar energy.

The performance was one of those which are happy in the finding of the key at the outset. The opening scenes fell readily into the right "stimmung," as the Germans will call it, and thenceforward all went well. Of the special merits of the individual interpretations it is quite unnecessary to speak at this time. They are too well known to call for enumeration.

The day having been given over to pious devotion, recreation was offered in the evening (to the regular Thursday subscribers) by a representation of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," an opera which is now well known to frequenters of the Metropolitan Opera House. This work has several potent charms, but for the general public its strongest attraction lies in the fact that Mr. Caruso sings *Des Grieux*. Slowly but surely this same public will come to realize that Miss Bori's impersonation of the heroine is entitled to as much consideration as the tenor's contribution.

Both soprano and tenor treated last evening's audience to some exceptionally charming art. Mr. Caruso was in excellent vocal condition and did some of the most finished singing he has done in many moons. There was some of the lovely cantilena which he used to give us and not as much of the explosive style demanded in Puccini's later operas.

Miss Bori is making progress steadily. There was great beauty in her *Mimi* recently, beauty, tenderness and pathos. Her *Manon* last evening showed a larger command than heretofore of vocal finesse and of dramatic delineation. The most substantial gratification to close observers of operatic art must be gained from this young soprano's improvement in the technique of the voice. A larger freedom of emission discloses more fully the true quality of her voice, which is indeed lovely. Miss Bori is young and has time to make a brilliant career, which would give joy to every lover of opera.

Little more need be said about last evening's performance. Mr. Scotti was admirable as *Lescaut* and Mr. Polacco's conducting seemed to show that he had found the acoustics of the house again.

"MANON LESCAUT" AT METROPOLITAN

H. J. Tribune
Nov. 28 '13
Puccini Opera Sung with Miss Bori and M. Caruso in Chief Roles.

It was not Massenet's *Manon*, but Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, which the Metropolitan Opera Company chose as the vehicle for its evening Thanksgiving, whereby the Italians and the Ingenerate worshippers of the voice of Signor Caruso were undoubtedly happy beyond all measure. There were some, perhaps, who were not so happy, for Massenet's opera is a true chef d'œuvre, and sums up within its score all the artificial daintiness, the gayety, the exquisite charm of that most corruptly fascinating period of which the novel of the Abbé Prévost is such a veritable document. In his masterpiece Mr. Massenet proved himself for once the Fragonard of opera, while Signor Puccini is always Signor Puccini.

"Manon Lescaut" is quite frankly an Italian opera. It is the forerunner of the whole Puccini brood; a little cruder in execution, perhaps, but with the same melodic idiom, the same method of approach, the same dramatic force and hot-bloodedness of conception. Once only, in the contralto's air in the second act, the composer drops into the eighteenth century, and, it must be added, with most happy musical results. Yet the opera is in many respects worthy of the serious attention, and the climax to the third act as fine a bit of dramatic music as any Italian has produced since the death of Verdi.

Mr. Caruso is well at home in the *Des Grieux* of Signor Puccini, far more so than he is in the *Des Grieux* of M. Massenet, and last night he showed his understanding of the part by accomplishing some of the best singing that has been heard from him this year. Indeed, his voice seemed decidedly fresher than at any time since his arrival this season.

Miss Bori's *Manon* has often been praised, and, despite a slight hardness in her tones, it was worthy of praise again. The young Spanish soprano is rapidly proving herself one of the real acquisitions of the company. As for Mr. Scotti's *Lescaut*, admiration for that is now an oft-told tale, but a special word of commendation must be given to Mme. Duchene, whose singing last night accorded with the marked improvement she has shown this season. The orchestral surge held full sway under the baton of Mr. Polacco.

As for the audience, it was of Thanksgiving size and enthusiasm, the Italian element being notably in evidence.

HOLIDAY OPERA PERFORMANCES

H. J. Tribune
Nov. 28 '13
Fairy Tales for Grown-Ups and Children.

The contrast between "Parsifal" and "Hänsel und Gretel," which were the operas presented at the Metropolitan and Century opera houses yesterday afternoon, was more apparent than real. The former partook of the solemnity of a religious function and was so received by a company of people who obviously take their music—some of their music, at least—most seriously, and on special occasions devoutly. They were not disappointed in any respect yesterday, for the first of this year's representations of Wagner's festival play was most admirable in all of its features and wholly worthy of the devout spirit in which it was listened to. It is obvious that Mr. Hertz and his German colleagues continue to take a serious view of art as represented by Wagner. The orchestral music was superb, all the singing and acting full of dignity and beauty. Her old admirers know what to expect of Mme. Fremstad, but Mr. Jörn was not so seasoned in the titular role that his singing and acting could be permitted to pass without a word of special praise largely prompted by surprise. Messrs. Wetherspoon, Weil and Goritz in parts with which they have been long identified again challenged approbation; but it was the ensemble that made the occasion a notable one and did much to justify the opinion that so many thousands are eager to hold on to the supreme position of the Metropolitan Opera House among the lyric theatres of the world.

If it is possible to question the appropriateness of "Parsifal" as an opera for performance on a festival of popular rejoicing there could be none as to "Hänsel und Gretel," which was performed at the Century Opera House in English. Hundreds of children greeted it with loud expressions of delight, just as they would have done had it been performed at the big playhouse on Broadway. To the careless it seemed very different indeed from "Parsifal," but to the knowing the conjunction disclosed a very lovely and interesting intimacy. In Humperdinck's fairy play they found Wagner's theory and practice carried forward with serious consistency and into a delightful field—from profound religious symbolism into the fairyland of children's dreams. The play ought to accept an English dress with complete grace, but, as a matter of fact, there is a good deal of ingenuous Teutonism in it, which defies literal translation, and which Mr. Ahorn's people will never be able to give out to the public until they learn to sing and act as children in the world of artistic fancy would sing and act. They do not need better voices, nor more dramatic skill, but only more sincerity. All this is equally true of all concerned in the performance—Miss Chandler (Hänsel), Miss Carson (Gretel), Miss Latham (Gertrude), Miss Howard (The Witch) and Mr. Peacock (Peter). All would have accomplished more had they done less. And yet Humperdinck's opera, which was first heard here in English, is one of the truest and most profitable tasks which the Ahorn Company has set for itself. The opera was preceded by "An International Ballet," which wasted much time. H. J. T.

PHILHARMONIC APPLAUDED Society's Classical Concert Enjoyed by Large Audience.

The Philharmonic Society at its regular Friday afternoon concert yesterday gave a classic programme, with Bach, Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven as the composers represented. *H. J. Tribune*
Nov. 29 '13
The solo performer was Henri Leon Le Roy, the solo clarinet of the orchestra, who appeared in Mozart's concerto in A major for clarinet and orchestra, and held his part to general satisfaction.

The concert opened with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, and the first portion closed with Haydn's "Militaire" symphony. The second portion of the programme was devoted to Beethoven's Sixth

symphony, the "Pastoral," and here Mr. Stransky and his band proved themselves at their best. It was an admirable reading, one that bore no traces of exaggeration, and was characterized throughout by lightness and grace.

A purely classic programme, with no popular assisting artist, is not likely to prove of the greatest popular appeal, yet yesterday's audience was large and evidently interested.

EDWIN GRASSE AT AEOLIAN

Blind Violinist's Programme of His Own Compositions.

Edwin Grasse, whose few recital appearances in this city have stamped him as a violinist of unusual talent, despite the fact the world of visual objects has never been his, gave a concert last night in Aeolian Hall, at which the programme was devoted largely to works of his own composition. The recital opened with a quartet, in which Mr. Grasse himself played first violin; J. Lorenz Smith, second violin; Joseph Kovarik, viola, and Willem Durieux, cello. The work proved to be one of unusual interest, of marked and catching rhythms, and in one movement in particular, the minuet, of delightful grace. It was sympathetically played by Mr. Grasse and his companions. But perhaps most charming of the violinist's own compositions were the shorter numbers—his "Im Ruderboot," in which was portrayed a day in a rowboat on a mountain lake to accompaniment of song birds, and his "Wellenspiele," in which the wave play on an ocean beach was most charmingly and poetically depicted. Mr. Grasse's poetic simplicity of feeling, his sense of fun and his hearty good humor were indeed most evident in all his compositions. He has something to say, and if that something does not always plumb the depths of feeling, it is always sincere and spontaneous in its expression. It is to be hoped that violinists other than Miss Powell will see fit to incorporate his works upon their programmes. *H. J. Tribune*
Nov. 29 '13

As for Mr. Grasse, the violinist, his art has deepened with the years, and last night he played throughout most beautifully. His tone was uniformly rich and round, his intonation impeccable, his bowing broad in style, and his technical mastery equal to all demands. In addition, his playing was at times informed with the true imaginative glow. The violinist may be blind, but after last night he made his auditors see pictures of rare beauty. His audience was large and most sympathetic.

EDWIN GRASSE'S CONCERT. Programme Made Mostly of His Own Compositions.

Edwin Grasse, composer-violinist, gave a concert last night in Aeolian Hall. The programme was made up almost entirely of Mr. Grasse's own compositions. There were a string quartet in D minor, opus 16, presented by Messrs. Grasse, Smith, Kovarik and Durieux; a sonata for cello and piano in E minor, opus 26, played by Messrs. Durieux and Grasse, and three violin solos given by Mr. Grasse, "Im Ruderboot" (In a Rowboat on a Mountain Lake with accompaniment of song birds), "Wellenspiele" ("Wave Play, suggested by wavelets striking the beach"), and a "Polonaise," No. 2 in E flat. Mr. Grasse's first group of solos included one number by Goldmark, Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow," and his own arrangement of Paganini's "Caprice" in E major.

In commenting upon the concert of last evening it is hardly necessary to say first of all that Mr. Grasse holds the position among music lovers here of a musician cherishing high ideals. Totally blind his application has seemed but an inspiration in his development both as composer and performer, and his accomplishment in both fields has commanded much respect. The quartet heard last night was very well performed and contained a healthy, simple musical treatment. The andante was quite lovely in expressive color and was perhaps the best of the four movements. Of the shorter pieces it is to be said that they were made attractive with many a little vein of fancy, delicate sentiment and melody.

Mr. Grasse had many listeners and they seemed to derive as much enjoyment from his solo playing as from his compositions. In this he frequently showed a fine tone, and it is safe to say that no measure he played throughout was without sincere musical feeling.

Mr. Grasse is a pianist of proficiency and it was at the request of friends that he had consented to play the piano part in the sonata. George Falkenstein played the accompaniments.

A RUSSIAN OPERA OF FORCE AND BEAUTY

H. J. Tribune
Nov. 29 '13
The Unique Triumph of "Boris Godounow" and Its Nationalism.

"Boris Godounow," which had its first

performances at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the season, bids fair to be more than a seven days' wonder. It was brought out for the first time last March, and made a hit—at any rate, it caused comment, much of which had under it a substratum of surprise. It also drew large audiences and was much applauded, which from a conventional point of view was surprising. So again last night. There is no tenor in the opera dear to the souls of the claques, no soprano, nor even a barytone. There was not even an aria, so to speak, in the first act, and yet the applause was so hearty and long continued when the curtain closed for the first time that it had to be opened again and again, and finally two gentlemen in evening dress appeared and bowed their acknowledgments. At first a general feeling of mystification, then a gradual dawning upon the public mind that the stage manager, Jules Speck, and the chorus master, Giulia Setti, had "taken" a curtain call. There are many things which are difficult to find out about our opera, but nobody has ever suspected that there was a stage managers' or chorus masters' claque; so the ordinary explanations of a curtain call failed dismally to account for the phenomenon.

It would be a pleasant thing to believe that a Metropolitan Opera audience has so far forgotten old habits as to be interested in an opera for its own sake; and yet last night's demonstration combined with some of last season's occurrences tempted to that belief. Perhaps it might be easier to think so if there were more operas like "Boris Godunov," with their elemental appeal which ignores all the conventional notions of the popular plaything called opera. Art works which are as strong as it is require no explanation. Even to those who go to hear and see them with a careless mind they carry conviction. It is dominated by one great tragic character—as "Macbeth" and "Lear"—are—but as a whole it is a chapter out of the life of a people, and the composer by the grace of genius has found a musical voice for that people, and spoken its accents so forcibly that all who hear must feel, even if they do not understand. Perhaps it is the honest barbarism which is still in the hearts of the Russian people and pulsates in their art which makes "Boris" and some other of their musical compositions so appealing; if so, it would be an intellectual and moral refreshment if some other peoples could return to some of their native forcefulness and honesty of expression.

Mr. Didur was again the figure around which the tragic picturesqueness of the opera centres, but there were many people new to the cast who might be talked about if they were not all overshadowed by the great fact of the opera itself. For instance, there was a charming and vocally eloquent and ear-filling Theodora in the person of Miss Sophie Braslau, who was seen for the first time in the Metropolitan's stage, and also a new representative whose art was as mature as it was beautiful—Mme. Ober's Marina. To comment in detail, however, seems invidious in a case in which the great and lasting pleasure came from the performance as a whole. So let the last be appended:

Boris.....Adamo Didur
Theodore.....Sophie Braslau
Ksenia.....Lenora Sparkes
Marina.....Maria Duchene
Marina.....Margarete Ober
Schoulsky.....Angelo Bada
Tchekaloff.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Pimen.....Leon Rothier
Dimitri.....Paul Althouse
Varlaam.....Andrea de Seguiola
Missail.....Pietro Andrieu
The Innkeeper.....Jeanne Maubourg
The Simpleton.....Albert Reiss
A Police Officer.....Giulio Rossi
A Court Officer.....Leopoldo Mariand
Lovitzky.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Tchernakowsky.....Carl Schlegel
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.
Jules Speck, stage manager.
Giulio Setti, chorus master.
Edward Siedle, technical director.

H. E. K.

Ankle Sprained, Tenor Sings.

Paul Althouse, the young American tenor in the part of Dimitri, in "Boris Godunov," at the Metropolitan Opera House, last night continued his part, though he was suffering from a severely sprained ankle.

In the second act Dimitri leaps through a window to escape arrest. As Althouse leaped through a stage window last night his heel caught, and he was thrown to the floor. Dr. Marifiot, the house physician, attended him.

Moussorgsky's opera, "Boris Godunov," was given for the first time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was very large and the applause was of a character to beoken genuine pleasure. The success of his work last season seems likely to be repeated and again old observers of opera house proceedings will be at a loss to account for the situation. It was not only conceded, but triumphantly proclaimed, after the first performance of "Boris Godunov," that it was a remarkable and impressive creation, but it was not expected that a public so fond of

performances and "Boris Godunov" must take to it with such avidity. However, it seems that the tragic power of the work and its imposing use of the chorus and orchestra have made themselves felt. Without question one of the most interesting and dramatically effective scenes in all opera is constructed in this one with choral and orchestral music. It is the third scene of the first act, in which the tolling of the great Kremlin bells is heard in the instrumental part, while the chorus sings a number built on a Russian theme also heard in one of Beethoven's quartets. Later in this opera there is another great scene for the chorus.

After the first one last evening Julius Speck, the stage manager, and Giulia Setti, the chorus master, accepted a curtain call. Every one was glad to see them and wondered who they were. Let it be known then that they are very competent men in their lines. But why not call out the solo repetiteur—the man who does for some of the stars what Mr. Setti does for the chorus?

The performance last evening was quite as admirable as those of last season. There were two changes in the cast, but of these nothing need be said now beyond the passing record. Sophie Braslau supplanted Anna Case as *Theodora*, and Margarete Ober appeared instead of Mme. Homer as *Marina*. Miss Braslau sang the few words of the unseen voice in the first act of "Parsifal" on Thursday, but was seen on the stage for the first time last evening. Miss Braslau's charming voice made a pleasing impression.

Naturally the chief interest in so far as the solo singers went belonged to Mr. Didur, whose fine impersonation had lost none of its excellence. Mr. Althouse as the false *Dimitri* showed a tendency to force his tones, especially in the lower range, where they readily became tremulous. It is a pity, for this is a really good tenor voice, and the young man has stage talent. "Boris Godunov" will be heard again and again and there will be further opportunities for comment. Mr. Toscanini conducted the performance with enthusiasm.

'BORIS GODUNOV' REVIVED AT OPERA

N.Y. Times
N.Y. 29-1913
Moussorgsky's Barbaric Russian Work Again Sung with Marked Success.

ITS HARMONY IS BOLD

Miss Braslau and Miss Ober Only Newcomers in Cast of Last Season—Mr. Didur Excellent as Czar.

Boris.....Adamo Didur
Theodore.....Sophie Braslau
Ksenia.....Lenora Sparkes
Marina.....Maria Duchene
Marina.....Margarete Ober
Schoulsky.....Angelo Bada
Tchekaloff.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Pimen.....Leon Rothier
Dimitri.....Paul Althouse
Varlaam.....Andrea de Seguiola
Missail.....Pietro Andrieu
The Innkeeper.....Jeanne Maubourg
The Simpleton.....Albert Reiss
A Police Officer.....Giulio Rossi
A Court Officer.....Leopoldo Mariand
Lovitzky.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Tchernakowsky.....Carl Schlegel
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

"Boris Godunov," by Moussorgsky, was recognized as one of the most interesting new productions of recent years at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, when it was heard for the first time in this country. Its reputation was therefore a foregone conclusion, and the performance of it last evening was welcomed. Its effect is produced notwithstanding a lack of certain operative elements that might well make the conventional operative manager suspicious of it.

There is no prima donna; the hero is a basso; the "love interest" is of an entirely episodic and unimportant character, and the chorus is raised to an interest and significance entirely out of keeping with the notion that makes the chorus an agreeable interlude and diversion, if that notion still anywhere survives.

The originality, native strength, almost barbaric wildness, and the potent expressiveness of Moussorgsky's music were again deeply felt. Its strength is in monotony in places; a sullen monotony; pitiless repetition, use of those "ostinato" obstinately repeated in passages familiar in Russian music.

The music is racy of the Russian soil through the use of the Russian folk tunes that are wound so closely into its fibre, or of the spirit of those folk tunes that dominates it. Moussorgsky's harmony is bold, sometimes fiercely harsh, modern to-day in its effect, and its modernity is remarkable when the listener remembers that this work was composed in Russia forty years ago, and that, moreover, some of its venture-ousness has been modified by the cautious Rimsky Korsakoff's revision.

This elemental power in inspiration and execution, this vividness of emotional expression, this picturesqueness, and a not less power of scenes, give the opera a strange power over the accidental audience. There is a novel and seductive imaginative quality in the work, rude and unpolished as it is in certain passages, filled now with a grim sadness

with grief and with a certain something of the robust power to a tragic end.

The performance last season was one of the triumphs of the Metropolitan's recent years in its completeness and the success with which the drastic and powerful effects, especially the representation of a cowed and finally rebellious populace aimed at by the composer were realized. This success was fully repeated last evening. Again the chorus may properly be said to have been the star performers of the occasion.

The stunning effects of the first and third scenes of the first act, and the first one of the last act, were fully realized. It was appropriate that after the first act Mr. Setti, the chorus master, and Mr. Speck, the stage manager, should have appeared with Mr. Didur to receive the applause that was given, even though probably few in the audience knew to whom they were paying tribute.

The cast of the principal solo singers was the same as last season, except that the *Czarevitch Theodore* was represented by a new comer, Miss Sophie Braslau, and *Marina* by Miss Margarete Ober. The programme correctly stated it to be Miss Braslau's first appearance, though she had sung the music of the *Voices in the Hall of the Grail* in the "Thanksgiving performance" of "Parsifal" without appearing.

This first attempt was successful, pleasing, and sympathetic, both in voice and in action, and showing an unexpected assurance. Miss Ober effected a striking appearance as *Marina*. This part has little significance in the development of the drama, but she made a highly effective episode. Her voice was brilliant and powerful, much less injuriously affected by her energetic dramatic temperament than her first appearance as *Ortrud*, yet there were some traces of such injurious influence.

Mr. Didur repeated his remarkable impersonation of the usurping *Czar*, *Godunov*, so far-reaching a command of his histrionic resources. There may be at certain points an exaggeration of his effects; but his scenes in the Kremlin, ending with his agonizing death, are memorable passages of acting. Much credit is due to the others in the cast who have less important, but still significant, parts—Mme. Duchene as the Nurse, Mr. Bada as *Schoulsky*, Mr. Rothier as *Pimen*, Mr. Althouse as *Dimitri*, Mr. Seguiola as *Varlaam*, Mme. Maubourg as the *Innkeeper*, and Mr. Reiss as the "Simpleton." Of Mr. Toscanini's part in the results of "Boris Godunov" it is scarcely possible to speak duly, so much ground would have to be covered. The achievements of the orchestra under his direction were astonishing.

The scenery, of unimagined barbaric richness, and the gorgeous costumes aroused as much admiration as they did last season.

MOUSSORGSKY OPERA AT METROPOLITAN

N.Y. Sun N.Y. 29-13

"Boris Godunov" Draws Plentiful Applause From Audience.

WORK WELL PRESENTED

Mme. Ober as Marina and Sophie Braslau as the Unfortunate *Czarevitch*.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.
N.Y. Times N.Y. 22-13
Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony Played—Mme. Matzenauer Soloist.

An excellent performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony was the principal orchestral offering at the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. There were both delicacy and power in the playing, and the incidental solos of the wood wind players were charmingly given and with unusual finish. An orchestral arrangement of Grieg's funeral march in memory of Richard Nordraak, made by Johann Halvorsen, was marked on the programme as presented for the first time in New York. Nordraak is known to readers of Grieg's biography as one who had large influence in turning him toward Scandinavian nationalism in music. He died as a young man, and there is evidence in this march of the depth of Grieg's feelings, though it is hardly one of his important works. The last orchestral number was Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," played by the orchestra in its concert last Sunday. When this programme is repeated tomorrow its place will be taken by Dvorak's "Scherzo Capriccioso."

Mme. Mathilde Matzenauer was the soloist, a singer who in a season established her position as one of the most valuable of dramatic contraltos at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her rich and voluminous voice resounded superbly in Aeolian Hall with abundant color and with only a few of her highest tones somewhat problematical as to quality. She sang an air from Halévy's opera "La Juive," an air which loses something of its significance when taken away from the dramatic surroundings where it belongs, and shows on the concert stage something more of its Meyerbeerian emptiness purely as music. Mme. Matzenauer sang it, however, with great conviction and an intense dramatic accept. She appeared again on the programme and contributed Berlioz's song "Le Spectre de la Rose," a song originally with piano accompaniment, and one of the set called "Les Nuits d'Été."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

N.Y. Sun
A Novelty From Grieg's Pen Heard N.Y. 22-13

The concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was one of those entertainments which give pleasure without calling for critical discussion. The first number was Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, which all lovers of music and nature enjoy even when it is indifferently played, and this was not the case yesterday.

The central instrumental number was a funeral march by Grieg, which, according to the programme, had not been previously played in this city. No profound penetration is necessary to arrive at the conclusion that a composition of Grieg which had been waiting all this time for a first hearing could not be one of the master's most important productions.

The soloist of the afternoon was Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, of the Metropolitan Opera House. She sang first an air from Halévy's "La Juive" and afterward Berlioz's "Le Spectre de la Rose." The concert concluded with a repetition of "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," which gave so much satisfaction at the last previous entertainment.

RECITAL BY MR. BLOCH.

N.Y. Herald
Young American Violinist Plays in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Alexander Bloch, a young American violinist who has spent the last few years abroad, was heard in a recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. The audience was large and exceedingly friendly toward the player. While not a brilliant musician Mr. Bloch is a capable one, and there were several things about his recital of a meritorious nature. His tone is full and pure and his technique, if not that of a virtuoso, was adequate for the works he essayed. His bowing was a little unsteady at times, but for the most part it was satisfactory.

The programme was opened with Handel's Sonata in E major and a group of short selections by Fäbich, Schubert, Tschalkowsky and Flocio followed. "Chaconne," by Vitali, came next, and the accompaniment of this number was played on the organ by Dr. William C. Carl. Other numbers were Tor Aulin's "Humoresk," the Chopin-Auer nocturne in E minor, the Pugnani-Kreiser "Praeludium and Allegro" and Vieuxtemps' "Ballade and Polonaise."

NEW AMERICAN VIOLINIST Pupil of Leopold Auer in First

N.Y. Tribune
1913 Appearance. N.Y. 22

A new pupil of Leopold Auer, the Russian violin teacher, came to us last night in the person of Alexander Bloch, a young American. Mr. Bloch chose Aeolian Hall as the scene of his first public activities, and proved in Handel's Sonata in E major and in a number of shorter selections that he is a young man of artistic promise. His chief virtues last night were a warm tone, a fairly accurate intonation and an evident sincerity of purpose. There was little temperament manifest, but temperament of the good sort comes with age, and so does justifiable assurance.

A large audience applauded Mr. Bloch very warmly indeed; first audiences always do.

'LOHENGRIN' AT THE OPERA

Mme. Ober Rouses Enthusiasm at Debut—Fine Performance.

Heinrich Der Vogler.....Carl Braun
Lohengrin.....Sophie Braslau
Elsa von Brabant.....Olive Fremstad
Friedrich von Telramund.....Herman Weit
Ortrud.....Margarete Ober
Rer Heerrufer des König.....Carl Schlegel
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

The first performance of "Lohengrin" this season at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was given last evening, had many exceedingly fine qualities, and was, in fact, a welcome augury of what the season may bring forth in respect of fine performances, beautifully prepared—such an augury as was also observed on the first two nights. It was a performance notable for the admirable co-operation and balance of almost all its factors of principal singers, chorus, and orchestra; for the dramatic life that coursed through it and for much excellent chorus singing; for smooth, rich, and resonant orchestral playing.

One of its most interesting features was the first appearance of a new mezzo-soprano—for her voice is not of the character or quality to be called a contralto—Mme. Margarete Ober, who was the Ortrud. She very soon made it evident that she is a singer of uncommon excellence and of unusual dramatic gifts. She is young; her voice has the freshness and strength of youth, and she poured it forth lavishly last evening. She has the power of coloring it with vividness and intensity. It is, in fact, a voice of remarkable dramatic quality, a true and immediate reflex of her own quality as an actress, in which her gifts and accomplishments are exceptional. Her Ortrud was an impersonation of hateful malevolence in conception, skillfully expressed with manifold and significant detail of gesture, pose and facial

Cathedral choir is doing well while the effect would have been enhanced had it been possible to give the concert in more ecclesiastical surroundings.

Nina Barbour's Debut Is Success

Miss Nina Barbour, the girl with the wonderful voice who was discovered in an East Side workshop by Miss Mary Nash, made her debut at the Palace Theatre yesterday and was warmly received. She was heard in a series of well-selected songs that pleased the large audience. It was not until she had answered a number of encores that she was finally convinced of her meteoric rise. There was a good vaudeville bill at the Palace, which will be reviewed later.

SECOND LOHENGRIN AT METROPOLITAN

Hear a Truly German Wagner Performance.

CAST SAME AS BEFORE
Performance Repeats Merits and Other Traits Previously Noted.

It is the custom of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House, to present each opera brought forward in the course of the season to the subscribers of each of the regular evenings and matinees. The recent production of "Lohengrin," which was duly noted in this place, was therefore repeated last evening for the entertainment of the Monday night audience. The lyric drama has many qualities which make it a favorite with the most fashionable assembly of the week and the first performance had made an impression by reason of its intensely German spirit.

It was not this achievement, however, which recommended it to the hearers last evening so much as the wealth of familiar melody in the score and the fact that the intermission between scenes in the third act provides three intervals for necessary rest and refreshment. The social pleasures of an opera night are curtailed greatly by works having only one intermission and two are not enough to satisfy all desires to make visits and converse. Three intermissions are therefore much enjoyed.

With these and music always welcomed by those who do not wish to make too serious a business of hearing opera, "Lohengrin" is heartily welcomed. When there is also a performance having genuine merit the audience goes home, even if all of it does not wait for the end, well pleased. The features of last evening's representation were the same as those previously noted, for the same cast was concerned in the interpretation and Mr. Lertz again directed. Mmes. Fremstad as Elsa and Ober as Ortrud, Messrs. Arus as Lohengrin, Weil as Telramund, Traun as the King and Schlegel as the Herald were the principals.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

A New Suite for Violin and Violoncello Has First Hearing.

The first of the season's concerts of the Flonzaley Quartet took place last evening at Aeolian Hall. The growth of this organization in public favor was well shown by the size of the audience, which quite filled the house, and by the prolonged reception accorded the four players when they appeared. The programme consisted of Schubert's D minor quartet, a suite for violin and 'cello by Emanuel Moor, and Haydn's D major quartet. It was a well arranged programme, and Mr. Moor's composition, heard for the first time, had its own interest.

A suite for violin and 'cello is chamber music indeed and ought for its own sake to be heard in a smaller auditorium. Few composers, however, can afford to indulge in the luxury of writing music which cannot be favorably heard in a large hall. Mr. Moor perhaps is one of the few. He had the good judgment to write his suite in three movements, the first the longest and most complicated, the second an elegiac adagio and the third a presto partaking of the character of a scherzo.

The composer was naturally compelled to make much use of double stopping, chords and figuration in order to make his instrumental duet sound sufficiently full in harmony. In this he succeeded very well. There was plenty for both instruments to do, and the contrasts were well arranged. It cannot be said that any of the thematic ideas were of significant value, but on the whole the

performance of the Schubert quartet seemed to give a great deal of pleasure to the audience. There are of course many who like the style of the Flonzaley quartet and others who do not. In precision and in balance—except where the latter is disturbed by idiosyncrasies of interpretation—the playing is admirable.

CHAMBER MUSIC BECOMING POPULAR

New and Old Compositions
by the Flonzaley Quartet.

It will soon be time for some social historian to comment on the growth of musical culture in New York as evidenced by the attendance on concerts which were long ago caviar to the general. Of such are a few recitals of vocal and instrumental music which now attract people who pay for the privilege of attendance. There are still a great many which get audiences in the old way, which has been compared in this journal to the chalked rope system of the ancient Greeks, when grave political questions required a general gathering in the market-place; but the good concerts which are paid for now are probably more numerous than they have ever been before. Most gratifying to the lovers of high class music is the growth thus manifested in chamber music. The time is not long past when the chamber music room in Carnegie Hall was too large for the Kneisel Quartet; now Aeolian Hall is scarcely large enough and the Flonzaley Quartet has come into a generous patronage besides.

The first concert for this season of this organization took place last night. It showed the fine qualities of the organization in two familiar compositions—Schubert's quartet in D minor and Haydn's in D major, generally listed as Op. 64, No. 5. Between these two works there stood a suite for violin and violoncello by Emanuel Moor, who since he lived for a space in New York has acquired in London a wife, and through her wealth, an accent on his name and the privilege of composing music in such quantities and in such forms as please him. The latter privilege was called to mind quite forcibly last night. Only a musician independent of publishers, as well as public, would have been likely to resort to so archaic a style of writing as is illustrated in this suite, notwithstanding that he had pretty things to say and knew how to say them right prettily. There was no denying this, for the audience recognized it despite the fact that there was something closely approaching perfunctoriness in the performance by Messrs. Ponchon and d'Archembeau.

Of the quartet's playing of the Schubert music it might be said, while praising its rhythmical incisiveness, its general euphony, that it would have echoed more of the spirit of the composer had there been more of the characteristic Viennese lilt in the second subject of its first movement and the trio of the scherzo. Schubert never tried to deny his Austrianism, least of all in his instrumental music, and when players leave it out of their performance, something vital is missing—something very vital. H. E. K.

Flonzaley Quartet Concert, '93

No chamber-music organization has ever won favor in this city so rapidly as the Flonzaley Quartet. At last night's concert, the first of the season, Aeolian Hall was completely filled, and the remarkably cordial and prolonged applause bestowed on the players when they walked onto the stage showed that Messrs. Adolfo Betti, Alfred Ponchon, Ugo Ara, and Iwan d'Archembeau have won the affection of a large number of music lovers; which goes to show that natural ability, if coupled with hard work and perseverance, is bound to "win out."

There was a novelty on the programme, a suite for violin and 'cello by Emanuel Moor. Time was when such pieces were in fashion, but long ago the composers decided that in a duo or trio one of the instruments must be a piano. We more and more crave richness of harmony. By the use of double stops and arpeggios something in this direction can be done with a violin and a 'cello, and Mr. Moor showed skill in this respect, especially in the opening allegro. In this, Messrs. Ponchon and d'Archembeau distinguished themselves particularly, and the following adagio and presto were also well played. Mr. Moor's themes are not remarkable, from the point of view of invention, but the treatment of them is ingenious and musicianly.

There was a Haydn quartet (op. 64, No. 5), which was played with much finish and spirit; but the gem of the concert was the opening number, Schubert's posthumous quartet in D minor, the most inspired piece of chamber music in existence, particularly as to the middle movements—the exquisite variations on the song, "Death and the Maiden," and the merry scherzo, which anticipates one of the most striking rhythms in Wagner's "Ring" operas.

Unlike much that has been written for strings, Schubert's quartet is emotional, and this makes it particularly available for the Flonzaleys; for what distinguishes these players particularly is the deep feeling with which they invest the music they play. It is this trait, especially, that is steadily winning for them new subscribers. Equally admirable, last night, was the luscious tone quality of the combined strings. It has been said of Schubert that he, unlike Beethoven, "makes all four parts work their hardest to hide that thinness of sound which is the drawback of the quartet." There was certainly no thinness of sound on this occasion, everything being rich, mellow, luscious, and in the sublime variations exquisitely tender.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

A New Suite for Violin and 'Cello by Moor at the First Concert.

The Flonzaley Quartet gains, and has properly deserved, new friends and adherents each year in New York. It has not before had so large an audience here as greeted it last evening in Aeolian Hall at its first concert this season, an audience of cultivation and knowledge that found much to admire in the playing of the quartet, Messrs. Betti, Ponchon, Ara, and d'Archembeau have developed great finish and unity of style in the years that they have been playing together. In quality of tone and purity of intonation they have reached a high level, and their playing is especially distinguished for an elegance and grace for which their Latin blood is no doubt chiefly responsible.

These qualities were prominent in their performance of Schubert's D minor quartet, with which they began. It was a performance that, therefore, had great charm of its own, and in its own way. There was a new composition on the programme, a suite for violin and violoncello, by Emmanuel Moor, new to New York. The composer is a Hungarian, who, some twenty-five years ago, spent some time in America as an accompanist, and who also then brought out a piano concerto.

Since then he has produced a large quantity of music in many forms, some of which has appeared from time to time on orchestral programmes in this country; and a few years since Harold Bauer performed a piano concerto of his composition. This suite, which was beautifully played by Messrs. Ponchon and d'Archembeau, is a curious attempt at imitating antiquity of style and form. The first allegro is somewhat rambling in its expression; but the adagio has a touch of real nobility. In the last movement, a presto, the composer seems to forget something of his intentions toward the antique and falls into a more modern spirit. It is, perhaps, not music of strong individuality nor does it bear the stamp of a strong creative impulse; but it is agreeable and apparently gave no little pleasure.

The programme was ended with Haydn's Quartet in D, Op. 64, No. 5.

Mr. Bagby Opens New Season with 205th Concert

Many Attend Musical Morning in the Waldorf-Astoria, at Which Opera Stars Sing.

With the two hundred and fifth concert, which he has arranged in more than twenty years Mr. Albert Morris Bagby yesterday began another of his series of musical mornings in the Waldorf-Astoria, and had as an audience a gathering of men and women of society which filled the large ballroom. The artists were, Miss Emmy Destinn and Mr. Dinh Gilly, of the Metropolitan Opera, and Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, with Messrs. Arthur Rosenstein and Carl Lamson as piano accompanists and Dr. William C. Carl at the organ.

Mr. Kreisler opened the programme with Haendel's Largo and "Chanson Louis XIII. and Pavane" by Couperin. Miss Destinn and Mr. Gilly were in excellent voice. Mr. Gilly sang "Plaisir d'Amour" by Martini and the serenade from Tchaikowsky's "Don Juan." Miss Destinn's first piece was an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade." The artists responded liberally with encores. The programme ended with a duet from "I Pagliacci" by Miss Destinn and Mr. Gilly.

SASSOLI-ROGERS RECITAL Well Attended Concert in Mr. Ames's Charming Little Theatre

Mr. Francis Rogers, in a recent letter to The Tribune in regard to his concert recital with Miss Ada Sassoli at The Little Theatre, took up the subject of the concert "deadhead," a problem the seriousness of which is increasing yearly. It is notorious that the public which is willing to pay for its admissions is exceedingly small, save in the case of orchestras, quartets and the major stars of the musical firmament. It is therefore necessary for the average artist who gives a recital in one of the larger auditoriums either to appear in a practically empty hall or to give away a vast number of complimentary tickets. As the former alternative is equally bad for the spirit of the artist and usually for the acoustics of the hall, the latter method is practically always chosen, with the result that often four out of every five tickets issued are given away.

It is evident that this state of affairs is bad for all concerned, and Mr. Rogers offers as his remedy for the minor artists the choice of smaller auditoriums as the place for their concerts, and in earnest of his own belief and that of his fellow artist, Miss Ada Sassoli, the well known harpist, he engaged Winthrop Ames's beautiful little playhouse as the scene of their joint appearance. This recital took place yesterday afternoon, with practically every one of the 299 seats occupied, and the occasion was in every way a most eloquent tribute to Miss Sassoli's and Mr. Rogers's art. It is doubtful whether the prestige of the larger halls will ever be overcome by the average run of concert givers, yet it was abundantly evident yesterday that The Little Theatre is practically ideal for such recitals as that of Miss Sassoli and Mr. Rogers.

As for the recital itself, both artists are well known by the New York public, but special mention should be made of Miss Sassoli's playing of Galuppi's Sonata, Paderewski's "Chant du Voyageur" and Chaminade's "Arlequine," and of Mr. Rogers's singing of two of Moussorgsky's songs—one of which, the "Love Song of the Idiot," the audience forced to be repeated. Mr. Rogers was in excellent voice, and sang with the sincerity of feeling that has always marked his appearances. As for Miss Sassoli, her playing has ever been that of a real virtuoso, and it was so, none the less, yesterday.

PLEASING JOINT RECITAL.

Miss Ada Sassoli, Harpist, and Mr. Francis Rogers, Barytone, Appear at Little Theatre.

An interesting recital took place in the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon, at which Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, and Mr. Francis Rogers, barytone, appeared jointly. The first part of the programme was devoted to old classical works. Mr. Rogers began the recital with arias from Handel's "Scipione" and Sacchini's "Oedipe," and, as usual, sang with dignity and refinement. His enunciation is almost faultless and his polished style of delivery cannot fail to please.

Miss Sassoli showed herself to be a talented player in the way she handled her instrument. Her dexterous fingering and her skill in producing varied tonal effects were noticeable particularly. There is charm in much of the old harp music and her selections, which included Bach's "Loure," a sonata by Galuppi, a pastorale by Scarlatti-Tausig and Rameau's Gavotte, served to bring it out in a delightful manner.

Following a group of modern songs by Brahms, Grieg and Moussorgsky, and a number of pieces for the harp by Rubinstein, Sgambati, Paderewsky, Chaminade and Hasselmanns, Miss Sassoli and Mr. Rogers performed together in a group made up of Schumann's "To the Moon," Sindling's "Sylvain," Lie's "Snow," "Chanson Triste," by Duparc, and Godard's "Embarquez Vons."

MISS PARLOW'S RECITAL.

Young Violinist Shows Improvement and Plays with Much Warmth and Feeling.

Miss Kathleen Parlow was heard in a violin recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. As was recorded at her earlier appearance this season when she played with the Symphony Society this young artist is improving in her art and already has attained an enviable position among violinists. She played with much warmth of feeling and delicacy yesterday. Her tone was full and her control of the instrument excellent. Some small technical faults still exist in her playing, but they did not prevent the recital from being an enjoyable one. Viueuxtemps' Concerto in D minor was Miss Parlow's first and heaviest number.

Miss Beatrice La Palme Sings the Title
Role and All Artists Seem to
Try Their Best.

A Good, old "Faust," with its moonlight lovelorn and tragic ending, was sung in English last night at the Century Opera House, and its melodics pleased the audience. It was not a spirited or inspired performance; in fact, the finale of the second act was decidedly drowsy.

All the singers seemed at pains to do the best in their power. Miss Beatrice La Palme sang *Marguerite* in a manner that showed routine in both the singing and business of the rôle, and her voice was acceptable a good part of the time, save in the high notes, which were shrill. But there was not much sentiment in the garden scene music as she sang it.

In the title rôle Mr. Walter Wheatley did not betray a voice of much beauty, and his romance, "Hail lowly dwelling" was not charged with melting sentiment. As Mephistopheles, Mr. Hubert Waterous was lacking in all subtlety, although his sonorous voice was heard to good advantage in the "Calf of Gold" aria.

Most pleasing to the eye was Miss Kathleen Howard, who sang Stebel and was most modestly attired for the German sixteenth century village laddie. Pearl Gray's feelings clung affectionately and becomingly, while a fringe of gold dangled from the nether edge of her coat. She was a joy to behold, and sang her Flower Song conventionally. Mr. Chalmers was in good voice and sang acceptably, and Mr. Nicosia conducted a tame performance. Much of the English text was understood, thanks to the direction of the singers, though its poetic charm was scarcely impressive.

h. y. Tri Unna
D. C. 4-1913
The Effect of Superabun-
dant Song and Piano-
forte Recitals.

The musical affairs to which serious attention was publicly invited yesterday were a pianoforte recital by Katharine Goodson at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon, a song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Reed Miller at the same place in the evening, a performance of "Faust" in English at the Century Opera House, with a change of singers in the afternoon, and one of "Un Ballo in Maschera" in Italian at the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening. The list does not seem long in the reading, but if any one were inclined to ponder over it a bit, especially after having looked in upon the gatherings, it might suggest food for thought.

Mrs. Goodson is a most estimable artist, a pianist who brings a beautiful message and proclaims it with intense seriousness whenever she appears before our public but she chances to be the fifteenth or sixteenth or seventeenth (the records are becoming wearisome to the memory) pianist who has asked the patronage of the public since the season opened. That season is still young, and a score or more pianists are yet in the offing. What is to be said under the circumstances? If recital audiences were genuine music lovers, who had paid for the privilege of hearing music and were sincerely interested in the interpretation of familiar compositions for the sake of the edification which they brought, it might be worth while to say something about the individual readings. But when the gatherings are of the conventional recital kind, such discussions would be wasted; "hearing they hear not, neither do they under-

What they do is to fill seats and applaud. That meets the aim of the manager who gets his fee, and, with it the artist, who is consciously or unconsciously ignorant of existing conditions, must be content. It is not pleasant to say things like these in connection with an artist like Miss Goodson, but the good of art and the good of artists require that they be said, and perhaps they may be more effective in association with a musician of established reputation than they would be with another of the hundred and one candidates for public attention with whom the public recorder of events is called upon to deal every season.

That some of the artists who signify are beginning to recognize the fact that they must get out of conventional ruts if they are to deserve serious attention has been observable for a season or two. Last year Mr. Paur startled even the conservatives by playing Schumann's "Kinderscenen" and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor. Perhaps he was advisedly setting a fashion. He was followed by Miss Goodson yesterday so far as the pieces by Schumann are concerned; little pieces with large opportunities for artistic expression. After she had played them beautifully she brought forward Brahms's Sonata in F minor, a composition not unconventional on our programmes, but still not yet a commonplace—as indeed it will not become so long as it is played with the reverent attention to its note of poetical beauty which Miss Goodson bestowed upon it. After that there came some of the Chopin pieces which when they are played supremely and superlatively will ask for nothing more than mention. That Miss Goodson's recital receives more is due only to the fact that her personality raised her recital above the rut into which the conventional style of management forced it.

The recital of Mr. and Mrs. Reed Miller (the relative value of the singing of the pair justifies that form of announcement) was heard by about as many people as listened to Miss Goodson in the afternoon. Mr. Reed Miller sang his songs in a straightforward, many style which carried conviction to his hearers not only concerning the purposes of the composers, but also as to his own notions of what song was invented for. Mrs. Reed Miller, to whom large deferences was gallantly paid in the house bill, did many things, when the notes led her into exalted regions, which were not justifiable by an appeal to the fundamental law of the nation nor excusable by an appeal to the fundamental laws of musical art. Yet, the recital of the pair had many delightful moments, not the least pleasurable of which were the two beautiful English songs, Sir Edward Elgar's "In Moonlight" and Transcombe's "Hall the Time of Holidays."

There was nothing in the afternoon performance of "Faust" at the Century Opera House to indicate that there had been a revelation concerning its beauties or significances to the company over night. Why should there have been? English "Fausts" are decades old and are no better under the new dispensation than they were under the old. The special attentions commanded by them now are purely fatitious and fictitious.

The delights of "Un Ballo," largely created by Mr. Caruso, were purveyed to a splendid audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It is no longer necessary to plead the one hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth to justify its "revival"; the name of Caruso is enough. And so it did not signify much that Mme. Duchêne took the part of Utrice last night instead of Mme. Matzenauer, who had sung at its first performance last week and was announced for last night. The change was occasioned by the circumstance that Mme. Matzenauer will have to sing Brünnhilde tonight, so that Mme. Fremstad may sing in "Tosca" on Saturday night, to accommodate Miss Geraldine Farrar, who is still under the weather, as she has been since the season began.

H. E. K.

MISS GOODSON HEARD
IN PLEASING RECITAL
2-5. [unclear]
0-4-1913
English Pianist Proves Herself an
Artist Possessed of Great
and Unusual Gift.

Miss Catherine Goodson, the English pianist, was heard yesterday in recital at Aeolian Hall. She is an artist of great and unusual gift, enhanced by a clear and graceful style. She treated the compositions she interpreted as music, and not as a means of exploiting her technical acquirements and so one was enabled to follow her, with something other than a compelled and academic interest. The curse of the concert room is that it so often becomes an arena for the exploitation of egotisms, and not of ideas.

Her treatment of Schumann's "Scenes From Childhood" had the imagination and picturesqueness inherent in the composition itself, and its melodic passages were given with the singing-tone and rich color, without which they fail of their effect. The Brahms Sonata in F, a work which tests the abilities of an artist, if ever any did, was played with dignity and spirit, both as regards its austerities, and its interspaces of mellow and tender lights. The rest of a well-constructed programme included pieces by Chopin and Tchaikowsky.

It must not be held against Miss Goodson that she is an English woman and not a German, or a Balkan. And it might also be suggested, that in these days of a feminist movement, the women of New York, should extend their support to one of their own sex, chiefly because she is of unusual talent.

Pleasing Variety in Songs by Mme.
Nevada Van der Veer and Her
Husband, Mr. Reed Miller.

There was a pleasing variety in the joint recital of Mme. Nevada Van der Veer (Mrs. Reed Miller) and Mr. Reed Miller, which took place last evening in Acolian Hall.

Both these singers are able artists, and were received in a hearty manner by a fair sized audience. At the beginning and at the end of the programme were placed duets, the first being Bach's "Wohl Mir, Jesus Ist Gefunden," and at the close "A Book of Verses" (Omar Khayyam), by Bantock. They were sung in finished style, and the voices blended well at all times.

Mr. Miller's first group of solos included two songs of Brahms', "Botschaft" and "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer." The quality of his voice was excellent, but it was not always used to the best advantage. Mme. Van der Veer sang a group of songs by Handel, Debussy, Franck and Ulmer, the last named composer being represented by two works new to New York, "Waldseligkeit" and "Glaubeur." They were worthy of a hearing, and Mme. Van der Veer's singing in "Waldseligkeit" was perhaps the best of the evening.

The two singers were heard again in songs in English, of which Mr. Miller sang works of Harling, Elgar, Branscombe and Meyer, and Mme. Van der Veer compositions of McCoy, Scott, MacFarlane and Salter.

H. Y. S. A. Dec. 4
Performance of Verdi's Old
Opera Applauded by
1913 Hearers.

SINGERS IN GOOD VOICE

Mme. Duchene Takes the Place
of Mme. Matzenauer as
Fortune Teller.

The second performance of Verdi's "Il Ballo in Maschera," which took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, brought with it one change of cast. Mme. Duchene, a conscientious and painstaking singer, whose voice is of pleasing quality, replaced Mme. Matzenauer as *Ulrica*, the witch and fortune teller who infested strangely Neapolitan regions some-where in the neighborhood of Boston. As they did burn a few witches in Salem and still catch fish in its neighborhood, perhaps that was the place. But it is hard to believe in the costumes.

In fact is this book of the opera now stands little illusion is possible. All well informed opera-goers know that the original libretto dealt with *Gustavus*, a Swedish king, but the papal censor found himself unable to pass the work. He commanded Verdi to obliterate the king, to avoid all reference to such dangerous topics as regicide, and to place the scene of action far away from its "hugely" locality. So the king became a Governor of Boston and the action was transferred to that usually law abiding city.

Since this opera has held the stage for many years, it seems a pity that the original text has not been restored. For this new would not do for the acceptable and the pictorial absurdities of the lyric drama would be preserved. This is to reason for retaining the Boston

N. Y. Sun 6 Dec 1913

Dr. Carl Muck Gives the Long
Composition Without Cuts
of Gericke.

EIGHTY MINUTES LONG

A Production With Few Ideas,
but a Vast Amount of
Sound.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra came to town again yesterday, bowed this time under the awful responsibility of a Viennese evangel in music. The programme for the second evening concert, given last night in Carnegie Hall, comprised just two numbers, to wit, the fifth symphony of the late Gustav Mahler and the violin concerto of Peter I. Tschaiakowsky. The former of these two compositions occupied the first hour and twenty minutes of the concert, not to mention as many instruments as could be conveniently crowded on the stage. The latter required less time, demanded chiefly the violin of Fritz Kreisler, and on the whole left its hearers in a more comfortable frame of mind.

Mr. Mahler's fifth symphony came down upon this city like a wolf on the fold on February 15, 1906, when the Boston musicians performed it under the discreet and confident direction of Wilhelm Gericke. This conductor made some interesting cuts in the score, but Dr. Carl Muck, stern Cato of the baton that he is, restored the full outpour of the composer's fancy. The work was first heard in Cologne in 1904 and after the first movement the audience was silent. After the last one there was much applause and some hissing.

Salvo of Applause.

People do not hiss symphonies in this country. Furthermore it would have to be something more fearfully and wonderfully made than this work of Mr. Mahler's to evoke an expression of dissatisfaction when played so magnificently as this symphony was last evening. There was a long salvo of applause at the end and Dr. Muck caused his players to rise and bow. They nobly earned the honor, and the first trumpeter in particular ought to have received extra pay.

A vast deal of pother has been made about the symphonies of Mr. Mahler, and we confess to a real sympathy for this composer, who labored so patiently, so painfully, and so long at a time to construct something important. Some people call the fifth the "Giant Symphony," but the proud commentators who fancy this refers to its content must be mistaken. It is not so much its content as its

The work is divided into three parts and five movements—we had almost said three acts and five scenes: It begins with a funeral march in C sharp minor, than which no music lover could possibly recall a more hollow and tenuous piece of symphonic pomposity. The first allegro follows immediately, thus placing the funeral march in an appropriate position as its introduction.

This first movement has no theme which rises above the level of the commonplace. Nor is there in the working out section, that part of a sonata form movement to which a composer is supposed to bring the highest flights of his skill in musical development, anything but pretentious conglomerations of discords and fanciful instrumentation.

With notes on all the brasses and pizzicati in all the strings, with minor seconds hurled from top to bottom of the page and Pasterian utterances for the tuba, a power of sound is produced. But of that species of artistic structure awkwardly described by musical writers (for want of a more suitable term) as architectonic there is nothing that should be pronounced anything better than baroque at its worst.

A Reminder of Sisyphus.

The second part consists of one movement, the scherzo, which, in this case is written as a slow waltz. Tschaiakowsky having set this fashion, Mr. Mahler conceived the promising plan of idealising the Viennese waltz in his scherzo. But again we are confronted with the false

...the third and last part has two movements: an allegretto in E major and a finale in D major.

The third and last part has two movements: an allegretto in E major and a finale in D major. The allegretto is the most engaging part of the symphony. It has no large inspirations; indeed at times it slips into reminiscences of Italian opera style. But it is fluent, melodious and straightforward. It has a superbly planned instrumental climax in the lower scale, and as it is written for the strings throughout it affords a lovely point of repose in the midst of the general turmoil of instrumentation. The finale has a fugued section, which is the work of a well-schooled musician, and the coda is at least effective. But again the hearer is confronted with a paucity of ideas only half disguised in an embellishment of instrumental riches. To sum up it is the plain truth that Mr. Mahler had not much to say in this work and occupied a wondrous time in saying it. His manner is ponderous, his matter imponderable.

The soloist in the Tschalkowsky violin concerto, as already noted, was that truly great artist Fritz Kreisler, who was heard with pleasure by the large audience and warmly applauded. But discussion of his performance is not necessary at this time.

GIVES MAHLER SYMPHONY Boston Orchestra Causes Wonder by Size of Audience.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra visited us again last night, whereat we were glad again in unlimited measure. Even if our gladness was tempered a trifle by the extraordinary programme offered by Dr. Muck, what other orchestra could have survived the test? Truly the Bostonians are wizards to fill the house with an evening devoted solely to a Mahler Symphony an hour and twenty minutes long and the Tschalkowsky Concerto in D major.

The symphony was Gustav Mahler's fifth, which had been heard once before in New York, when in February, 1906, the Boston Orchestra gave it to us under the baton of Herr Gericke. Its colossal length was then freely commented on. It lasted last night exactly an hour and twenty minutes.

It seems strange, indeed that the composer should not have shown more continuity in the work, as there are many portions of it containing charming melodies and haunting rhythms, but the ideas are far too few for the length of the work, with the result that there are many stretches of weariness or mere tumultuous confusion. The great band, however, gave of the symphony a performance that was truly superb, and at times, as toward the end of the first movement, Dr. Muck brought out of the confusion something that was wonderfully eloquent. All true Mahlerites owe a tribute of the deepest gratitude to Karl Muck for the labor of love he gave last night.

Probably a larger section of the audience, however, was made happy by Fritz Kreisler's playing of the Tschalkowsky concerto, a reading perhaps more suave in style than is generally heard in this work, but one of great brilliance. The huge audience showed plentiful enthusiasm, even after the symphony, calling Dr. Muck many times to bow his acknowledgments.

WAGNER'S SIEGFRIED AT METROPOLITAN

New Scenery and a New Brünnhilde Add to Interest of Performance.

MATZENAUER AS HEROINE

Mr. Griswold Wins Applause as Wotan and Mr. Urlus as Siegfried.

Wagner's "Siegfried" was heard at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. That the second drama in Wagner's trilogy, with its potent claim to affection in the hearts of his followers, was brought forward at so early a date in the current opera season was in accordance with Mr. Gatti-Casazza's purpose each year of affording one or more opportunities for its hearing before it takes its place as a third part in the performance of the entire tetralogy of the "Ring" later on.

A large audience heard the representation last evening, which generally considered was one of excellent merit. New scenery painted by Kautsky of Berlin made an effective setting for the first and third acts and completed the scheme of last season, when the new scenery was

provided for the Ring throughout with these two acts excepted.

Most of the participants in the performance were those associated familiarly here with their parts. There was, however, a change of much importance made in the cast of first announcement, as Mme. Fremstad was replaced by Mme. Matzenauer, who sang the Brünnhilde for the first time in her career.

This singer's opulent beauty of voice and more especially her fine gifts of impersonation in the acting of roles calling for tragic power and lofty emotion are well fitted to the requirements of the great episodes in the final scene of the third act, including the awakening from sleep by the kiss, the delivery of "Hell dir Sonne" and Brünnhilde's impassioned singing in the magnificent love duet.

Jacques Urlus was the Siegfried, and on the whole he did excellent justice to the music. Unnecessary forcing of his tones and their lack of perfect polish infrequently marred the enjoyment of his singing, but his voice was of a so fresh and good quality and his understanding of the young hero's character planned and executed with so much skill on the lines of youth and its forceful expression that the enthusiasm he aroused was well deserved. Margarete Oher as the Erda was new in the part here. Mr. Reiss's Mime was again incomparably fine. Mr. Griswold as the Wanderer achieved distinction, as did Mr. Gortitz as Alberich. Mr. Ruysdael was the Fafner and Bella Alten the Forest Bird. Mr. Hertz conducted.

'SIEGFRIED' IN NEW DRESS First of Season's Ring Operas at Metropolitan.

The first of the Ring operas of the season was sung last night at the Metropolitan when "Siegfried," with its new scenic investiture, brought to the house a large and typical audience of Wagnerites. It was, indeed, a relief to discover this work in a dress suited to its importance, though the forest scene was new and admired last year. The first and last acts, however, were entirely satisfactory. Special events were entirely new and proved in words of praise should be given to the

lighting, especially the sunset and moonlight in the cave of the first act, while the Rock of the Valkyries showed an expanse of rocky mountain tops which for the background was exceedingly effective.

The tree of the sleeping Brünnhilde was a tree that seemed alive and growing. So, at last, the lovers of the Ring can feast their eyes as well as their ears.

There were two singers new to their parts last night—at least to New York. These were the Erda of Margarete Oher and the Brünnhilde of Margarete Matzenauer. Mme. Oher had little chance to display her splendid dramatic powers, but she did display her splendid voice—a voice that is like a sword—and her thrice admirable diction. As for Mme. Matzenauer, her recent ascent to a place among the contraltos may be by some regretted, yet her Brünnhilde last night was a fine performance, even if at times her voice, in its upper reaches, appeared a trifle forced. Mr. Urlus was a superb young Siegfried, both vocally and histrionically, and Mr. Griswold's Wanderer, Mr. Gortitz's Alberich, Mr. Reiss's Mime, not to speak of the invisible Dragon of Mr. Ruysdael and the equally invisible Stimme des Waldvogels of Miss Alten.

Mr. Hertz was not inviolable, though he did not sing; yet his part was of equal importance as the rest. He performed it well.

CARUSO AS PAGLIACCI "Cavalliera" and "Pagliacci" Sung at Metropolitan.

The man who can find anything new to say regarding the two operas which were sung last night at the Metropolitan would indeed be a discoverer of words now unknown. The two operas were "Cavalliera Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," and they were, with the exception of one artist, sung by casts time tried and time honored. We have often been called to praise the Santuzza of Miss Destinn, and we did so again last night. Mr. Gilly's Alfio is an old and valued friend, and the older he becomes the higher grows his value. His voice was always a fine one, but what has been most gratifying has been his growth in the art of song. Mme. Duchene is another artist who has improved during the last two seasons, and her Lola was altogether pleasing.

The only singer new to his part in either opera was Italo Cristalli, whose Turridu partly attained for his previous misfortune in "Lucia." His voice still sounded rather light for the great auditorium, but he sang the Siciliana in good style—but then Mascagni is a far cry from the art of song as practised by the great exponents of Donizetti.

Of course, Mr. Caruso appeared in the Leoncavallo work; it is safe to say that if only Mr. Caruso undertook to appear his admirers would still be happy. Those who love the best in the art of the tenor of the voice of liquid gold were not so happy, perhaps; but evidently the tenor was, for his voice was in excellent condition, and he poured it out in unlimited

volume. The same may be said for the Tondo of Mr. Amato, and Miss Hori made a charming and vivacious Nedda. Mr. Reschiglian was an acceptable Silvio. The orchestra in both operas was under the baton of Mr. Polacco, who infused plenty of life into the proceedings.

MODERN PASTORAL ORATORIO GIVEN

An Amalgamation Which Fulfilled a Beautiful Duty Beautifully.

The Oratorio Society gave its first concert of the season at Carnegie Hall last night, and in doing so performed what its friends, and even its enemies (if it has any, which is scarcely conceivable), recognized as a pious duty—a pious duty, but also a painful. The Oratorio Society would have no artistic raison d'être unless it kept the public advised as to what was doing in the world of choral composition; that is its duty, which is performed at the expense of the good people who believe in oratorio but sometimes cannot understand why works should be performed which neither they nor the public care for. That is the painful side of the situation. In the case of Georg Schumann's "Ruth," which was performed last night, there might be a lovely meeting of minds if the work, like an opera, could be performed four or five times when it was new, and repeated indefinitely thereafter; but the performances of the Oratorio Society appeal only once a year, if as often as that, except in the case of "The Messiah," off of which the society lives.

"Ruth" is a beautiful work, and if it could be heard a few times its beauty would be appreciated, even as much as a foolish opera is at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is not consistently beautiful. The oratorio form militates against that. The oratorio is epic; it is never wholly beautiful unless it is epic. But modern notions in art are all dramatic; they ought not be, but unhappily they are. And when a composer who is blessed with the gift of epic expression hits upon the idea of writing seriously in the epic vein he is confronted with the foolish notion that it will not do, and he must mix the dramatic with it. Of course the book-maker is largely responsible. The man who put the story of Ruth and Naomi together for musical purposes ought to have known that when he tried to work up a wholly facetious disagreement, not to say quarrel, between Naomi and the oratorical populace (whoever they may have been) he was venturing into fields into which his genius did not invite him. Herr Schumann was not dramatically interesting, but epically he was not only interesting but fascinating. There has been nothing heard in our concert rooms for years more delightful than the pastoral music of "Ruth," and not the least lovely and valuable feature of it was the use which he has made of Oriental intervals in his settings of the pastoral choruses. The manner in which the Oratorio Society acquitted itself of the difficult task which this music set for it was the most creditable thing that it has done for years. And the same might be said of the singing of Miss Florence Hinkle, Miss Mildred Potter and Mr. Putnam Griswold, who did all for Herr Schumann's oratorio that could be done. More cannot be said.

GEORG SCHUMANN'S 'RUTH.' A New Oratorio Successfully Given by the Oratorio Society.

Georg Schumann, whose oratorio "Ruth" was produced by the Oratorio Society at its first concert last evening in Carnegie Hall, is a German composer known here chiefly through a few orchestral works, as a set of variations on a "Merry Theme" and an overture, "Springtime of Love." He is conductor of the chorus of the Singakademie in Berlin, and his "Ruth" is an attempt to find a modern expression in the old for motif the oratorio. According to well-established custom, he compiles the words from the Old Testament narrative, with some lyrical and other additions in a free style.

Prof. Schumann, to give him his governmental title, is not a composer of strong originality, but he has composed agreeably and skillfully, and there is much in this oratorio that engages the listener's favor. His style is "modern" enough to make use of typical and representative themes, and of the reflective soliloquies and dialogue of Naomi, Ruth and Boaz in alloy. The form of melodies arisoso rather than in the traditional recitative and aria; and his orchestral part is more an integral part of the musical expression than mere accompaniment, carrying often a large part of the thematic substance. He likewise is a skillful writer for the orchestra, and his score

is rich and varied without an attempt to discover new and bizarre effects.

It is true that the would-be dramatic dialogue seems rather long and gets to have monotony, as that between Ruth and Naomi, and then between Ruth and Boaz. Where the charms intervene there are striking passages; as, in the charms "Wherefore didst thou forsake our land?" and the denunciation of Naomi, "Curse her!" and "Let her suffer," in which there are powerful climaxes. The writing for chorus shows skill and judgment, a practised hand.

It would have been easy to devise a commonplace "Chorus of Reapers," suitable and necessary for an oratorio of "Ruth"; but Prof. Schumann has avoided that pitfall, and in the chorus of peasants, "O see, how speedeth like the wind," he has contrived a really charming effect. On the other hand in the chorus of nocturnal spirits is much less successful. There are passages in which traditional Hebrew melodies are introduced; there are Oriental intervals, and the shofar is blown, and these form significant points in the composition.

Except for some of the lengths of anaiso, "Ruth" is something to interest and hold the listener's attention. There are freshness and vigor in the music, even though no deep originality, and it was worth performing. The Oratorio Society did itself justice, and did credit to Mr. Koemann's training. Its volume and quality of tone were good, and certain difficult passages were successfully managed. There was an especially good performance of the orchestral part. Miss Florence Hinkle sang the part of Ruth with great beauty of tone and in a thoroughly musical style. There was excellent quality and warmth in Miss Mildred Potter's contralto voice, and Mr. Putnam Griswold had real distinction in his singing of the music of Boaz. The voice of a priest was acceptably supplied by Mr. T. Foster Why. All these artists, indeed, sang with interest and enthusiasm, and mastered something more than the outline of unfamiliar music. There was a very considerable audience that manifested interest in the new composition.

DOUBLE BILL AT OPERA. "Cavalliera Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" Sung at Metropolitan.

Operatic history repeated itself at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening when the popular double bill, "Cavalliera Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," given for the first time this season, entertained a great audience that thronged the large auditorium and filled it to its last resources of seating and standing capacity.

Were it not for the sake of the record due the presentation of these two partners it would not be necessary to state that the house had been sold out for some days previous to their performance nor to mention the central point of interest connected with the latter, namely, that Mr. Caruso appeared as Canio in the Leoncavallo work.

Whence the power of magic spell cast upon the public through the association of the great tenor's name with that of the little tragedy it is impossible to say. During the movement of its two acts he occupies the stage for a comparatively short space of time, while the episodes attracting chief attention in his artistic endeavors centre themselves first of all in the beating of a bass drum and the singing of one air, "Ridi Pagliaccio." But it is probable that after all the potency of magic charm here exerted is but truth, and its existence is in the few precious moments of the drama which afford this great singer occasion for a display not only of a turbulent passion when in action, but of the gorgeous beauty of his voice.

The other chief members in the cast are familiar here in their parts. They included Miss Bori as Nedda and Mr. Amato as Tonio. Mr. Bača was the Beppe and Mr. Reschiglian the Silvio.

In the Mascagni opera there was a new Turridu, Italo Cristalli, who recently made his debut here in "Lucia." Although it can be said that the impression he made last night was in all respects sincere and in some more favorable than when he was first heard, yet his voice was at times deficient in power and quality and his acting hardly up to the requirements of his part. The other roles were each in well known hands. Mme. Destinn was the Santuzza and Mme. Duchene the Lola. Mr. Gilly was Alfio and Mme. Maubourg the Lucia.

The performance of the two little tragedies, so similar in plot and musical treatment, was each in turn given with a general spirit of vigor and freshness and created the enthusiasm expected. Much praise is due to Mr. Polacco for his conducting.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

A Programme of Bach and Debussy—Harold Bauer Soloist.

Mr. Damrosch repeated the pleasant experiment in programme making that he tried last season, combining Bach and Debussy in yesterday's concert and the New York Symphony Orchestra. The result was one of a delight, without doubt. Bach was represented by two of his Brandenburg concertos, the third than in the traditional recitative and aria; and his orchestral part is more an integral part of the musical expression than mere accompaniment, carrying often a large part of the thematic substance. He likewise is a skillful writer for the orchestra, and his score

form and content, but they are in the highest degree characteristic of the spirit of Bach. The G major concerto abandons the governing idea of the "concerto grosso," the contrast between "concerto" and "concertino"—or orchestra and group of solo players—and gains its effects, invigorating and splendidly inspiring, by massive and sonorous effects of union and contrast between the three groups of stringed instruments. The second movement needed more precision and finish in the performance.

The concerto in D, on the contrary, is a typical "concerto grosso," the concerto consisting of violin, flute and pianoforte; the last named, of course, representing the harpsichord in Bach's conception. Here there is exquisite tenderness, poetical imagination, romantic feeling, for the expression of which Bach counted much on the ineffable beauty and variety of the tonal coloring that he elicits from his combination of three instruments against their orchestral background. Modern colorists have found out more ways of doing it, but nothing more subtle. These three instruments were played by Messrs. Saslavsky and Barrère of the orchestra and Mr. Harold Bauer. They were in deep sympathy and accord, and their effects, especially in the first movement, and in the second, which is a trio without orchestral accompaniment, were ravishing. Nothing could surpass the finesse, the clarity and rhythmic crispness of Mr. Bauer's playing of the pianoforte, the cadenzalike passage at the end of the first movement was a delight. This music played in a hall so small as Aeolian Hall gained greatly in its appeal to the listeners.

The music of Debussy that followed began with his "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," his best known and, perhaps, his best composition for orchestra; one, at least, that seems most perfectly to realize what he wished to express. There followed three piano pieces from Debussy's first book of "Preludes," published about two years ago: "Les Collines d'Anacapri," "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin" and "Minstrels." In these the composer has turned to Italian local color which he gives as subtly, as luminously and as suggestively as he has in other sketches the Spanish. Mr. Bauer's playing of these pieces reached almost the very limit of the pianoforte's power of expressing color, timbre, and effects almost atmospheric. At the end came a symphonic suite, "Le Printemps," in two movements. It is one of the composer's latest publications, and was performed on this occasion for the first time in America. It is obviously, however, music of Debussy's earlier years; for it does not show his most characteristic matured style. Thus, there is but one fleeting appearance of the "whole tone scale," in the first movement; the themes are of a more conventional shapeliness than his present views of themes, and, indeed, in the second movement there is one of a jauntyness that approaches the commonplace, and the harmony has not yet reached the venturesomeness, nor the orchestration the qualities that mark his latest output, not always agreeably. It is brilliant and glittering orchestration of an earlier date. The composition thus had easy access to the ears and understandings of the listeners, for it presents no problems at this time. It was enthusiastically received.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

H. J. Herald
New Suite by Debussy Proves Interesting and Popular.

Is Claude Achille Debussy, like Beethoven, forsaking his aesthetic gods and becoming an everyday young man? Is he no longer a "Francesca da Rimini, mimmy mimmy, je ne sais quoi young man"? At any rate he has discovered the tonic triad, and the worst of it is he likes it. He has even dallied with an undisguised major mode and written real tunes. What shall be done with him? All this was disclosed at the Symphony Society concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, when his new symphonic suite, "Le Printemps," was heard for the first time in this city.

Mr. Damrosch had arranged a Bach and Debussy programme. In joining contrast lieth Damrosch's delight. The first part of the programme was given over to two of the dear old Brandenburg concertos, the third, which is for strings, and the fifth, which is for solo violin, flute and piano with strings. The solo players in the latter were Messrs. Saslavsky, violinist; Barrère, flutist, and Harold Bauer, pianist.

Dec. 6, 1913
It is not imperative to write an essay on the Brandenburg concertos of old Bach. But it is to make note of the fact that nothing could have been more beautiful and restful than the performance of the fifth by the three artists concerned in it together with the orchestra. Mr. Bauer's treatment of the piano part was a revelation of exquisite taste, finished musicianship and masterly command of technique. His tone and finger work were such as to keep a music lover in a continual state of joy. His style would have made Bach glad.

The Debussy part of the concert began with the familiar and always interesting prelude to "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." The orchestra played this shimmering web of instrumentation with remarkable finish and won hearty applause. Mr. Bauer returned to the stage to contribute to the Debussy list three piano pieces, "Les Collines d'Anacapri," "La Fille aux cheveux de Lin" and "Minstrels." In the first of these the hills of Anacapri filled Debussy with such a leaping joy that one suspected

that he had written the piece at Bitter's with a glass of Malvasia hard by. Why a girl with flaxen hair should be translated into piano music no one can tell, but possibly she went over to Anacapri on the same boat as the composer. The minstrels are always on the boat. So there you are.

The symphonic suite is the latest of Mr. Debussy's publications. It is in two movements, one called very moderate and the other just moderate. It is a most melodious composition, possessing most of the strong characteristics of Debussy's style, but departing from his manner in its employment of clearly marked rhythms and fluent, well defined and extended melody. The dancing figure in the latter part of the second movement is quite out of the custom of this composer.

But the composition is full of charm. It has a most engaging piquancy, and it is scored with a wealth of color. Even stopped trumpets are made to sing alluringly and the use of a piano for four hands is well devised. It will be astonishing if this composition does not now set out on its travels among the orchestras. It has more of the elements of popularity than Debussy's music usually possess and it is withal the production of a genial mind.

New York Symphony Concert.

The fashion of giving "joint recitals" is growing, and so is the fashion of making orchestral programmes with only two composers on them. A particularly interesting sample of this style was presented at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon by Walter Damrosch and his orchestra, the composers represented being the widely contrasting Bach and Debussy. First came two "Brandenburg" concertos, numbers three and five by Bach, then a Debussy group, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," some piano solos, and a new symphonic suite "Le Printemps," which was played for the first time in America. Mr. Harold Bauer was the soloist.

The first Brandenburg concerto was performed by the strings alone. Portions of the first movement were ragged, but the second went better. In the second concerto the most satisfactory part was the beautiful slow movement, the trio for piano, violin, and flute, which was admirably played by Messrs. Bauer, Saslavsky, and Barrère. The performance of all three movements of the concerto was greatly improved by Mr. Bauer's incisive rhythm and precision. The piano furnished a solid foundation for all the other instruments.

It was interesting to hear a modern composition, Debussy's "Le Printemps," in which piano tone was added again to that of the orchestra, although in this work of the French composer it is used exclusively as part of the orchestral color, not as a solo, or *obligato* instrument. This "latest" work of Debussy came as a surprise. In it he seems to have abandoned most of his own peculiarities. Even the beloved whole-tone scale has disappeared almost to the vanishing point. The orchestral color effects are often ravishing and characteristic, but they have little of the mystic quality that has so long been associated with Debussy's name. Can it be that this, instead of being the latest work of Debussy, is an earlier one, retouched? There are beautiful passages for strings which might almost have come from the older French composers. In the second movement he seems to have repented somewhat for his unfaithfulness to strange dissonances, and the result is more or less Chinese in effect.

Mr. Bauer's piano selections also were less amazing than some of Debussy's other work. In "Minstrels" there were a few measures of a very elegant little waltz "La fille aux cheveux de lin" was a Scotch lassie, even if she was enveloped in a Parisian fog. As to "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" that is too well known to need comment.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza devoted much time and thought to the revival of "Un Ballo in Maschera" for the purpose of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of Verdi's birth. Such doings naturally start speculation as to the possibilities of a celebration of the centennial of his death. At present the probabilities indicate that the choice for that occasion will not fall upon "Un Ballo in Maschera." It is undeniable that "Aida" continues to be in the lead. It is regarded by the music loving world as Verdi's masterpiece, and despite the profounder thought of "Otello" and the more consummate skill of "Falstaff" few will care to dispute the general conclusion.

The delightful work had its first performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, when the fourth week began. The auditorium was packed and there was a plenty of real applause. No one was concerned in the representation who had not been heard in the same role before, and Mr. Toscanini conducted with his unflinching energy and feeling for this music. The scenery

did not lose as fresh and new as that of "Un Ballo," and the costumes had all been seen before, but the opera filled the house with a different feeling.

Caruso in Poor Voice.

The drawing and exciting power of "Aida" need not be discussed. The hard and fast routine of operatic chronicling requires mention of the vital fact that Mr. Caruso, who was in very poor voice, sang "Ishadames" to the manifest delight of his hearers. Secondly, Mme. Destinn, who was in even worse voice, who in fact had practically nothing but her mezzo voice, gave just as much joy in the role of Aida. These singers can hardly be blamed if they believe that they are walking in the clouds of true artistic glory.

Mme. Matzenauer, despite some shortness of breath, sang *Amneris* with fluency and with dignity. Mr. Amato as *Amos*, showed more restraint than at any previous performance, and hence his singing was better. Perhaps some day the art of making big tone will be displaced by the older and better one of making beautiful tone. Heaven send it soon.

"FRIENDS" HOLD CONCERT

H. J. Herald
Enthusiastic Greeting for Initial Programme by Artists.

The Society of the Friends of Music gave their initial concert at the Ritz Carlton Hotel yesterday afternoon.

That the society bids fair to parallel the older societies of a similar kind in Austria, Germany and Italy was evident from the large attendance.

The programme of three numbers was well rendered and enthusiastically received by those present.

Following is the programme:

Unfinished quartet in C minor, posthumous Schubert

Allegro assai The Kneisel Quartet.

Franz Kneisel, first violin; Hans Letz, second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola; Wilhelm Willeke, violoncello.

Quartet in F major for oboe, violin, viola and violoncello Mozart

Allegro Adagio Rondo (Allegro) Georges Longy, Franz Kneisel, Louis Svecenski and Wilhelm Willeke.

Concerto in G major, for violin principal and two flutes, with string accompaniment and piano Bach

Allegro Andante, Allegro assai Franz Kneisel, George Barrère, William Kincald, Hans Letz, Louis Svecenski, Wilhelm Willeke, Ludwig Manoly, Samuel Gardner, Elias Breeskin, Sascha Jacobson, Robert Toedt and Clarence Adler.

The purpose of the society, which was recently started in this country, is to bring the composer, the artist and the lover of music into closer relations. With but one or two exceptions the entire advisory board of the society, which has as its members George Barrère, Frank Damrosch, Walter Damrosch, Rubin Goldmark, Franz Kneisel, Dr. Muck, Kurt Schindler, Josef Stransky, Arturo Toscanini and Felix Weingartner, attended yesterday.

CENTURY OPERA CONCERT.

H. J. Herald
Orchestra Takes More Important Part in the Programme.

At the Sunday night concert for the Century Opera Company last evening the orchestra took a more important place on the programme than usual. There were only three solos during the whole entertainment. Miss Jayne Herbert gave an aria from Saint-Saens, "Sampson and Belshazzar." Mr. Thomas Chalmers sang the prologue from "I Pagliacci," and Miss Mary Carson the mad scene from Thomas "Hamlet."

The orchestra numbers included the overture to "Raymond," by Thomas; the Fantasia from Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," selections from "Carmen," the Meditation from "Thais," and the Ballet of the Hours, from "Lo Gloconda."

Most interesting of the vocal numbers was the garden scene from "Faust," sung by Miss Ivy Scott, and the selections of Mr. Gustaf Bergman, Miss Kathleen Howard, Mr. Alfred Kaufman and Miss Cordelia Latham.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Dec. 8, 1913
Two Compositions by Americans Well Received by Audience.

The Philharmonic Society gave a conspicuous position on its programme yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall to two compositions by American composers on American subjects. They were Henry F. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" and William Henry Humiston's "Southern Fantasy." Besides this the orchestral programme included Haydn's symphony in G major (the "Surprise Symphony"), Beethoven's Leonore overture, No. 3, and Tchaikovsky's Theme and Variations from Suite No. 3, op. 55. Alice Nielsen, soprano, was the soloist. She sang an aria from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" and the Gavotte from Massenet's "Manon."

Both the American compositions have had previous hearings. Mr. Gilbert's overture having been performed in 1911 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a few weeks ago at the opening concert of the Century Opera House Sunday evening series. In them that division of the music world which argues that American national music should be founded on the melodies of the negroes had its say yesterday.

Both compositions were interesting and justified their being placed on this programme. Mr. Gilbert's overture has a frank and graceful quality that interests at once; its development is well knit

position carries without effort. Its melodious character, the varied yet always sane harmonization, and the clear and graceful orchestration make it a grateful number. It was well received yesterday, and when Mr. Stransky brought the composer to the platform he was heartily applauded. Mr. Humiston's "Southern Fantasy" does not make use of such plainly marked negro melodies; and the composition is less joyous in its nature, but it had many of the characteristics of the other work. It was also well received.

The rest of the programme was not as "heavy" as Mr. Stransky sometimes makes his programmes. The symphony received a careful and sympathetic treatment, which did not overlook any of its gracious character, and the Beethoven overture was revealed in its best light. Miss Nielsen's voice did not seem to be in the most dependable condition.

The friends of the Italian Benevolent Institution and Hospital filled the Metropolitan Saturday to hear Puccini's "Tosca," with Mme. Fremstad in the title rôle, which rather out of her range. The high notes

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were taken with too much effort, and only once did she reach a real climax. Martinelli sang better than at any former appearance, and when he did not force his voice, it was really beautiful. Scotti's Scarpa is too familiar to need further comment than that it was up to his usual standard. Toscanini conducted *con amore*, and made the third act as telling as it should be. At times the applause almost stopped the movement of the drama, particularly after Martinelli's fine singing in the last act.

Artists from Tsar's Domain

H. J. Herald
Give a Recital

Dec. 8, 1913
Mme. Dimitrieff, Soprano, and Mr. Dubinsky, Cellist, Unite in Entertainment at Aeolian Hall.

It was Russian night at Aeolian Hall last night, when two artists from the Tsar's domain, Mme. Nina Dimitrieff soprano, and Vladimir Dubinsky, cellist, united to give a joint recital. The audience was not large, but it was demonstrative in showing its approval, insisting on the repetition of several numbers.

Mme. Dimitrieff's singing was very uneven. In some of her songs, notably in Moussorgsky's "Hopak" and Hahn's "L'heure Exquise," both her voice and her method of using it were commendable. In some of her other songs her voice had an unpleasant hardness and her interpretations were not always of a high order. However, the audience expressed enthusiasm after every number.

Mr. Dubinsky's work on the whole was very satisfactory. His tone is full and rich, and his interpretative powers satisfactory. He played Saint-Saens' Concerto Opus 33, with technical skill and good taste. He played a cello obligato to one of Mme. Dimitrieff's songs, the Lullaby from Godard's "Jocelyn," and also was heard in a group of short pieces by Cui, Glazunoff, Davidoff and Popper.

Mme. Dimitrieff sang a group of Russian songs and a group in English, including works of Mr. Egan Putz and Mr. A. Walter Kramer.

CONCERTS REIGN IN MUSIC WORLD

H. J. Herald
Dec. 8, 1913
Philharmonic Society Programme at Carnegie Hall the Feature.

COMPOSITIONS BY AMERICANS HEARD

Mme. Dimitrieff and Mr. Dubinsky in Joint Recital at Aeolian Hall.

Sunday continues to be a day of music extraordinary, no less than six concerts being given yesterday, as well as the dress rehearsal of to-morrow's "Rosen-cavaller." The most important of yesterday's events was the Philharmonic Society's afternoon concert in Carnegie Hall, the Symphony Society's programme at Aeolian being a repetition of the one of Friday.

interest because of the presence of two oppositions by American musicians—Gilbert's "A Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" and W. H. Humiston's "Southern Fantasy." The first, which originally performed August 17, 1910, at an open air concert in Central Park proved to be a work of not a little interest, especially in its catchy rhythms, rhythms born of the negro music of the South, although the composer himself states that there is only one complete negro tune used in the overture, "I'm Wine to Alabama, Oh, for to See My Mammy."

Negro themes were also used in Mr. Humiston's "Fantasy," and again used with admirable effect. Both numbers were warmly applauded, and Conductor Stransky brought out Mr. Gilbert to bow his acknowledgments. The solo performer of the afternoon was Miss Alice Nielsen, who sang the air "Deh vien non ardo" from "Nozze di Figaro" and the ariette from "Manon." Miss Nielsen sang the Massenet music with not a little feeling, though it cannot be said with the perfection of style required by that opera. The symphony was Haydn's "Surprise." The audience was of moderate size.

In the evening Mme. Nina Dimitrieff, soprano, and Vladimir Dubinsky, cellist, gave a joint recital in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Dubinsky's playing of Saint-Saens's Concerto, for cello, Op. 33, was musically, and Mme. Dimitrieff's fine dramatic voice has heard to advantage in an air from Schubert's "Damon."

At the same moment there were popular concerts in progress at both the Metropolitan and Century Opera houses. The feature of the former was the singing of the chorus in the "Prologue" to Bolto's "Mephistofele" and in the "Isis and Osiris" chorus from "Die Zauberflaute." Miss Sophie Braslau again proved her right to be a member of the company by singing the great air from "Orfeo" with excellent style. Miss Braslau's voice is remarkably beautiful one and needs only careful guidance to bring her to distinction.

The other soloists were Mr. Cristall, Mr. Rothier and Miss Sparkes, all of whom seemed to please the large audience. The orchestra was ably directed by Gullio Setti, the company's chorus master. The concert at the Century was also well attended.

Max Jacobs Quartet at Carnegie Lyceum

The Max Jacobs Quartet gave the first of their series of chamber music concerts at Carnegie Lyceum yesterday afternoon.

There was a good attendance and much interest was shown in a new composition by Jan Brandts Buys, entitled, "Romantische Serenade," for string quartet. The reading was scholarly and satisfactory.

A chaconne for violin and piano by Talli was commendably played by Talli and Ira Jacobs.

'AIDA' AT METROPOLITAN Verdi's Popular Opera Sung First Time This Season.

The Metropolitan Opera House must have resembled the Elysian Fields to a large portion of last night's audience, for the opera was "Aida" and Enrico Caruso was Rhadames! Happy indeed were the Sicilians behind the great brass rail bappy were the subscribers in the orchestra, relieved from fear of hypothe-rating ticket agencies; happy were the music lovers in the galleries, for "Aida" last night presented a great tenor, a great spectacle and a great score. In addition Signor Toscanini directed the orchestra and dominated the performance for where Arturo Toscanini sits there is the head of the table.

What can be said of Caruso, save that he was in noble voice? Or of Mr. Amato, except that he was himself again? Or of Mme. Matzenauer, but that she had descended with superb success from the heights of the Valkyr Rock, where Siegfried had awakened her on Thursday night, to the plains of Pharaoh's Egypt?

It is true that "Aida" has been more beautifully sung by Miss Destinn than she sang it last night, but here the prevalence of the grip microbe is probably to blame. Mr. Didur was admirable as Ramfis, and Miss Sparkes, though unseen, made the church musical.

DEC 9, 1913

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Saturday and Sunday Concerts.

Fritz Kreisler's playing of the Beethoven violin concerto was the feature of Saturday afternoon's Carnegie Hall concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As on a previous occasion, when he played this great work here, Mr. Kreisler seemed like

an inspired prophet, especially when he proclaimed his own magnificent cadenza, in which the violin alone recapitulates the contents of the first movement with marvellous art. One hardly noticed that the orchestra had stopped, so full, so rich in harmonies, so highly colored, was the soloist's performance. He received an ovation both before and after he played. The orchestra was at its best, and in a Handel concerto in F major Messrs. Witke, Mueller, Longy, Wendler, and Jeannicke distinguished themselves, as well as Dr. Muck.

At Aeolian Hall on Saturday night, soloists of the Boston Orchestra again distinguished themselves. It was the second concert of the Longy Modern Chamber Music Society, and Emmanuel Moor, Henry Woollett, and Jean Huré were performed. The first piece, a suite for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, two violins, viola, cello, and bass, was altogether pleasing. Each movement was liberally applauded, especially the allegro, which contained many colorful passages and was beautifully played. The Woollett sonata for cello and piano was of the ultra modern school, and proved to be far less effective than the last number, a pastorello, for wind instruments and piano. The modern composer whose works the Longy Ensemble present may rest assured that he is in safe and highly capable hands. The pianist on Saturday was Miss Carolyn Beebe.

Sunday was again filled with music. In the morning the critics (only) were accorded an opportunity to hear the dress rehearsal of Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" at the Metropolitan, concerning which much will be printed on Wednesday, the first public performance being to-morrow night. In the afternoon the New York Symphony Society repeated its Friday programme, while the Philharmonic Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall, presented Alice Nielsen, who was not in best form on this occasion, and played a varied programme, including a Haydn symphony, Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, Tchaikovsky's Theme and Variations from his third suite, and two pieces by American composers, which were interesting, not only because of their intrinsic merit, but as exemplifying the use of negro melodies. The works were "A Comedy Overture on Negro Themes," by Henry Franklin Gilbert, and the "Southern Fantasy" of William Henry Humiston. Mr. Gilbert's overture was originally intended as the prelude to an opera based on the "Uncle Remus" stories. In it Mr. Gilbert has used, as he explains, "as thematic material certain piquant and expressive bits of melody, which I have gathered from various collections of negro folk-music." He has woven these into a fabric skilfully, and the general effect is pleasing, but the introduction of Debussiau harmonies in one place, seems like trying to mix water and oil.

As for Mr. Humiston's "Southern Fantasy" it had been played previously on several occasions, but never before under so great a conductor as Mr. Stransky and with so splendid an orchestra. It had seemed interesting previously; yesterday it was entrancing. Few, indeed, are the orchestral works of the period in which one hears such spontaneous, charming melody as in this piece, and the colors are surprisingly lovely, even in these days of general orchestral exuberance.

It is of interest to note that both of the American composers heard at this concert were pupils in composition of Edward MacDowell. There was much applause for both the pieces. Mr. Stransky brought out Mr. Gilbert to get his share, but could not do the same for Mr. Humiston, who was playing the organ elsewhere, so the audience lost the opportunity to see its present excellent programme annotator. However, there will be other opportunities, for the "Southern Fantasy" will no doubt be heard again ere long.

At the Metropolitan last evening a particularly impressive feature was the singing, under Mr. Setti, of the glorious prologue from Boito's "Mefistofele." At the Century Opera House leading singers of the company were heard as usual, and at Aeolian Hall, in the evening, Nina Dimitrieff and Vladimir Dubinsky, gave a concert.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, and Mr. Wilhelm Bachaus, pianist, were heard in a joint recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Both artists have appeared before in recital this season, but this was their first joint concert.

The only number in which they played together was Saint-Saens's sonata in C minor. On the whole, their interpretation was good, but there were several times when Miss Parlow's bowing was not as sure as usual. For the most part, however, she played admirably, with a full tone,

and with a full tone. Mr. Bachaus displayed the same excellence that characterized his past performance. Sound musical judgment, a command of technique that is remarkable, an abundance of power and a knowledge of the tonal possibilities of his instrument were in evidence again.

After the sonata Miss Parlow played a small American work, Mr. A. Walter Kramer's "Chant Negro," which was well received. She followed this with a gavotte by Tor Adlin, a valse by Tschalkowsky, a Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dance and Wieniawski's polonaise in A major. A group from Chopin was played by Mr. Bachaus, in which appeared the ballade in A flat; the polonaise in A flat, opus 26, and some studies. He also played the Liszt arrangement of Schubert's "Soirée de Vienne" and "I Heard a Streamlet Gushing" and Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody.

Mme. Alda Sings

at Mr. Bagby's

206th Musicale

Ballroom of Waldorf-Astoria Crowded

with Men and Women of

Society.

DEC 9, 1913

In the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel yesterday a long and well varied programme was presented at the 206th

of Mr. A. N. Bagby's musical mornings. The artists were Mme. Frances Alda and Messrs. Emilio de Gogorza, Wilhelm Bachaus, pianist, and Gutta Casini, cellist. Each presented a group of compositions by well known composers, and Mme. Alda, in addition, sang an aria from "Carmen" with an obligato played by Mr. Casini. Mr. Dupont and Mr. Frank L. Forge were the accompanists.

MISS DE OLLOQUI PLAYS.

Spanish Pianist Gives Recital at Mac-

Dowell Club.

At the MacDowell Club yesterday there was a recital by Miss Elena de Olloqui, a Spanish pianist not unknown in New York, but who has spent the last few years in Europe. She played a programme of great variety, which impressed favorably. She has an adequate technical equipment and plays with good taste and intelligence. Without possessing a great amount of power or an overabundance of temperament, she gave a graceful and sometimes interesting interpretation to her numbers.

As a novelty Miss de Olloqui presented a new sonata by Ravel, which has the flavor of the modern French school, but lacks the interesting qualities which many of Debussy's piano works possess. Her other contributions were Schytte's sonata, opus 53, groups from Schumann, Chopin and Liszt, and Rachmaninoff's "Melodie" and "Polichinelle."

MR. HOFMANN'S RECITAL.

Programme of Chopin Music Beau-

tifully Played in Carnegie Hall.

Josef Hofmann, the pianist, gave his third recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. At his previous appearance he offered a programme of which the length and the content overtaxed the receptive power of his audience. Apparently to make atonement for this he prepared for yesterday's assemblage a programme entirely composed of Chopin music. Real epicures do not care for the sort of banquet to which the Gallic chief treated the Roman general, even when it is arranged with consummate skill. But the general public dotes on Chopin, and Mr. Hofmann well knew what he was doing when he planned his menu.

The first group consisted of the A flat ballade, A flat impromptu, F minor nocturne, B flat minor mazurka and B minor scherzo. The B flat minor sonata occupied the next place, standing in lieu of a group. The last part comprised the A minor valse, the A major polonaise and four etudes, the C sharp minor, A flat major, C major and C minor. Musicians and students of piano music will know that this arrangement offered as much variety as is possible in a Chopin programme without venturing into regions too unfamiliar to a miscellaneous audience.

Without doubt most of the hearers sat up and waited for the sonata, and especially the funeral march. Certainly they had their full reward, for the interpretation of the entire sonata was that of a master, and the outpour of clear, pure, singing tone in the cantilena of the march was ravishing. Some may have wished that there had been less rubato in this part of the performance, but we must not be hypercritical.

The summit of the recital was probably the reading of the F minor nocturne. In this Mr. Hofmann displayed such fastidious taste, such profound appreciation of every element, melodic, rhythmic and harmonic, in the structure of the composition and published his conception in such

a marvellously rich and yet continent tonal utterance that artistic sensibility and the sensuous appetite of the ear were equally gratified.

There is no need of attempting a description of his playing of each number. It is better to summarize by declaring that Mr. Hofmann has never given a more complete disclosure of his deep feeling for the sensuous beauty of Chopin's style, his profound sympathy with the sentiment of the composer and his at times astounding mastery of the resources of the piano.

Where the music called for it his technic was amazing in its boldness and its certainty. Its tremendous power and brilliancy. Where the music asked for a song Mr. Hofmann made the piano sing like a great prima donna, almost like a Semele. It was a great recital by a master, and it is unfortunate that it came on a day when the attention of the musical community was centred on an opera.

New Pianist Pleases with Kneisel Quartet

Mr. Michael von Zadora, Little Known

to New York, Plays in

Quintet Number.

At the second concert of the Kneisel

Quartet's season last evening in Aeolian

Hall, an interesting programme was

enjoyed by one of the largest audiences

that has assembled in that hall this

season. The Kneisels played with all

their usual warmth and finished eleg-

ance, with carefully executed shadings

and with excellent tonal effects. The

first number on the programme was

Mozart's Quartet in F major, one of the

last works of this composer and written

under difficulties, but nevertheless one

of his most beautiful compositions. It

was played with purity of style and

correct intonation.

Brahms' Quartet in B flat major was

the second offering of the Kneisel Quar-

tet. The last movement, the poco alle-

retto con variazioni, was beautifully

executed both as regards tone and an

almost perfect ensemble.

In the last number, which was Cesar

Frank's quintet for piano and string

quartet, a pianist little known in New

York, was introduced in the person of Mr.

Michael von Zadora, who recently suc-

ceeded Mr. Ernesto Consolo as head of

the piano department of the Institute of

Musical Art. Although born in this coun-

try, Mr. von Zadora has spent a large part

of his time in Europe. His playing was

characterized by a good command of the

technical resources of the piano and by the

intelligent manner in which he brought out

the mystical effects of Cesar Frank's

music. The audience showed marked ap-

proval.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Michael von Zadora Piano Performer

at Second Concert.

The second concert of the Kneisel

Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian

Hall. The programme was not one call-

ing for any extended comment but at the

same time it was of proportions delight-

ful for both classic and romantic variety

and one bound to make ingratiating ap-

peal to even the casual listener.

It comprised three numbers, the F

major quartet of Mozart (No. 9, Breit-

kopf and Haertel edition), Brahms's quar-

'MADAME BUTTERFLY' AGAIN

Lois Ewell Sings Title Part for First Time at Century.

The Century Opera Company began last night a week of the first opera that has been repeated since the institution began its season. "Madame Butterfly." Lois Ewell sang the title part, Gustaf Bergman was the Pinkerton, and Louis Kreidler the Sharpless. While Jayne Herbert sang Suzuki. The occasion recalled the first performance of the work by the Century Company when Ivy Scott, through the illness of Miss Ewell, was forced to sing the exacting role four times in three days. It was the first time Miss Ewell has sung the role in English at the Century and her work was enjoyable. Mr. Bergman's Pinkerton is one of the best things he has done, although early in the first act there were times when he was a little uncertain about his music. Frank Philip made a first appearance in the role of Goro, sung last time by Francesco Daddi of the Chicago company, and was adequate vocally, although his acting might have been better. Alfred Kaufman did the small part of the Bonze well.

The performance as a whole was satisfactory, although the improvement which will doubtless come after the first night will not be small.

'DER ROSENKAVALIER' AT METROPOLITAN

Comedy of Richard Strauss

Opera Has First American Hearing.

PRODUCTION ADMIRABLE

The Work Contains Humor and Sentiment Set in Melodious Music.

Der Rosenkavalier—At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Princess von Werdenberg.....	Frieda Hempel
Baron Ochs.....	Otto Goritz
Octavian.....	Margarete Ober
Herr von Faninal.....	Hermann Weil
Sophia.....	Anna Case
Marianne Leitmeizer.....	Rita Fornia
Valzacchi.....	Albert Reiss
Annina.....	Marie Matfield
Commissary of Police.....	Carl Schlegel
A Slinger.....	Carl Jörn

Europe has been in the throes of "Der Rosenkavalier" for the last three years. As they say in London, one pays through the nose for this dainty. Dr. Richard Strauss believes in making the art of composition profitable, and as it is a barren time he meets little opposition and succeeds in living up to his principle. Accordingly there was no reason for an outburst of indignant astonishment on the part of operagoers in this town when it was announced that the prices would be raised for the first performance of "Der Rosenkavalier." Dr. Strauss is a luxury. An impresario can get Verdi or Wagner for half the money.

"Der Rosenkavalier" was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last night outside the subscription series. "Parsifal" was brought out in the same way. It will appear in the course of time that this is about the only resemblance of "Parsifal" to "Der Rosenkavalier." It was plain to the least experienced observer last evening that the public had not quite gone mad with curiosity about this latest disclosure of the genius of Strauss. But there is still time.

A Comedy of Intrigue.

To summarize at the outset a few of the important points uncovered by this first representation, "Der Rosenkavalier" is a comic opera. It is a comedy of intrigue. The Spanarelle of the affair is the Baron Ochs, who engages in an intrigue with Octavian, the boy lover of the somewhat experienced Princess. When this boy is trapped in the Princess's chamber he jumps into a maid's costume, and captivates the Baron.

At the suggestion of the Princess the youth is chosen as the bearer of the silver rose, the gift of the Baron to his young betrothed, Sophia. She does not wish to marry him at all, and quite refuses, when in the second act she compares him with the handsome Rosenkavalier. The boy falls in love with the girl. Then, aided by Valzacchi and his partner, Annina, Octavian arranges the discomfiture of the Baron in the third act. Disguised again as the maid, the youth meets the Baron at supper in private apartments, where numerous spies have been placed to catch the pair. The betrothal is broken off, the unhappy Princess, bereft of her boy lover and her youth, hands Octavian over to Sophia and

the opera comes to its long deferred end. The comedy, while not distinguished, is fairly good. The music is in general light, frequently charming, sometimes almost beautiful, often prosaic, dull and lifeless. It is not in the familiar Strauss turmoil of ugliness. Neither does it ever approach the fine humor of "Eulenspiegel." It is orchestrated with exquisite skill, but in not a few pages is execrably written for the voices. It is leading motive music, but only a few of the themes have any real importance. The work is at least half an hour too long. The first act, for instance, occupies one hour, which is quite unnecessary. There is much insignificant dialogue and action so ingeniously arranged that it cannot be cut without actual reconstruction of some of the sacred pages, and this of course Mr. Strauss will not permit. But sooner or later cuts must be made.

The ending of the work, which comes at a late hour, is a piece of lamentable bungling. Two amateurs, playing at writing a libretto and a score, could not have shown less knowledge of the theatre than have Hugo von Hoffmannsthal and Richard Strauss. The opera ends several pages before the place where these two great men have made it end, but they did not discover it. After the story is complete they mander on for nearly ten more minutes and finish with a ridiculous and meaningless piece of pantomime, evidently for the sake of doing something unexpected.

Frankness Not Offensive.

To return to the first point, the comedy, let it be said that while it involves two illustrations of the operation of passion (or rather in one case mere lewdness) there is nothing objectionable in either one. Originally the first scene began with a frank view of the Princess and Octavian before arising. At the Metropolitan they are up and nearly dressed. The couch is placed in a deep alcove where hardly half the audience can see it. After all this is a pity, for the boyish love of Octavian, delineated with histrionic skill of the highest order by Mme. Ober, should offend no sensibility. One may feel a little resentment at the Princess for draining the chalice of this young rose, but with her it is less the "dark flower" than a despairing grasp at fleeting youth.

Ochs is altogether delightful in his self-importance, his inability to understand his own foolishness. The scene of his cowardice in the second act is funny and his difficulties in the inn are almost equally so. The requisite point of contrast in the mood scheme of the play is provided by the gentle pathos of the Princess. Much of the action of this comedy is boisterous. There is nothing subtle in either the tale or its development. No one would have expected anything delicate or captivating in style from the two eminent collaborators who so foully debauched the classic story of Electra. Hoffmannsthal doubtless intended the love of Octavian for Sophia to stand in strong contrast to the passion for the Princess, but neither he nor Strauss knew how to handle such delicate material. Woodchoppers cannot cut cameos. But both were more successful with the treatment of the Princess, whose monologue in the first act is one of the most artistic creations in the entire work.

Moves Too Slowly.

As has already been said, the comedy moves much too slowly. Furthermore there always exist those conditions which militate against the success of all comic operas in the Metropolitan Opera House, first that most of the people in the audience have no idea of what is going on, and second that the house is so large that all comedy finesse is lost in it.

It is no one's business if the public declines to acquaint itself with the librettos of operas. That is a matter about which a public has a right to choose for itself. But nevertheless the fact ought to be recorded that the vast majority of those who frequent the Metropolitan go to hear famous singers sing and do not concern themselves about the drama. To this majority any subtlety in a comic opera must forever remain a closed volume.

Only a few more words need be said now about the music of Dr. Strauss. "Der Rosenkavalier" will be heard several times in the course of the season and there will be plenty of opportunity to discuss the work further if it shall seem to be worth while. The score, as we have noted, is built on the system of representative themes, and in order that none of them may escape an indolent world there has been published a guide written by Alfred Kalisch, one of the industrious music critics of London. Many years ago an English commentator declared that "Goetterdaemmerung" was the weakest of the "Ring" dramas because it contained the smallest number of new themes. By this method of computation "Der Rosenkavalier" is a greater work than "Der Ring des Nibelungen," because, according to this guide book, it contains twenty more themes than the whole tetralogy.

THE SUN's reviewer cordially invites all persons who really desire to enjoy "Der Rosenkavalier" (as far as the work itself will permit them) to pay no attention whatever to the formidable catalogue of representative themes. Half a dozen of them make points in the music, the others do not.

Music of Wide Range.

The music ranges in character from sheer travesty, in which Strauss has already shown himself to be a master, to pathos, in which the composer does not now excel and never has. Strauss's highest flights have been in the direction of reflection, as in the composing episode in the "Symphonia Domestica," or in the

musical delineation of street agony, as in the last gasps of "Tod und Verklärung."

In the expression of such horrors as Salome's lustful mauling of the head of Jokanaan his success lay in his instrumental painting of the nauseous voluptuary. But in the realm of poetic exaltation Dr. Strauss is nothing better than a competent artisan. He has his musical patterns and he puts them together with skill, but he has no new formula and no creative artistry in this world which has never revealed itself to his earthly vision.

So in the lovely monologue of the Princess referred to already he realizes the rapt mood of reflection and achieves his effect chiefly by giving the voice perfect freedom from orchestral competition and by respecting the text so that it can be understood. The duct for Sophia and Octavian in the second act ought to be the emotional climax of his opera, but the thing is utterly futile. It has not a measure of poetic inspiration and the whole is written outrageously for the voices. To hear the little girlish Sophia screaming out her fluttering heart in high E's and even a C sharp is actually painful.

Not Likely to Be Overestimated.

But let us come to the conclusion of the matter for to-day. There are several waltz movements in the score and they will doubtless please. They belong to Vienna if not altogether to the period. At least one of these waltz tunes is written intentionally after the manner of Johann Strauss, or shall we say of a particular waltz, which is much better than the imitation?

Far too much importance has been attached to "Der Rosenkavalier." Strauss is a skilful advertiser and he has made people believe that the commonplace comic opera was a gift from the gods of art. It is altogether unlikely that the New York public will overestimate its worth. Meanwhile all praise should be given to Mr. Gatti-Casazza for the liberal manner in which he has put it on the stage. The production is brilliant and tasteful in every detail.

More shall be said about the performance hereafter, but for the present the record must be that it is admirable. Mme. Hempel's style and diction in the Princess are the best specimens of her art we have had, while Mme. Ober's impersonation of Octavian is an uncommonly fine piece of acting. Mr. Goritz is naturally at home as Ochs. Miss Case looked charming as Sophia, but was not in good vocal condition. But of all these more later. Mr. Hertz has worked devotedly over the musical features of the work, and he treated the delicate beauties of the transparent instrumentation with unusual nicety.

"ROSENKAVALIER" AT METROPOLITAN

A Vapid and Salacious Comedy Given with Great Earnestness.

FROM NECROPHILISM TO LUBRICITY

The Policy of Such a Production at the Opera Questioned.

In the beginning there was "Guntram," of which we heard only fragmentary echoes in our concert rooms. Then came "Feuersnot," which reached us in the same way, but between which and the subject which is to occupy us in this review there is a kinship through a single instrumental number, the meaning of which no programme annotator has dared more than to hint at. It is the music which accompanies the episode, politely termed a "love scene," which occurs at the climax of the earlier opera, but is supposed to take place before the opening of the curtain in the later. Perhaps we may recur to them again—if we have the courage.

These were the operas of Richard Strauss which no manager deemed it necessary or advisable to produce in New York. Now came "Salome." Popular neurasthenia was growing. Oscar Wilde thought France might accept a glorification of necrophillism and wrote his delectable book in French. France would have none of it, but when it was done into German, and Richard Strauss accentuated its sexual perversity by his hysterical music, lo! Berlin accepted it with avidity. The theatres of the Prussian capital were keeping pace with the pathological spirit of the day, and ahead of those of Paris, where it had long been the habit to think moral obliquity made its residence. If Berlin, then why not New York? So thought Mr. Conried, saturated with German theatricalism, and seeing no likely difference in the appeal of a "Parsifal," which he had success-

fully produced, and a "Salome," he prepared to put the works of Wagner and Strauss on the same footing at the Metropolitan Opera House. An influence which has not yet been clearly defined but which did not spring from the direct of the opera, nor the gentlemen who were his financial backers, silenced the mauling of the lust-crazed Hero and paralyzed the contortions of the lascivious dancer to whom he was willing to give one-half his kingdom.

Now Mr. Hammerstein came to continue the artistic education which the owners of the Metropolitan Opera House had so strangely and unaccountably checked. "Salome" lived out her mad life in a short time, dying, not by the command of Herod, but crushed under the shield of popular opinion. The operation, though effective, was not as swift as it might have been had operative conditions been different than they are in New York, and before it was accomplished a newer phase of Strauss's pathological art had offered itself as a nervous excitation. It was "Elektra," and under the guise of an ancient religious ideal, awful but pathetic the people were asked to find artistic delight in the contemplation of a woman's maniacal thirst for a mother's blood. It is not necessary to recall the history of the opera at the Manhattan Opera House to show that the artistic sanity of New York was proof against the new poison.

Hugo von Hoffmannsthal had aided Strauss in this brew and collaborated him with the next, which, it was hoped, probably because of the difference in its concoction and ingredients, to make his rein even more taut than it had ever been on theatrical managers and their public. From the Greek classics he turned to the comedy of the Beaumarchais period. Putting their heads together, the two wrote "Der Rosenkavalier." It was perhaps shrewd on their part that they avoided all allusion to the opera buffa of the period and called their work a "comedy for music." It enabled them, in the presence of the ignorant, to assume a virtue which they did not possess; but it is questionable if that circumstance will help them any. It is only the curious critic nowadays who takes the trouble to look at the definition, or epithet, on a title page. It is the work which puts the hallmark on itself; not the whim of the composer. It would have been wise, very wise indeed, had Hoffmannsthal avoided everything which might call up a comparison between himself and Beaumarchais. It was simply fatal to Strauss that he tried to avoid all comparison between his treatment of an eighteenth century comedy and Mozart's. One of his devices was to make use of the system of musical symbols which are irrevocably associated with Wagner's method of composition. Mozart knew nothing of this system, but he had a better one in his Beaumarchaisian comedy, which "Der Rosenkavalier" recalls; it was that of thematic expression for each new turn in the dramatic situation—a system which is carried out so brilliantly in "Le Nozze di Figaro" that there is nothing, even in "Die Meistersinger," which can hold a candle to it. Another was to build up the vocal part of his comedy on orchestral waltzes. Evidently it was his notion that at the time of Maria Theresa (whose early reign the opera is supposed to take place) the Viennese world was given over to the dance. It was so given over a generation later, so completely, indeed, that at the meetings in the ridotto, for which Mozart, Haydn, Gyrowetz, Beethoven and others wrote music, redting rooms had to be provided for ladies who were as unprepared for possible accidents as was one of those described by Pepsy as occurring at a court ball in his time; but to put scarcely anything but waltz tunes under the dialogue of "Der Rosenkavalier" is an anachronism which is just as disturbing to the judicious as the fact that Herr Strauss, though he starts his half-dozen or more of waltzes most insinuatingly, never lets them run the natural course which Lanner and the Viennese Strauss who suggested their tunes would have made them do. Always the path which sets out so prettily becomes a byway beset with dissonant thorns and thistles and clogged with rocks.

All of this is by way of saying that "Der Rosenkavalier" has reached New York after having endured two years or so in Europe, that it made its advent at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and that under the management of Mr. Gatti-Casazza it was treated with the distinction which Mr. Conried gave "Parsifal" and had planned for "Salome." It was set apart for a performance outside the subscription, special prices were demanded and the novelty dressed as sumptuously and prepared with as lavish an expenditure of money and care as the plan finally succeeded in swinging over almost the entire league to his way of thinking when the question was put to a test vote.

The count showed seven clubs against the plan and one in favor. McCaigrey, of Toronto, was the only owner who held

the plan and one in favor. McCaigrey, of Toronto, was the only owner who held

on the whole, it is a comedy of the most questionable kind, but one whose dollars are the best advertised. "Der Rosenkavalier" in spite of all these things must stand on its merits—as a comedy with music. The author of its book has invited a comparison which has already been suggested by making it a comedy of intrigue merely and placing its time of action in Vienna and the middle of the eighteenth century. He has gone further; he has invoked the spirit of Beaumarchais to animate his people and his incidents. The one thing which he could not do, or did not do, was to supply the satirical scourge which justified the Figaro comedies of his great French prototype and which, while it made their acceptance tardy, because of royal and courtly opposition, made their popular triumph the more emphatic. "Le Nozze di Figaro" gave us more than one figure and more than one scene in last night's representation, and "Le Nozze di Figaro" is to those who understand its text one of the most questionable operas on the current list. But there is a moral purpose underlying the comedy which to some extent justifies its frank salaciousness. It is to prevent the Count from exercising an ancient seigniorial right over the heroine which he had voluntarily resigned, that all the characters in the play unite in the intrigue which makes up the comedy. Moreover, there are glimpses over and over again of honest and virtuous love between the characters and beautiful expressions of it in the music which makes the play delightful despite its salaciousness. Even Cherubino, who seems to have come to life again in Octavian, is a lovable youth if for no other reason than that he represents youth in its amorosness toward all mankind, with thought of special mischievous toward none.

"Der Rosenkavalier" is a comedy of burlesque merely, with what little satirical scourge it has applied only to an old man who is no more deserving of it than most of the other people in the play. So much of its story as will bear telling can be told very briefly. It begins, assuming its instrumental introduction to be a part of it, with a young nobleman locked in the embraces of the middle-aged wife of a field marshal, who conveniently absent on a hunting expedition. The music is of a passionate order, and the composer, seeking a little the odor of virtue, but with an oracular ink in his eye, says in a descriptive note that it is to be played in the spirit of parody (*parodistisch*). Unfortunately the audience cannot see the intended direction, and there is no parody in music except extravagance and lepidity in the utterance of simple things (like the faulty notes of the horns in Mozart's joke on the village musicians, the cadenza for violin solo in the same musical joke, or the twanging of Beckmesser's lute); so the introduction is an honest musical description of things which the composer is not willing to confess, and least of all the stage manager, for when the curtains open there is not presented even the picture called for by the German librettist. Nevertheless, morn is dawning, birds are twittering and the young lover, kneeling before his mistress on a lawn, is bemoaning the fact that day is come and that he cannot publish his happiness to the world. The tête-à-tête is interrupted by a rude boor of a nobleman, who comes to consult his cousin (the princess) about a messenger to send with the conventional offering of a silver rose to the daughter of a vulgar plebeian just elevated to the nobility because of his wealth. The conversation between the two touches on little more than old amours, and after the lady has held his *lever* designed to introduce a variety of comedy effect, in music as well as action, the princess commends her lover for the office of observer. Meanwhile the lover has donned the garments of a waiting maid and been overwhelmed with the wicked attentions of the roué, Lerchenau. When the lovers are again alone there is a confession of renunciation on the part of the princess, based on the philosophical reflection that, after all, her Octavian being so young would bring about the inevitable parting sooner or later.

In the second act what the princess in her prescient abnegation had foreseen takes place. Her lover carries the rose to the young woman whom the roué had picked out for his bride and promptly falls in love with her. She with equal promptness, following the example of Wagner's heroines, bows herself at his feet. The noble vulgarian complicates matters by insisting that he receive a dowry instead of paying one. The young girl of blood adds to the difficulties by pinketing him in the arm with his sword, but restores order at the last by sending him a letter of assignation in his first act guise of a maid servant of the princess. This assignation is the background of the third act, which is farce of the wildest order. Much of it is too silly for description. Always, however, there is

deduction to the purpose of the piece, on the part of Lerchenau, whose plans are spoiled by apparitions in all parts of the room, the entrance of the police, his presumptive bride and her father, a woman who claims him as her husband, four children who raise bedlam and memories of the contentious Jews in "Salome", by shouting "Papa! papa!" until his mind is in a whirl and he rushes out in despair. The princess leaves the new found lovers alone.

They hymn their happiness in Mozartian strains, the orchestra talks of the matronly renunciation of the princess, enthusiastic Straussian, of a musical parallel with the quintet from Wagner's "Meistersinger," and the opera comes to an end after three and one-half hours of unintelligible dialogue poised on waltz melodies.

We have said unintelligible dialogue. For this unintelligibility there are two reasons—the chief one musical, the other literary. Though Strauss treats his voices with more consideration in "Der Rosenkavalier" than in his tragedies, he still so overburdens them that the words are distinguishable only at intervals. Only too frequently he crushes them with orchestral voices, which in themselves are not overwhelming—the voices of his horns, for instance for which he shows a particular partiality. His style of declamation is melodic, though it is only at the end of the opera that he rises to real vocal melody; but it seems to be put over an orchestral part, and not the orchestral part put under it. There is no moment in which he can say, as Wagner truthfully and admiringly said of the wonderful orchestral music of the third act of "Tristan und Isolde," that all this swelling instrumental song existed only for the sake of what the dying Tristan was saying upon his couch. All of Strauss's waltzes seem to exist for their own sake, which makes the disappointment greater that they are not carried through in the spirit in which they are begun; that is, the spirit of the naive Viennese dance tune.

A second reason for the too frequent unintelligibility of the text is its archaic character. Its idioms are Eighteenth-century as well as Viennese and its persistent use of the third person even among individuals of quality, though it gives a tang to the libretto when read in the study is not welcome when heard with difficulty. Besides this there is use of dialect—vulgar when assumed by Octavian, mixed when called for by such characters as Valzacchi and his partner in scandal mongery Amalia. To be compelled to forego a knowledge of half of what such a master of diction as Mrs. Reiss was saying was a new sensation to his admirers who understand German. Yet the fault was as little his as it was Mr. Goritz's that so much of what he said went for nothing; it was all his misfortune, including the fact that much of the music is not adapted to his voice.

The music offers a pleasanter topic than the action and dialogue. It must surely have been a relief to those listeners who last night went to the opera house oppressed with memories of "Salome" and "Elektra." It was not only that their ears were not so often assaulted, by rude sounds, they were frequently moved by phrases of genuine beauty.

Unfortunately the Straussian system of composition demands that beauty be looked for necessarily in fragments.

Continuity of melodic flow is impossible to Strauss—a confession of his inability either to continue Wagner's methods to improve on it or invent anything new in its place. The best that has been done in the Wagnerian line belong to Humperdwick, for whose melodic in generosity many a listener must have felt a longing last night, just as many a lover of comedy of the old type must have been willing to exchange any half hour of the work for five minutes of Wolf-Ferrari's Goldvin music.

Wherever the reviewer turned last night he was confronted with doubt and perplexity, in every direction but one—the performance was admirable almost from beginning to end. Its scenic outfit was superb, and such delightful singing and acting as that of Meses. Ober and Hempel was surely heard in no other performances of the opera, except those of Berlin, in which the same artists were employed. The cruel music imposed upon the character of Sophie worked injury to the lovely reputation of Miss Case, and Mr. Jörn, who had an Italian air to sing in the supposedly humorous mess of the *lever*, lost himself for a while in the maze without doing much damage to the general effect. If Mr. Goritz can add nothing to his reputation by his impersonation of the reproachable Lerchenau he need not let the matter trouble his conscience; the difficulty of his task is out of all proportion to any possible return which it can bring to any artist, be he never so conscientious or clever. He must comfort himself, like the orchestra and all the many other members of the cast, whose names need be mentioned for the sake of the formal record only in a formal way. To Mr. Herz

(supposing the production of the work calls for gratitude) had he done more to save it from condemnation by cutting out thirty or forty more of its pages.

Unless circumstances invite an inquiry into the reasons why the management of the Metropolitan Opera House accepted Richards Strauss's opera as the principal novelty of the season and sacrificed much of its duty toward its subscribers and some of its reputation for fairness toward the public by putting it on its extra list we are not likely to learn all of the secrets of last night's production. It is easy to speculate about some of the causes, however. Perhaps there was something due on the contract for "Salome," either in fact or in sentiment. Besides Strauss is a pulsant figure in the musical history of to-day, not only because of the hold which he has taken upon the taste of many of the musical people of to-day, but also upon the imagination of the multitude. No composer that ever lived has been so widely and ingeniously exploited. Moreover he is an embodiment of the commercialism of the period and that spirit is so pervasive that old-fashioned idealism is all but impotent against it. Knowing his power he compels managers to accept conditions which in turn compel a change in the attitude between operatic institutions be they frankly commercial or public spirited and the public. European institutions have a parallel not only in the cases provided by Strauss, but also by the engagement for brief seasons of Signor Caruso. If Herr Strauss is to get all the money which he wants for his operas then in New York, at least, there must be more performances than the prevalent system allows, and an advance in prices for all performances outside of the regular subscription.

It would be pleasant to think that the Metropolitan Opera House is not so frankly a commercial institution as is here assumed, but something more like the cultural establishment which it has publicly professed to be. Then, perhaps, it would have been a graceful act to have included the novelty in the subscription list from the beginning if it had to be produced. Perhaps it will go there perforce, for it is not easy to see where its potency as a work of special distinction is to come from. If it goes into the regular list soon it will be doubly an unfortunate investment for the management, and one which will not speak well for its wisdom. There has been no mystery about "Der Rosenkavalier" for a year past, and no reason to suspect that New York's attitude would be different from that of any community familiar with the merits and demerits of Strauss's opera in general and this one in particular.

H. E. K. THE RECORD OF "DER ROSENKAVALLER."

Feldmarschallin Fürstin Werdenberg.....	Frieda Hempel
Baron Ochs auf Lerchenau.....	Otto Goritz
Octavian, Gemant Quinquen.....	Margarete Ober
Herr von Faninal.....	Hermann Wall
Sophie, seine Tochter.....	Anna Case
Jungfer Marianne Lettmetzerin.....	Rita Fornia
Valzacchi, ein Intrigant.....	Albert Reiss
Amalia, seine Begleiterin.....	Marie Mattfeld
Ein Polizeikommissar.....	Carl Schlegel
Hausofmeister der Feldmarschallin.....	Pietro Audisio
Hausofmeister bei Faninal.....	Lambert Murphy
Ein Notar.....	Basili Ruysdael
Ein Wirt.....	Julius Bayer
Ein Sänger.....	Carl Jörn
Drei Adelige Waisen.....	Louise Cox
Ein Modistin.....	Rosina Van Dye
Ein Lakai.....	Sophie Braslav
Ein Kleiner Negar.....	Jeanne Maubourg
Ein Kleiner Negar.....	Ludwig Burgstaller
Ein Kleiner Negar.....	Ruth Weinstein
Conductor.....	Alfred Hertz
Stage manager.....	Franz Horth
Technical director.....	Edward Siedle
Assistant stage manager.....	Loomis Taylor
Chorus masters.....	Giulio Setti and Hans Steiner

HUSS JOINT RECITAL.

Songs and Piano Pieces Given, Some of Them Compositions by Mr. Huss.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holden Huss, who gave a joint recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, have long been known among New York musicians and amateurs, and a large and friendly audience listened to them. Mrs. Huss's soprano voice, light in quality and more agreeable in its lower tones, seemed to be somewhat under the influence of a cold. She sang a group of songs by Brahms and Schumann, one of charming old folksongs and another that included two by Mr. Huss. He has added to the output of American music by a number of compositions that have shown him to be a serious musician of ambition and intelligence, and among the piano pieces that he played were several of his own; an Etude Romantique, a Bagatelle, a Poem entitled "To the Night," a Valse, and a Prelude.

Mr. Huss is not a virtuoso, and probably would make no claim to be considered more than an artistic and tasteful interpreter of music for its own sake and not for display. In a season when the great pianists are giving the New York public some of the most noteworthy performances of the noblest works in the literature of the piano, his playing of the pieces that appeared on his programme yesterday, which included, besides his own music, transcrip-

tions from Bach and Handel, a minuet by Schubert, and a waltz by Chopin, cannot be expected to make a deep impression. That they gave pleasure was indicated by the cordial applause of his listeners.

PUCCINI MELODIES AT METROPOLITAN

1.7.54
Dec. 11, 1913

"La Boheme" Has Its Second

Performance in the Current Season.

MME. ALDA SINGS MIMI

Mr. Martinelli as Rodolfo Is Hoarse and Sings With Difficulty.

Most music lovers are aware of the fact that damp weather is bad for strings. An old time English archer could have told one the same thing. Even a modern bluejacket knows that in such weather the ensign balyards are prone to go slack and even Old Glory to sag from the pitch. Now it has been conclusively proved that vocal cords are in no sense strings and that they do not vibrate precisely as strings do; yet that bad weather affects them is frequently the case. Vocal cords do not go slack; they acquire hoarseness.

And this is Mahlerian slow introduction to the first paragraph of the symphonic poem of last evening's performance of "La Boheme" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The principal theme of this first paragraph is that Giovanni Martinelli, the Rodolfo of the cast, was a victim of the weather. He was so hoarse that he had great difficulty in singing, except by the use of main strength. In these circumstances he is immune from criticism, except as to his poor judgment in appearing at all. But possibly there was no way of effecting a change in the evening's arrangements.

Mme. Alda replaced Miss Bori as Mimi. When she was first heard here in this role Mme. Alda was far from successful and it would be inexact indeed to say that she has yet reached the requirements of the role. But she has made decided progress in her acting and in her interpretation of the music. Her voice last evening was very unsteady in the lower tones; in fact, there was at times a decided tremolo.

In its other features the performance was a replica of its predecessor. Messrs. Scotti, Didur and De Segura favored, pranced and bellowed as the untrammelled Bohemians of *Murger's* garret. None of them, however, made so vigorous a demonstration as Bella Allen, whose *Musetta* has become so all pervasive that it obscures the stars above the Cafe Momus. Giorgio Polacco conducted.

MR. MENSCH'S RECITAL. A Young Pianist, Who Played Here a Year Ago, Heard Again.

A young pianist, Mr. Samuel Mensch, who gave a recital here last year was heard again last evening in Aeolian Hall. Although he has a facile finger technique and plays with accuracy he is far from being a mature artist. There seems to be a good foundation to work upon as far as technical equipment is concerned, but as yet he is unable to instill any great amount of emotion into his playing. His work last evening showed little knowledge of the tonal possibilities of his instrument, and there was a monotony in his style of delivery, due mostly to lack of variety in dynamics.

Mr. Mensch played a programme of an exacting nature and proved himself equal to it on the purely technical side. The numbers which he essayed were from the works of Mozart, Bach, Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Rameau-Godowsky, Paul Juon and Saint-Saëns.

MISS LEGINSKA'S CONCERT. A Pianist Who Plays Quietly and With Musical Understanding.

Ethel Leginska, a pianist, who was first heard here on January 20 of the present year, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. When she was first heard Miss Leginska made a favorable impression, although it was evident that her intelligence was larger than her physical powers. Her equipment was again well disclosed yesterday in her playing of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata and some other numbers. Her tone was indeed small and her range of dynamics limited, but she interpreted the composition with fine musical understanding and with much beauty and variety of tone. She was also heard

Bentrice Harrison, an English 'Cellist, Makes Her Debut.

Violent contrasts of piano and forte are not the secret of the eighth symphony. Contrasts are indeed required, but there is a golden mean. If the conductor would busy himself less about such matters and devote more attention to obtaining delicately significant nuances within the phrases of Beethoven's melody the results would be to the greater glory of art and the higher credit of the Philharmonic Society.

Naturally both conductor and players were more at home in the jocular scherzo of M. Dukas, and this composition was effectively performed. The applause which followed it was fairly earned, even that which Mr. Stransky publicly bestowed upon his men.

This community has for a heavenly time been spared the music of Eugene d'Albert, and his 'cello concerto came like a bolt out of a clear sky. Fortunately it was brought back to us by no 'pretentious hand. Miss Harrison, who comes from England, is a player of much merit. Her tone is of excellent quality and her intonation good. She played last evening with evidences of a large technical equipment and with a reposeful style, which argued well for her future appearance.

She showed no affection, no indulgence in ad captandum devices, but a straightforward and musical manner. Her cantilena was excellent and her nuancing tasteful. A concerto for the 'cello is as hard thing to love at its best, and when it is Mr. d'Albert it can arouse only dangerous feelings in the hearer. That Miss Harrison made the composition endurable is in itself a demonstration of the personal value of her interpretation.

h. y. Tribune
Dec. 12 - 1913
Miss Beatrice Harrison Cre-
ates Pleasant Impression
on First Appearance.

By H. E. Krehbiel.

Like the poor, we (speaking for two generations) have always had the Philharmonic concerts with us; but they have never been so importunate as they are this season when they suggest the vaudeville shows in respect of their continuity. Three Philharmonic concerts a week, on an average, are many even for New York, and it is as difficult to keep up an interest in their programmes as it must be for the conductor to make and prepare them.

The fact is shown in the attendance, which must now stand in pretty close relationship with the membership under the new administration. Last night all the music was familiar (Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture, the same composer's Eighth Symphony, Duka's scherzo "L'Apprentis Sorcier," and Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody," as tricked out by Anton Seidl, and D'Albert's concerto for violoncello. The only element of vanity came from the performer of the last composer, who was a young Englishwoman, Miss Beatrice Harrison. It was a brave and not unselfish act on her part to effect an entrance in a strange country with a work that makes so small a popular appeal. The d'Albert concert, but by performing it she emphasized her serious artistic nature and showed that she has qualities which will win her a place in popular opinion when better opportunities offer. She draws a noble and beautiful tone from her instrument, has a large technical equipment and sentiment of the dignity

The technical excellence of the performance of Dukas's humoresque won much applause from the audience, but of the tempi of the Beethoven symphony it may be said that if the composer were alive and imbued with the commercial views of Richard Strauss he would count himself a loser of a considerable sum because of the quickness with which Mr. Stransky brought it to an end—unless he had stipulated for payment by the measure.

Miss Beatrice Harrison, Cellist, Ap-
pears for First Time in New York.

The Philharmonic Society's concert last evening introduced to New York a new violoncellist, Miss Beatrice Harrison, an Englishwoman who has played with success in various parts of Europe. The violoncello seems to be rather more adapted to masculine use than feminine; and yet Miss Harrison's playing showed, as has been shown before, that women can play it with distinguished success and even with a grace that is not ordinarily associated with the instrument. Miss Harrison presented herself last evening in Eugen d'Albert's concerto. Successful concertos for the violoncello are rare; it is not even certain that there are any. The nature of the instrument seems to fight against the nature of the concerto which is, after all, for display of virtuoso activities. And these do not become the violoncello.

D'Albert could not avoid some of those passages which have been described on high authority as akin to the capering of an ox. In his more cautious passages the composer does not rise to any high pitch of emotional power, nor has he put into this concerto many musical ideas of great import or of much more than a pleasing sentiment. Miss Harrison played with a rather small tone, but a pure one, with a finished technique and an intimate, generally excellent, interpretation. Her bravura passages were executed with skill and with as much grace as might be, and her performance was sincere and straightforward, filled with artistic feeling, and it gave pleasure.

The orchestral number included Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio" and the Eighth Symphony, Paul Dukak's brilliant and spirited humoresque "L'Apprenti Sorcier," and Anton Seld's orchestration of Liszt's Spanish Rhapsody. The orchestra's playing showed technical finish and precision, in which it has been making marked progress, and showed them in the fullest measure in Dukak's diverting piece. The reading of the symphony was one that laid greater stress on the attainment of effects than on penetration into its real spirit. There were strongly marked contrasts of dynamics, and the last movement was taken at a very rapid pace.

A Planist of Great Delicacy and Refinement in an Interesting Program

When Miss Ethel Lezinska made her first New York appearance as a pianist a year ago, the most distinguishing characteristics of her playing were her fiery temperament, her dash, power and brilliancy, as well as her poetic feeling. She gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall in which she showed either that her art has a different side that was not disclosed before, or that a year has wrought a great change in her style and ideals. Her programme consisted largely of music requiring or admitting of great delicacy in interpretation, and some of that which did not she approached in that fashion.

Most notable in this category was Beethoven's sonata, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein. Few of his sonatas have been oftener played than this, but it has seldom been played on the scale that Miss Leginska set up for her reading—one of the utmost delicacy, restraint, and refinement; one tending always toward pianissimo, as though she were imparting a whispered confidence. In all this her tone was of great purity, her passage work clear and peevily. It was interesting to hear the sonata played thus, in so consistently worked-out a scheme; but probably few will believe that it is Beethoven's way, and that a more vigorous interpretation does not fit it better.

Miss Leginska earned much gratitude for putting at the head of her programme a prelude and figure of Bach for performance, actually, as Bach wrote them and not tinkered by impertinent arrangers. They were the prelude and figure in E from the first book of the "Well Tempered Clavier"; composition of great beauty and in the figure, especially, of a modern boldness of handling and treatment for playing the instrument. The mood is inspiring, the strain that followed and yet was warm and sympathetic. She became still more delicate in pieces by Scarlatti and Mozart, in Weber's "Moto Lepetuo," Schubert's A flat Impromptu, Mendelssohn's scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2; and these as well as Chopin's D flat prelude, Schumann's Toccata, Brahms's E flat Concerto, and Liszt's "Campanella" either did or may be made to fit in with her prevailing style. There was in this exquisite beauty in her playing of some of these things. Her modern group was interesting—pieces by Reger, MacDowell, Ravel, Cyril Scott, and Debussy.

1913
New Violinist Possesses Some Technical Resource and Feeling.

Marie Caslova gave her first New York violin recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. She played Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor, and Tartini's "Devil's Trill," as well as several smaller compositions, almost without exception by classic composers. Miss Caslova had agreeable moments, her tone being good when not forced, but there did not seem to be much to make her debut conspicuous, viewed as one who presents herself as a recital artist.

She showed herself possessed of some technical resource and feeling, but these were more interesting as promise for the future than as index of present achievement. At least it may be said that she deserves to be taken more seriously than some of the new violinists the season has brought forth.

The Symphony Society of
New York Plays Sir Ed-
ward's New Work.

Plea for the Commuter Who Has
to Depart Before the Con-
cert Is Finished.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

There are many things which might be said about the concert given by the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon—more or less disagreeable, many more highly agreeable—but the incident of greatest importance was the first performance in America of a new work by Sir Edward Elgar. The circumstance attending that performance constituted one of the items which might have made the subject of unpleasant comment. It is becoming a subject of wonderment among those who are habitual, or compulsory, observers of musical doings that as the time of beginning grows later and later so does the time when the item of principal interest at a concert is brought forward. Every concert-goer in the metropolis ought to have learned years ago that a large fraction of the audience, and that the fraction to which most consideration is due, is compelled to leave the concert-room at a fixed time in order that domestic duties may be attended to in suburban homes. It is therefore, little less than an outrage to compel that fraction to forego the only feature of a concert which offers the attraction of novelty. The Philharmonic Society has long been an offender in this respect, but yesterday Mr. Walter Damrosch sent a score of the patrons of his orchestra home with, on their minds instead of the work itself, memories of the expectant ones had to leave three orchestral trifles by Tchaikovsky, who are not only familiar, but belong in popular repertoire for symphony, concert, and two appearances of Miss Maggie Teyte when she would have answered all the requirements of the occasion. Mr. Damrosch is quite an initiator as an analyst at the piano-forte and his off-hand talk about Sir Edward's symphonic poem was thoroughly delightful, but the more illuminative his talk and playing, the greater the interest and curiosity in the work to which it is devoted, and, of course, the greater the disappointment of those who are prevented by the clock from hearing the music.

Yesterday's concert opened with Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World," which has become so familiar to New York's audiences that to mention clear of its performance ought to convey a clear idea of how it was played—take the merit of the interpreting medium granted. But a singular fatality, however, over the work. That foreign conductor should make a strange mess of much of it is not to be wondered at; but that Theodore Thomas should never have grasped its spirit, and that Mr. Damrosch should occasionally show himself unconscious of its proper phrasical punctuation (if we may use such a phrase), is uncountable. Critics who are unwilling to hear the voice of Americanism in it, rather than do so accept the testimony of foreigners and babes over those of the composer and his American confidants will always have their way, because paper, type and ink are all their command; but musicians ought by this time to be able to distinguish the accents which fell into the ears of the composer, and these were plainly published by him, and they ought never to be a failure to publish the American musical idiom in its first and last movements at least, for they are very obvious, and their utterance calls for

Miss Teyte, though not much, did more than was required by the occasion she at least did it very well—so much better than anything that she did at her recital that it is a pleasure to compliment her singing of the Bruch song, with its refrain of "Ave Maria," and the French songs by Duparc, Gretry and Dalayrac.

When Mr. Damrosch in beginning his exposition of Sir Edward Elgar's "Falstaff" (which the composer calls a "symphonic study") instead of a symphonic poem) confessed that though he knew more about music than his audience, and yet recognized the need of a programmatic interpretation of the work, he probably did more to present an appreciation of its purely musical qualities than if he had let the music speak for itself. And yet he had the composer's sanction for all that he said (except the introductory remark), for Sir Edward published his explanation of the work under his own signature in "The Musical Times," of London, just before it was first produced at the Leeds Festival last October. The most poetical, the most suggestive and therefore the best composer of programme music that ever lived was Schumann, and it was his dilemma we believe, that while good music could not be hurt by an explanatory title of titles, bad music could not be helped by even the most ingenious programme. Sir Edward's work has much that is beautiful in it, much that would have made a convincing appeal if he had given it only its general title; but it is marred by the effort to tell all the principal incidents in its hero's history as we have them set forth in the Shakespearian stories of the Henrys with whom Falstaff was associated. As for the fact that the knight of the comedy Elgar refuses to associate his music with him, that is a question between him and his literary conscience. Had he, however, been willing to make a musical picture of the braggart friend of Prince Hal, beginning with him as he was when he was a boon companion of the dissolute prince and ending with his death, while plucking at the counterpane of his bed and "babbling of green fields," he would still have had enough material for a graphic musical portrait. He needed not to have missed the fine opportunity from a musical point of view of "showing us the Knight who had a sense of music but had marred his voice by singing of Psalms when he was a youth; but Sir Edward is the English Strauss, and must tell us all or nothing. So, according to his own confession, we have a delineation (and a most effective one it is) of Falstaff in his "Green old age, mellow, frank, gay, cauky, corpulent, loose, unprincipled and luxurious." In the chief theme, which runs through his piece and which we easily recognize on its first appearance

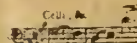
Celli, Fag. & Bass Cl.
Augur *ten.* *ten.*

The work is to be played again ne Sunday, so it may be useful to have the themes. We have the Knight again his character as a Gargantuan mend elst:


Prince Henry, must, of course, come in the delineations, since he is to renounce the fat knight and himself become virtuous at the end, and so we have him represented in what Sir Edward calls his "most courtly and gentle mood" by

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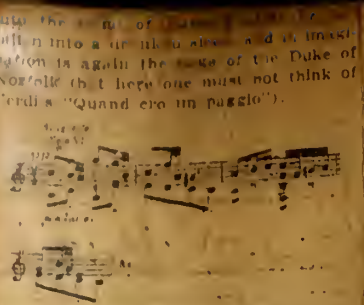
"most courtly and genial mood" by:



in the jocose and cheery part of
work, which we must have for the sa
of contrast (like a scherzo in a symphony
we have an effort at musical dellheart
of the people and their dolings in
tavern at Eastcheap, the most substan
feature of which is the brass music,
which Falstaff gives voice to his patri
ism:



The natural antithesis to this (for composers, no matter how widely they profess to stray from the symphonic model) cannot escape the charm of contrasts: is the music which Sir Edward Elgar, in his reminiscences that



We cannot go into all the details. At the last Hal becomes King, his princely theme becomes militant and royal:



Falstaff loses the royal favor and dies, as has been suggested, to tones which warm the listeners' hearts toward him, and make a fitting close to a work which, though marred by over-elaboration, is still full of ingenuity and beauty.

MME. AULD'S CONCERT.

Dec 13 - 1913
Soprano Makes Good Impression in Programme of Songs.

Mme. Gertrude Auld, soprano, has heard in a recital of songs last night in Aeolian Hall. Mme. Auld is a New Yorker who has sung with success in opera in several Italian cities, including Rome. This was her first appearance here. To give this new singer deserved justice after one hearing would hardly be possible, but it can be said at the outset that her coming will no doubt prove to be an interesting factor in the city's musical activities.

Unheralded by the usual advance notices of praise Mme. Auld at once created surprise by disclosing, and this in spite of nervousness, a voice rich in the natural endowments of quality and one that has been well schooled. Her short programme opened with four Italian airs, "Se Bel Rio" of Rontani, "Se tu m'ami" and "Tre giorni" by Pergolesi and "Le Violette" of Scarlatti. It was in these numbers that the apparent nervousness due no doubt to the ordeal of a first appearance affected the singer's breath, and this especially in the first two numbers, but she gradually gained fuller control of her voice and she also sang throughout with a fine taste and high grade of intelligence.

In the "Nightingale" recitative and air from Handel's "L'Allegro Edil Penitente" with flute obbligato played by E. Lorenz, Mme. Auld was afforded opportunity for displaying a well equalized range of voice and a brilliant coloratura, the latter field being the one in which she may be said to excel.

Wagner's Tannhauser Sung.

Geraldine Farrar's illness is giving no end of trouble at the Metropolitan. Not only are her own charming impersonations badly missed, but in the present shortage of dramatic sopranos her absence makes necessary frequent changes of cast in all parts of operas. She has not, alas! sung Elizabeth in "Tannhauser" in years, and was not intended that she should sing at last night's performance of that opera. Mme. Destinn was cast for the part, but as she has to replace Miss Farrar in "Madama Butterfly" this afternoon (the first time in four years), some one else had to appear as Elizabeth. It was assigned to Olive Fremstad, who had not heretofore appeared in it at the Metropolitan. It is needless to say that the part does not well suit her, being for a real soprano. She was in good voice, however, and sang much of the music agreeably, and her acting of the part was satisfactory, without being great. In piano passages she showed the same unfortunate tendency to wavering and to loss of pitch which has worried her admirers of late. On the whole she would have been a much greater treat to hear her as Venus, which is still her best art. It was taken on this occasion by Mme. Matzenauer, who also counts Venus among her best parts, and who was admirable in every way, except that the part calls for a voice of different timbre. "Tannhauser" is a very difficult rôle for the tenor, especially as it begins with the most trying music in the whole part, by Tr. Ullrich must have been indisposed last night to sing with such uncertainty and lack of vocal finish as he did. He is distinguished in appearance as the erring knight, but if he sang the part as it has frequently been done at the Metropolitan that would be a small matter. Mr. Braun as the Landgraf and Mr. Well as Wolfram won the honors of the evening as singing went. Neither of them has voice of enormous power, but both sang without forcing, except on one occasion when Mr. Braun tried to increase the bold sound and lost the quality. If he will remember that smaller tone carries qu-

ally, he need not fear the vast spaces of the opera house. Otherwise, his voice may suffer badly. Mr. Well has developed the part of Wolfram dramatically, even in the matter of facial expression, that gift of the gods which only a few possess. A special word of praise is due those who sang the choral numbers, particularly the pilgrims' choruses, which were of lovely tone quality, in perfect tune, and carefully shaded; and to Mr. Hertz, who, though he was said to have been prostrated after the terrific task of producing the "Rosenkavalier," conducted with skill and devotion, and built up some fine climaxes, which stirred the large audience.

Elgar's "Falstaff."

Sir Edward Elgar's latest work, a symphonic poem entitled "Falstaff," had its first American performance at the New York Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. Mr. Damrosch prefaced the performance with some explanations concerning the thematic material which Elgar used to build his long and uninteresting work. There were many themes, but few of them had any significance or any appropriate character to delineate the subjects the composer intended to represent. In the present mad quest for novelties, altogether too much inconsequent stuff gets a hearing. Elaboration of details and rich orchestral color, the mere technique of composition, count for little if the composer has nothing to say, and this is the case in Elgar's bombastic work. Two short moments stand out pleasingly in the memory: one, the old English tune of bagpipe and drum; the other, the incident of his dream of the time when he was a youngster and paged to the Duke of Norfolk.

Apart from this work, the orchestra played Dvorak's glorious symphony, "From the New World," and a group of three Russian folk-songs by Liadoff. Maggie Teyte was the soloist; she sang Bruch's "Ave Maria" and three French songs, with more color and feeling than at her recent recital, and made a pleasing effect.

"TANNHAEUSER" AT OPERA.

First Performance This Season, with Mme. Fremstad as Elizabeth.

Landgraf Hermann	Carl Braun
Tannhauser	Jacques Ullrich
Wolfram	Hermann Well
Walther	Paul Althouse
Elterolf	Carl Schlegel
Helfrich	Julius Bayer
Reinmar	Basil Ruysdael
Elizabeth	Olive Fremstad
Venus	Margarete Matzenauer
Ein Hirt	Lena Sparkes
Conductor	Alfred Hertz

The first performance this season of "Tannhauser" at the Metropolitan Opera House brought a number of unexpected changes in the cast, all due to the illness of Miss Farrar and the substitutions necessary to enable "Madama Butterfly" to be given this afternoon. Mme. Destinn, having to sing the part of Cio Cio San in Puccini's Japanese opera, had to be relieved from the part of Elizabeth in last evening's "Tannhauser," and so Mme. Olive Fremstad came into that part, which she then sang for the first time in New York. Mme. Margarete Matzenauer was entrusted with the part of Venus, which was long been Mme. Fremstad's. Mme. Fremstad is an actress of infinite resource and capacity, and is quite as much at home in expressing the haste spirituality of Elizabeth as the evil influences of Venus. Her Elizabeth was winning and beautiful to the eye. Vocally it was not one of her best achievements; the music is high for her, and the music needs a purer quality of the high soprano. But Mme. Fremstad won much sympathy through her representation. Mme. Matzenauer sang with great fullness of tone and richness of quality as Venus, a part in which she is no stranger to the Metropolitan.

Mr. Ullrich, who has often taken the part of Tannhauser in New York, was in good condition vocally, and his style in singing was not a model; but on the dramatic side he gives an admirable interpretation. Mr. Well's excellent Wolfram is also well known. There were new impersonations, in Messrs. Althouse and Schlegel, both of whom acquitted themselves with credit. Mr. Hertz conducted and carried through a creditable performance.

"Tannhauser" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. Owing to the continued illness of Miss Farrar, who does not sing in "Tannhauser" any more, a change in the arrangements had to be made. Mme. Destinn was to have sung Elizabeth, but it became necessary to substitute her for Miss Farrar in this afternoon's performance of "Madama Butterfly." From a medieval Thuringian princess to a Geisha of Hagasaki is a long leap, and of course Mme. Destinn could not be expected to make it. Accordingly Mme. Fremstad, who impersonates the good and the evil principle in "Tannhauser" with equal pleasure, was transferred from her customary rôle of Venus to Elizabeth, which she had never before sung in this city, while Mme. Matzenauer, whose usefulness appears to be unlimited, consented to sing Venus. Such proceedings as these are regarded by some of the wise men of the East as bein-

g the fall of Elgar, and have been in the past. In the grand young operatic drama Maurice Grau, lifting the harmonies of the song of the evening stars was the most frequent method of adding interest to "an otherwise bold and interesting narrative." Consequently New York opera-goers do not become excited over Mme. Fremstad's first Elizabeth, nor do they report of musical dolts sound a trumpet all for adjectives and imagination.

There is one thing which must be said. After the whole first act had been sung almost as badly as possible (except in the small case of Mr. G. Ullrich) Mme. Fremstad's "Don't think of me" despite its original German, came like a breeze from the Thuringian hills. It had voice, style and intelligence, and these continued through the rest of the impersonation. It is true that some of the high tones were not good, but the voice had quality and personality, and the style. The impersonation as a whole was one of decided merit, though it can hardly be said to have eclipsed all predecessors.

Mr. Ullrich was in very poor vocal condition, and being unable to sing with any certainty except at full force had poor success with his attempts at moderation. He can sing better than he did last night, but it is not likely that in the best of circumstances he would be an ideal Tannhauser. No more can Mr. Well ever be an ideal Wolfram, so long as he sings with such a burly style. A minor change in the cast was the substitution of Mr. Althouse for Mr. Reiss as Walther, the Gannesinger of Bozen.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Sir Edward Elgar's "Falstaff" Heard for First Time Here.

The important number on the programme of the Symphony Society concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was judiciously placed at the end. Before it was played Walter Damrosch, the conductor, delivered a ten minute talk on the themes and plan of the work. The composition and the talk were both interesting, but the fact that the two together made the concert, which began at 3, last till 5:15, was to be deplored. In the course of the performance of the work at least a hundred persons went out and there was plenty of uneasiness among the rest.

This composition, which was so unfortunately introduced, was Sir Edward Elgar's symphonic study entitled "Falstaff," which was composed for the Leeds festival of the present year. The work has been illumined by an analysis made by the composer and published by him in the September Musical Times. It is not the Falstaff of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" that Sir Edward Elgar has studied, but the swaggering friend of Prince Hal, the roysterer of the Boar's Head inn, the leader of the tattered-mallion warriors, the visitor of Shallow and the dying babblers of green fields.

It is a character that might well tempt a composer, especially one of British birth, and Sir Edward Elgar has approached his task in a serious spirit. The symphonic study easily falls into three principal divisions, first, Falstaff and Prince Hal, second, the Boar's Head, revelry and sleep, third, Falstaff's march, which includes the Shallow episode, and lastly the proclamation of the new King Henry V. and the repudiation and death of Falstaff.

The composition is programmatic to the furthest extreme of detail. There are leading themes for all the significant ideas, and the developments and polyphonic interweavings of these themes are all planned with a view to delineation of the various scenes and incidents in the story. Some of the themes are admirable in their suitability to their purposes, as for example that representing the ponderous movements of the mountain of fat.

The arrangement of the episodes gives ample room for variety of expression and instrumental treatment, and no music lover needs to be told that Sir Edward Elgar has handled all his materials, thematic, instrumental and harmonic with high skill. But the new symphonic study is open to the questionings which assail all intricate programme music.

It seeks to illustrate graphically a story filled with numerous incidents and swiftly changing moods. Granted that one has the story before him and has identified the important themes, the plan of the composition can be followed easily, for there is nothing recondite about it. But like all closely delineative music it cannot stand alone. It must lean heavily upon the programme notes. It is doubtful whether 10 per cent. of yesterday's audience would have known what was going forward, had not Mr. Damrosch outlined the composer's scheme with his customary skill in such matters. The composition was effectively played. It will doubtless be heard again and may then receive a more suitable consideration than it can have at this time.

The concert began with Dvorak's "New World" symphony and in the middle stood three Russian folksongs, arranged by Liadoff. The soloist was Maggie Teyte, whose first number was Bruch's "Ave Maria." She sang this with much taste and good tone. After the Russian dainties she sang three French songs, of which Duparc's "Invitation au Voyage" was the best. Also it was sung better than the other two.

MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL.

Large Audience at Violinist's Second Appearance in Carnegie Hall.

Heinz Kreisler's second recital, which he gave yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, aroused even more public interest than his first, a month ago. There was a very large audience to hear him, which was unwearied in its applause and gave every indication of interest in the severer as well as the lighter portions of his programme. For Mr. Kreisler made the sharp division in this respect to which his listeners have become accustomed. He began with Handel's noble sonata for violin and piano in D, which he played with a vitality and emotional power in no way imparting to it a sentiment foreign to its nature. He followed it with the adagio and fugue from Bach's G minor solo sonata, the adagio is a profoundly poetic work, and in this spirit he played it, and the fugue with much vigor.

Mendelssohn's concerto is something that many would doubtless rather hear in its proper shape, with orchestral accompaniment; although rather than hear Mr. Kreisler play it at all they would put up with the version for the piano. Then he gave the Kreisleriana that are the familiar last half of his programmes, and of which he always has a new supply, provided from the works of the older masters, original and arranged, and newer ones, including himself, Sulzer, Pugnani, Dittersdorf, Conperin, and Tartini were the older masters, and of the newer there were a "Lied Ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, arranged for violin by Mr. Kreisler, a "Canzonetta Indienne" by Dvorak, and a "Tambourin Chinois" by Mr. Kreisler.

Ruth E. Kingsbury Gives Recital.

Ruth E. Kingsbury, mezzo-soprano, gave a recital at the Hotel Astor yesterday afternoon. Her programme consisted of classical and modern selections, and the names represented on her programme were Marcello, Handel, Saint-Saens, Richard Strauss, Tremisot, E. Padliac, Landon Ronald, R. Huntington Woodman, H. Clough Leighton, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Schumann, and Gounod. Miss Kingsbury's singing pleased her audience. She was assisted at the piano by Frederick Jacobi.

Emmy Destinn Sings Butterfly.

Emmy Destinn sang the title rôle in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon owing to the continued indisposition of Geraldine Farrar. There was a large audience. The others in the cast were the usual ones—Almes, Fornia and Mapleson and Messrs. Martinielli, Scotti, Bada, and Begue. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY.

Dec 15 - 1913
Two New Compositions Offered to Large Audience.

The second orchestral concert of the People's Symphony concerts was given yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall before a large audience. Director Ivan X. Arens had placed on his programme Schumann's Symphony No. 1 in B flat (the "Spring" symphony), and two new compositions, Henry F. Gilbert's "A Negro Rhapsody" and Guilman's Marche Fantaisie for orchestra and organ, in which Dr. William C. Carl played the organ part. Horatio Connell sang an aria from Verdi's "Falio in Maschera," and another from Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

Mr. Gilbert is an American composer who, for one, cannot believe in the truth of the disputed saying that native composers do not have a chance to be heard here, for it was only a week ago that the Philharmonic Society played another of his compositions, "A Comedy Overture on Negro Themes." The work performed yesterday was a little more pretentious in character, and was an interesting composition, and justified Mr. Arens's efforts in the direction of performing native music whenever possible. The other new work, Guilman's marche, was most happy in the moments when it was sounding the ancient church themes on which it was based. The organ part, when it was not employed solo, antiphonically with the orchestra, seemed to have as its chief function the destruction of clarity and freedom in the orchestration.

ACT FROM "MARTHA" IN CONCENTRY.

Century Opera Artists Heard in Most Satisfactory Sunday Evening Entertainment.

Varied and interesting was the programme heard at the Sunday night concert of the Century Opera Company. Most of the popular artists of the company appeared, and on the whole it was one of the most satisfactory concerts of the series. The orchestra began the programme with the overture to "William Tell," and was followed by Mr. Morgan Kingston, who sang "Lend Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "Irene." Miss Mary Garrison, who sang a selection from Thomas Mignon, and Mr. John Bardsley, who was heard in the "Flower Song," from

"Carmen." The first half closed with the other orchestral number, the Ballet Suite from Delibes' "Sylvia."

The whole of the second act of "Martha" was performed with Miss Lois Ewell as Lady Harriet, Mr. Walter Wheatley as Lionel, Mr. Alfred Kaufman as Plunkett and Miss Jayne Herbert as Nancy. Miss Mary Jordan sang "Ridondani La Calma" by Tosti, an aria from "The Magic Flute," was sung by Mr. Herbert Waterous and the concert closed with the overture to "Tannhauser" by the orchestra.

TWO NOVELTIES BY PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Guilmant's "Marche Fantaisie" and Gilbert's "A Negro Rhapsody" Heard.

The programme given by the People's Symphony Society at its second concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall contained two features of novel interest.

One of these was a composition for organ and orchestra by Alexandre Guilmant, entitled "Marche Fantaisie," which according to announcement had not been heard before in this country. It aroused interest first of all because works giving at once an equal prominence to the organ and orchestra are seldom performed here.

That this is in a large measure owing to the inadequacy of the organs usually found in concert halls there can be no doubt, for certainly a large number of such compositions exist, as for example a symphony for organ and orchestra completed by Guilmant shortly before his death and more recently produced in Paris at one of the Lamoureux concerts.

In his "Marche Fantaisie" the composer has used the themes of two ancient church chants, "Iste Confessor" and "Ecce Sacerdos," which are still in constant use in the Roman Catholic Church. Long organists in this church, Guilmant became familiar with these chants and so conceived the idea of thus using them as he has for the basis of his composition.

The first section is by no means solemn in color, though the second is of a strictly ecclesiastical character; the finale is turned into a fugato in which the themes of both hymns are used.

William C. Carl played the organ part with excellent taste and brilliance and the orchestra performed its share very well.

Of the impression gained through hearing the work it must be said that it was not wholly favorable. It contains passages of beauty and a very effective close, but the orchestral part cannot be said to sustain the reputation its writer enjoys as a composer in the field of organ literature.

The other novelty was "A Negro Rhapsody," in A minor, by Henry Franklin Gilbert. The main idea of this composition the composer claims to have found through suggestion in the description of a "shout" in the preface of "Slave Songs of the United States," by W. F. Allen, and that he has given in his music a graphic description of this unique form of dance among the negroes. Its performance yesterday by the orchestra left no doubt. There is plenty of barbaric color and rhythm in it and in contrast a fervent, religious feeling, as shown in the free fantasia where use is made of the tune "I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound."

Mr. Arens and his orchestra gave an opening programme number Schumann's first symphony. Following this Horatio Connell, barytone, sang "Eritu," from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," and later before the closing Guilmant number, "O Rudder Than a Cherry," from Handel's "Aeolus and Galatea."

HEAR WAGNER PROGRAMME

Mme. Fremstad, Urlus and Braun Soloists at Concert.

There was a good attendance, but only moderate enthusiasm, at the fourth of this season's Sunday evening concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was a Wagner programme, with Mme. Olive Fremstad, Jacques Urlus and Carl Braun as the soloists, and while they were liberally applauded, there were no encores given, and the concert was over earlier than is usual.

The orchestra had four numbers, of which the "Rienzi" overture and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" were the best liked. Mme. Fremstad sang "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," and "Isolde's Love Death," from "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Urlus gave Lohengrin's Narrative, from "Lohengrin," and, of course, Walther's Prize Song, with Mr. Braun contributing an aria from "The Flying Dutchman."

GILBERT RHAPSODY A HIT

Bostonian's Negro Melodies Feature of Symphony Concert.

The second orchestral concert of the People's Symphony Society took place

yesterday afternoon before an unusually large audience. The chief novelty of the programme was Henry Gilbert's "A Negro Rhapsody," an interesting composition, introducing the negro "shout" of the Southern revival meetings in a most effective manner. The rhapsody was rich in melody and its rhythms were characteristic and catching—in all, a composition most welcome in spirit and idea.

The symphony was the Schumann, No. 1, led with spirit by Mr. Arens, and the afternoon closed with Guilmant's "Marche-Funebre," for organ and orchestra, played by Dr. William C. Carl. The other two numbers were given by Horatio Connell, barytone, who sang "Eritu," from "Un Ballo in Maschera," and Handel's "O Rudder Than a Cherry."

A TRIUMPH OF

RUSSIAN ART

What "Boris Godounow" Is Doing in the Way of Operatic Reformation.

LY H. E. KREHBIEL.

Though the careless attitude of the present time does not invite such a contemplation, there are some concrete facts in recent history which suggest that we are on the verge of a reconstruction of operatic conditions, perhaps of a revaluation of them, to speak the speech of German speculative philosophers. There were three significant facts in the local history of last week. The production of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" ought, in the ordinary course of events, to have caused a popular sensation, but it did not; on the contrary, the speculators took no interest in the affair and the tickets went a-begging. The opera which was "revived" to give eclat to the centennial celebration of Verdi's birth, "Un Ballo in Maschera," though a Caruso opera, on its first repetition attracted but a comparatively small house—something without precedent in the last decade. On the other hand, a performance of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounow," which derived no factitious interest from the artists concerned in it, was received with large and sincere interest and its repetition last night again aroused genuine enthusiasm from a superb audience.

Such things must mean something, and while they may point to a period of distress for a management imbued with the notions which have prevailed for two decades or so, they may also proclaim the coming of a better time—a time when there shall be more interest in the song than in the singer and when the selection of novelties will not be made with any particular soprano or tenor in mind. It may also be that managerial eyes will be opened to the fact that there lies a tremendous potency in operas which not only portray the externals of a people's history, but reflect their emotional life and speak in their musical idioms. "Boris Godounow"—let it be said with becoming modesty and subject to correction by the modernists of Germany, Italy and France—is the most striking lyric drama that has been produced since "Parsifal." It is this chiefly because of its intense nationality, which, till it made its appearance and the local public came to learn something of Russian church and folk song, was all but unknown and unfelt here. Its appeal is elemental, and it is the answer to such an appeal which periodically brings about regeneration in art, politics and society. If "Boris Godounow" could do this for Russia there are possibly other operas which will do as much for other peoples; and if these other operas can emancipate the public from the thrall of the individual artist, as "Boris Godounow" has done, then perhaps the way will be open for a more varied, a more interesting and a more valuable list than has hitherto been thought necessary to oblige the speculators in tickets and the people who sit at the opera simply because they want to sit in the seats of fashion. We have heard much Russian music of late years, but the most of it has been covered with the veneer of French and German culture. Some day a Russian may come crashing through this veneer, and we shall have not only a revelation, but also a regeneration; and as a portent of this the triumph of "Boris Godounow" is a most gratifying phenomenon.

"Songs of the Hebrides."

This evening, under the auspices of the Board of Education, Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser and her daughter, of Edinburgh, Scotland, will give a public lecture recital for the adults of the city at the Wadleigh High School, One Hundred and Fourteenth Street and Seventh Avenue, on "Songs of the Hebrides," being folk-songs collected by herself and daughter. The recital was given earlier this month before the MacDowell

Club with much success, and this will be the only time the adults of this city will have an opportunity to hear the recital in the public lecture course.

At the same school next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 P. M. the Harmony Glee Club, of Brooklyn, consisting of thirty-five male voices, will give a recital of the melodies of Stephen Foster with interpretative lecture by Augustus Ludwig. The programme will include "Old Black Joe," "Old Dog Tray," and "My Old Kentucky Home." The public is invited. Dec. 16-17-18

Mr. Barrere's Orchestra Plays

New Music

Interesting Programme Includes Compositions by French and Australians for Wood, Wind and Brass.

That present day composers, like certain masters who wrote their music before Berlioz and his followers had expanded the orchestra to its present proportions, are taking an interest in music for small orchestras without stringed instruments and in unusual combinations of wood winds and brass is being brought out more forcibly every year by the Barrere Ensemble.

At the concert of this unique organization yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre a novel programme was presented. Only two numbers by classic composers were heard, these being a duet by Beethoven for clarinet and bassoon, which was ably played by Mr. Gustave Langenus and Mr. Ugo Savolini, and a sonata by Haydn for flute and piano, which was performed with precision by Mr. George Barrere, founder and conductor of the organization, and Miss Carolyn Beebe, who was the assisting artist at yesterday's concert.

Of the modern music the most ambitious number was a quartet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon by a French composer, Mr. Henry Woollett. For the same instrumentation was Mr. Percy Aldridge Grainger's graceful and pleasant "walking tune," called by the composer "Room Music Tit-Bits for Wind Five-some." This piece is said to have been based on a tune made by Mr. Grainger, an Australian, when on a three days' walk in the Scottish Highlands, as a hummed accompaniment to his tramping feet. Other numbers were Christian Kriens' difficult "Rond de Lutins," for flute, clarinet and oboe, played by Mr. Barrere, Mr. Langenus and Mr. Bruno Labate, and at the end a divertissement by Albert Roussel for the same instrumentation as the quintet with the addition of the piano, which was played by Miss Beebe.

The instruments of the Barrere Ensemble blended well throughout the concert, bringing out many tonal colors and tints, and the unity of playing in the concert numbers was remarkable.

THE BARRERE ENSEMBLE.

A Concert of Diverging Pieces for Wind Instruments.

Mr. Barrere, in the more recent concerts of his "ensemble" of wind instruments, may possibly have found the sources of music written for such instruments running rather dry. At all events, there have been a good many compositions on his programme that are of minor and minimal importance. Yesterday afternoon at the Belasco Theatre he gave the first of his concerts this season, at which the music played was all of a light and diverting character, and none of it of real importance.

The most ambitious was a quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon by Henry Woollett, a composer whose music has occasionally appeared on New York programmes lately, and who is evidently strongly under the modern French influence. This quintet is not quite so modern, but obviously French in character. It is said to be on "themes in a popular form." Whatever this may mean precisely, the themes are gay and light in character, not very striking, and are worked into four movements. The usual contrasted kind with skill a lightness of touch, though at somewhat greater length than their importance warrants. Dec. 16-17-18

There was a duo for clarinet and bassoon in two movements, the second being a theme and variation by Beethoven, the third of a set of three such pieces; a curious product, not likely to enhance the fame of the composer with those previously unfamiliar with it, and no doubt written at the request of wind instrument playing friends. There was a "Walking Tune" by Percy Aldridge Grainger, a young English composer, who informs a waiting world that he improvised it while walking in the Scotch Highlands, forgetting to mention that he had just heard "The Minstrel Boy" and made large use of it. Then

worked it out into a piece for "Rond de Lutins," by Christian Kriens of New York, gave much pleasure. And a sonata for piano and flute by Haydn seemed to indicate that the young and sprightliest of these moderns are not younger or sprightlier in spirit than the old. The programme was closed with Albert Roussel's "Divertimento" for the five wind instruments and piano. The playing of Mr. Barrere and his associates, Messrs. Labate, Langenus, Pransel, and Savolini, much good is to be spoken of for its finish, flexibility, and distinctness. The pianist was Miss Carolyn Beebe, who played with a true understanding of chamber music; and the sonata by Haydn with much grace and style.

1ST BARRERE CONCERT

1913 TRIVIAL

High Standard of Music Set by This Ensemble Last Year Not Lived Up To in the Opening Event of the Present Season

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

NOT the least merit of the first and second seasons of the Barrere Ensemble of Wind Instruments was the great care with which the founder of the Society made up its programmes.

Yesterday afternoon, when the Ensemble gave the first of the two concerts which it had promised for this Winter, at the Belasco Theatre, the surroundings were as restful and artistic as of yore; the players had their usual taste and charm, but a marked falling off was noticed in the programme.

In a sense (and not the best sense) of the words, it was too "popular." One or more of the compositions which were performed by Mr. Barrere and his skilled associates might have been omitted, with advantage to the scheme. The "Walking Tune" of Percy Aldridge Grainger, for example, which, as the composer quite ingeniously owns, he improvised one day while on a tramp in Scotland, was hardly important enough to be arranged for five instruments. And there were many trivialities, commingled with some graceful fancies, in the Quintette, based on themes in a popular form, of Henry Woollett. The fourth movement of that Quintette, with its closing lullaby, however, was, in a rather simple way, delightful.

A new "Rond de Lutins," by Christian Kriens (in the manner of Mendelssohn); a "Duet" for clarinet and bassoon, by Beethoven; a Sonata for piano and flute, of Haydn, and a "Divertissement" by Albert Roussel, completed the programme.

Miss Bori's English Song Charms Hearers

She Sings "My Laddie" at Mr. Bagby Musical Morning with Hardly a Trace of Accent.

Wearing a costume of rose pink crepe de Chine edged with black fur Miss Luce Bori made a charming figure when she appeared before a large and fashionable gathering in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday at another of the series of Mr. Bagby's musical mornings. The other artists were Miss Bertrice Harrison, an English cellist, Mr. Pasquale Amato, with Messrs. Arthur Rosenstein and Giuseppe Beneschek as accompanists.

Miss Harrison opened the programme. Mr. Amato followed with a group of folk songs. Miss Bori's first number was an aria from "Don Pasquale." Her one song in English, "My Laddie," by Thayer, was sung charmingly, and with hardly a trace of the accent of her native Spanish. The artists were liberal with encores, Miss Amato contributing the prologue from "Pavilioni."

BARYTONE GIVES RECITAL. Mr. Franz Egenieff Pleases Hearers in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Franz Egenieff, German barytone, was heard for the first time in recital in this city, last night in Aeolian Hall. The audience which evidently was pleased with the newcomer, recalled him after each group and forced him to give encores. The programme was entirely serious in nature. Perhaps this desire to keep the standard of music high was responsible for the rather sombre tone which

erved that the tuber tasted the same in all languages, which he thought much to his advantage. So also with the very effective arrangements which Mr. Grainger

are made of British folk music. They are beautiful (though the possible effect of the concertina was lost last night, probably because the orchestra was something more than the "twelvecore" called for on the title page of the music). But Mr. Grainger did arouse the wish that some American composer would come and do for the Afro-American melodies which are conquering the world in a degraded form what he has done for the straightforward honest tunes of British folksongs. His settings are delightful from every point of view, and we have scores which might be as successfully treated. Up to the present time Mr. Gilbert, of whose "Negro Rhapsody," played by the Philharmonic Society last Sunday, we are in no position to speak, seems to be the braves musician, but there is no reason why somebody should not come to make as interesting a revelation to the world concerning American folksongs as Mr. Grainger has done concerning British.

As for the singing of the choir, it was up to the standard which makes the concerts of the society climaxes of the artistic season, like the meetings of the Kneisel Quartet, and, compels the statement that they do more for the advancement of musical taste than any dozen of operatic or other concert performances.

ROBERT POLLAK'S RECITAL.

A New Violinist Makes a Successful Appearance in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Robert Pollak, a violinist unknown to New York, made his first appearance here yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, where an audience of some numbers was gathered for him, notwithstanding the superfluity of recitals of all kinds that mark the current musical season. Mr. Pollak established his right, however to public hearing in New York as an artist, by the disclosure he made of artistic talent and accomplishment of no mean order. He played Tartini's concerto in D, Grieg's sonata for piano and violin in G, and some smaller pieces by Debussy, Kreisler, Moor, Sinding and Dvorak, some of which were arrangements.

Mr. Pollak has an ample tone, not very warm when he calls on it for power, but of real beauty in piano, as in the slow movement of Tartini's concerto; a movement that displayed not only his tone but his real command of style, of breadth and sustained power in phrasing. His bowing is vigorous, the technique of his left hand facile, if not absolutely clear-cut in the most elaborate passages, and his intonation is rarely at fault. It cannot be said that Mr. Pollak is a great artist; but he is an excellent one. In a less strenuous time he would be likely to secure somewhat more attention from the real music-loving public than he is at present.

VIENNESE GIVES RECITAL.

W. J. Herald Dec. 18, 1900

Mr. Robert Pollak Plays the Violin in Picturesque Style.

Mr. Robert Pollak, a Viennese violinist, gave his first recital in New York in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He has a rather picturesque, individual style of playing which gave some pleasure to those who heard him. His tone is full and sympathetic and his bowing good. His fingering, however, was somewhat erratic and his intonation was not always faultless.

The programme was well arranged. Tartini's concerto in D minor, which was placed at the beginning, was played with clarity, and Grieg's sonata in G received a spirited, well balanced treatment. He played Debussy's charming "En Bateau" with a certain delicacy and with good taste, and he also was heard in "La Frenaise," by Couperin-Kreisler; a new piece by Moor; Sinding's "Romance," opus 4, and a mazurke by Dvorak.

Mr. Yves Nat assisted at the piano in the Grieg sonata in a satisfying manner, played the accompaniments with good taste and was heard in two solos, a nocturne by Chopin, and Liszt's "Mephistopheles Waltz."

ROBERT POLLAK'S DEBUT.

H. Y. Sun Dec. 18, 1913
 Concert by a New Violinist Shows Some Merits.

Robert Pollak, a violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Tolpan Hall. He played Tartini's concerto in D minor, Grieg's sonata in G and several smaller numbers. He was assisted by Les Napoléon, who in addition to playing the accompaniment was heard also in some solos. Mr. Pollak displayed some qualities which were worth serious consideration.

His tone was generally clear and incisive and except in a few instances his intonation was good. The most artistic side of his equipment was shown in his performance of the slow movement of the Tartini concerto. This he played with smoothness and with a sustained fluency of style. In the fast movement, while there was facility of execution there was too much impetuosity. This failing might possibly be attributed to the youth of the player or to his blood. At any rate he will have to learn to govern his impulses and make intelligence the determining factor in his art.

"THE MESSIAH" IS SUNG

H. Y. Sun Dec. 18, 1913
 Good Performance Enjoyed in Carnegie Hall.

The popularity of "The Messiah" is still unbounded, and though several organizations are to give it during the season, last night's presentation by the Columbia University Festival Chorus nearly filled Carnegie Hall. The chorus is composed of three organizations—the University Chorus, the Brooklyn Oratorio Society and the Yonkers Choral Society, all under the leadership of Walter Henry Hall. The singing of the Festival Chorus was unusually spirited and its volume and quality of tone excellent. These, with its precision of attack, spoke volumes for Mr. Hall's leadership.

The solo performers were Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, whose style and power of voice were most admirable; William Hinshaw, who, despite an occasional hoarseness, sang with admirable diction and with spirit; Orville Harrold, whose diction was better than his intonation, and Mme. Rost-Why, a new contralto, the possessor of a voice of admirable quality, which would have been more effective had she seen less reason to change its uniformity of timbre.

CARUSO AND THE DRUM.

H. Y. Sun Dec. 18, 1913
 His Instrumental Solo a Feature at Opera Performance.

Enrico Caruso beat a bass drum with great virtuosity and glee at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. As a famous musician once wrote of a drummer, his rub was ecstatic, his dub thrilling, and his rub-a-dub dub delicious. It may well be questioned whether any other living tenor can perform on the bass drum with such stupendous technique and eloquent emotion.

It is, therefore, no wonder that people rushed in regiments to the opera house last night when "Pagliacci" was once more presented. Of course "Cavallina Rusticana" was also given, and several other singers of importance appeared, but the only Caruso was the only bass drummer. The quality of his tone—but why go further? Mr. Caruso also sang and his delivery of "Ridi, Pagliaccio" stirred up quite as much enthusiasm as his drumming.

Miss Bori sang *Nedda* and Mr. Amato waltz the *Tonio*. Of the latter it is a pleasure to record that he sang better than at any previous time this season. His delivery of the prologue was a return to his best art.

In "Cavallina Rusticana," Miss Destinn repeated her deservedly admired impersonation of *Santuzza*. Mr. Cristalli was heard as *Turiddu* and sang the part tolerably. Mr. Gilly, as *Alfio*, completed the array of important singers.

'Cavalleria' and 'Pagliacci' Sung

Our old friends, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," are ever with us. They were with us last night at the Metropolitan for the second time this season. The cast was unchanged from the first performance. Miss Destinn and Mr. Gilly, the latter of whom, by the way, deserves more frequent appearance than has been so far allowed him, were the stars of the Mascagni opera, though Mr. Cristalli and Mr. Duchene both deserve favorable mention.

Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato and Miss Bori carried off the honors of "Pagliacci," and the great Enrico's "Vesti la giubba" brought down the house, as it has these ten years past. Mr. Palocco conducted both works.

A Philharmonic Without Soloists.

When an orchestra is unsurpassed and has a star conductor, it can get along occasionally without a soloist, provided the programme appeals to the public. That was the case in Carnegie Hall last evening, when Josef Stransky and his noble Philharmonic Orchestra played. There were only four numbers on the programme, but they were all of the right kind, and the

audience was as large as if a soloist had sung or played.

There were women and men among the hearers who had been Philharmonic subscribers ever since the days of Theodore Thomas, one of whose favorite exhibits was Abert's effective orchestral arrangement of a Bach prelude and the glorious G minor fugue, blended with a stirring choral somewhat after the fashion of the Venus music in Tannhäuser combined with the pilgrims' chorus on the trombones. But it was not these old subscribers alone who were delighted to have Mr. Stransky revive this old favorite. The whole audience rejoiced in it, and a persistent attempt was made to get a repetition of it.

The "Eroica," which came next, is one of Beethoven's most emotional works, and, therefore, well suited to Mr. Stransky's style of conducting. In the dramatic first movement the hite of dissonances is remarkable. Berlioz wrote concerning this movement: "When, with this disjointed rhythm, rude dissonances come to present themselves in combination, like those we find near the middle of the second repeat, where the first violins strike F natural against E (the fifth in the chord of A minor), it is impossible to repress a sensation of fear at such a picture of ungovernable fury. It is the voice of despair, almost of rage." It was in this spirit that the movement was played last night. The funeral march did not quite rise to the thrilling climax that Mahler (and Mahler alone of all conductors) achieved. The scherzo, on the other hand, has probably never before had what Wagner called its "buoyant gaiety" and "wild unruliness" brought out so impressively as it was last night. At the end of the symphony there was much applause.

The last piece on the programme was the unfamiliar but brilliant and entertaining Spanish Capriccio of Rimsky-Korsakoff, in which the horns, flutes, clarinets, and other instruments indulge in the merriest of pranks, while the kettledrums, cymbals, and triangles have the time of their life. The Russian composer evidently took to heart Liszt's lessons as to the opportunities for instruments of percussion in the orchestral score. He himself, to be sure, was anaesthetized in Vienna because of the introduction of a few soft triangle tones in a concerto. But times have changed. Last night's audience was much pleased with the Capriccio of his pupil, particularly the gypsy song and the wild "fandango of the Asturias."

With all its charm of content and brilliancy of performance, this piece came as an anti-climax, through no fault of its own. It followed Liszt's "Lament and Triumph of Tasso," and there are not a dozen pieces of music that would not appear as an anti-climax after "Tasso," at least as Mr. Stransky conducts it. It was with this piece that he created a sensation when he first came, not only in New York, but in a dozen other cities. Thousands learned through it that Liszt was an orchestral composer of the first rank. Words fail to describe how the Philharmonic, when inspired by its present leader, proclaims the ingratiating melodies, the enrapturing rhythms, the soul-stirring harmonies, of this inspired piece. The final climax, when the magnificent brass choir of this orchestra intones the triumph of Tasso, was overwhelming, and brought an ovation to the conductor and his men. Had Joseph Pulitzer heard that performance, he would have probably made the \$700,000 he gave the Philharmonic a round million.

REPETITION OF STRAUSS'S OPERA

H. Y. Sun Dec. 19, 1913
 A First Subscription Audience's Efforts to Enjoy It.

"Der Rosenkavalier" had its first repetition at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. After one performance it has been put into the subscription repertory and, very wisely, on a Thursday evening, when the subscription is predominantly German. The enthusiastic people who pay to stand behind the seats were last night also all Germans. This is as it ought to be, for only the Germans are likely to appreciate the comedy of Strauss's opera and have patience with its long-spin-out musical inestiture. Only Germans, too, are able to grasp the sense of humor which leads the composer to give realistic illustration to every thing and gesture in the play. Local color is a proper ingredient of a musical comedy, but of that there is precious little in Strauss's score, unless one chooses

to look upon the waltz as a caricature of a comedy which plays in a period before the waltz was invented. As for the use of musical symbols—or "leading motions," as they are popularly called—unless they stand for the deep passions, principles and agencies of a play, they have no purpose and are only a confession of poverty of invention. The people of a play need no labels; they show themselves in their physical attributes and in a comedy like "Der Rosenkavalier," also in their intellectual and moral. It was a very different matter when Wagner worked out his great religious tragedy in which primitive passions are developed through generations of elves, gods and men and grew in expression with the moral character of the personages of the play. There is nothing of this sort in Strauss's comedy and the charm of its music, unmistakable in parts, depends wholly on its passing beauty of melody, harmony and especially orchestration, arranged against which are dreary stretches of mere ugliness and specimens of unmeaning realism. Unfortunately, these stretches, combined with the imbecility of the farce, make the comedy tiresome to a degree as last night's audience which tried hard to enjoy it found out. Its delights were delivered through the beautiful singing and acting of Mmes. Hempel and Ober, especially at the beginning and end of the opera.

DER ROSENKAVALIER THE SECOND TIME

H. Y. Sun Dec. 19, 1913
 Mr. Strauss's Comedy Opera Finds Its Way Into Subscription Series.

PERFORMANCE IMPROVED

Mme. Ober and Mme. Hempel Again Display Skill in Delineation.

"Der Rosenkavalier" having enjoyed a sensational first night outside of the subscription series found its way into the presence of subscribers and some others at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was one of fair size, but not large enough to indicate that Mr. Strauss's opera had set the town afire. The attitude of the audience toward the performance, however, was one to betoken enjoyment, and it is not impossible that "Der Rosenkavalier" may grow into general public favor.

The performance had more smoothness than that of the first night and the merits of the individual representatives stood out more clearly. So much has already been said about them in this place that little, if anything, can be added. Naturally the role which most ingratiates itself with the public is Octavian, and in the hands of Mme. Ober it loses not a whit of its charm. Few women indeed could come so close to creating the illusion of a boy, and the magnetism of her personality in the part is irresistible. Admirably, too, does she delineate the change wrought in the youth when fresh from the arms of the experienced Princess he faces the radiance of Sophia's girlhood.

Mme. Hempel has the role of the Princess, which gives the best field for a psychological study. Those who have seen Mme. Hempel in other roles hardly could have suspected that she would show so much delineative skill as she shows in this, while her singing of the music is much the best thing she has done here. Miss Case showed better vocal condition last evening than at the first performance, and used more discretion in her delivery of the troublesome phrases in the scene with Octavian. Mr. Goritz repeated his excellent impersonation of the Baron Ochs and Mr. Weil was quite equal to the demands of the new ennobled father.

Miss Destinn, Singing Tosca, Excels Herself

H. Y. Sun Dec. 20, 1913
 With Messrs. Caruso and Scotti She Participates in Remarkable Performance at Metropolitan.

For the first time in two years Miss Destinn sang the title rôle in "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. He Metropolitan Opera House last night had been announced two days previously that Miss Geraldine Farrar would not

be able to sing because she needed time for her recovery from the grip. Miss Destinn's appearance was no surprise. But the vast improvement which she has made since last she sang the rôle was a big surprise.

Miss Destinn last night gave a performance that vocally probably has not been equalled at the Metropolitan. In the first act, especially in the scene of jealousy, she was excellent, but when in the next act she sang the "Vissi d'Arte" she did it so exquisitely that the audience interrupted her with applause. Her singing was so charged with emotion, so compelling, that its dramatic intensity could not possibly be missed. In addition prima donna, who wore several gowns, acted the rôle with a tremendous show of temperament, particularly in her scuffle with Scarplia and in the moment when she stabbed the tyrant.

Mr. Caruso, as Mario, was in wonder voice. His golden tones were melting their beauty in the first act, while in the second act his cry "Vittoria, Vittoria" stirred his hearers.

As Scarplia, Mr. Scotti was superb. At that he is, his characterization of Scarplia is one of the finest in his gallery of character portraits. Last night it seemed even more sinister, more utterly fiendish.

Mr. Toscanini again conducted a remarkable performance. So all told it was one of the best presentations of "Tosca" seen here in years, and it was small wonder that the audience called the art before the curtain after each act, and that Miss Destinn was laden with flowers as time she walked off the stage.

SCOTTI HAS NO PEER IN "TOSCA"

H. Y. Sun Dec. 20, 1913
 Supreme Art of Great Baritone Puts Even Destinn and Caruso in Shade at Performance of the Puccini Opera in Metropolitan

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER. LAST night three thousand or more opera-goers at the Metropolitan heard "Tosca" sung—and greatly sung. They also had what I will call the privilege (for possibly the tenth or fiftieth time) of seeing Antonio Scotti play the part of Scarplia.

The Scarplia of Mr. Scotti was the all-dominant note in the performance of Puccini's opera. Without much voice, the accomplished baritone threw even the Tosca, Emmy Destinn, and the Cavaradossi, who was Caruso, into the shade by the finish, subtlety and distinction of his art.

To watch Mr. Scotti in the first of the three episodes in "Tosca" is to enjoy a marvellous object lesson. Nothing is neglected, nothing forgotten. Each movement of the hand, each step and stride, each pause is timed and studied. Yet everything seems natural and unforced. The pauses—the intervals between the gestures indulged in by the actor—are especially eloquent. So is his delicate and expressive play of feature.

The tones which Mr. Scotti now produces, might invite comment of an unflattering kind, but for the fact that they are so skillfully modulated as to disarm criticism. I know of no actor on the boards to-day who might not learn a useful trick or two from Mr. Scotti's by-play as he lays traps for Tosca in the first act of the opera, and as he sits alone, at table, in the second act.

Mme. Destinn was in glorious voice last night. She sang the well-known "Vissi d'Arte" faultlessly, but in her acting she had neither the supreme distinction of Milka Ternina, nor the passionate realism of Lina Cavalieri.

In the long vocal scolioquy, which occurs near the beginning of the last act, Mr. Caruso was impressive, not only because of the feeling which he put into his tones, but also because of his reserve and great good taste.

As for the orchestra, which was directed by Maestro Toscanini, it excelled itself. Seldom, if ever, has the introduction to the last act of "Tosca" been played with more beautiful delicacy, than last night's performance of the opera, which, though not flawless, here and there, shows its composer at his best and in his highest.

20 Destinn as Tosca. 1913
An excellent performance of Puccini's "Tosca" took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, with Madame Destinn as the heroine, Mr. Scotti and Mr. Caruso in their usual roles, and Mr. Toscanini in the conductor's chair. Miss Cariani had been announced as the impersonator of the unhappy Roman singer, but continued ill-health made it impossible for her to appear.
Madame Destinn sang the part of Tosca superbly last evening, and acted it with incentive and fervor. That she has little facial expression is a fact too well known for much comment, but it is always disappointing when Tosca fails to express in her face the realization that, with this wife, she has Scarpia completely at her mercy. Madame Destinn's gestures with her arms are also somewhat uncouth, but aside from these defects, her Tosca is one of the best ever seen and heard in New York.
Mr. Caruso's beautiful voice was in excellent condition last night, and his acting is equal to the best he has done in this role. Mr. Scotti's Scarpia is too well known to call for much comment, but he was so unfeared last evening, and brought out so many fine dramatic details, that it would be unfair not to mention some of them. At least, he, too, sang well last night, and showed himself in better vocal form than he was last year, but it is on the histrionic side he is at his best. Two touches last night were especially noticeable—the kissing of his own finger tips after he has offered Tosca the holy water in the church, and the way he presses his lips to her hand in the second act after he thinks he has conquered her, a gesture which expresses all his passion and triumph.
Without doubt, many of the vocal disabilities at the Metropolitan are due to the over-enthusiasm of the gentlemen who conduct the orchestra, and who, frequently, forgetting that a human voice has limits of power, still demand a climax with the voice as its summit and the whole orchestra playing fortissimo. This happened last night in the first act, and Mr. Caruso had to force his tone to make himself heard. Otherwise Mr. Toscanini conducted the score with his usual brilliancy, and brought out all the beauties of the opening of the second act as he never fails to do.

FRITZ KREISLER PLAYS.
1913
Fritz Kreisler was the principal soloist heard in Wieniawski's Concerto No. 2, with accompaniment of the orchestra, and a group of compositions to piano accompaniment. Anna Case, Paul Althouse, and a Gilly of the operatic company sang, the orchestra was under the direction of Richard Hageman. Mr. Kreisler was at his best, and the audience responded to his playing with the greatest enthusiasm. As usual, he gave no reason for abating the superlatives that customarily used when commenting on his playing. He is that kind of a player who can make, and did make last night, an event out of the performance of the Wieniawski concert, in which it is not the greatest depths of feeling.
Smaller numbers were a Chanson Meditation by Cottenet, full of charm on account of the always unexpected course of the melodic line; his "Caprice Viennois," where there are double stops of real meaning, and his famous "Variations." The pianist was compelled to repeat the piece, and added two encores at the request of the group.
Gilly sang the "Eri tu" aria from "Ballo in Maschera," and two Misses Case sang "Charmant" with flute obligato by Giuseppe Brugnoli, and three songs, and Mr. Althouse sang "Che gelida manina" from "La Bohème." The orchestra had several numbers, and Mr. Hageman is credited with a good accompaniment to the concert.

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION.
1913
Handel's oratorio "Messiah" received its second performance within a week. It was produced last night in Carnegie Hall by the People's Choral Union. Organization has not been heard for three years, although it has been in existence twenty-one years. The directors, Mr. Edward G. Marquard and Mr. Frank Damrosch, who has conducted in the past. The singing of the choir was spirited and the enunciation was exceptional, but the voices were agreeable freshness.
The soloists were Mme. Caroline Hudson, soprano; Mme. Giesca, contralto; Mr. Frank Ormsby, and Mr. Clifford Cairns, bass. All sang well and enunciated clearly, but Mr. Ormsby in the opening recitative, "Comfort Ye My People," and "Vallies." The audience expressed

**MUSIC OF A SUNDAY
DRAWS THOUSANDS**
H. J. Tribune
Philharmonic Society Fills Madison Square Garden—Kreisler at Metropolitan—'Messiah' Sung.
Yesterday's music was crowded into the evening, but there was plenty of it—the regular operatic concert at the Metropolitan and Century Opera houses, with Fritz Kreisler as the lodestone at the former; a performance of "The Messiah" by the People's Choral Union at Carnegie Hall and a monster affair at Madison Square Garden, in which the Philharmonic Society, the German Liederkreis and Leo Slezak co-operated. This last was called a "monster music festival" and did not belle its name, for more than 12,000 tickets were disposed of under the auspices of "The Evening Mail's" campaign for classic music at popular prices, the Wage Earners' Theatre League and the Theatre Centre for Schools. The programme was made up of excerpts from the works of Wagner and Tschalkowsky, and though performed under abnormal conditions aroused great enthusiasm. At the concert in Carnegie Hall there were perhaps as many persons on the stage as in the auditorium. Dec. 22, 1913
Mr. Edward G. Marquard conducted a performance of Handel's oratorio, which was distinguished more by energy than refinement. The solos were sung by Mrs. Hudson Alexander, Mrs. Giesca Nichols, Frank Ormsby and Clifford Cairns, with Frank L. Sealey on the organ bench. There was also a song recital by J. Francis Smith, with incidental instrumental music, at Aeolian Hall.
"DER ROSENKAVALIER" AGAIN.
H. J. Tribune
As a novelty, a suite for orchestra from Dr. Richard Strauss' opera "Der Rosenkavalier," which was recently produced in the Metropolitan Opera House, was performed at the Sunday night concert of the Century Opera Company, last night. It was received with enthusiasm.
Except for two orchestral selections, the hymn and march from "Aida," and "The Ride of the Valkyries," from "Die Walküre," the entertainment was given over to three scenes from operas. The first was the prison scene from Verdi's "Il Trovatore," which was sung by Miss Ivy Scott as Leonora, Mr. Walter Wheatley as Manrico, Mr. Morton Adkins as Count di Luna, and Miss Jayne Herbert as Azucena.
The bridal scene from Wagner's "Lohengrin" was sung by Miss Phoebe Crosby and Mr. Morgan Kingston. The whole of the third act of Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffman," was presented with Mr. Bradley in the rôle of Hoffman, Miss Beatrice La Palme as Antonia, Miss Jayne Herbert as Nicklausse, Mr. Morton Adkins as Dr. Miracle and Mr. William Schuster, Mr. Frank Phillips and Miss Florence Coughlan in the minor parts. Three conductors appeared in the course of the evening, Mr. Alfred Szendrei, Mr. Carlo Nicosia and Mr. Josef Pasternack.

MR. J. F. SMITH'S RECITAL.
Bohemian Trio Assists Tenor at Sunday Night Entertainment.
At Aeolian Hall last night Mr. J. Francis Smith, tenor gave a song recital assisted by the Bohemian Trio, composed of Miss Marguerite Volvay, pianist; Mr. Alois Trnka, violinist, and Mr. Bedrich Vaska, cellist. Mr. Smith has a voice of pleasant quality, but his manner of singing is not enlightening. He sang songs mostly of a light nature and his English diction was good. H. J. Tribune Dec. 22, 1913
The Bohemian Trio, which played a trio by Arensky, proved to be a worthy organization and won applause. Mr. Trnka was heard in an air from Bach and Paganini's "La Campanella." Miss Volvay played a group of solos from Chopin, and Mr. Vaska played Fibich's "Poem" and a Spanish dance by Popper. Mr. Homer Bartlett played the organ in several numbers and the accompaniments were played by Mr. Cecil Teague.
Wagner's "Walkure."
A Saturday afternoon Wagner audience at the Metropolitan is very Wagnerian indeed. The music is listened to with rapt attention, no whispering is allowed, nor any applause while the music is going on. But every rule has its exceptions. When, on Saturday afternoon, Johanna Gadski made her first appearance this season, in the second act of "Die Walküre," coming on the stage picturesquely clad as the leader of the warrior Valkyries, the audience burst out into cordial applause of welcome. It was a very naughty thing to do, but the evidence thus given of her popularity doubtless helped to brace the prima donna for the ordeal of singing Brünnhilde in such a way as the part is seldom sung. She began with the cry of the Valkyr (which she now has to sing at the end of all her recitals) in her usual electrifying way, and from the scene to the final supplication to Wotan she gave plentiful evidence of her now thoroughly ripened art. Concert-giving throughout the

country had not injured her voice, while her art has steadily deepened and warmed. She was especially impressive yesterday in the scene with Siegmund, where she prophesies his death, and again in her delineation of the war-maiden's despair when Wotan condemns her to the sleep from which any passing man may wake and woo her. Beautiful, too, was her yielding to her father's will and the joy which possesses her when she implores Wotan to protect her by the girdle of flame through which none but a hero would dare to pass. Her voice responded unflinchingly to every demand put upon it, from its lowest range to the magnificent high notes which it was a delight to hear. Wagner's Walküre lies lower for the soprano voice than any of the other three Brünnhilde rôles, but nevertheless it is never effective unless sung by a true dramatic soprano, as he intended it to be.
Madame Fremstad's Sieglinde was on Saturday, as it always is, a beautiful figure to the eye, and an interesting one dramatically and vocally. Ullrich proved to be an excellent companion. Of goodly height and stalwart figure, he makes an agreeable impression as the unfortunate, hunted Siegmund. The love scene was particularly good, more tender, and human than it is usually. Mr. Ullrich showed much emotion also, at the end of his narrative, when he tells Sieglinde that now she understands why his name is not "Joyful." Mr. Ruysdael as Hunding, an impressively gigantic and threatening figure, has a good conception of his part.
Madame Matzenauer makes a majestic Fricka, and sings the part splendidly. It is no easy task to make an audience sympathize with this domineering Juno of Northern mythology, but Mme. Matzenauer succeeds, as few have done, in presenting a dignified picture of her wrongs. On Saturday the Wotan was Carl Braun. If his voice were equal to its owner in size, it would be like that of Edouard de Reszke. It is a voice of much beauty, especially in mezzo forte passages, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Braun will not try to force it. It will doubtless grow if it is treated properly. He has, fortunately, avoided, to some extent at least, the present dramatic conception of Wotan. His Wotan is at times harsh, but he is not so cross as some of those we have heard in recent years. Frequently Wotan has been little more than a pitiful coward and bully, but Mr. Braun avoids most of these objectionable characteristics.
Mr. Hertz tempered the orchestra to the singers with more discretion than he shows at times, and kept their greatest outbursts fittingly for the occasions when the orchestra was the soloist. The introduction of the first act was especially fine and stormy.
In most respects the new scenic attire of "Die Walküre," first exhibited on this occasion, is a great improvement on the Milanese scenery that has been in use for some years. It was made in Vienna. In the first act the effect of the hearth fire was excellent, but during the love scene which did the side of the house palpably slide down instead of having the wind blow open the door in accordance with Wagner's directions (*die hintere Thüre ist aufgesprungen*)?
While the second act, with its snow field to the left and snowy ridge to the right, suggested Switzerland rather than the Rhine, it is a fine scene, the loneliness of the huge rocks and bare peaks, with such background, making a spot eminently suited as a meeting place for Wotan and his brood, as well as the duel in the clouds. In the last act, the splendid tree is a marvel of stage illusion, but the magic fire was a grievous disappointment. After the wonderful fire display in the "Magic Flute" one expected more than the usual lights, steam, and one small display of flames moving along the edge of a rock. With the new method of fluttering streamers, lighted to look like flame, the whole back of the stage should have been ablaze. What Wagner demanded was a *Flammenmeer*, a "sea of flames."

Sunday Concerts.
Neither the Philharmonic nor the Symphony Society gave a concert yesterday afternoon, but in the evening the Philharmonic combined with the Liederkreis and Leo Slezak in a monster concert at the Madison Square Garden, under the auspices of the *Evening Mail*, for which 12,000 tickets were sold. The programme was devoted to Wagner and Tschalkowsky. At the Metropolitan Fritz Kreisler was the principal soloist, playing a Wieniawski concerto and three shorter pieces, to which the enthusiastic audience made him add several extras. The singers were Anna Case, Althea Howard, and Dina Gilly. The Century Opera

Company had its usual popular concert, which the third act of the "Tales of Hoffman" was a feature, and in Carnegie Hall Edward J. Marquard directed a performance of the "Messiah" by the People's Choral Union.

"THE MAGIC FLUTE"
AT METROPOLITAN
Dec. 23, 1913
Mme. Gadski Appears as Pamina and Mr. Joern as Tamino.
THE MUSIC WELL SUNG
Monday Night Audience Shows Pleasure at Hearing Mozart's Lovely Melodies.
Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There was an audience of good size and plenty of applause for the favorite numbers. The character of Schikaneder's libretto operates more powerfully against the popularity of the opera in these days than in earlier times, when dramatic illusion was less valued than it is now. The result is that the burden of entertainment falls heavily upon the music and the spectacle. The latter in the circumstances becomes a series of not very significant pictures appealing chiefly to the eye and offering little if anything to the imagination.
But since many lovers of opera do not yearn to exercise imagination in the theatre there is a certain amount of pleasure in watching the actors wandering from rocky passes to moonlit bowers, from gorgeous halls to darksome chambers. A glittering canopy of stars makes a background for a splendid *Queen of Night*, who sings mellifluously from midair to a puzzled looking youth in Oriental raiment, and a short Ethiopian chases the hero from pillar to post till an imposing and lordly *Sarastro* sends him kicking into obscurity. Meanwhile every one sings lovely music and the hearer wonders how Mozart could make it.
The performance of last evening differed from its predecessors in only two important items, namely the first appearance of Mme. Gadski as Pamina and Mr. Joern as Tamino. At the previous performances Mme. Destinn and Mr. Ullrich were in the cast. The changes effected no alteration in the general excellence of the representation. Mme. Gadski was in good voice and sang her music well, and the same compliment is due to Mr. Joern.
Mr. Goritz and Mr. Reiss amused the audience and earned the reward of comedy, many laughs. Mme. Hempel, Mr. Braun and Mr. Griswold contributed to the performance the same excellences which have marked their work heretofore, while the orchestra, an instrument grown pliant under its present conductors, discharged its duties capably. To Mr. Hertz for his admirable conducting gratitude must again be expressed.
The performance marked the beginning of the sixth week of opera at the Metropolitan, and as usual there was an

"CARMEN" IN ENGLISH
AT THE CENTURY
H. J. Tribune Dec. 24
Bizet's Master Work Is Sung for First Time This Season—Scores a Success.
1913
Though the Metropolitan has announced a revival of "Carmen" as one of the events of the season the Century has stolen a march, and last night put Bizet's immortal work upon its stage. The Century's performance will give neither Mr. Farrar nor Mr. Toscanini any sleep, but after the lamentable "Bohemian Girl" of the week before it was at least a relief. It was a performance which bore evidences of rehearsal, and one in which the scenery and costumes were both admirable—thanks to the Metropolitan and Mr. Edward Sledie.
Miss Kathleen Howard's portrayal of Carmen will scarcely go down in history as the names of Emma Calve or Chlotilde Bressler-Glanoli. Miss Howard was well favored in face and figure, but her love scenes with Don José somewhat

resembled those of Paul and Virginia.

As for Mr. Kingston's Don José, it was that of a lay figure possessed of a beautiful voice, which it did not know how to use. Altogether handsome was this Don José, a style of manly beauty which appeared to consider any trace of emotion as fatal to that beauty's perfect contour.

Mr. Chalmers, one of the company's sincerest artists, was little at home as the tenor, and all in all the best performance of the evening was given by Mr. Kaufman as Morales.

The woman's chorus was at times effective and there was considerable life among the stage crowds. In addition, Mr. Szindrel infused much life into the orchestra. In short, the chief defect of this "Carmen" was a total misunderstanding of the style in which the opera should be given. Bizet was a great musician and Prosper Merimee as great a story teller, and "Carmen" is one of the supreme works of the lyric stage. It is a work to be approached, if not with prayer and fasting, with intensity of feeling and exaltation of spirit. It must be sung by artists trained in the Gallic tradition and endowed with Latin fire. If that much abused word "temperament" be ever justified it is justified in this opera.

There was no temperament in any one last night. Yet the Century deserves credit for its attempt, an attempt that was sincere and which brought evident pleasure to the audience. It was a performance far and away better than the one of the preceding week and the audience proved that it realized this. The libretto, too, was a good one, and the singer's diction admirable. Last night's audience understood what was happening on the stage.

'CARMEN' PRODUCED AT CENTURY OPERA

H. J. Sun
Kathleen Howard as a Gypsy
With a Hole in Her

Stocking.
Dec. 24, 1913
MUSIC TOLERABLY SUNG

Morgan Kingston Heard as Don Jose, Thomas Chalmers as Escamillo.

At the Century Opera House last evening Bizet's "Carmen" entered the repertory. Without doubt the sudden assault of weather upon the town induced some persons to remain at home who might otherwise have attended the performance, but the indications were that the theatre would not have been filled even had the full moon illumined Central Park and the mildest of south winds blown.

Can it be that Carmen has faded? Can age wither her or custom steal her infinite variety? Who can tell? Certain it is that each succeeding representative of the wayward gypsy strives to introduce into the role something novel in the stage business, despite the fact that nothing new can be done with the interpretation. For, as Kipling said of another of the same breed, Carmen is Carmen, and when you have said that you have only come to the beginnings of knowledge.

Much was foretold of the things which would be done by Kathleen Howard, the first of the three Carmens to be offered by the Messrs. Aborn. It was said that she had ideas of her own, many of them. Last night she kicked off her slipper in the first act and bared a toe through a hole in a stocking. This is perhaps a new reading of Carmen. At any rate it was a pedal index to Miss Howard's entire interpretation of the role.

A very dark, rude skinned Carmen, with coarse black hair and a cruel mouth, this was a gypsy without question, but she raised questions of the plausibility of her swift enslavement of the simple minded brigadier. Not that Miss Howard made her exactly vulgar, but she was certainly not an appeal to the imagination. The singer delivered herself of the music tolerably and at times with some style. But it would be idle to say that this was anything better than a good conventional impersonation.

Morgan Kingston was a tall Don Jose, agreeable to the eye, and he sang his music with smoothness and with some bursts of force which his previous achievements would hardly have led the audience to expect. Mr. Kingston has not had much experience on the operatic stage and naturally knows little of the routine of acting. There was nothing in this assumption to indicate any latent talent for delineation. Whatever this tenor shall

accomplish in acting will have to be the result of training, and that can be obtained only in the course of time. The beauty of his voice, however, should carry him far.

Beatrice la Palme was the Micaela last evening, and of her little is to be said in the way of commendation except that she sang in tune. Other leading personages in the cast were Thomas Chalmers as Escamillo and Alfred Kaufmann as Zuniga. The opera was well put on the stage and there were evidences of more care in the preparation than in that of the preceding production. The chorus sang better than usual, but the orchestra was dull in tone and slovenly in performance. Mr. Zendrel conducted and probably did as much as possible in the conditions.

Once more the subject of language was forced upon the attention of the listeners. When it was clearly understood, as in the recitatives, it was very poor stuff indeed, for the translation proved to be utterly wanting in elegance. On the other hand, in the case of Miss Howard's important lyrics it might as well have been German as English, and certainly would better have been French. This too was the case with other lyrics, in which the fluency of Bizet's music was injured by the introduction of more syllables than those of the original text and the consequent doubling of notes.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE AT METROPOLITAN

H. J. Sun
Dec. 26, 1913
Mr. Urlus Taken Ill After the Second Act, but Manages to Continue.

OBER, AS BRENGAENE, SCORES A SUCCESS

Splendid Performance of Wagner's Master Work Under the Baton of Mr. Toscanini.

"Tristan und Isolde" was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera House with Mme. Olive Fremstad as Isolde, Mme. Margaret Ober as Brangaene, Jacques Urlus as Tristan, Carl Braun as King Mark, and Hermann Weil as Kurwenal. Arturo Toscanini directed the orchestra. Such was the cast which Giulio Gatti-Casazza chose to present Wagner's greatest music drama, and it was a cast that could not be equalled on the lyric stage to-day. Of all Mr. Gatti-Casazza has accomplished during his consulship at the Metropolitan, his various presentations of "Tristan" have reached a height equalled by few others, and excelled by one. It is not too much to say that last night's performance was equal to any given in New York since the days of Milka Ternina.

Two factors have been of supreme importance in all the great performances of this work in recent years—the presence of Mme. Olive Fremstad in the character of the Irish Princess and that of Arturo Toscanini in the conductor's stand. Mme. Fremstad's Isolde has grown steadily in power, in beauty and in tragic poignancy. To praise her impersonation has long ago exhausted the vocabulary of superlatives. It is enough to say once more that hers is a figure of superb majesty, queenly, tender and loving; a character conceived and executed in the grand manner, as all Wagnerian heroine must be; a woman whose consuming passion is only the more supreme because of her infinite repose. Never has she acted the opening scene with more elemental power than she did last night, never was her surrender more exquisitely delineated, never did she sing in the love duet with more delicate shading or greater feeling. She set for herself a mark she will find it difficult to surpass.

As for Mr. Toscanini, his spirit was abroad, not only in the orchestra, but with the singers on the stage. His reading of the score is one in which he strives always for beauty of line, for form, for grace of contour, and yet, in spite of all, he never sacrifices strength of passion or the sense of impending doom. His is a universal rather than a Latin "Tristan"; for "Tristan" is, after all, a work for which the Rhine is no true boundary, and in the love music in particular Tuetonic force is only sublimated by being restrained by a fine Italian hand. Such a hand is Arturo Toscanini's.

The Tristan was Jacques Urlus. Mr. Urlus has had misfortunes in this part, as at his debut in the opera last season he suddenly lost his voice. Last night he suffered another mishap in being assailed by a severe attack of indigestion after the second act. The wait was unusually long, and for a time it seemed as if he would be unable to continue. He was attended by a physician, however, and

stepped before the curtain and announced that despite the attack Mr. Urlus would try to continue the opera. He did so, and on the whole succeeded very well. During the opening acts he had sung unusually well, and his Tristan proved again, what it was acknowledged last year, a remarkably able impersonation.

There was one new member in the cast, and those who have already heard Mme. Margaret Ober, knew that her Brangaene could not fail. Mme. Ober's serving-maid was worthy of her mistress, and both in action and in song equalled either her Ortrud and her Octavian. Her handling of the two potions in the opening act was charged with a significance it has rarely attained of recent years. Mr. Weil's Kurwenal was as ever a worthy if uninspired impersonation, and Mrs. Braun's Mark was every inch a king.

With the black flag that floats in the last act of "Tristan," Wagner wrote he would cover himself to die. It was to be, and so it proved the signal of his supreme triumph. That flag floated high last night, and among the columns of his own Walhalla the great Richard must have thrilled with pride and happiness.

H. J. Sun
Dec. 25
MR. URLUS TAKEN ILL. Performance of "Tristan und Isolde" Under Difficulties, 1913

The first performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" in the present season took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Probably many persons wondered why such a pathetic tragedy was selected for the eve of Christmas. Certainly there is nothing in the work to accord with the spirit of the greatest Christian festival. But impresarios cannot always select music appropriate to times and occasions.

Those who have observed the progress of events in the operatic world have noted that this music drama has grown to be one of the best loved works in the lyric repertory. It was therefore given without doubt as a strong attraction in the hope that its potent spell might serve to exorcise the demon of gloom which often sits solitary in a place of amusement on the night before Christmas. Too frequently, indeed, is it true that not another creature is stirring all through the house.

Unfortunately the performance was carried to its conclusion under no small difficulty. Mr. Urlus was the centre of disturbance, as he was on the occasion of his debut here, which was effected in the same role. He was then a victim of loss of voice, but last night he was attacked by acute indigestion. After the second act an announcement of the facts was made by William Guard of the house staff, coupled with the statement that Mr. Urlus would endeavor to complete the performance.

In such circumstances a criticism of the tenor is not required. Mme. Fremstad was the Isolde and her impersonation was carried through on its usual high plane of excellence. Mme. Ober, freed from the masculine habiliments of Octavian, disclosed herself in the role of Brangaene as a temperamental singer and actress. Her delivery of the music was full of storm and stress, but it was based on an intelligent conception of the role.

Mr. Urlus as Tristan, Mr. Weil as Kurwenal and Mr. Braun as King Mark were the other three principals. There is nothing new to be said of the art of these singers. Mr. Urlus finds himself most firmly seated in the role of the knight. It is his best impersonation.

Mr. Toscanini presided over the performance. Long familiarity with this score has in nowise diminished his devotion to it. He has deepened some of the lines of his reading since he came here, whether from artistic conviction or from respect for what he believes to be the demand of local taste it matters not. The results are admirable and certain points in the tragedy are made more forcible.

There was some evidence of the holiday season in the audience.

H. J. Sun
Dec. 26, 1913
"LA GIOCONDA" SUNG
Mme. Ober Appears as Laura for First Time in Career.

There were only two items of interest in last night's performance of "La Gioconda," aside from the fact that all the singers had partaken of Christmas dinners, which, with the exception of Mr. Caruso, appeared to affect their voices not at all. Mme. Margaret Ober, however, sang Laura for the first time on any stage, and Adamo Didur sang Alvis in place of Mr. Segura.

In spite of her inexperience in the part and the fact that the music is not altogether in her style, Mme. Ober again proved the extraordinary nature of her gifts, her tremendous vitality, her dramatic power, her powerful, resonant voice. Her Laura was a woman pulsating with passion, perhaps at times even to the overthrowing of the proper emphasis between the two female protagonists. Mr. Didur made of Alvis a living figure, a virtue that has not always been his. The remainder of the cast was as usual, with Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato and Miss Destina. Mr. Toscanini led the orchestra in his unique manner.

H. J. Sun
Dec. 26, 1913
YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.
Mme. Ober Appears as Laura in Puccini's "La Gioconda."

The operatic pleasures of the Christmas Day began with a performance of "Hansel und Gretel" at the Century Opera House, but in this there was nothing to call for comment. Humperdinck's delightful work had already been given at the Century and yesterday's repetition disclosed no new merits. The opera at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, a regular subscription night, was "La Gioconda," and in it Mme. Ober was heard for the first time here as Laura.

Mme. Ober is a singer who has a voice of real value and an abundance of temperament. Consequently in spite of shortcomings in vocal technique she makes a real impression. How much of this would be deepened by the possession of a perfectly smooth emission of tone and by finish of style can only be conjectured, but that much would be gained is beyond question.

Naturally much of the attention of the audience was bestowed on Mr. Caruso's *Enco*. He much admired tenor was a good voice last evening, and his singing gave pleasure. His "Cielo e mar" was applauded vigorously, but Mr. Caruso is not given to indulgence in encores in these days, for which the sincerest music lovers are probably thankful. Mr. Amato as Barnaba and Miss Destina as La Gioconda were the other two conspicuous figures in the cast, and both commanded admiration. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

"Hansel und Gretel" at the Century.

There was a special performance yesterday afternoon at the Century Opera House of Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel." A large audience attended. Gladys Chandler appeared as Hansel and Mary Carson as Gretel. The others in the cast were also those who appeared at the first Thanksgiving Day matinee of the opera. A feature of the performance was the appearance of Albertina Rasch and the ballet in "The International Ballet," arranged by Luigi Albertini.

"Haensel und Gretel" Sung for First Time

Dec. 27, 1913
Big Opera Day at the Metropolitan, with "Siegfried" at Night
H. J. Sun
Performance.

From early afternoon until nearly midnight yesterday opera flourished at the Metropolitan, with just a reasonable interval for dinner. In the afternoon "Haensel und Gretel" had its first performance of the season with lots in the audience, and at night "Siegfried" was given for the delectation of their elders who still believe in dragons, magic fire and forest birds that sing German.

"Haensel und Gretel" had some new scenery. There was a new dense forest with its goblin trees which by means of a magical transformation involved into celestial stairs, at the head of which stood the angel with the flaming sword while down the steep, heavenly way trooped angels in pairs with gilded palm branches and with trumpets—all to guard over the sleeping babes in the woods. And the stairs were gold, all illuminated and shimmering. No wonder little necks craned and there were exclamations of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"

Then there was a new gingerbread hut, too, ornate with made in Germany pastry. And the trees that flanked the garden hedges of the residence of the late witch—for she was stuffed into the oven and baked until she exploded—these trees were fashioned just like those one finds in the wooden Noah's Arks dear to every child.

There was a new singer in the cast, too, for Mr. Robert Leonhardt, Viennese baritone, made his New York debut in the rôle of Peter. He sang very well, acted intelligently and enunciated clearly. Miss Matfeld was the Hansel, while Mme. Alten acted Gretel again—and both were charming. After the first act when they were called before the curtain Hansel received a stocking stuffed with candies and she gave the biggest piece to Gretel, who began eating it before she got out of sight.

Mr. Reiss as the Witch, did an admirable bit of acting, and Mme. Robeson, Misses Braslau and Cox completed the cast, while Mr. Morgenstern conducted a generally good performance, although he dragged a times. But the children were delighted, and that was the main thing.

Last night "Siegfried" had its second performance. Mr. Urlus, not entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, sang the title rôle well, if not as brilliantly as of the earlier occasion.

Mme. Gadske sang Brunnhilde brilliantly; Mr. Gerslow was a dignified Wanderer. Mr. Reiss, who had acted the Witch in the afternoon, was the over the top at night, and did it capitally, while

Mme. Matze, who sang with her... Hertz conducted a poetic and... performance. And this time the... scenery behaved, the third act trans-... tion being accomplished without a... hap, this showing the fine set at its... for the first time. After Brunnhilde... been kissed awake and sung of her... for Siegfried everybody went home... a very long, busy musical holiday.

MEGFRIED' SUNG AT OPERA

Mr. Urlus Back After Sudden Attack of Ptomaine Poisoning.

"Siegfried" was sung again last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Urlus having recovered from his sudden attack of ptomaine poisoning, which afflicted him during the "Tristan" of Wednesday night. He was in fairly good vocal condition and once more proved that his young Siegfried is the ablest exponent of the part New York has seen several years. 12-27-13

Mr. Griswold's beautiful voice and dignity of presence were most effective as Wanderer, and Mr. Kelse was what has been there many years—Mimi in- comparable. Mr. Ruysdael as Fafner and Mr. Goritz as Alberich are old and trusty friends. 12-27-13

On the distant side there was Mme. Adaski, always a reliable Brunnhilde; Mme. Matzenauer, a rich-voiced Erda; and Mme. Sparkes, a sweet-voiced bird of the woods. Mr. Hertz, with the fire of his enthusiasm, welded together most effectively his various forces.

MUSICAL ECHOES OF CHRISTMAS

The Oratorio Society's Annual "Messiah" Function and the Fairy Opera.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

The Oratorio Society performed Handel's "Messiah" for the eighty-fourth time in its history yesterday afternoon, and will perform it again to-night. As a rule, the duty of the daily reviewer of musical matters is finished when the fact of the performance of the annual Christmas function is recorded, with some- times an added note touching the singing of the principals. When there is more than is usually something in the nature of a protest challenged by an attempt on the part of a conductor, or an editor, to put facts into the music which the com- poser did not intend or want, which was not sanctioned by tradition (which has its merits despite the mouthings of would-be radicals) and which fell unpleasantly into the ears of the many who have long loved and revered the work. This was the case on a memorable occasion long ago when Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in a spirit prompted by what he considered a pious duty toward the composer's text, he read it, did violence to the lyrics of the Biblical story and mis- represented the "Glory to God" chor- us. Afterward it was again the case when Dr. Damrosch's younger son did strange things to Handel's score on the sea that he was restoring it to its origi- nal purity. Yesterday Mr. Koemmenich gave a new cause for regretful complaint by completely destroying the effect of the great climaxes in the chorus "For unto us a Child is born." At each recurrence of the prophetic appellation "Wonderful Counsellor," etc., up to which the music of the fugue leads with so marvellous an illustration of the dramatic force and beauty of contrast, just as the fiddles should have burst into their scintillant explosions, so characteristic of Handel's brilliant proclamation, Mr. Koemmenich suddenly slowed down the tempo to nearly, if not quite, one-half the pace, and the sluggish flow, particularly of the instrumental parts, robbed the music of every vestige of its majesty and pomp. The proceeding was utterly without jus- tification—a wanton innovation, and the more deserving of condemnation because it destroyed an effect which has called forth admiration ever since it was heard. Neither the autograph, nor any of Han- del's conducting scores, nor any edition of the oratorio of which we have ever heard has a hint of the change in tempo. This record of a grievous fault disposed of, it may be said in praise of the per- formance that Mr. Koemmenich has won the willing obedience of his chorists, who sang with less perfunctoriness than they have at many previous perfor- mances; that the orchestra of the Sym-phony Society, was efficient in its work and the solo quartet, composed of Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Miss Christine Mil-ler, Evan Williams and Frederick Martin, seasoned and capable.

There were changes, too, in the custom-ary Christmastide representation of "Hansel und Gretel," which took place in the Metropolitan Opera House yes- terday afternoon, but none to cause grievous reflections. On the contrary, there was some new and handsome scenery to accompany the angelic stair- case, which is but a glorified Jacob's lad- der, and though the inevitable Goritz was not in the play he had a decidedly acceptable substitute in Robert Leon- hardt, who showed himself to the New York public for the first time on this oc- casion. Two of the younger singers of the company, Miss Braslau and Miss Louise Cox, sang the songs of the Sand- man and Derman, respectively. Pretty and simple are the incidents which these songs illustrate, but the tasks which they set, though pretty, are anything but sim- ple, and it was not surprising that the novices showed much nervousness both in song and action. There was also a comparatively new conductor, Mr. Mor- genstern, in place of Mr. Hertz, who had weightier duties awaiting him in the even- ing. Mr. Morgenstern has conducted the work before, however; it has his sym- pathies, as it has those of the orchestra players, and so all went well, and Bella Alten, Marie Mattfeld, Miss Robeson and Mr. Reiss filled the hearts of hundreds of children with a delight that frequently broke out in shouts of jubilation. The change of the fairy opera's day from Christmas to the day after proved to be an entirely successful experiment, and the performance was provided.

DER ROSENKAVALIER AT METROPOLITAN

Monday Audience Hears Comedy in Music of Richard Strauss.

PERFORMANCE EXCELLENT

Interpretation of the Play and Music Shows Im- provement.

Richard Strauss's comedy in music, musical comedy, comic opera, opera buffa, or what not, entitled "Der Rosenkavalier," began the seventh week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It also had its first inspection by a Monday night audience and came away from the ordeal in a fairly well preserved state. The performance was in the hands of the singers previously heard in the work and even Mr. Strauss himself might have been made happy by their im- personations.

As heretofore the high honors of the performance belonged to the women. Mmes. Hempel and Ober repeated their charming and deeply interesting rep- resentations of the soon separated lovers. One hardly knows which is the more captivating, the ingenuous, ardent and youthful Octavian, or the experienced, introspective and touchingly tender Princess. These characters owe more to the two impersonators than they do to the music, though in the final scene of the first act this contains one of the highest flights of fancy to be found in any score of Strauss.

It would be hardly worth while to search with a lantern for all the details of the opera. It is not a great creation. Other comedies in music, made before it, will probably live long after it. But if it serves to amuse a few more audiences, which are not difficult to amuse, it will have its value in the theatre of the day. It is an unfortunate fact that people are inclined to demand of the theatre only amusement, for the playhouse, dramatic or lyric, is capable of producing great art to-day, just as it did in days gone.

It ought to be repeated in justice to the Metropolitan Opera Company and its im- perario that of "Der Rosenkavalier" does not secure a permanent place in the repertory of the house it will be no fault of theirs. The production is admirable in every respect, and the devotion with which the opera has been undertaken is shown by the fact that last evening's per- formance was the best so far.

MISS CHEATHAM'S SONGS STILL PLEASE

Both Old and Young Enjoy Her Annual Recital of Carols and Negro Airs. 1913

Miss Kitty Cheatham's annual holiday recital took place yesterday afternoon in the Lyceum Theatre. Before an audience made up for the most part of children she sang her songs and told stories with her usual charm, which is pleasing to young and old folks alike. The first part

of the recital which was most appro- priate for the Christmas season. For an opening Miss Cheatham re- cited a poem by Mr. John D. W. in Frank- lin, which was inspired by the people's Christmas tree in Madison square. Two old English carols, "God Bless You, Merry Gentlemen" and "The Holly and the Ivy," a setting of Christina Rossetti's "Christ- mas Carol," by Mr. A. Walter Kramer, and a thirteenth century song from the French, "The Sleep of the Child Jesus," made up the remainder of the holiday songs.

Perhaps the most amusing part of the entertainment, for the children, at least, were Miss Cheatham's tales of fairies and gnomes "Freund Hensch," set to music by Hans Hermann, and "The Fairy Pipers," by A. Herbert Brewer, proved to be the best of these. Three children's songs of Max Reger and Mary Knight Wood's set- ting of Alfred Noyes' poem "Little Miss Muffet" also were sung in a way that pleased.

Several old negro songs and tales, in which Miss Cheatham always is inter- esting, and settings of old nursery rhymes brought the recital to a close.

MASSENET'S 'MANON' AT METROPOLITAN

Postponed Opera Given with Brilliancy—Miss Farrar in Title Part.

The long deferred performance of Jules Massenet's "Manon," the opera which was to have opened the Metropolitan season, took place last night. Of course Miss Geraldine Farrar was "Manon," for it was because of Miss Farrar's illness that the opera was so long postponed. And for once a postponement was abun- dantly justified; for though others may sing "Manon," and others may look "Manon," there is but one who is "Manon"—and she is Geraldine Farrar. For her "Manon" Miss Farrar's artistic sins, and also at times they have been far from few, are all forgiven. It is a creation which stands a place ahead even of her Goose-Girl and her Rosaura, which is saying much.

For Miss Farrar's Manon is all that Manon should be—or, rather, what moral- ity would wish she had not been. Her Manon is dainty in force and figure; bewitching, loving and heartless; graceful as a wave of the sea and equally as sub- stantial—in short a grand coquette to avoid as death itself, or else to die for. Such was last night's Manon, a Manon who, indeed, had one advantage over the Abbe Prevost's heroine, for this one could sing. Beautifully did she sing her siren song last night, even though her voice still showed evidences of her recent cold; but most exquisitely of all she sang her "Adieu" to the little table.

Mr. Caruso was Des Grieux, and he, too, did some beautiful singing, even though his voice is never at the best in Gallic music. As for his impersonation of naive, aristocratic boyhood, the gods who in other ways have to the great tenor been so kind, slumbered when this virtue was about to be placed upon him. Mr. Gilly's Lescant and Mr. Rothler's Comte des Grieux are always thrice admirable in action and in their knowledge of the requirements of French song.

"Manon" is a work which is a chef d'œuvre of its kind, and in it Mr. Mas- senet proved himself for once the Fra- gonard of music. If it is not music of the highest order, it is music that is nearly perfect in that which it sets out to do. It points in tone and action the manners and morals, the foibles and the frailties, the passions and the sentiment of an age that has long passed, and to a democratic world passed without regret. But if that age's beauty was neither very true nor very deep, it was very exquisite, and that which is exquisite, even if it is little else, has yet its place in art. Of such is "Manon," the opera, and last night Signor Toscanini, who has led so thrillingly "Aida" and so sublimely "Tristan," did not think it unworthy of his genius to wield the baton in this for lighter work. And under that baton the music of the Faubourg Saint Germain burst its houn- daries and crossed, not only the Seine, but the broad Atlantic. Last night the orchestra sang in a universal tongue.

The San Carlo Opera Company's season opened last night at the Thalia Theatre, with an interesting performance of "Lucia," which was received with many signs of approval. The company has been augmented for this year, and there are some new sing- ers, who are, to say the least, energetic, and at times, they disclosed pleasing notes.

MME. CULP AND MACDOWELL CHORUS

An Unfamiliar Work by Verdi Heard in Car- negie Hall.

A COSTLY CONCERT; MODEST ATTENDANCE

Music by Verdi, Zandonai, Pur- cell, Schubert, Borodin and Gretchaninow.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

To judge from the programme of the concert given by the MacDowell chorus in Carnegie Hall last night a much needed lesson in moderation was learned from the somewhat woful concerts of last year. There was no dubious pretence of educa- tional purpose in the scheme of pieces, as was the case when the Schola Cantorum illustrated the development of the opera by compositions which antedated the invention of that art-form, but ignored its invention and nearly a century of its growth. Neither was there an exhibition of that unwise ambition to do much more than lay in the capacity of this choir or any other to do. Instead, the list of pieces was well within the powers of the organization, and deference was paid to the entirely reasonable desire of the listeners to be entertained, as well as instructed. The most successful features of the affair were those in which Mme. Culp took part, in which no effort was made at preachments of the gospel of "new thought" in music, but which proclaimed pure beauty for beauty's sake.

Yet there were novelties of an interesting kind. Before attention is given to them— it will be brief of necessity—it ought to be recorded as a significant fact in the annals of the present day's musical activities that what was unquestionably the most costly musical entertainment of the season drew an audience of rather modest dimensions, by no means so large as one as Mme. Culp attracted when she gave her recitals. The phenomenon is not an unfamiliar one. Mr. Paderewski can always command at least a thousand more hearers when he plays alone than when he appears with an orchestra. There is an explanation, no doubt, but time is lacking to inquire into it now.

The concert began uninterestingly with the Cherubic Hymn of the Russian liturgical service in a setting by Gret- chaninow. Sung by the choir of men and boys of the choir of the Cathedral of St. Nicholas it would have been an uplift for all that followed. But sung sluggishly as it was last night, and lacking the vocal color contemplated by the composer and provided by the characteristic composi- tion of the choirs of the Russian Church, it was anything but inspiring. It was followed by an interesting novelty, which would undoubtedly have been better re- ceived had the emotions and intellectuals been warmed by a bit of inspiring music at the outset. The novelty was "Stabat Mater" by Verdi—one of the four sacred pieces which were published in 1898. Two of the four pieces, the "Ave Maria" (built on what Verdi called a "Scala enigm- matica"), and a "Laudi alla Vergine" have been sung by the Musical Art So- ciety; also unless we are mistaken the paraphrase of the "Pater Noster," which is another setting by Zandonai, for men's voices and orchestra, followed the Verdi number last night. The "Stabat" differs widely from the others in other respects than the fact that it has an orchestral part which is of great importance in it. The *a capella* pieces are examples of ecclesiastical music in the classic sense; the "Stabat" is a dra- matic composition in which voices and instruments strive to give expression to the varied emotions of the different stanzas of the old hymn. It is full of color, full of polyanity and full also of serious beauty, and despite its dramatic spirit in no sense theatrical like the "Requiem." No judicious critic would think of calling it an "opera in ecclesi- astical vestment," as Dr. von Bülow did the "Requiem" when it was first pro- duced. There was more of this spirit in Zandonai's setting of Dante's para- phrase of the "Pater noster," though this, too, had its moments of impressive beauty. Both works, however, were per- functorily performed, and the hearers were not lifted out of their mood of indifference.

To quicken the interest of the audience required the coming of Mme. Culp. She sang the farewell song of "Infelix Dido," from Purcell's opera, "Dido and Aeneas," the song which Hogarth in his "Memoirs of the Opera" said "sounds like the dying murmur of a broken heart"—"When I am laid in earth." It is a wonderfully pathetic song, despite the fact that it is built on a ground bass (a descending chromatic phrase which Bach used several times—in his cantata "Weinen, Klagen," the "Crucifixus" of his B minor mass, and the playful "capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother"). Mme. Culp poured out her glorious voice with a generosity and passionateness in the song which warmed the hearts of the audience, and after it and the chorus which followed the ice was broken, and the rest of the concert was received with sincere expressions of delight, the climax of enjoyment being reached in the Schubert serenade, "Zögernd leise," for mezzo-soprano solo and women's chorus an exquisite performance in every respect, in which Mme. Culp's luscious voice was most beautifully and sympathetically consorted with the pure sopranos and rich contraltos of the choir. The meeting came to an end with the choral dances from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor," which were a feature of the concert given by the MacDowell chorus in March, 1911.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

"Parsifal" at Mettinee and "La Traviata" in the Evening.

At the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday there were two performances in order that persons who had nothing else to do with their holiday might let it pass in music out of sight. According to time honored custom "Parsifal" was given in the afternoon, and it was an interesting fact that it was the first legal performance of the work in this country. The copyright expired with 1913. Any one may give "Parsifal" now. Before yesterday it was given in open disregard of the German rights and the feelings of the Wagner family. Hereafter they will have no rights and more feelings, but little sympathy.

There were no new features in yesterday's performance except the *Gurnemanz* of Carl Braun, which has the approval of Bayreuth and in spite of it is worthy of warm admiration. Mme. Fremstad sustained the high level of her *Kundry*, and the others in the cast discharged their duties capably. While there was not much new, there was much that was old. The scenery, for example, has had an honorable career and should be retired for age. The opera needs a new mounting. The audience was larger than that which was present on Thanksgiving Day and its interest was unmistakable.

In the evening the solemnities of the Grail supper were displaced by the more earthly festivities of *Violetta Valery's* dance. The opera was Verdi's "La Traviata," and in suggestive contrast to the garb of "Parsifal" was the new costuming of the work. This time the costumes were those of early in the last century. They are preferable to the ungraceful things usually worn.

Mme. Hempel was the *Violetta* and she sang her music better than last season. Her colorature is not her best accomplishment, but it serves, and at any rate she sang an ascending scale well, and that is by no means easy. Mr. Cristalli was the *Alfredo* and his inveterate hostility to the pitch caused regret. Mr. Amato as *Giorgio Germont* shared the honors of the evening with the prima donna.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata," an opera in four acts, by Giuseppe Verdi.

The Cast.

Violetta.....Mme. Frieda Hempel
Flora de Bervolk.....Mlle. Jeanne Meubourg
Annina.....Mlle. Maria Matfield
Alfredo.....M. Italo Cristalli
Giorgio Germont.....M. Pasquale Amato
Dr. Grenville.....M. Paul Annan
Conductor.....M. Giorgio Polacco

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Verdi's contingent opera "La Traviata" was revived last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. I call it contingent because it is only done when it is suspected that there is some singer who can, by dint of her own power, gift and patience, make it interesting, for it is not a master work and some of it is in Verdi's worst, most careless and unintellectual manner. To this remark, however, there is one patent exception, and that is the prelude to the fourth act, with "its quivering atmosphere of Violetta's sickness, room seeming almost visible as the pathetic bit of lyric music rises upward from the divided viols of the orchestra like a cloud of incense which gathers itself together and floats along with the sorrowful song of the violin."

To consider another aspect of "La Traviata," which is only "La Dame aux Camellias" in operatic investiture, it may be noted that when it was produced in London there was a loud outcry against "the foul and hideous horrors of the

book." The critics refused to praise the music. Because of all this, the opera was a striking success and helped to stave off the menacing ruin of Her Majesty's Theatre. The singers for whom "La Traviata" was unseparated yesterday was Mme. Frieda Hempel, who sang Violetta; M. Italo Cristalli, who sang Alfredo, and M. Pasquale Amato, heard as the elder Germont.

M. Giorgio Polacco conducted and Miss Eva Swain was seen in the incidental dances.

"Manon," "Parsifal," "Traviata."

Massenet's "Manon" was to have opened the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, but owing to the long illness of Geraldine Farrar it was not heard till Wednesday evening. New Year's night is usually a discouraging time for the management of an opera house, but "Manon," with Farrar and Caruso completely filled the house and there was much applause.

The postponement did not benefit the performance, which here and there lacked the polish of last year's representations. For the most part, however, it was admirable, and Mr. Toscanini once more showed that if Massenet understands the art of concealing art—of being scholarly and popular at the same time—he, on his part, knows how to reveal the hidden beauties to the audience. The delicacy and finesse of his interpretations were thoroughly Gallic.

It was a great pleasure to see and hear Miss Farrar again in a part she has made her own as she has those of Madama Butterfly, Tosca, the Goose Girl, Zerlina, and others. The air in honor of youth and beauty was sung with the usual archness and grace; the demureness of the dainty maid was most winsomely portrayed; the letter episode was charming, and the winning back of Des Grieux in the chapel from religion to love, with the ardent repetitions of "Je t'aime!" was a superb piece of passionate pleading. Her singing was not in all details of equal merit, nor was Mr. Caruso's, for that matter. But in the case of great artists like these, occasional blemishes are pardonable. It is always a pleasure to welcome Mr. Caruso in a French rôle, and his Des Grieux has much to commend it.

"Parsifal" is now free to all the world! Ever since 1832 it has been a Bayreuth monopoly, broken only by the Metropolitan Opera House, where it was sung again, as usual, on New Year's Day. This time, however, five other cities—Berlin, Paris, Rome, Madrid, and Barcelona—shared the pleasure of hearing this sublime masterpiece, for the thirty-year copyright term has expired. Within a few weeks dozens of other European cities will hear "Parsifal," but it is doubtful if any of them will witness a more finished production than yesterday's, in which Fremstad, Jörn, Goritz, and others were heard, while the rôle of Gurnemanz was sung by Carl Braun, with unusual dignity and vocal impressiveness.

In the evening Verdi's "Traviata," a cousin to Massenet's "Manon," was sung in an unusually meritorious fashion. Frieda Hempel is not one of the singers who look on the part of Violetta as a mere opportunity for showing off fine gowns and pretty airs. The rôle offers chances for beautiful, touching singing and pathetic acting, which she fully utilized. Together with Mr. Amato, she got much applause. Mr. Polacco also must be praised for showing that there is more good music in the orchestral score of this opera than most opera-goers imagine.

"L'Amore del Tre Re"—At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Archibaldo.....Adamo Didur
Manfredo.....Pasquale Amato
Avito.....Ferrari-Fontana
Flora.....Lucrezia Bori
Eliodoro.....Angelo Bada
An Attendant.....Jeanne Meubourg
A Young Girl.....Sophie Braslau
An Old Woman.....Maria Duchêne
A Youth.....Pietro Audisio

"L'Amore del Tre Re," tragic poem in three acts by Sem Benelli, music by Italo Montemezzi, was performed for the first time in this country at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The work was produced at La Scala Theatre, Milan, last winter and had a real success. It has been performed in various Italian opera houses and everywhere has aroused the enthusiasm of the countrymen of the poet and the composer. That it will be received in this city with general approval ought to be the result, for the opera is one of high and unusual merits.

Sem Benelli, the author, is one of the young generation of Italian writers, and is regarded in his own land as a master. Those who are better fitted to discuss his poem in its original form than is the present writer unite in declaring that the Italian verse possesses fine literary quality. Much of this persists even in the unsatisfying garb of an English translation.

Benelli's poem and Italo Montemezzi's "L'Amore del Tre Re" was written originally as a play. The libretto of the opera is a carefully prepared condensation of the original text. His still greater tragedy, "La Cena delle Beffe," is accepted in Italy as a masterpiece. It was once performed in Paris, Sarah Bernhardt acting a principal rôle, but in its French guise it was not successful.

Montemezzi is a young man born near Florence. He composed two operas before this, both failures. Not daunted, however, he developed this new score from incidental music made for Benelli's tragedy, and his third adventure showed that while he had not yet perchance disclosed the full possibilities of his talent, he has acquired a large knowledge of technique of the theatre.

These facts are set forth to show that serious forces were operating in the creation of this new lyric drama. The libretto is many degrees above the level upon which conventional opera books move. Benelli's tragedy is one of immense power, of innate human vitality, throbbing with emotions and showing fundamental passions flaming in all their destructive activity.

As food for music it is almost ideal in that its development is psychologic, not plotologic. The tragedy lies in what the personages feel rather than in what they do. Yet the scenic investiture and the external movement of the play are characteristic. The drama has always that indescribable quality called "atmosphere." In its climactic situations it strikes with a two edged sword.

Story on Old Lines.

It is the old story of the human triangle, but it is not viewed from the most worn point. It is treated with directness but with unflinching expertness and with sustained virility. The scene is laid in a castle in medieval Italy forty years after a barbarian invasion. The author has been too wise to encumber himself with a mass of historical detail. His story stands alone.

The heroine is a young princess who has been taken from her own people and her lover to become the bride of the invader's son. Thus should peace be made more secure and anxiety brought to dwell with victors and vanquished. But the old love will not die and the young bride gives herself to her lover in the absence of her husband.

In the tragedy of the ancients fate hung upon the footsteps of the erring. In this modern work the appalling agent of fate is the father of the husband, a blind old king, whose deadly ears inform him of movements hidden from his vacant eyes. In the first act he discovers the presence of the lover in the house and learns from the tremor of the bride's hands that she lies to him. In the second act he falls upon the guilty pair wrapped in close embrace and this time the girl's lies avail her not. Then boldly she confesses all and he, wrought to madness, strangles her.

In the third act the woman lies upon her bier in the chapel of the castle and father and son have placed poison on her lips that the lover, certain to steal a last kiss, shall perish. This indeed comes to pass, but the husband, realizing that his love still lives to agonize him, also kisses the fatal lips and falls dying in the arms of the father, who has come to gloat over the mortal struggle of the lover.

This is indeed a tragedy, and one whose gloom is in the telling rather than in the acting; for on the stage it publishes itself as a heroic revelation of primal emotions. The tremendous second act might well, indeed, be the saving grace of a play less admirable than this in the other two. The drama is in the hands of the four principal personages. A servant in the castle, one of the conquered people, aids in the deception of the old king and the husband, but his significance is slight. The chorus is utilized in the last act to make mourning around the bier and off the stage to sing the solemn requiem of the church.

Music Is Important.

Montemezzi's music is of importance in many respects, but perhaps in none more than in its complete freedom from the influence of Puccini. The young composer should not hastily be set down as a follower of any other master. He is rather to be regarded as eclectic, selecting from the huge mass of materials left by his predecessors patterns, methods and suggestions which seemed to him to be most thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the story and most likely to provide him with a freedom of style leading him far toward true individuality of utterance.

First of all he writes always melodious music, and most of the time he clings to simple tonalities. Occasionally behind a melody diatonic in its outlines he puts a background of changeful harmonies. He employs cross rhythms with easy mastery, but more potent spells are worked with insistent repetitions of characteristic figures, such as that imitating the halting walk of the old man and the zapping movement of the basses portending each new rising of the storm of trouble.

He uses representative themes, but does not make himself their slave. His score is not a web woven of thematic fragments. The few leading motives are enunciated clearly in places where they have the most poignant meaning, and after that are permitted to rest in peace. The orchestration of the opera is beautiful throughout. It combines an endless variety of color with a fastidious perception of fitness in its application, and the prevailing characteristic of the whole is luminous transparency. Operating continually as a potent agent in the explanation of the drama, the orchestra never

betrays itself between the action and the observer. In no other department of his work has this young composer shown a firmer grip of his materials than in this.

But he knows also how to create the vocal part of his score. He writes admirably for the voices. His declamation is entirely modern, but quite free from the strained progressions so common in recent music. Montemezzi never distorts a natural melodic movement for the sake of avoiding an impending cadence of conventional type. He uses such cadence without fear and by respecting these common idioms of music preserves the spontaneity of his musical speech.

Not an Imitator.

His arioso is his own. It has been classified as belonging to the school of Verdi's "Otello," but we should say that Montemezzi has studied only the fundamentals of Verdi's recitative and reared upon them a structure of his own. His extended melodic flights are of course without any trace of the old time restrictive forms of Italian opera. The melodramatic character of the characters, examples of song speech made with technique astonishing in so young a master. The union of the music with the text not only in expression of the moods but also in the almost intangible reproduction of the literary style, is extraordinary.

The combination of all the elements which go to constitute an opera is effected in this score with consummate master. The voice parts flow naturally and with character, the orchestra supports and intensifies the vocal utterances, the choruses, emotion and has pronounced dramatic personality, and the whole creation throbs from beginning to end with an artistic vitality.

There is a great temptation to enter into a consideration of all the details of this opera, for they are worthy of extended analysis. But once begun such a review would have to be stretched beyond the limits of a newspaper page. Montemezzi's technique is so sure and his score is so alive with interest derived from the application of it that the musical student can linger over the page with eager affection.

Music Full of Power.

But for the opera-going public it more important that this record should lay special emphasis on the power shown by this new music dramatic expression. Montemezzi writes with distinction, with dignity, with style, but at the same time he makes some proclamations of riotous passion which sweep the hearer before them.

Again in certain episodes he employs restraint and simplicity itself. Here permits the intensity of the situation itself to work its own spell. This is notably the case in the first act when Montemezzi, the deceived husband, has returned almost on the heels of the departed lover. The father, Archibaldo, has discovered the presence of the lover, but he has no proof, and Fiora knows it. She calmly declares that she was early and looking down the valley for her lord. She appeals for support of her assertion to the old man and his son does the same. The father cannot contradict; he is blind, he has only hearing footsteps. Montemezzi has made this situation breathless.

The whole first act is admirably composed, but it is in the second that the musician lets loose the splendors of his inspiration. The husband, about to turn to his troops, sues his unresponsive spouse for a token of kindness. When she not mount the ramparts and wave scarf to him as long as he can see her. In sheer pity she consents. This duet is written perfectly. It publishes in its utter accents the nobility of the husband and the profundity of his grief that he cannot gain the woman's heart. It paints no less directly that mood where which is a pity not even akin to love.

The husband gone, she goes to the ramparts and waves the scarf, while the orchestra in brilliant language paints the battle of her heart and her will. In the end the sombre tones of the deep brass tell us that the scarf has become a millstone. She can no longer lift it. Then comes the lover and for the two there duet which flames with overwhelming passion, a duet opulent in melodic beauty, pregnant in declamatory eloquence and written throughout with astonishing command.

The contrast between this duet and the preceding one is perfectly conceived and carried out. Then comes the approach of the father, the flight of the lover, the confession and slaying of the woman, set in music which has a dignity almost classic but which never for an instant falls below the dramatic requirements of the scene. And through all of this the voices are so utilized that they continually sing and tell their stories in melody.

Glowing Orchestral Song.

Let those who go to hear this opera, its next performance note well in this: the tumultuous waves of passion as they rise and fall in the glowing orchestral song, the graphic expression of the declamation in Avito's passionate words "Fio scendi, scendi," and a little later, "La botta," and the final instrumental cry when she reels into his arms. Then in the laying of the storm as the two in close embrace and the calm melody of an unseen singer behind the scenes breathes over all. The young master can so rejuvenate old devices of the operatic stage is not to be dismissed with an ironical question of his originality.

Again the third act discloses his command of technical resource. The duet chorus is a very fine and effective piece

the opera is made a more intimate thing with the luck of the draw. It is a happy thing to find a composer around the corner, tender and genuinely poetic. It follows the brief scene of the death of the two young men. It is written with feeling and with that nice judgment in the employment of materials exacted in other parts of the opera. In concluding these first comments on the extremely interesting novelty it seems essential to repeat the declaration of the most significant quality of the work is its freedom from the domination of the style now the most popular in Italian opera. Montemezzi has boldly rejected the idol Puccini. He has chosen his own methods and elected to appeal to the world with an art almost aristocratic in its manner, certainly seeking for purity of line and purity of color, and is capable of delineating passion as in the classic verse of Euripides.

Whether this work will have a success with operagoers, whether it will be added to the permanent repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House, is certainly a concern of this writer. The case now goes to the jury, the public. We shall, however, be astonished if the jury does not return a verdict "Dignus honore."

An Admirable Production.

The production of the opera adds much to the artistic standing of the Metropolitan Opera House and the credit of Gatti-Casazza. Mario Sala of Milan is the painter of the excellent scenery which made such a good background for the action. Without question the first honors must be awarded to Arturo Toscanini, who absorbed the score in three weeks and conducted the opera with superb mastery. His orchestra sang with passionate lyric poetry of the score with opulence of tone and with an infinite variety of eloquent nuances. At no other time in the current season has the orchestra seemed so facile, so sensitive, so intelligent. Mr. Toscanini lost no item of the interpretation of the work and to his sympathetic conception of it the audience owes its first thanks for a really splendid performance.

Miss Bori must have astonished her devoted admirers by her impersonation of Fiora. To summarize briefly, it is lovely in its pictorial quality, delicate and melting as the "little flower" could have been, filled with passion and feeling and sung almost flawlessly. Her young soprano grew greatly by last night's revelation. She discovered unexpected dramatic skill and a higher command of vocal art than ever before. Mr. Ferrari-Fontana, the husband of Mrs. Matzenauer, made his first New York appearance as Avito, the lover. He has been heard in Boston and has been well praised there. He was the original Avito at La Scala and was therefore not experimenting last evening. It may be said of him without hesitation that he took an electric shock through the Metropolitan.

He has a magnificent robust voice with ringing upper tones, he sings with admirable technique, with high dignity of tone, with much taste and above all with intelligence and inspiring temperament. His delivery of the mad aria of Avito to Fiora in the second act is irresistible in their dramatic power, yet there was no offence against the stilt of art. No other tenor in recent years has offered an impersonation making such a quick appeal to the feelings of the audience as this. If Mr. Ferrari-Fontana can repeat in other roles such singing and acting as this we can only wonder where he has been all this time. Of the other two principals something may be said at another day. Mr. Amato as the father sustained the high level which he reached in his Boris, and Amato made a noteworthy figure of Manfred, the unhappy husband.

'AMORE DEI TRE RE' HAS PREMIERE

Jan. 1914
New Italian Opera Proves a Popular and Artistic Success.

MONTMEZZI'S MUSIC ORIGINAL, STRIKING

Ferrari-Fontana Wins Success—Miss Bori and Messrs. Amato and Didur Excellent.

By H. E. KRENBEL.
Without much trumpeting, as if it were a matter of course, indeed, the management of the Metropolitan Opera House brought forward a new opera last night; a new opera, in an especial sense, for "L'Amore dei Tre Re" is scarcely a year old if it is that, and up to last night had been heard only in two opera houses, and in Italy. This circumstance, associated as it must be with some of the

most intimate of the composer's life, has created a closer relationship than ever existed before between the proud operatic establishment in Broadway and the composers and publishers of Europe. That New York should be in advance of the majority of the capitals of the Old World in giving a hearing to orchestral works has been a familiar fact for a quarter of a century at least; but this has not been the case in respect of operas. For novelists in the lyric drama we were long accustomed to wait not only until they had been tested and approved abroad, but until they had become part of the repertory of some admired singer who had won an engagement in New York. In this respect they shared the fate of a number of familiar and admired works of what may be called the universal list, which, because of the pernicious system which grew up under past regimes, cannot be performed now, because, despite the splendid forces of the Metropolitan, there are no representatives among the popular favorites in the company of their principal roles. We can have no "Faust," forsooth, because the titular part is not sympathetic to Signor Caruso; we have been deprived for years of "Carmen" for want of artists familiar with it whose personal popularity would guarantee its financial success. Bizet's opera is promised to us now only because Miss Farrar has deigned to study a new role in which she thinks she may achieve a triumph.

We must therefore, so far as the popular favorites are concerned, put up with a list which is growing fearfully hackneyed and threadbare, and depend for an outlook upon the creative activities of the day upon the minor members of the company. Thanks to them and Mr. Gatti, we have had two novelties of late which may be said to have laid a foundation for the education in taste of the public upon which the Metropolitan opera will have to depend when the inevitable end of the temporarily regnant stars shall come. These operas are Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov" and the opera brought forward last night, which, let it be said at once as a fact singularly pertinent to the argument, is the fine fruit of the Russian work grafted on an Italian stem. It is upon operas like these, in combination with the standard German list, which has already become a necessary prop to the season, that the future of the Metropolitan Opera House depends.

The story of the new opera was told at length in this journal last Sunday, and it is necessary for present purposes only to recall it in outline. It is a tragedy to which the author of the book has given a romantic setting which suggests an historical period and historical peoples without putting a clog upon the imagination of the hearers. In this he has been followed by the composer, who, though he uses the musical vehicle which is the characteristic glory of his own country and borrows a device of dramatic expression which is equally characteristic of a different country, yet speaks in the language proper to the proclamation of passions which know no distinction of time or peoples. The poet's name is Sem Benelli (could we write Shem, as well we might, his race would be more clearly disclosed), and he wrote his play not as a drama to be sung but as a play to be spoken. To fit it for opera some elisions were made and a scene for chorus added. A fine, strong play it is, in line, strong verse, picturesque but direct, with a splendid command of the elements which make a drama effective in its appeal to eye, ear and emotions. It would be difficult to recall another opera in which there is a more pulsant exhibition of the elements of contrast in character, of conflicting motives, of the devastating result of passions at war with each other, all of which, nevertheless, challenge sympathy in almost an equal degree. To the careless reader there is something a trifle misleading in the title. The error, indeed, crept into the story of the opera as it has been printed. It is a story of the love of three royal personages, but not altogether of the passion which is the burden of medieval as well as modern romance. A barbarian who has made himself king of an undefined territory in Italy kills the wife of his son because of her adultery.

This king's passion is love for his son and the honor of his family. He is old and blind; his reign began forty years before the opening of the story, and there is nothing in the likelihood of nature, his acts or his speeches which indicates the possibility of his harboring a carnal passion for the young native princess who was given to him to be his son's wife by her people as the price of peace. The son is a warrior whose love for his wife is so pure and strong that, confronted with proof of her guilty commerce with another, he can only pity her, pity her dying lover, and love her the more, even to the uttermost of his own undoing. To the old king this trait in the character of his son, whom he had trained in all the virtues of his people is a weakness.

the wrong done to his son, his love, his race. Growing in the dark, left to his own devices and hampered by the treachery of his servant, he yet discovers the unfaithfulness of his son's wife, and though he cannot know who is the partner of her guilt, he throttles her. The lover is of the people of the princess, and was betrothed to her before she became, perforce, a hostage and a loveless wife. His passion is like that of Tristan, Romeo and all their fellows who have lived since the race began. There is pathos in its fierceness and in the fatality which enshrouds it from its first disclosure. There is a great pathos in the struggle which takes place in the heart of the young wife when she feels the first movements of a love for her husband, awakened by a recitation of the overwhelming tenderness of his affection, and a still greater pathos in the conduct of the outraged husband, who cannot take revenge upon the man upon whom his wife had bestowed the boon for which he felt an infinite longing, and who follows him into death beside the body of the one who had been so dear to both. And when, at the last, the old man is left alone in a darkness made trebly dense by the triple destruction which he had wrought for lover and husband had both sacked death in kissing the mouth of the woman whom he had killed and whose lips he had smeared with poison in the last despairing hope of thus discovering who had wronged his son and his house, there is infinite pathos in his impotent desolation and mute despair.

In this story, but more especially in its presentation, there are many dramatic motifs which have done service in other dramas. Involuntarily we think of Wagner's setting of the tale of Tristram and Isolde, of "Romeo and Juliet," of "Francesca da Rimini," of "Pelléas et Mélisande." There are moments when a cursory glimpse might almost make one think one of these plays was occupying the stage, as when Fiora (the princess) is seen waving her scarf from the castle terrace and when Avito (the lover) comes into the crypt of the castle to say farewell to his dead love. But there is a large difference between Benelli's treatment of these episodes and the apparent sources which we have cited. Isolde waves her scarf wildly to call her lover to her side; Fiora waves hers with a breaking heart and heavy arms to speed her parting husband, though she cannot but know that his going is only a preface to the coming of Avito. The struggle between love and duty has begun. Here it may be said of the poet, as it must also be said of the composer, that he is so strong and self-reliant in his command of his theme and all its agencies of expression that the parallels only serve to illustrate the aphorism of Fuseli—"Genius may adopt, but never steals."

The remark is indeed more significant as applied to Signor Italo Montemezzi, the composer of the music, than to the author of the play. Not only the scene of the scarf, but other episodes, must have called up memories in his mind of masterpieces which can scarcely be thought of without tempting the creative musician to imitation. The imitation may be unconscious, but is seldom missing. Echoes of the night of love in the Tristram tragedy have floated down from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House several times since Wagner's great music first became domiciled there. There were no echoes last night of either the love duet or of the music which brings her lover to Isolde's feet. Neither (and for this there might be a special expression of gratitude) were there pallid reflections of Debussy or reverberations of Puccini. Montemezzi is proof against temptation. This young composer speaks a speech all his own, and his score, we fancy, would have delighted the soul of Verdi when, seeing the aberrations of his young confreres, he sat himself down in his old age to show them an example of devotion to the genius of their country's art.

What, then, is meant by the remark made above that "L'Amore dei Tre Re" is the fine fruit of "Boris Godounov" grafted on an Italian stem? Only this: That Signor Montemezzi has borrowed from Moussorgsky a constructive feature, which, though it has a national value in Russian music, which it lacks in Italian, is still of fine dramatic effectiveness. Melodically he is all Italian and a legitimate artistic grandson of Verdi. But his melodies, which flow onward like a river, now tumultuously as they carry the passion of the lovers upon their current, now gently with wooing murmurs as they float the emotions of the loving and magnanimous Manfred, and anon interruptedly when they are broken into fragments by the dialogue, are as a rule superimposed on persistently reiterated rhythmic and melodic figures. Sometimes this *ostinato* accompaniment has a delineative purpose, as when we hear in it the coming and going of Manfred and his warriors; but as a rule the purpose of its employment is purely constructive.

and the composer's talent could not of the stage and of musical expression enable him to give his nature a dramatic potency which at times reaches the marvelous and approaches the model. He shows equal mastery of the possibilities of harmony and orchestral color by means of which he not only puts a glow into his sustained melody, but also greatly heightens the emotional power of that portion of his dialogue which hovers between speech and song.

Though he occasionally makes use of reminiscent phrases, he does not employ the symbols in the Wagnerian manner. His genius is of the inspirational, not of the reflective order, which first makes his successful blending of the Russian device of folk-song element in Moussorgsky music with Italian melody all the more admirable.

Poet and composer have labored without clew as to even the approximate period in which the drama plays; but the scene painter, in three fine pictures, seems to invite the imagination to fix the time at about the tenth century. There is a suggestion, again, of the opera's Russian prototype in the semi-barbaric decorations which ornament the walls of the last scene, and of an earlier period than that mentioned in the architecture of the first scene. But the question of time does not obtrude itself because of the eloquent manner in which poet and composer have given voice to a tale which might be told of any time and any people.

The burden of the representation of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" falls upon four persons—the representatives of the old King (Archibaldo), his son (Manfredo), the faithless wife (Fiora) and her lover (Avito). There is but little ensemble singing, and that is confined to the last act, where the poet, to fit his play for operatic treatment, has introduced a hymn and a species of choral dialogue which, like the *ostinato* accompaniment figures spoken of, has a prototype in Moussorgsky's opera. In this choral dialogue there is a brief intimation of the political element, which also plays its part in evoking sympathy for the lovers and saving their conduct from utter condemnation. Like all the other ethical and psychological factors, it is introduced into the drama with great deftness and achieves its purpose without attracting attention to itself or asking for accentuation through local color. If it has a symbol it is haunting music of flute and horn, which, like the lark's song in "Romeo and Juliet," is the herald of the morn and the sign of parting, which comes back like a haunting memory in some of the climaxes of the second act.

One of the performers in this first representation outside of Italy was the original creator of the part of Avito in Milan—Signor Ferrari-Fontana, the husband of Mrs. Matzenauer, who this season, as last, is a member of the Boston Opera Company. He was a chance impersonator of the part on its first production, chosen because the tenor of the La Scala company who had been selected took ill a week before the opera was given its first hearing. He is a singer of heroic mould, and won his way to the admiration of a Metropolitan audience last night by dint of sincere and impassioned singing and acting and the disclosure of a voice of noble quality. One thing only militated against a complete artistic triumph on his part, and that was an unfortunate tendency to depart from just intonation. In the beautifully conceived and executed love scene of the second act, however, he swayed the audience like an elemental force, and must have set many of the Metropolitan's patrons to wondering why his services were not commanded by Mr. Gatti instead of Mr. Russell. Nobility of voice and style marked the performance of Signor Amato, and in a large degree also the singing and acting of Mr. Didur, who impersonated the old king.

The part of the heroine fell to Miss Bori, to watch whose growth toward a beautiful artistic maturity is a delight. In song and action she was an entirely convincing and sympathetic figure. Sincerity was the keynote of her impersonation, as it was of the entire performance, which enjoyed the uplifting influence of Signor Toscanini's direction. An influence always fairly entitled to be called an inspiration for performers and listeners alike.

The enthusiastic reception of the opera by the audience was unequivocal. The applause was loud after the first act, and tumultuous after the second, applause that was not the evocation of any clique, but arose spontaneously from all parts of the house. Seventeen curtain calls were counted after the second act, and the artists were showered with flowers. Between the acts the audience poured out into the foyers and brought its enthusiasm with it. In short, it was abundantly evident that the Metropolitan had secured an opera by a new composer which is a complete success, both in

the cognoscenti and with the general public. Signor Montemezzi has come to New York, and New York is his.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza expressed himself as most happy over the outcome. "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" is a remarkable work sincere in spirit, original in expression and admirably constructed," said Mr. Gatti. "Signor Montemezzi is a young man of great talent, which deserves to be encouraged. I am indeed the more so that to-night's audience has taken to the work."

THE PHILHARMONIC PLAYS.

Jan 3 1914
Charpentier's Suite, "Impressions of Italy," the Feature of Concert.

The Philharmonic Society resumed its concerts, interrupted by the holiday season, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. There was no soloist. The programme was distinctly modern in flavor, the composers represented being Goldmark, Brahms, Chadwick, Strauss, and Charpentier. The latter had the most conspicuous place, the entire second half of the concert being given over to his suite, "Impressions of Italy." This work was written and performed before Charpentier had become internationally famous as the composer of "Louise." It is music of the lighter type, which depends for its success on rhythmic effects and grace in melody, cast in terms that define an appropriate atmosphere. The varied orchestral effects are especially happy. It received a performance yesterday which gave a pleasing and interesting expression of its demands.

The first part of the programme contained Goldmark's overture, "Spring," Brahms's "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," George W. Chadwick's overture, "Euterpe," and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan." The latter composition, one of Strauss's earliest in the form, contains more strongly marked and extensive melodic feeling than the composer has allowed himself in some of his later works. In "Don Juan" Mr. Stransky and his players reached a level that was not topped at any time in the afternoon, although, paradoxically, in it there were most often evident certain trifling defects of precision and intonation, mainly in the wood winds and horns, though the strings were not guileless, which served to remind one that orchestral players, as well as any one else, may find it a little hard to settle down to work after the holidays.

Philharmonic Plays in Happy Vein at Concert

For Melodiousness Orchestra's Playing Hardly Has Been Excelled—Modern Works Made Up Programme.

There was little music in the concert of the Philharmonic Society under the direction of Mr. Josef Stransky yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall to hurt the most sensitive ear, although nearly every composer on the programme is numbered among the moderns. For melodiousness the concert hardly has been excelled this season. Even Dr. Richard Strauss, who was represented by one of his earlier works which was not devoid of dissonance, was shown in his most happy vein.

Carl Goldmark's overture "Spring" was the opening number and its many delicate touches were brought out by the orchestra with enjoyable results. Brahms's variations on a theme of Haydn also was well played. Mr. Stransky has on former occasions shown a desire to present worthy American works and yesterday he gave another hearing to George Chadwick's overture "Euterpe." Chadwick is more of a classicist than a modernist and it seems natural that subjects connected with Greek mythology should inspire him to some of his best music, such as the overtures "Euterpe" and "Melpomene."

All of the difficulties of Richard Strauss's tone-poem "Don Juan" were well handled by the orchestra, and it was received with greater enthusiasm than any other number on the programme. The last half of the concert was devoted to Gustave Charpentier's suite "Impressions of Italy," one of the earliest works of the composer of "Louise" and "Julien." Its five descriptive movements are delightfully melodious and simple in treatment. There was no symphony or soloist, and the audience, although large, was sparing with its applause.

"Madama Butterfly" To-night.

Mayor Mitchel will be one of the stars at the performance of "Madama Butterfly" to-night at the Metropolitan Opera House. He will make an address between the acts. The performance is for the benefit of Barnard College. There is a special programme committee of seventy-five graduates who will sell souvenir programmes containing an account of the two-million-dollar fund

which the alumnae are raising to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the College in 1914. Geraldine Farrar, Scotti, and Marinelli are in the cast.

Another Recital by Kreisler.

Bad weather has no terrors for the many admirers of Fritz Kreisler's art, so, on Saturday afternoon, Carnegie Hall was once more crowded to hear him. Although such weather is proverbially bad for violins, there was no appreciable difference in the quality of Mr. Kreisler's luscious tone. Perhaps even he has never played as he did on Saturday, certainly never better. Through the Bach suite in E minor, three parts of the Bach sonata in B minor for violin alone, the "Devil's Trill" sonata of Tartini, the Vieuxtemps concerto No. 21, and a group of smaller works, besides several encores, he held his audience spellbound.

The Bach numbers for violin alone paved the way for Mr. Kreisler's amazing performance of his own cadenza to the Tartini sonata, a cadenza which ranks with the one he has written for the Beethoven violin concerto. No one could have believed, by trusting to his ears alone, that one man's hands could make an orchestra out of one small Stradivarius, and yet there is no sensationalism in this tremendous exhibition of virtuosity, for it fits in completely with the character of Tartini's work, and justifies the well-known name of the "Devil's Trill." The ease with which Mr. Kreisler conquered its diabolical difficulties was astounding. The storm of applause which followed was not to be resisted, and as an encore he played the Pugnani prelude and allegro which he has made familiar to music-lovers. Not only in the violin part of Tartini's sonata, but in the piano part, he has enriched and beautified the work, and the same is true of the Vieuxtemps concerto. To our ears this work would sound thin and uninteresting, except for some charming melodies, but Mr. Kreisler has retouched it with the skill of a master, and made it seem fresh and beautiful, even for modern listeners.

Two Slavonic dances by Dvorak and Smetana's "Aus der Heimat" made up the final group. The melody of Dvorak's first dance in E minor is almost as beautiful as the slow movement from the "New World" symphony, and Kreisler's strings sang it with as much feeling as he puts into Dvorak's "Humoreske." At the end the audience stayed insistently, stamping, applauding, and yelling "bravo," until he had added four more encores. His own "Caprice Chinois" he played after the Vieuxtemps number, and the "Caprice Viennois" ended the concert. Before this he had played an enchanting Viennese waltz, another of his "arrangements," on a melody written by another Viennese, but in reality a creation of the man who played it. It still lacks a name even, but Vienna is stamped on every bar, and it will soon become a prime favorite with Kreisler audiences the world over. A word of cordial praise should be added for Mr. Carl Lamson's excellent accompaniments.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.

Chicago makes two interesting contributions to the New York musical season—her opera company and Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. This admirable pianist made her annual appearance on Saturday afternoon, and, as always, gave much pleasure to her devoted audience. She began, quite in the fashion of the day, with some dances—old-fashioned ones to be sure—a minuet by Beethoven, which she played most gracefully, and the chorus of Dancing Dervishes, by the same composer, which had a splendid swing. Schubert followed, with an Impromptu, the "Har! Hark!" serenade and a military march, all of which it was a delight to hear. Of the Chopin sonata with the funeral march, the doppio movimento was the most enjoyable part. No one can play Schuetz's exquisitely Viennese "A la bien aimée" as delightfully as this pianist, who has made it famous. It was again a treat on Saturday, as were the Dvorak "Humoreske" and Grieg's Norwegian Bridal Procession. She had to repeat the nimble "Juggleress," by Moszkowski, a composer, who, Paderewski thinks, is not sufficiently played. The last of the numbers printed on the programme was Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, which was played in a way to emphasize its melodic charm as well as its brilliancy. Of course, the audience insisted on extras, and the admired player, from the West added the "Erklung," Liszt's "Dream of Love" (No. 3), a Mendelssohn Song Without Words, études by Chopin and Rubinstein, and the dainty waltz of Poldoni which is another of the pieces made famous by Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.

SUNDAY'S CONCERTS TO SIX AUDIENCES

Jan 19 1914
Philharmonic and Symphony Societies Give Good Variety of Pleasing Music.

HAROLD BAUER SOLOIST

Friends of Music Assemble at Ritz-Carlton to Hear Striegler Novelty.

The Philharmonic Society gave the fourth concert in its Sunday afternoon series yesterday at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Stransky offered a programme light and brilliant in character, but of an interest out of the ordinary, as the larger portion of its members bore a strong relation to the spirit of the dance. And indeed such interest may easily be a twofold one, leading as it does to the acknowledgment of the fact that the present day love of the dance per se seems to be now finding a way to lend its vogue to music given in the local concert halls heretofore largely reserved for the musical offerings of another calibre.

The first composition in the list was Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture. The central one was Max Reger's new work, "A Ballet Suite," opus 130, and after the intermission came a group of national dances. These included two "Hungarian Dances" by Brahms, two "Norwegian Dances" by Grieg, a "Spanish Dance" of Moszkowski, two "Slavic Dances," Nos. 1 and 3, by Dvorak; a "Polish National Dance" of Scharwenka, and Johann Strauss's waltz, "Wiener Blut."

The Reger number, which is dedicated to Mr. Stransky, was first heard here at a pair of Philharmonic concerts last November, when it was said to be the Bavarian composer's latest work. Yesterday the charm of fancy in its six parts, designated as "Entrée," "Columbine," "Harlequin," "Pierrot et Pierrette," "Valse d'Amour" and "Finale," again, as on first hearing, greatly pleased the audience and enthusiasm was again aroused by the orchestra's skilful rendering under Mr. Stransky's baton of the exquisite and simple setting of the score.

Overture Played With Finish.

The Nicolai overture was played with much finish and dash by the orchestra, which later entered into the playing of the groups of dance pieces fully equipped with the same qualities. An item for great interest during the afternoon came almost at the outset and immediately after the overture. This was the appearance of Harold Bauer as a solo performer in the fourth concerto of Saint-Saens, in C minor, for piano with orchestra. It matters little what style of composition Mr. Bauer approaches, his sound mastery of the forces needful in artistic expression are bound to bring his hearers into close relation with the work's content.

His playing yesterday of Saint-Saens's concerto was on his accustomed lines. All the composition had to offer was disclosed. Against its frequent passages of banality and hollowiness Mr. Bauer, no doubt instinctively and valiantly strove, but their concealment was impossible, even through the power of such splendid art as his. Then again there were the many moments of beauty in the work, which came into full account and afforded the player opportunity for a lavish display of scintillant tone colors, fine nuance and dynamic force. As a whole Mr. Bauer gave the concerto a brilliant performance, one in which he received an able support from the well adjusted accompaniment of the orchestra, and at its close he received much appreciation. The audience was unusually large.

Wagner Works at Aeolian Hall.

The Symphony Society devoted its afternoon at Aeolian Hall to a performance of excerpts from works of Richard Wagner. Musical records of recent years show that the name of Wagner has been one to conjure with, and it was no surprising matter that the house was full. Mr. Damrosch had arranged a programme not on conventional lines but containing numbers which have been heard from time to time in concert. The first was the "Faust" overture, and this was followed by the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," Alexander Saslavsky playing the violin solo.

The next contributions were from the "Ring." The prelude from "Dae Rheingold" was played and the trio of the Rhine daughters was sung by Mmes.

Dunham, Lock and Seeger. Then the "Ride of the Valkyrs" and then "Waldweben" from "Siegfried." "Siegfried Idyl" naturally succeeded the "Götterdämmerung" was drawn upon Siegfried's Rhine journey and the song the Rhine daughters from Act III. Singers were those heard in the "Rhinegold" music.

Those who are familiar with the work of Wagner need hardly be told that such as they the programme was one afford much enjoyment. Protests against dismembering the great music drama will not avail in the face of the wish to hear the excerpts. Mr. Damrosch's orchestra played the music and the representatives of the national proved to be agreeable.

Concert at the Ritz-Carlton.

The Society of the Friends of Music gave its second concert at the Ritz-Carlton also in the afternoon. The program consisted of Brahms's lovely "Liedlied," which enlisted the services Arthur Whiting, chief Brahmin, at piano, and a quartet consisting of Charles Itabold, soprano; Anna T. Jones, contralto; William Wheeler, tenor, and E. A. Jahn, bass. Longy Chamber Music Society played Kurt Striegler's "Kammer Sinfonie" for flute, oboe, clarinet, bass horn, two violins, viola, cello and bass. This was the novelty of the concert. It proved to be a melodious composition excellently written for the instruments chosen by the musician but offering any important matter for consideration. The final number was Anton Dvorak's serenade for two oboes, clarinets, two bassoons, three horns, and bass.

In the evening, in addition to the customary opera concerts at the two houses, the distinguished barytone T. Ruffo, appeared in an entertainment given in the Hippodrome. Mr. Ruffo was heard in the "Largo al Fattotum" from "Barbiere di Siviglia," an air from Verdi's "Don Carlos," three lyrics, and the "Brindisi" from "Hamlet." His remarkable voice was in brilliant condition and filled the auditorium with its volume displayed some pealing high tones.

Florence Hinkle, soprano, sang "Miserere" from the third act of "Carmen," a "Dupuis le Jour" from "Louise," William Morse Rummel, a son of the organist, Franz Rummel, played two violin numbers, a berceuse of Faure and an introduction and tarantelle by Saint-Saens. Mr. Rummel showed taste and skill. Naham Franko and an orchestra supplied some numbers and also provided accompaniments.

CONCERTS AND NEW YORK'S SINGERS HEARD IN METROPOLITAN HIPPODROME—PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRAS

Jan 5 1914
Singers Heard in Metropolitan Hippodrome—Philharmonic Orchestras

Concerts and recitals on many other days afternoon and evening.

There were concerts in both opera houses in the Hippodrome. The Society each gave one of its series of Friends of Music Society gave its second

MR. RUFFO AT HIPPODROME

Were it not for concerts similar to the one given by Mr. Titta Ruffo in the Hippodrome last night, which act as a sort of safety valve for surplus musical enthusiasm, a certain portion of the music loving public in New York would have an unpleasant temperamental fullness.

In spite of the weather, which would have quenched almost any kind of enthusiasm, as it did the clarity of Mr. Naham Franko's orchestra, the audience filled the balconies, graduating down to the half-filled orchestra stalls.

The enthusiasm, however, was cumulative, beginning when the barytone sang the "Largo al Fattotum" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and ending in uproarious delight when he ended the programme with the "Brindisi" from Thomas's "Hamlet."

Mr. Ruffo sang as he did here a year ago, his high clear notes that lasting and lasting out of all proportion sometimes to the aria, but going straight to the heart of his audience. He had to repeat the Rossini aria, and the audience demanded another encore after the aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," his second number. He was at his best in the three songs in the second half of the programme. They were two Italian pieces, one by E. Titta, another by Brogi and another by Tosti. After them he had to sing two other Neapolitan airs and he did them with grace and ease that made them a genuine delight.

Miss Hinkle, soprano, and Mr. William Morse Rummel, violinist, also took in the programme. Miss Hinkle's voice, of purity and certainty of pitch, was a harmonious contrast to Mr. Ruffo's equal certain barytone, and each of her numbers was so artistically sung that encores were demanded. Mr. Rummel's performance of Faure's "Berceuse" and a work by Sarasate were not exceptional. The dan-

in the orchestra. Among the singers who attended the concert were Miss Lucrècia Bori and Mr. G. G. Seguro, of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

GODOWSKY AT METROPOLITAN

Before a very large audience the Sunday evening concert was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The occasion was notable from the fact that it brought out for the first time here this season Mr. Leopold Godowsky, the eminent pianist, who arrived from Europe Saturday.

The programme opened with the overture, "Mignon," by Thomas, and the monologue, "Wahn, Wahn!" from "Die Meister-singer," followed, sung by Mr. Putnam. Mrs. Gadsby was the other soloist to appear and her first selection was an aria from Weber's "Oberon." Her voice was not at its best in this, but she was roundly applauded nevertheless.

Mr. Godowsky's most important number was the Tschalkowsky Concerto, which he played accompanied by the orchestra. In the short time he has had to practice since his arrival his playing had all its old power and fire, and his fingers were in excellent shape for the most exacting passages.

The second half of the programme began with an orchestra suite by E. Gillet, after which Mme. Gadsby sang "Der Erlkönig" by Schubert, and she sang much better in her first aria. Mr. Griswold added a group of songs by Rossini, Tosti, Wilson and Storace, all sung with excellent enunciation and with taste. Following a duet by Mme. Gadsby and Mr. Griswold from the opera, Mr. Godowsky played three Chopin numbers, the Ballade in G minor, the Nocturne in G major and the Scherzo in B minor, all with delicacy and poetic feeling. The Hungarian dances of Brahms by the orchestra closed the concert. Mr. Rothwell conducted.

PERA CONCERT AT CENTURY.

At the first Sunday night concert of the Century Opera Company of the new year an interesting and varied programme of dramatic selections was presented before a large audience. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Josef Pasternack, played Beethoven's overture "Leonore" III, to start the entertainment. Miss Mary Mason sang in the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Morton Adkins sang the solo song from "The Tales of Hoffman," Miss Kathleen Howard an aria from Puccini's "Orfeo," Miss Lena Mason was heard in an aria from "The Magic Flute" and the first half of the concert ended with Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody No. 2. The Nile scene from "Aida," sung by Mrs. Julia Hume, a newcomer at the Century; Mr. Morgan Kingston, Mr. Louis Felder, Mr. Alfred Kaufman and Miss Helen Herbert, was the most important number of the evening. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carlo Nicolsa, played the programme to a close with Liszt's overture "Semiramide."

When Joseph Pulitzer left to the New York Philharmonic Society \$700,000, one of the requests was that popular music should not be neglected. Maybe this had something to do with the fact that the Philharmonic programme yesterday afternoon contained nine national dances in addition to Max Reger "Ballet Suite," which had its first performance here a few weeks ago. As, as stated at the time, dedicated to Mr. Stransky, who once more brought out the best there is in it. Again it was the use of Amour which of its six numbers pleased the audience most. Philharmonic audiences certainly do not think waltzes out of place on an orchestral programme, and there was even more applause for Strauss's "Wiener Blut" waltz, which came at the end of the programme, and which pleased the whole audience—a very large one—rejoiced to hear.

The list of national dances included two Hungarian arrangements which (with the aid of Remenyi) made Brahms famous! They were followed by the "Two Norwegian Dances" of Grieg, both of them distinguished by heavenly middle sections of melody—melody which one would like to hear a hundred times in succession, which Mr. Stransky and his men brought out adorably. Much pleasure was given by the other national dances, the best of these nine pieces showing altogether excellent judgment on the conductor's part. The four preceding the Strauss dances were Moszkowski's Spanish Dance, Slavie Dances by Dvorak, and Scharoun's Polish National Dance. Well done, Stransky! Let us have more of this sort of thing.

The concert began with Nicolai's enchanting melodious "Merry Wives" overture, played with delicate art at the beginning with superb vitality in the faster sections. Then came the soloist of the occasion who was no less than the great Eng-

lish pianist, Harold Bauer. It was very kind of him to choose the fourth concerto of Saint-Saens, not only because it is less hackneyed than most of the concertos, but because it is a work of great charm. He gave it the full benefit of his rare art, which was particularly striking on its rhythmic side. Mr. Stransky and his men also deserve a special word of praise for an almost flawless accompaniment.

JULIA CULP'S RECITAL. Jan 6 1914 The Dutch Lieder Singer Makes Her Reappearance in New York.

Few European artists with established reputations disclosed so soon and so convincingly the grounds for it as Mme. Julia Culp did at her first appearance in New York—just about a year ago—or so soon won an established place in the esteem of lovers of good singing in her successive appearances. Now she comes again, and the large attendance at her first recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall showed that the memory of her beautiful art had not been lost. That art was again displayed in a most interesting series of songs delightfully sung. Her voice was again shown in its fine quality, the quality of a mezzo-soprano rather than of a true contralto, of altogether remarkable richness and silken smoothness, admirably equalized throughout its whole range, possessing great power and fullness, which she can modulate to the extreme of pianissimo. There are many technical excellences in her employment of it; one of the most noteworthy is her breath control, which, with her artistic intelligence, enables her to do unusual things in the way of phrasing.

There is a wide range and variety in her power of expression, in her representation of the underlying mood of the songs she sings, and in the changing expression of every line. This power was amply brought into play in her programme. She sang four songs by Schubert, of which only one was generally familiar, "Die Forelle." The others, "Heimliches Lieben," "Des Fischers Liebesglück," and "Nacht und Traume" belong to that great treasury that has been scarcely more than touched by public singers. And yet it would not be every singer that would make these songs so interesting or so appealing as she made them, for they need her art and fine discrimination to make their beauties manifest.

Her songs of Brahms likewise included several not generally known, as "Muss es eine Trennung geben?" from the "Magelone" series; "Meerfahrt" and "Heimkehr," a song of fiery passion from the early set, Op. 7. She also sang a group of English songs, and five by Carl Loewe, one of which, "Der Asra," she made known here last season, the others being as good as unknown to most of this public. Mme. Culp's countryman, Mr. Conrad V. Bos, was her accompanist, as he was at her previous visit, and played with exquisite art and sympathetic appreciation.

A DAY'S RECITALS AND GRAND OPERAS Jan 6 1914

M. Thibaud, French Violinist, Returns After a Decade's Absence.

OLD SONGS RENDERED BY MME. JULIA CULP

"Mamou Lecant" Sung at the Metropolitan Opera House and "Louise" at the Century.

BY R. E. KREMBEL.
Ten years ago last October New York music lovers made the acquaintance of Jacques Thibaud, a young French violinist, who promptly won their interest and admiration. He played first at a concert conducted by Herman Wetzel, and finding here a friend and countryman in the person of M. Edouard Colonne, who had been invited to come from Paris and conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, he was promptly invited to play with that venerable organization. Next he gave recitals, and with all that he did established himself more and more firmly in the good opinion of concertgoers, musical amateurs and critics. That after a success so honorably achieved he should have remained in Europe a whole decade before returning to America is a fact worthy of mention and not a little wonderful. He is now with us again, and yesterday he gave his first recital in Aeolian Hall, playing some of the music which made up his earlier lists, and receiving a cordial greeting from many who had cherished pleasant memories of his earlier visit.

When M. Thibaud made his first visit a bit of romantic glamor surrounded his name and story. He was one of three brothers who, by their fine musicianship and good taste had brought the music of the Café Rouge, in the Latin Quarter of

Paris, at which they joined to the respectful and admiring notice of connoisseurs. He had been a pupil of Maysick, had won a first prize at the Conservatoire, been invited by M. Colonne to play at his symphony concerts and had made the tour of Germany, Switzerland and Russia as a virtuoso. He was only twenty-three years old, and his first performance here not only gave keen pleasure to the judicious, but awakened large hopes for his future. He played Saint-Saens's concerto in B minor and Mozart's in B flat. The impression created by his performance of the first composition was that he was a brilliant technician—nervous, energetic, masterful, holding the elements of his art in a firm and conquering grasp, but disclosing little else than his command of his instrument and the not very profound composition. In the Mozart concerto, however, he was a poetic interpreter of an exquisite artistic proclamation, swayed by lovely and lofty emotions, serene, tender, reposeful, convincing, inspiring. His style was not large, but refined and ingratiating, amiable to a degree, and it was easy to imagine him growing into a maturity of manner like that which made Ysaye a conqueror from the outset. The expectation to which expression was given then was not realized in its fullness yesterday. He played Lalo's "symphonie espagnole" with only a modicum of the old brilliancy, with no improvement in the quality of the tones of his G string and with so many departures from true intonation that it was difficult to recognize in him the fine-fibred young artist of a decade ago. When he essayed Bach's "Chaconne," fine qualities of musicianship appeared, but there was no revelation of the serene poise, the breadth and dignity of utterance which it was thought would be his when he had reached his physical and artistic maturity. Whether or not he disclosed qualities calculated to restore him to his old place in the affections of the discriminating element among his listeners with the pieces which he played later (Chausson's "Poème" and the "Havanna") and "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" of Saint-Saens) cannot be recorded. If he has grown, the fact will probably be disclosed on another occasion.

Mme. Julia Culp also returned to New York from her home across the waters and gave her first recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Her absence had been one of only a few months' duration and the hearts which she had caused to swell and throb by her exquisite singing of songs were still warm, as the presence of a superb audience and its enthusiastic conduct attested. Mme. Culp's knowledge of song literature, German, more particularly, is extensive, and her command of it in all its phases extraordinary. She sang three groups of German songs, and though the names of the composers—Schubert, Brahms and Loewe—names seldom absent from the programme of singers of her kind, not one was hackneyed and many were no doubt new to the majority of her hearers. There were occasional evidences of a slight oppression in her singing, some momentary lapses from that perfect breath control, amplitude and lusciousness of tone and beautiful dynamic gradation which caused so much wonderment a year ago, the trifling flaws were forgotten when she reached the songs by Loewe for the interpretation of which she seems to possess a peculiar aptitude and sympathy.

Mme. Culp also sang a group of what the programme called "Old English" songs—a designation not altogether accurate. By old English songs connoisseurs understand the traditional songs and ballads of the Elizabethan period and, at the latest, the seventeenth century. Horn's "I've Been Roaming" and Lee's "Away, Away to the Mountain's Brow" scarcely belong to the category. Horn's activities were given to New York for ten years—from 1833 to 1843; he was a singer at the Park Theatre for a part of that time, and after he had visited his native England for a short time, he returned to America and died in Boston in 1849 as conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society. George Alexander Lee, the son of a pugilist and tavern keeper, lived from 1802 to 1851, and enjoyed the unique distinction of being the first domestic servant (he was in the household of Lord Barrymore) of wearing the title of "tiger." He became a composer and theatrical manager, but the odor of tradition does not cling to any of his music. The familiar setting of Ben Jonson's "Drink To Me Only with Thine Eyes," the authorship of which has never been discovered, though frequently inquired into, and the words and music of "Early One Morning" are traditional and may be said to have been correctly described. Exquisitely sung, and just as exquisitely enunciated, as was "Long, Long Ago," after the printed list had been exhausted, these songs brought happiness to many elderly people in the audience. Mme. Culp exhibited nice artistic taste in choosing songs for her supplementary numbers which harmonized agreeably with her set.

pieces. "Long, Long Ago" was contrasted with the English set, an arch song with the Loewe set, and the "Wiegled" with the Brahms group. Mr. Conrad V. Bos is again Mme. Culp's accompanist. Song lovers know she could have no better accompanist.

At the Century Opera House last night "Louise" had its seventh representation, and the performances will go on for a week longer, by which time Carpenter's opera will have received probably more representations than it has had up to the present time in both Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses. For those inclined to such views, this may be interpreted as an illustration of the value of opera in the vernacular as an agency of intellectual and moral uplift. Opera lovers who have not learned the lesson and who understand French and can afford to pay for it will have an opportunity to make good the deficiency when later in the season the Chicago company performs the work at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is a unique feature of the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House Company that it contains two versions of the story of Manon Lescaut—one by Massenet, in French, and one by Puccini, in Italian. It is a kind dispensation under the prevailing system, since it enables the management to exhibit Signor Caruso in the hero's part in either French or Italian guise, according to the prevailing contingency. There are also two "Bohème" operas in existence, both Italian, one by Puccini and one by Leoncavallo, but only the former has found favor in the eyes of the directors and artists of the Metropolitan. It has been an interesting occupation to compare the two "Manons" occasionally, and it might also be diverting, possibly instructive, to compare the two versions of Murger's story of Parisian artist life, but the opportunity is not likely to be offered. We must fain be content with Puccini. Last night "Manon Lescaut," on its first repetition, was offered for the delectation of the customary brilliant Monday night audience, and Signor Caruso, putting forth his compelling powers in their full plenitude; Miss Bori, singing and acting with the sincerity which is doing wonders in the development of her artistic powers, and Scotti and Seguro, being also in the cast, there was a completely satisfying performance.

MME. CULP'S REENTRY. Distinguished Lieder Singer Heard Again in Good Recital.

Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch singer, gave her first song recital of the present season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Mme. Culp was heard here frequently during the latter half of last season in concerts of large and smaller scope, and the artistic success she attained at that time with the music loving public as a lieder singer reached an unusually high level of importance. That her return is hailed with delight was made evident by the audience assembled yesterday. It was large, keenly appreciative and enthusiastic.

The carefully planned programme comprised four sets of songs, each song of its kind being a lyric gem. There were Schubert's "Heimliches Lieben," "Des Fischers Liebesglück," "Die Forelle" and "Nacht und Traume"; five songs by Brahms, "Muss es eine Trennung geben?" "Meerfahrt," "Sonntag," "Heimkehr" and "Des Schmied"; as old English songs, "Drink to Me Only," "Early One Morning," "I've Been Roaming" and "Away, Away," and five songs by Carl Loewe "Der Asra," "Die Zufriedenen," "Maedchen-wuensche," "Abendstunde" and "O susses Mutter."

Mme. Culp disclosed the familiar qualities of her voice and style, except that as she has grown a little stouter in figure than when last seen here, so the richness of her mezzo soprano range seems also to have increased somewhat in its dimensions and taken on an even richer and fuller mellowness of tone. And furthermore her taste was in desirable harmony with her beautiful voice.

If one were to pick flaws in her performance as a whole, comment would note a habit Mme. Culp showed in the production of her pianissimos, when by an unwise holding back of breath she gave the impression that it was its shortness, or the tendency in her singing too sharp that was sometimes noticeable, as in one of the infrequently heard songs in the list, Schubert's "Des Fischers Liebesglück," and again in the same composers "Die Forelle," and Brahms's "Der Schmied," the freedom in tempo which was taken, and in the group of English songs, where the singer gave to a few of her words in the texts a fascinating little style of pronunciation all her own.

But these flaws were all but momentary and they were almost forgotten in the general feast of fine art Mme. Culp provided throughout the afternoon. Conrad V. Bos added greatly to the pleasure of the hearers by playing accompaniments with his customary skill. As an encore after the second group, Brahms's charming "Ständchen" was given. There were others at the end.

RETURN OF MR. THIBAUT.

h. y. Sun Jan. 6-1914
After Ten Years French Violinist Shows Artistic Progress.

Jacques Thibaut, the distinguished French violinist, was heard yesterday afternoon in a recital at Aeolian Hall. This player made his first appearance in this city on October 30, 1903. He was heard several times in the course of that season and made a pleasing though not very serious impression. His schooling was excellent, but his interpretations were on the whole marred by an excess of sentiment and affectations of style.

In the ten years which have elapsed Mr. Thibaut has attained a high position in his own country, which is a producer of fine violinists and the domicile of a notable school of violin art. This school sprang from the loins of the incomparable Viotti. One branch of it was fathered by the Belgian, Charles de Beriot, whose descendants best known to Americans have been Henri Vieuxtemps and Eugene Ysaye. The other branch was fathered by Ballot, whose pupil Habeneck taught Alard, the master of Sarasate, and Leonard, teacher of Mr. Kneisel and the master of Marsick, who was in his turn the teacher of Thibaut.

The elegance of style, the exquisite finish, the pure and smooth tone of this French school in both its branches are familiar to the whole musical world. That these qualities should have been found in Mr. Thibaut's playing when he first came here was not astonishing. That he wanted something of the insight and forceful projection of artistic conceptions of some of his compatriots and fellow disciples was to be attributed to the man's personality.

Ten years have not been lost upon Mr. Thibaut. He is still characteristically a French player. Elegance and grace continue to predominate in his performance; but he has gained in repose, in dignity and in understanding. No one could have doubted this who heard him play the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole" yesterday. But the larger extension of his musicianship was most brilliantly displayed in the Bach "Chaconne." Mr. Thibaut could not have interpreted this composition so well ten years ago.

His performance of it yesterday was admirable as a piece of technical accomplishment. It had beauty of tone and accuracy of finger work, together with pliant strength and nuance in the bowing. Better still, it had a fine and interesting dignity of style which went far toward doing full justice to the thought of Bach and which called forth from the hearers a salvo of well earned applause. Mr. Thibaut was in danger of being taken for a matinee idol ten years ago, but he has matured and risen above that popular but unfortunate state.

Other numbers on his programme were Chausson's "Poeme," and the "Havanalse" and "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" of Saint-Saens.

SECOND BAGBY SERIES BEGINS.

h. y. Sun Jan. 6-1914
Mmes. Galski and Edvina Sing to Large Audience.

Mr. Bagby began another series of musical mornings yesterday, and there was no falling off in the interest of society that filled the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. The artists were Mme. Johanna Galski of the Metropolitan Opera, Mme. Edvina of the Boston Opera, Miss Ada Sassoli, harp, and Jean Gerardy, cellist. Mme. Edvina is related to several families of prominence in France and England, being a cousin of Count de Lesteville, who married Miss Constance Warren of this city. She sang an aria from Charpentier's "Louise," also English, French and Italian songs.

Mme. Galski sang two Ave Marias, the Schubert and the Bach-Gounod settings, the latter with harp and cello accompaniment. Her other numbers included the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and some German songs. Miss Sassoli and Mr. Gerardy played numbers familiar to their respective repertoires, and for an encore Miss Sassoli played the Volga boat song with organ obligato by William C. Carl. Arthur Rosenstien was at the piano.

MISS CHEATHAM'S RECITAL.

h. y. Sun Jan. 6-1914
Children of All Ages Enjoy Her Songs and Stories at Lyceum Matinee.

Children of all ages, from those with big bows in their hair to those with their grand-children beside them, attended another of Miss Kitty Cheatham's holiday recitals in the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon, and all seemed to have the best kind of a time listening to her songs and stories.

Cradle songs of many nations were a feature of the programme. From Holland there was a song of Catharine van Rennes, from Russia, Moussorgsky's "With a Doll," and from France, G. Schindler's "Bercense la Poupée." Greece was represented by "Aïné Kolnsonou," arranged by Borguatt-Ducodray; Germany, by Mozart's "Schäferliedchen"; Finland, by Sibellus' "Lasse liti"; England by two songs from Frederick Norton and Liza Lehmann and America by Ethelbert Nevin's "Mighty

Lake Rose." The were delightfully done. Miss Cheatham also presented some charming old negro songs and stories and an old Swedish zaga, "A Parable of Nature." The last part of the programme was given over mostly to familiar songs. Debussy's "Le Petite Berger" was sung again and the "Important Episodes in a Child's Life" were illustrated by a number of songs relating to sound, touch, taste, smell and sight. "Why Adam Sinned," by S. Rogers, and "Don't Be What You Ain't," by S. Hein, were the closing numbers. A large audience applauded the artist.

Zoellner Quartet at Cooper Union.

h. y. Sun Jan. 6-1914

THE Zoellner Quartette was the feature of last evening's concert of the People's Symphony Club, which took place at Cooper Union. The event was the third in a series of five concerts.

Franz X. Ahrens, the club's musical director, delivered a preliminary lecture on "The Trumpet and Cornet," as orchestral wind instruments. The programme was composed of the Beethoven Quartet in C minor, the Adagio movement from Schumann's Quartet No. 3, Schubert's Unfinished Quartet, and the Sinding Serenade for two violins and piano, each of which was played with precision and taste.

BORI AND CARUSO IN PUCCINI OPERA.

h. y. Sun Jan. 6-1914

"Manon Lescaut" Before a Monday Night Audience at the Metropolitan.

MUSIC SUNG ACCEPTABLY.

Audience Small, but Its Applause Signifies No Little Pleasure.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was one of the smallest seen in the theatre on a Caruso night in many moons. It would be interesting perhaps to know the causes behind this, but they can only be conjectured. Massenet's "Manon" was given last week with Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso in the cast and the auditorium was crowded. Now it is a well known fact that these two singers are the most popular in the company. Here again there need be no inquiry into causes, nor any implied depreciation of the art of others.

But Miss Bori, who sang Manon last evening, is rapidly acquiring a position of influence with the public, and her appearance as the volatile heroine of Prevost's story ought to command wider attention. It is a very charming impersonation and last night the young prima donna sang admirably. The strides which she has made in vocal art are large and she is now a singer who may almost always be heard with delight.

The field of conjecture narrows itself down to the opera itself, and without doubt Massenet's "Manon" is more popular than Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." Whether this state of affairs ought to exist or not is another question, but the American habit of deciding what is best and rejecting everything else is to be deplored. Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" is his most successful achievement, in the opinion of many music lovers, and those who refuse to listen to it merely because they prefer the Massenet creation make a mistake.

Mr. Caruso, who was in very poor voice in "Manon" last week, was in good condition last evening, and sang his music with plenty of vigor, though not always with that amount of finesse which could have been desired. Mr. Scotti was the Lescaut, and as usual his command of stagecraft and his authoritative style in the delivery of his music gave pleasure to the audience. The minor roles in the opera were generally well done, and Mr. Polacco conducted with a light but firm hand.

After several months of study with Mme. Sembrich, Alma Gluck made her first recital appearance yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall before a large and enthusiastic audience. Madame Gluck has always been a favorite with New York audiences both in concert and opera, and never was she more cordially received than yesterday. Some of her high notes are still veiled as of old, by the peculiar drawing up of her lower lip, but it takes long to overcome bad habits, and doubtless she will gradually get rid of this objectionable feature.

The voice itself is of such a lovely, clear timbre that this partial clouding is all the more to be regretted. In Handel's aria, "O sleep," there was hardly a trace of it. Mme. Gluck sang this song with exquisite taste and simplicity and beautiful diction.

In the quieter portion of Schubmann's "Lotosblume," she was likewise successful, smooth-flowing melody being her forte at present, but in the more passionate measures there was little expression of the flower's love-sorrow. However, the audience liked it and she repeated it, doing it as well the second as the first time. She sang the following song, Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht," with much charm and freshness. Excellent also was Brahms's "Die Mainacht," which suits the singer's voice and style exactly. As an encore to the second group, she sang Grieg's "Im Kåhn" charmingly. This song is not especially characteristic of the great Norwegian, but it is always enjoyable.

It would be a pleasure to hear Mme. Gluck sing a group of Rubinstein's Oriental songs. She sang his "Frühlingslied" yesterday. It is a pretty song, but it is not specially stamped with his genius, while those set to Mirza-Schaffy's words are intensely and exquisitely colored by the Oriental characteristics of Hebrew music, in which atmosphere Rubinstein's mind was steeped. This same Oriental color fills the odd and interesting aria from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Czar's Bride." The plaintive and characteristic Russian air is unaccompanied, the piano playing only the introduction, a short interlude, and a final chord. Mme. Gluck sang the two difficult verses with absolutely perfect pitch. No violin could have been more accurate than her voice was when Mr. Rosenstein took up the piano part at the end of each verse. The three Charpentier songs which followed will not especially enhance the composer's reputation. The best one was "Les trois sorcières," for in it the strange intervals and uncanny sounds were appropriate, which cannot be said of the one called "Prière." Paldadihe's "Psyche," which Mme. Gluck sang as an encore, was quite another matter. The song is lovely, and Mme. Gluck sings it beautifully and with real feeling.

Her recital ended with a group of songs by Marion Bauer, Arthur Rosenstien, the excellent accompanist; John Powell, Sidney Homer and Kurt Schindler.

ALMA GLUCK'S RETURN.

Young Opera Singer Heard in Recital After Absence.

Alma Gluck, formerly an opera singer at the Metropolitan Opera House, and at that time heard occasionally in song recital, reappeared in the latter variety of musical entertainment yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The audience which assembled to hear her was amazingly large, for up to the present Miss Gluck has not been accorded a position beside Mme. Culp or Miss Gerhardt. However, there may have been no small amount of curiosity, excited by the fact that Miss Gluck returned to the local platform as a pupil of Mme. Sembrich.

The young soprano passed something like eight months in Europe and part of the time was engaged in study with the famous mistress of the art of song. After hearing the younger soprano yesterday "connoisseurs of vocal art will doubtless agree that she should go back to the older one and continue her studies. She has learned much, very much, but by no means all. Miss Gluck has one of the most beautiful voices now before the public and her voice technique, acquired here, is through two-thirds or three-quarters of its scale quite admirable. But from the evening on which she was first heard at the Century Theatre in "Werther" to the present day her uppermost tones have not been properly placed. They are not focussed, or, as the French put it, they have no "point d'appui."

Hence their emission is a hit or miss matter over which the singer seems to have no control. Once in a while a top note comes out splendidly, as in the closing phrase of Charpentier's "Chevaux de Bois" yesterday, but more frequently these tones are, as the singers say, full of holes. The reason is that they are sung, to use singers' talk again, "too open." Of course the hit or miss depends largely on the phonetic material supplied by the vocal sound which has to be sung. The subject is one too large for discussion here and it must be dismissed.

The results of Mme. Sembrich's teaching were best seen in the finer polish applied to Miss Gluck's lower and medium tones, which were ravishingly beautiful and pure in all her songs, and in the vast improvement in style and interpretation. Here again, questions will obtrude themselves. To be coached in every phrase and section by a Sembrich till one repeats with extraordinary accuracy the accents and nuances of the great singer is something to live for, but it is by no means all. Miss Gluck cannot be taught soul. Her best songs yesterday were perfect pieces of vocal sculpture, but they had no "innigelt." The German word is the only pre-

cise one.

As she stands to-day Alma Gluck superficially one of the most delightful singer known to local music lovers, but she falls short of anything better than an imitative delivery of songs as "Lotosblume" and "Frühlingsnacht." With the second of these achieved a distinct failure by reason of the complete want of emotional communication. In the German song her best results were reached in Brahms' "Die Mainacht," which she sang eloquently.

But it will probably be some time before she accomplishes anything satisfying in all its elements than singing of Handel's "Oh, Sleep, Why Thou Leave Me?" This was almost perfect in color, in phrase, in nuance enunciation. For this let us give thanks and meanwhile hope that this remarkable young soprano will pursue studies in technic till she has placed upper tones, and then set to work to cover her artistic soul.

MADAME GLUCK

RETURNS TO SING

January 7, 1914

A Lovely Voice and a Ripening Art, with Drawbacks—Some New Russian Music.

By H. E. KREIBIEL.

If Mme. Alma Gluck had not told readers of The Tribune in an interview that she had been studying for several months with Mme. Sembrich at her villa in Nice, those of them who attended her recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon would easily have guessed the fact. One-half of her programme (by making up of airs and songs taken from a great artist's list. She followed Mme. Sembrich's plan, too, in devoting the first part of the scheme to classical eighteenth century airs (Pergolesi's "O Serpina secreta," Handel's "Lusinghe pian and "O, Sleep, why dost thou leave me and the dainty "Tingo per mio diletto" by an unknown composer, in the arrangement made by Pauline Viardot) and second to some of the most ordain songs of Schubert, Schumann, a Brahms's (Der Neugierige," "Die Foret," "Die Lotosblume," "Frühlingsnacht," "Die Mainacht" and Dort in den Weiden. She began the third part with another song which Mme. Sembrich sung with incomparable grace—one of Rubinstein's Spring Songs, but not the one indicated by the book of words; it was "Die Klein Frühlingsaugen," not "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth." After that she sang an air from Rimsky-Korsakow's opera, "The Czar's Bride" (one of the high lights of the recital), and followed it up with three French songs by Charpentier. Then for a closing group she sang a popular appeal with son English songs by Marion Bauer, Arthur Rosenstien (her accompanist), John Powell, Sidney Homer and Kurt Schindler. This group she departed an immeasurable distance from the taste exemplified in the earlier part of the programme, and emphasized the vast difference between intelligence and artistic feeling and that of the singer whom she had apparently chosen as a model. The difference had a ready exhibited itself in her interpretation of the earlier songs, however, and the surprise created by the sudden departure from a high standard did not being with it any noticeable shock to the connoisseurs, and even seemed to give delight to a large number of her hearers.

These hearers were many, very many. They filled nearly all the seats in the big hall, and it was obvious from the beginning that the interest in the singer was very great. The large popular interest was justified by Mme. Gluck's past achievements, and was rewarded by a great deal of what she did yesterday. The lovely quality of her voice, its sheer beauty of timbre, its exquisite evenness throughout its range, the finish which she has attained in some of the details of vocalization, particularly those which are the product of a purely musical instinct, were never more in evidence than yesterday and showed the effects of wisely directed study. But precept and example, no matter how perfect, cannot make good a lack of emotional warmth or of high intelligence; and these qualities are as essential to song singing as technical perfection. Except as they exhibited the loveliness of voice, the air from "The Serva Padrona" and the first of the Handel pieces were negligible as exhibition of artistic singing. The air from "Semele" had elements of great beauty, but the were wholly sensuous, and left the feelings of the listeners, to which the wonderful song ought to make a powerful appeal, untouched. In the German song "Im Kåhne," which Mme. Gluck gave as a supplement to the group, and also in the

from Rimsky Korsakov's... however, the purity of her intona- challenged praise, all the more he- of the fact that its many measures left without the support of a har- accompaniment. It is a delightful lumen of an artistic production filled with the spirit of Prussian folksong, and hgh its emotional potentialities were fully disclosed yesterday, its purely ed beauty was exquisitely set forth. on a popular point of view Mme. k's recital was highly successful; in a critical it gave promise of a still ter development of natural gifts which are almost worthy of being called phenomenal.

The Russian Symphony Society, under the direction of Mr. Modest Altschuler, gave its second concert this season at Aeolian Hall last night. The meeting was interesting in the promises which it held out than in their fulfillment, for the playing of the band was cruder than usual, and the new music, upon which the only rests as its *raison d'être* might be characterized as belong- in the category of things which are highly unimportant if true. They were a symphony (the composer's first) in E minor, by Ippolitov-Ivanov; a "March Miniature," by Tschalkowsky which might have been written for his "Cracker" ballet and what was announced as a pianoforte concerto in C sharp minor (though it was but a single movement), by Rimsky-Korsatow. The last part of the concerto was played by Miss Eleanor Spencer, who made an extremely favorable impression on local critics at a recital early in the season. There was too much that sounded experimental in the performance to justify an expression of opinion as to the value of the music, though one fact was very manifest, which was that it contained none of the national characteristics, because of which Russian music has exerted a large fascination for years, which characteristics were completely lacking in the symphony, which occasionally harked back to the influence of Berlioz, who was one of the modes of the new school of Slavovite composers, but also suggested the name French composers.

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY IN TWO NOVELTIES Jan. 7-14 Compositions Unfamiliar to Local Audiences Heard at Aeolian Hall. WITH WHOLLY PLEASURES At the End Tschalkowsky Fur- nishes the Real Music of the Evening.

The concert of the Russian Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall last evening seemed to introduce two compositions unfamiliar to local audiences. One was the minor symphony of Ippolitov-Ivanov and the other Rimsky-Korsakov's piano concerto in C sharp minor. The solo performer in the latter was Eleanor Spencer, neither of these pieces of music calls for any or extended comment. The so-called piano concerto (dedicated to Liszt) demands the first consideration. The SUN's chronicler confesses to a want of information concerning the work, but Miss Spencer played the whole of it and it is not a concerto, but a concert in one movement and a very incomplete movement at that. If what was heard was only the first movement, its incompleteness remains. There is plenty of ingenious passage work and there are at least two themes, but there is no development, no symmetrical artistic form, no genuine musical action. Miss Spencer had plainly believed technical practice on the composition and she played it well. But there is little or no opportunity for her to display large musical ability, and as for the piece, that seemed to be quite beyond her reach. The symphony began with a slow introduction, which proved to be a fragmentary announcement of the second theme of the first movement, sung at length in its place after a pleasing rhythmic first theme. The rhythm of the first theme persisted throughout the movement in the accompaniment of the first theme. The device, not new, was overworked. However, this movement came nearer to being really symphonic than any one of the three others. The scherzo had some charm in its trio, was on the whole not profoundly interesting. The elegy was very solemn and desolating, and the finale must have been received somewhere amid the pallsance

of the grand dazari of Nisidai Nowgorod. There were some other numbers on the program. The introduction to Rimsky Korsakov's opera on the fairy tale of "Tsar-Sultan," our old friend the andante from Tschalkowsky's B flat quartet, a march by the same composer and finally his really noble overture fantasy "Romeo and Juliet." In the end it was the perennial Tschalkowsky who furnished the real music of the evening.

Russian Symphony Orchestra,
At Aeolian Hall last night Miss Eleanor Spencer made her first appearance here with orchestra, playing the Rimsky-Korsakov concerto in C sharp minor with the Russian Symphony Orchestra, under Modeste Altschuler. The "concerto" is hardly that; it is a series of bravura passages accompanying more sustained melodies from different sections of the orchestra. Miss Spencer played her part brilliantly; her crisp and clean-cut tones contrasted with the rough-shod orchestral accompaniment. It is not a composition to reveal her best gifts, but even so, she was the star of the concert. As encore she played the well-known "Butterfly" étude of Chopin in an effective manner. The orchestra played an inconsequential piece by the composer of the concerto-introduction to the fairy-tale "Czar Sultan"; a "new" symphony by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, an echo of school days, such a composition as any well-trained pupil could write; the old favorite Andante Cantabile from the Tschalkowsky string quartet; a "march miniature" never played before (not the one in the "Nutteracker" suite); and the Overture-Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," both again by Tschalkowsky. In all the rough-and-ready style of performance prevailed; no hint of delicacy or refinement. The fortissimos in the "Romeo and Juliet" were brutal in their noisiness. The orchestra should get rid of its "road" style when playing in New York.

MR. AND MRS. MANNES PLAY.

A New Sonata by Rosario Scalero and Pieces by Bach and Chausson.

The third and last of the sonata recitals by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, given yesterday afternoon in the Princess Theatre, brought forward a new sonata by Rosario Scalero, a name strange to New York music lovers. It was followed by Bach's sonata in A, and by Chausson's concerto for violin and piano, with accompaniment of string quartet in D major, Op. 21. Mr. and Mrs. Mannes played this composition for the first time in New York at a concert of the New York Symphony Society on Nov. 30, when the accompaniment was given by all the strings of the orchestra. The question was raised at that time whether the playing of the whole body of strings did not give too much weight to the accompaniment, and whether the more transparent sound of the string quartet might not be more in accordance with the composer's intentions. The performance yesterday seemed to answer this question; for the effect was indubitably finer. The quartet was composed of Messrs. Edward Létier, Herbert Coran, Samuel Lifschey, and Paul Kéfer.

MANNES SONATA CONCERT. Jan. 7-14 First Hearing of a New Work by Rosario Scalero.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave their third sonata recital yesterday afternoon in the Princess Theatre. The programme consisted of Rosario Scalero's sonata in D minor, Bach's sonata in A major and Chausson's concerto for violin, piano and string quartet. The last was recently played at a Symphony Society concert but sounded better yesterday as a piece of chamber music. The novelty of the concert was the first number. It proved to be a simple and unpretentious composition, melodious, well written for the two instruments, expressive in its adagio and delicately treated in the first and last movements. It was very well played by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes. However, their best art was displayed in the Bach sonata. It may be said that on the whole they at no time have done anything better than this, and the applause which they received was thoroughly earned.

CHAMBER MUSIC IN TWO CONCERT ROOMS Jan. 8-1914

Too Much Individuality in the Playing of a Mighty Trio— A New Serenade.

By H. E. KREMBBUL.
It is a great pity that when three artists of large calibre, like Ysaye, Gerardy and Godowsky, chance to be in New York at the same time, their combination in a concert should suggest thoughts of the bargain counter in a drygoods shop. This to the ordinary and uninstructed observers of musical affairs, who cannot help concluding from the circumstance that, in commercial phrase, the market is overstocked. In the minds of the cultured

patron of music the combination is not so painful with another, as it is for some which is that the combination is made for conventional purposes only—not for artistic.

If the conditions of modern art life were different than they are—if they represented such idealism as prevailed when the line between craftsmanship and art merged into each other imperceptibly, as once they did—then it might be imagined that the union of three artists of the first order in a common labor would be productive of the finest results. But perfection of ensemble in music is to be had only at the cost of a sacrifice of individuality and devotion to an unselfish end. A fortuitous meeting of individual factors, no matter how admirable they may be in themselves, cannot produce it. There must be antecedent labor, a meeting of minds, an affiliation of emotions. These essentials were not illustrated in the concert given by the three artists mentioned in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Only M. Gerardy disclosed a willingness to subordinate his individuality to the general good. Mr. Godowsky seemed to be impressed with the conviction that his associates were merely helpers to him, and frequently made their co-operation look like dumb play. A charitable view might charge this to a misconception growing out of the surroundings of the affair, for chamber music in Carnegie Hall is as preposterous as a military band concert would be in the Little Theatre. But putting aside the question of the supreme necessity of intimacy in chamber music—intimacy between the performers amongst themselves and intimacy between performers and listeners which is quite as essential. Mr. Godowsky should have known that the relationship between solo string instruments and the pianoforte which existed when Beethoven wrote the music which was played yesterday was a very different thing from what it is to-day. Beethoven's pianoforte was not a thing with a skeleton of steel built to resist a tension of forty tons and the muscular exertion of men with

—theaws of Amakin
And pulses of a Titan's heart."

but an instrument of music whose tones could be made to blend amiably with those of a single violin and a single violoncello. The modern pianoforte is a monster compared with its predecessor of a century ago, and if it is to be used in agreeable association with the companions with which it was consorted yesterday, the player upon it must be willing, as Bully Bottom was, to "aggravate" his voice. But under the conditions which surrounded yesterday's concert there can be no chamber music in the true sense—not even when Ysaye, Girard and Godowsky attempt to make it. The music played was all by Beethoven, and the list of pieces was arranged to prevent the development of a climax. Like a pyramid standing on its apex, it began with the Trio in B flat, Op. 97 ("Trio to the Archduke" was the singular title given to it on the house bill), followed by a sonata in A major for violoncello and pianoforte, and the sonata in the same key (dedicated to Kreutzer), Op. 47, for pianoforte and violin. A large audience heard the concert and applauded generously, but the room was far from full.

There was a nearer approach to the spirit of chamber music in the concert given by the Zoellner Quartet, a family party evidently, and undistinguished by special excellence in any department, at Aeolian Hall last night. The playing of the quartet, which is led by a lady, is far from perfect, technically; in fact, it is frequently distressing in its intonation, but the four musicians play with most obvious sincerity, with a fine understanding of the mission of each instrument, and show a devotion to the ensemble ideal which is in the highest degree praiseworthy. The programme consisted of a suite in C by Glazounow, Op. 35: romantic serenade by Jean Brandts-Buy (a composer new to local lists), and the familiar quartet by Haydn, in G, designated as Op. 76, No. 1, in the catalogues. The new serenade is modern in spirit, but in the succession of its movement preserves the old scheme made familiar by the composers of the latter end of the eighteenth century. It begins with nocturne, in which, amid the murmurs of night, the viola sings the "doleful dump" which Shakespeare recommends to the lover in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The march of the approaching serenader follows, then the serenade, the departure and all ends with a second nocturne mood picture. The music has a fascinating color, and is a fine example of no wine poured into old bottles.

ZOELLNER, QUARTET PLAYS. Jan. 8-1914 Gives First Regular Concert of the Season in Aeolian Hall.

In Aeolian Hall last night the Zoellner String Quartet gave its first regular concert this season. The audience showed enthusiasm for a rather unusual programme.

The first number was a suite, opus 31, of the Russian composer, Glazounow, which is not performed with great frequency here. The real novelty, however, was a new work by Brandts-Buy, a curious mixture of dissonance and melody. On the whole it was not pleasing. The most modern of harmonies are not suited to chamber music as they are to the orchestra and the harshness of the Brandts-Buy's quartet, which was called "Roman-tische-Serenade," seemed unnecessary. The other number heard was Haydn's quartet in G major, opus 76, the only classical music on the programme.

The playing of the Zoellner Quartet was in most respects satisfactory. It was characterized by good ensemble playing and tonal quality.

YORK TIMES, TE A TRIO OF VIRTUOSOS.

Ysaye, Gerardy, and Godowsky Play Together in Chamber Music.

According to the plain teachings of arithmetic, three virtuosos should be just three times as potent in attraction and in musical value in the concert hall as one virtuoso. So it was a brilliant idea of the manager who directs the American fortunes of Messrs. Ysaye, Gerardy, and Godowsky to bring them all at once before the public in a concert of chamber music in Carnegie Hall. This, however, was leaving out of account the fact that Carnegie Hall is no place for chamber music, which needs the intimacy of a smaller hall for the delicate effects of an art of this order, and the other fact that none of these three artists is primarily a chamber music player, accustomed to subordinate himself to the others and to the general effect and balance of the whole, indispensable to chamber music; nor possessing the close familiarity with the others' style necessary for the unified performance that chamber music in its highest estate calls for.

Hence it was that the concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, in which these three distinguished players took part, was not so fine in all respects as the juxtaposition of their three names doubtless suggested to many. Mr. Ysaye had already appeared in New York this season at a recital of his own. Mr. Godowsky had played once at a Sunday night concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, with orchestra, having appeared here alone and with orchestra several times last season. Mr. Jean Gerardy made his re-entry into the musical activities of this city at this concert, after an absence of half a dozen years. He first came to New York as a boy player, some eighteen years ago, and the promises of his juvenile days have been made good, as such promises not always are. He has, in fact, developed into an artist of fine fibre and remarkable power, and it may be hoped that there will be more advantageous opportunities to hear him in the course of the season.

The three played together in Beethoven's great trio in B flat, Op. 97. There was much that was beautiful in the performance; but rather in individual passages than in a consistent and well-balanced whole. Mr. Godowsky used a concert grand piano with the lid up; and while there was often an evident effort on his part to subordinate his playing to a due proportion in the ensemble, it frequently got away from him, and through the superior sonority of his instrument he not only overbore his comrades in volume of tone but also took a lead in the matter of tempo that they perforce had to follow, not always to the advantage of the effect. This was still more the case in the second number on the programme, Beethoven's sonata for piano and violoncello in A, Op. 69, which Mr. Godowsky and Mr. Gerardy played together. The tone of the violoncello was frequently quite overcome by that of the piano, and Mr. Gerardy's rights in his enunciation of themes, in the question of tempo, in the adjustment of the relations between the cello and the piano, were not always observed. Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata brought Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Godowsky together, as it did in a joint recital which these two artists gave last season.

MUSIC OF THREE KINGS.

Not an Opera, but a Concert of Eminent Soloists.

Eugene Ysaye, violinist, Leopold Godowsky, pianist, and Jean Gerardy, cellist, appeared in joint concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme comprised Beethoven's B flat trio for Messrs. Ysaye, Godowsky and Gerardy, the same master's sonata in A major for Mr. Gerardy and Mr. Godowsky, and his inevitable Kreutzer sonata for Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Godowsky. It will be seen that no matter what else happened Beethoven and Mr. Godowsky had ample opportunities. h. s. sun. Jan. 8-14
Concerts of this particular kind rarely result in much that is edifying, and such was again the case yesterday. In the trio, for example, Mr. Godowsky, with that fine sense of proportion, that poetic imagination and artistic self-effacement which have made him an idol in Berlin, had the lid of the piano raised all the way, and accordingly drew from the instrument about the same quantity of tone as he would have extracted if playing with an orchestra. It was not till the slow movement was reached that anything like a true ensemble effect was produced, and in the last

pages of this movement there was such a genuine song of beauty as to give a reason for the bringing together of the three players.

But Mr. Godowsky in all the rest of the composition was alien. His tone was cold and brittle and he rode down his two associates mercilessly. For this reason, if for no other, comment on Mr. Gerardy, who has been absent for some years, may be deferred till he gets a better chance to make himself heard. Mr. Ysaye can take care of himself.

"Aida" Repeated with Much Spirit at Metropolitan

Miss Destinn, Mme. Ober, Mr. Martinelli and Mr. Amato the Stars in an Excellent Performance.

"Aida" was repeated in the Metropolitan Opera House last night with the same principals heard on one previous occasion. It was a spirited performance and the audience was enthusiastic, applauding and calling the principals before the curtain after each act.

Miss Destinn, in the title rôle, was in brilliant voice and sang the Nile scene aria especially well. Mme. Ober, as Amneris, was impressively dramatic. As Radames, Mr. Martinelli again proved that dramatic and not lyric rôles are his forte, and received quite an ovation. Mr. Amato gave a rousing interpretation of the Egyptian warrior Amonasro. Messrs. Didur and Ruysdael completed the cast of important singers.

Mr. Toscanini conducted a stirring performance, abounding in big climaxes. Despite the many entertainments elsewhere last night there was a considerable attendance of society at the opera.

'GOOSE GIRL' OPERA AND MISS FARRAR

A Glance at the Stable Elements in the Operatic Repertory.

By H. E. KREBBEL.

To the studios observer of opera and the intelligent well-wisher there comes at intervals a desire to make a revaluation of the works in the current repertory for the purpose of determining their effect upon popular taste and the probability of their endurance after time puts an end to the reign of the singers whose popularity, rather than the operas themselves, now fixes the character of the list. So far as Wagner's operas are concerned speculation long ago came to an end. They will endure as long as there is a German contingent in the Metropolitan organization to perform them. They have become the strong prop of the institution outside of that phase of its activities which rests chiefly upon fad and fashion.

There have been a few more Italian novelties within the last decade than German, but the percentage of failures in the two lists has been about the same. In the five years of Mr. Conreid's administration there were but two permanent additions to the German repertory—"Parsifal" and "Hänsel und Gretel"—the latter new only to the theatre in its employment of the language in which it was written. Goldmark's "König von Saba," which had filled an interesting chapter in the early history of the theatre, could not maintain itself. "Salome" fell under the ban of the owners of the building, and the two operettas, "Fledermans" and "Zig-uneibaron," though they reflected Mr. Conreid's ideals, had no place in an establishment conducted on the lines of the Metropolitan opera. Mr. Gatti's efforts in behalf of the German list have been wise and more generous than Mr. Conreid's were. Of new works by German composers he has brought forward d'Alberty's "Tiefland," Humperdinck's "Königskinder," Thuidle's "Lobetanz," Blech's "Verslegelt" and Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." He gave production to the Bohemian opera "The Bartered Bride" and the Russian "Pique Dame" in German. Smetana's opera may be said still to possess the germs of life though circumstances make it seem moribund. "Tiefland" and "Lobetanz" never secured a firm footing. As a more than dignified offset to Conreid's dalliance with operetta Mr. Gatti, under the guidance of Mr. Dippel, made attempts to revive Plötow's "Stradella" and Lortzing's "Czar und Zimmermann" for the experiment at opera comique in the New Theatre. They were unsuccessful, but their failure brought no humiliation to performers or management. They were found to be out-moded—could not be made to fit into the present day. "Der Rosenkavalier" is on trial this season, and there is no present need to speculate about its future.

Real vitality, though not so much as is possessed by its companion, "Hänsel und Gretel," has been shown by "Königskinder," which had its first representation this season at the Metropolitan last night. It may be that the burden of keeping it alive rests largely on the fair shoulders of Miss Farrar, but the fact remains that it has had sixteen subscription performances (one more than the normal quota) within the three seasons of its life and seven representations in the extra list. Its record in this respect is as good, we fancy, as any opera in the regular list. That it does not possess the charm of "Hänsel und Gretel" is due to a number of causes. There is some smell of midnight oil in the music, and more than a few evidences of inspiration waiting on reflection. This is not to be wondered at, for the operatic score is a revision and augmentation of a melodramatic score made when it was thought by the librettist and composer that the time had come for another attempt at a revival of the ancient Greek style of dramatic declamation, which hovered between speech and song. Then for those who understand, there is much turgidity of speech and much unnecessary symbolism in the text, and for everybody too much of everything in every act. The unconscionable protraction of the last scene has never failed to mar the enjoyment which the work always brings to the serious lovers of the beautiful in scenery, action, song and their orchestral accompaniment and complement. But the charm of beautiful melody of Miss Farrar's beautiful acting and eloquent singing, the fine characterization of the poetic figure "der Fiedelmann," prosaically denominated "the Fiddler," but signifying much more in German romance by Mr. Goritz, the graphic delineation of other types of Teutonic story by Mr. Reiss and Miss Mattfeld, the touching pathos of the president children—a true poetic touch—the beautiful orchestral music and the lovely stage pictures—there is no need to particularize further—all give warrant of continued existence to "Königskinder" and awaken the hope that with operas like "Boris Godunov" and "L'Amore dei tre Re" it may prove a permanent enrichment to the Metropolitan repertory and stand the establishment in good stead when the inevitable crisis reaches it in which the popular idols shall be no more.

The only members new to the cast last night were the woodcutters of Basil Ruysdael and the inkeeper of Robert Leonhardt. Mr. Ruysdael proved himself a worthy successor to Mr. Didur, giving to the character a tang of true originality, a type quite in the German low comedy tradition. In addition his diction was unusually clear. Mr. Leonhardt was amusing in his small part.

The audience was a fine one and showed a keen interest in all that was proceeding; a fact which becomes more and more evident as the years pass, to the gratification of those who have always believed in the vitality of Engelbert Humperdinck's latest work.

GERALDINE FARRAR

AS A GOOSE GIRL

Engelbert Humperdinck

"Koenigskinder" Performed at the Metropolitan.

THE OPERA WELL SUNG

Mr. Goritz Excellent as the Fiddler and the Orchestra Plays Well.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder" was performed for the first time this season. The audience did not overtax the capacity of the theatre. For some reason which has never made itself wholly clear this opera has never aroused the amount of public interest due to it. The work is perhaps too subtle in its appeal to the imagination to satisfy the needs of the tired business man and his equally tired wife. But cannot the poetry of a legendary subject and the pathos of a strangely tender fairy story have a place in the wide realm of the lyric drama. At any rate the melodious music of Humperdinck ought to make an irresistible appeal to ears jaded by the incessant repetition of ancient formulas

Whether this music is tremendously effective or not, it is continually tuneful and it is effective in its own species. Perhaps the majority of opera-goers regret the want of a big to all but the most fastidious. But if all the possibilities of the music written for her chosen instrument, she is certainly a young artist who knows her road and seems intent on following it. The future should have for her much in store. Her audience yesterday was warm in its expressions of appreciations.

MISS HARRISON PLAYS.

Interesting Recital of 'Cello Music' by English Artist.

Beatrice Harrison, an English violinist, who was first heard here as a soloist in a Philharmonic concert, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She was honored by the presence of a small audience, some of whose members endeavored to console her by frequent and ill timed applause. Miss Harrison was not disconcerted thereby, but proceeded equably on her way and gave a recital which had features of real interest for real music lovers.

She played the Boccherini sonata in G major, Tschalkowsky's "Variations on a Rocco Theme" and three shorter numbers. Miss Harrison confirmed the good impression which she made on the occasion of her debut. She is a sound player, equipped with an ample technique and possessed of musical temperament. She has a fine quality of tone and large range of dynamics. Her intonation is excellent and her bow arm is commanding.

What is still more important is that her playing has not only real musical quality but individuality. She played the old music with dignity and repose, but not in the scholastic, deadly style affected by some players. Her readings had vitality and interest. In the Tschalkowsky number she disclosed skill in the treatment of flights into the upper ranges not demanded by the old writers and her harmonics proved to be aerial indeed. Her taste in this music too was quite as commendable as in the earlier pieces. In short Miss Harrison is an artist and can be heard with pleasure. It is her misfortune that the present season is overcrowded and that few soloists are able to attract large audiences.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS

Carnegie Hall Crowded for Classical Concert.

Our musical friends from Boston—and how thrice welcome are their monthly visits from their New England home—came to us again last night. Oversupplied as New Yorkers are with orchestral concerts, they are undersupplied with those of the Boston Symphony, as is evidenced by the size of the audiences which that organization always draws. The programme Dr. Muck chose for last night's concert was scarcely one in which the popular note was dominant, it being a programme devoted to three of the classic masters—Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—each of which was represented by a complete symphony. Yet, as ever, Carnegie Hall was filled from pit to dome, and the only vacant seats were in the intermission.

Praise for the great band was long ago reckoned among the things superfluous. The perfect balance, the sure adjustments of dynamics, the perfection of detail are the Boston Orchestra's own, and have been as conductor has followed conductor. The individual readings of compositions have differed, the warmth of interpretation has been greater or less, according to the leader, but the band has ever remained supreme.

Joseph Haydn's Symphony in D major (B. and H. No. 2), was the one which opened last night's concert, and both in this and in the following Mozart in E-flat major, Dr. Muck's splendid mastery of detail were evident, while he led his men with a fine and commanding sweep. It was, however, in the Beethoven First Symphony that he was at his best. Whatever scholasticism of treatment might be hinted at in his reading of Haydn was surely absent here, and in its place was a poetic fire and a repressed intensity that did not in the least take away from the grace and vivacity of the composition. Happy were all hearers last night, and happy will they be again at the Orchestra's next concert to-morrow afternoon.

GIRL 'CELLIST IS HEARD

Miss Harrison Wins New Success at Recital.

Miss Beatrice Harrison, the young English cellist, whose American debut at a recent Philharmonic concert won much favorable notice, played again yesterday afternoon at a recital in Aeolian Hall.

Miss Harrison's is a talent that is certainly rare, even if its full expression may take yet several years to be fully attained.

The young English woman is already the mistress of a tone unusually rich and firm, of a bowing that has breadth of style, and of a general sincerity of expression and a musical sense that are most grateful.

These virtues were amply in evidence in the opening Boccherini Sonata, and if the Bach G major suite was less satis-

CHANSON EN CRINOLINE.

Last of Mrs. Hawkesworth's Series Given at the Plaza.

The last of Mrs. Hawkesworth's chansons en crinoline was given yesterday morning in the Plaza ballroom, when musical sketch entitled "Irish Love" was sung by Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan opera and Cecil Fanning, baritone. Many old Irish ballads were introduced in the little sketch, and an Irish reel was danced with much spirit by Mr. Case and Mr. Fanning, who also sang a duet Moore's "Believe Me if All That Endearing Young Charms." H. B. Turpin was at the piano, among those who

CARRENO IN CHARMING RECITAL

Great Pianist, After a Long Absence, Heard in Carnegie Hall—Her Art Has Gained a New and Touching Grace

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

AFTER what seemed to some of us a long, long absence from New York, Teresa Carreno, the great pianist—and high priestess of one form of Art—came back to her admirers in this city yesterday afternoon at a recital in Carnegie Hall.

It is not highly to the credit of New Yorkers that there were many, far too many, vacant spaces in the building when Mme. Carreno, in her old and splendid way, made her appearance on the platform.

For, though she has rivals by the score who seek applause here, and three or four (at most) of her own stature of all performers on the piano now alive. This Venezuelan is, perhaps, the noblest and the most poetic. Time in its flight has slightly chastened Mme. Carreno's passionate romanticism. But it has lent her art a new and touching grace, the grace that comes to some in early Autumn. She is still a lovely symbol of that music which she interprets so convincingly. She rhapsodizes, but she avoids rant. Her art has been informed with something which might be described as spirituality.

Of "sensationalism" there was no trace yesterday, either in Mme. Carreno's beautiful rendering of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" (Op. 57), nor in the more, to her, congenial works of Chopin, Schumann and Liszt which, with MacDowell's arrangement of "Les Orientales," completed a delightful programme.

Many distinguished artists have played the Nocturne (Op. 31, No. 2)

FROM OLD PAVANE TO MODERN TANGO

January 12, 1914

Harold Bauer Plays Dance
Music at Aeolian
Hall Recital.

ANCIENT AND NEW FORMS IDEALIZED

Some Reflections on the Much
Discussed Step at Home
and Abroad.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

For his second pianoforte recital, which took place in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Harold Bauer announced a "Programme of Dance Music." It was an ingenious conceit, and had its reward in the attendance of an audience which was as large as the room would hold. Small wonder. If good Bishop Cox had lived till now he might still repeat that "we are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time," but it would have been the expression of his own pious soul rather than a fair description of to-day. Dryden came nearer the contemporary popular notion some 250 years ago, when he wrote that it was

"A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing and unthinking time."

The world is gone dance-mad, and only the stern moralists are stopping to think that possibly we are "dancing on a volcano." There is no desire to attribute disingenuousness to Mr. Bauer in saying that to announce a programme of dances was an ingenious conceit. It would have been ingenious and also beautiful had no one ever thought of tangos, turkey trots and the other zoological friskings which have been lifted out of the slums into our drawing rooms. Mr. Bauer certainly had no thought of such things in his mind, even if a tango appeared among his pieces. His programme was made up of compositions which, when they were related to the dance at all, were idealizations of the dance rhythms which have played important roles in the development of extended forms of the classical era or have been made vehicles of romantic expression. Chronologically, the list reached from the time of Bach down to to-day. It was a little surprising to note the entire absence of examples from the French school of the time of Louis XIV, in which the dance was made an element of artistic music, for in Couperin, Rameau and their colleagues are to be found the highest exemplars of the dance forms united in the suite, which in turn provided the germ for the symphony. Ravel's "Pavane" harked back to a still earlier period—the Elizabethan—but its harmonic idiom was that of to-day. It is a beautiful example of the dance which was full of "state and anclentry" idealized in a special sense by the employment of the most modern harmony.

In Bach's suite in G minor (which marked high water in the artistic achievements of the afternoon) were disclosed some of the old companions of the Pavan—after the Prelude, an Allemande, a Coranto, Saraband, Gavotte and Gigue—but they had all yielded up much of their primal purpose to become music as such, that is, an expression of tonal beauty existing for its own sake, and not for the sake of the dance. After this came Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze," a set of character sketches which are dances only through the grace of their fantastic title. The composer never intended that they should be thought of as dances. They are in a sense a companion piece to the better known "Carnaval," compared with which Schumann wrote to Clara Wieck they were "as faces to masks." For him they had an intimate significance which he never betrayed beyond writing to his love when she was on a concert trip to Vienna that there were many "bridal thoughts" in them, and that they had been "suggested by the most delicious excitement" that he could remember. In a later letter he added: The whole story is a Polterabend, and now you can imagine it all from the beginning." Still later he writes that he had just discovered that the hour of midnight is struck by the last note. A Polterabend is the eve of a German wedding day, with its more or less lively merriment. The little pieces reflect the two contrasting characters which Schumann recognized in himself, and which he per-

modern compositions to César Franck's Symphony in D minor, Florent Schmitt's "La Tragédie de Salomé," and Rimsky Korsakoff's Caprice on Spanish Themes. Florent Schmitt's piece was played for the first time in New York, and it was the first of his music to be heard here. He is one of the modern school of France, 31 years old, a winner of the Grand Prix, and now one of those considered most recent, most modern in France. One of his biographers considers him to have a "classical turn of mind," finding the explanation for it in his Alsatian descent, while his French blood and French culture have prevented his originality from being "impaired by scholasticism."

In truth, not much impairment of this sort is to be observed in his "Salomé" music; his classicism and his originality may be more open to discussion. This "Salomé" is a suite derived from music written for a "mute drama," a pantomime, that was produced in Paris several years ago. It is stage music, and in considering it as an interpretation of the scenario as given in the programme notes it is only fair to remember this: The suite is in two parts, the first being a prelude and the "Dance of Pearls," the second "The Enchantment on the Sea," "Dance of the Lightnings," and "Dance of Fear."

Schmitt writes, naturally in the idiom that has been developed by the school of modern Frenchmen; an idiom that is still difficult for many listeners. And yet Schmitt is no follower of those who are regarded as the leaders of the French school; his music is a voice of his own. It appears, indeed, stronger, in invention and in fibre than music that has recently come out of France. It depends less on mere color, instrumental and harmonic, although he makes the fullest use of such color. The prelude is one of the strongest passages of the work, evoking the sunset mood, a vision of the terrace of Herod's palace, the Dead Sea, the Moabite mountains. The "Dance of the Pearls" has a touch of the Orient in its intervals, and its involved rhythms, but it is scarcely of Oriental voluptuousness in its acid harmonies.

The "Enchantments of the Sea" and the "Dance of Lightnings" and of "Fear," which make the second part, are concerned with various "demoniacal phantasmagoria" and portents of nature. The dance rhythm is less strongly marked; but the music is strangely complicated in changing, broken, and shifting rhythms of other sorts. The instrumental color is harsher and more violent. The illustrative quality of this suite throughout is more obvious than its value specifically as music. There are many interesting instrumental passages, although some would doubtless prefer toward the end, less of the unified horns and trumpets to which the modern French composers are so addicted. The Boston Orchestra, with this performance, did not succeed in securing a general agreement among its listeners as to the surpassing value of this composition. And yet the music made itself felt as a manifestation of something individual in modern French art.

César Franck's symphony, which preceded it, presented itself like a sound and sober classic. Its orchestration never sounded richer, more beautiful than in this performance; and its effective thematic development, the ingenious use of the device of "community of theme," "cyclical form" its admirer recall it, was made to count for utmost in Dr. Muck's exquisitely clear and illuminating delineation. The middle movement, the allegretto, has the purest musical beauty, and is founded upon the most original musical ideas. The material of the first movement seems now rather poverty-stricken as well as borrowed, and at least one of the chief themes of the last, in the form in which it most frequently appears, grazes dangerously near the commonplace for those to whom this symphony is not an article of faith.

There was a brilliant close to the concert in Rimsky Korsakoff's Spanish caprice, heard for the third time in New York this season.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Jan. 12-14
Mischa Elman and Inevitable Bruch and Saint-Saens Numbers.

The Philharmonic Society brought forward Mischa Elman as soloist at its concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. This was the young Russian violinist's first appearance here this season. He was heard in Max Bruch's G minor concerto and Saint-Saens's "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso." That a violinist of Mr. Elman's rank should be compelled to effect a reentry in this city with these two much played compositions can be attributed only to the fact that all the other violinists are playing them this season. Comparisons are always challenged in this way and the challenge is never accepted. Possibly Mr. Elman can play these pieces better or worse than the other fiddlers, but no record of that supreme importance shall appear in this place.

It shall suffice to say that Mr. Elman's performance of the concerto was one of very great beauty. His tone has never been one of the big ones, but yesterday it might have been made to seem so if he had stood further forward. His manner on the platform has acquired more repose than it formerly had, but there is still room for improvement. In poetic interpretation his performance disclosed advancement. His reading was dominated by keen sympathy for the thought of the work and it afforded a continual display of beautiful tone, accurate intonation, fine nuance and mastery of technic.

The chief orchestral number was Schumann's E flat symphony, which was performed in a pretentious manner, with large and soporific monotony. In the four movements of Grieg's "Lyric Suite" orchestrated by Anton Seidl and Liszt's "Rakoczy March" the orchestra was heard to much better advantage.

"Lohengrin" had made itself familiar at that time and it in an Italian version "Tannhäuser" was never Romanized until Mr. Hammerstein made his futile and foolish attempts to break into the Wagner list with his French version a few years ago, but the patrons of the old Academy of Music learned to hum the tunes of "Merce, bel cigno gentil" and "L'el e feiel" (the wedding music to which many of them have walked up the church aisles since) back in the 70's.

The operatic ancients who saw the "Walküre" performances of thirty-seven years ago are not likely to have anything but vague or amused memories of its incidents. For the generation now preparing to abandon the stage "Die Walküre" had its beginning in January, 1885, under the German regime at the Metropolitan, and since then it has been a vital factor in the city's operatic life. There are no operatic recollections which can bring a warmer glow to the popular heart than those associated with the performances of Brinnhilde by Mesdames Materna and Lehmann, and the ideal Siegmund departed from our stage with Albert Niemann in 1888. In him we saw the real Volung—a hero of gigantic figure, with "the front of Jove himself," and large eyes, Volung eyes, full of a luminosity which, as the old legend goes, could pierce through the darkness and send back in affright the assassin who had entered a chamber at night with murderous intent.

Several things in this season's representations of "Die Walküre" recall the early ones under Dr. Damrosch and Anton Seidl. The scenery is new, but in the first act there has been a restoration of a device which seemed highly effective thirty years ago. Instead of a gust of wind blowing open the door and letting spring and a flood of moonlight enter Hunding's hut we have a tapestry curtain, forming the greater portion of the rear wall, torn from its fastenings. The picture is pretty, especially because of its new background of waving shrubbery, but why spoil the realistic effect which Wagner, a master of stagecraft, conceived—an effect which has reasonableness back of it and might be made just as beautiful? Wagner's imagination sometimes led him to forget the possibilities of stage mechanics, but surely not in this instance. How he would have marvelled and raved at the tree in the new Metropolitan setting of his drama around which Hunding's hut is built! A wonderful tree, almost as large in the trunk above the two tremendous branches which it has thrown out as it is below them and bearing palm leaves under the roof and nondescript deciduous foliage above. The Wagner dramas are growing to be what they were in the last years of the German regime, the strong prop of the Metropolitan repertory. Why not return to the respectful treatment which they received then? The device which the aerial ballet suggested for the first scene in "Das Rheingold" is a beautiful one and contains possibilities. But since the river nixies swim on wires there has been no agreement between their actions and the text and music. Clumsy and cumbersome were the old water wagons, but with their help Wagner's purposes were illustrated, at least.

The Metropolitan has also a new scene for the last act, but here a most obvious expectation is disappointed. Why cannot the cinematograph solve the riddle of the ride of the Valkyrior? The old lantern slides were absurd, and had to be abandoned. No effort has been made to supply their place. In Germany puppets on ponies, horses, cavalymen, have been tried without success. But there is scarcely a moving picture play without its galloping horses. In "Die Walküre" the effect is demanded by the music, and it ought to be easy to supply it. The fact seems to be that the Nibelung dramas are becoming mere theatre pieces in even a worse sense than the poet-composer feared in the case of his earlier works, which are much nearer the old type of opera. The principal artists concerned in last night's performance were Mme. Galski, who held her place in respectful admiration for the eloquence of her death proclamation to Siegmund; Mme. Fremstad, whose impersonation of Sieglinde recalls the beauty, pathos and dignity with which Mme. Lehmann was wont to invest the part in the classic era of Wagner at the Metropolitan; Mr. Urlus, a straightforward, always musical Siegmund; Mr. Braun, a thoroughly admirable Wotan, and Miss Robeson, who does as well with the ungracious part of Fricka as most of her many predecessors have done. The excellence of the singing of the chorus of Valkyrior makes the deficiencies in the picture of their gathering the more deplorable.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Jan. 11, 1914
A New Work by Florent Schmitt—
Franck's Symphony Played.

The programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was devoted to

hopin here. Man. Yet, after listening to the distinctly tender and poetic reading of the familiar composition by E. Carreno yesterday, it seemed conceivable that others should be dared to approach it. It was a joy merely to watch E. Carreno at her instrument. She had movements of the head and turns of the wrist, while her fingers were music.

ME. CARRENO'S RECITAL.

Second Appearance in New York of the Noted Pianist.

Mrs. Teresa Carreno, who gave a recital two months ago, gave another yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. She displayed the same characteristics in her playing as she did before, which are not in all respects remembered with the greatest pleasure in her former appearances here. She was more subdued than she used to be; there was less of brilliancy and physical power; there was less of the sweep and technical bravura that associated with her name. There was grace and at times charm. Her playing seemed to lack breadth and carry-over. She played Beethoven's sonata in F major, called the "Appassionata," pieces of Chopin, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a group of pieces by Edvard MacDowell, "Les Orientales," op. 10, after a poem by Victor Hugo, and a E major polonaise. Mme. Carreno has made a fine propaganda for MacDowell's music, not only in this country, where it might be supposed to have a disadvantage on account of special appeal, but also in Europe. It was really a labor of love. There is something touching in this country of the distinguished artist to a pupil, who in later years rose to a distinguished position as a foremost American composer; and it is a trait for which American music lovers may well feel in affectionate regard.

ME. CARRENO'S RECITAL.

Jan. 10-14
Time Fire and Power in Playing of Pianist Is Lacking to Certain Extent.

Mrs. Teresa Carreno gave her second recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, and a large audience evidently found pleasure in hearing her play. There was grace and charm in much of Mme. Carreno's playing, and her interpretations had the correctness to be expected of a pianist of her standing, but the old-time grand power were wanting. The general impression conveyed was one of refinement, but not of inspiration. There was a subdued tone throughout the concert and on rare occasions did her playing approach a real forte.

Jan. 10-14
In spite of the pianissimo quality of Mme. Carreno's performance it had its enjoyable moments. The Andante movement of Beethoven's Sonata, opus 57, with which she opened her recital, gave much pleasure. On the whole, however, the recital was not played with the force which interpretation requires. Following the Chopin number Chopin pieces were included—the Prelude in D flat, opus 28; Nocturne, opus 31, No. 2; Barcarolle and Nocturne in A flat. The first three were done, but more brilliancy could have been asked for in the Polonaise. Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, "Les Orientales," by her one-time pupil, Mr. Edvard MacDowell, and Liszt's Polonaise in major made up the remainder of her programme.

The grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was crowded yesterday afternoon for the concert given for the benefit of the New York Orthopedic Hospital and dispensary under distinguished patronage. Artists were Mme. Emma Eames, soprano; Miss Anriol Jones, pianist, and also de Gogorza, barytone. Mme. Eames's first number was Bach's "Mein süßes Herz," with cello obligato by Mr. Kefer. She sang with her husband, de Gogorza, Faure's "Crucifix" and the duo from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," "La ci darem la mano." Mme. Eames sang also two groups of songs in English, French and German and Mr. de Gogorza made a success with a group of Spanish songs. Miss Jones played compositions of Liszt, Gardiner and Wagner.

Jan. 10-14
Messrs. Galski and Fremstad, Messrs. Urlus and Braun Sing in Excellent Production.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Wagner's "Walküre" had its second representation for this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Though the singers even the most perfect, they are along in years and have precious memories, are not in the habit of thinking so, this fragment of the Nibelung tetralogy is one of the oldest in the local Wagnerian list. As a matter of fact, only "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" had been heard in New York when "Die Walküre" was performed in a Wagnerian "festival" at the Academy of Music in 1877, and of its two predecessors

sonified as Florestan and Eusebius—two of the members of his imaginary band of Davidites who made war against the Philistines in art. Only in a metaphorical and poetical sense, as the measures which the young heroes of progress played for the old giants of conservatism, are the "Davidsbündler" dances.

It is scarcely necessary to expound Chopin's "Tarantelle" and the Polonaise in F sharp minor; they belong to the concert room, not the ballroom. So does César Franck's "Danse lente" and the first of Brahms's "Hungarian Dances" (in G minor, No. 1, of the first book), which also were in Mr. Bauer's scheme, though a Magyar familiar with polite drawing-rooms might be able to accommodate his Czarda to Brahms's artistic transcription. Pieces composed for the dance, or adapted to the exercise, were the group of *Ländler*, by Schubert, and the minuet by Beethoven; possibly, also, the Fandango by Granados.

Unqualifiedly vulgar is all the music which has fallen under this writer's observation in connection with performances of the much mooted Tango. This much it is within his province to say: It is nine-tenths mere noise, vitalized by the barbaric rhythmical propulsion which it received from its black creators. Under Spanish influences graceful melodic formulas have been superimposed on the negro rhythm, with the result that the Habanera, or Danza, of South America has become a thing of real musical loveliness. In the form of Habanera, which is called the Tango in Argentina, this loveliness is paired with gracefulness and decorum in the dance. In Santo Domingo, as a traveller whose observations were often quoted in the articles on Afro-American Folksongs printed in *The Tribune* last summer says, the dance, there called *Meriqué*, is utterly lascivious and obscene. The influence of Spanish refinement was obvious in the composition by Alexander Levy, which Mr. Bauer played and which was received, with the same applause—no more, no less, no different in character—as the other pieces. Perhaps if its melody and harmonies had been drowned with the noise of drums, cymbals, bells, castanets and rattles, its rhythm would have gotten into the feet of the listeners.

From beginning to end Mr. Bauer's playing was a delight in its exhibition of grace, beauty of tone, rhythmical incisiveness and poetical feeling. A spirit of artistic dignity hovered over it, with all its predominant appeal to the senses, and this Mr. Bauer preserved when at the close of his printed list he added Saint-Saëns's study in the form of a waltz (Op. 22, No. 6), Mendelssohn's scherzo in E minor and the waltz in A major, Op. 39, No. 15, by Brahms.

BABY YEAR HEARS BRILLIANT MUSIC Jan. 12, 1914 u. S. Tribune Concerts and Song Recital Best of Sunday Events—Laurels for Jewish Singer.

Sunday evening held, as it ever does, its full quota of musical events. The chief ones last evening were the two regular operatic concerts at the Metropolitan and the Century and a song recital by Bernhard Steinberg, a well known Jewish cantor.

Perhaps many might have wished that Mr. Steinberg had incorporated some of his religious songs in his Aeolian Hall programme, for these songs are often of high excellence and interest. However, the barytone, for such Mr. Steinberg is, chose to appear in a programme such as might have been chosen by any one of the score of lieder singers who appear in a season.

The evening opened with Loew's "Der Noeck" and then came three songs of Hugo Wolf, followed by a group in which there were two effective compositions by Anselm Goeztl, who was Mr. Steinberg's accompanist. Then there was a group of English songs, the programme concluding with a Russian group by Lisikin, Tschalkowsky and Moussorgsky.

Mr. Steinberg disclosed a voice of really beautiful timbre, and one which in mezzo range he used with much delicacy. At times, however, his tones seemed a little forced and their production not altogether easy. His intelligence of interpretation was unusual, and his musical instincts sincere and sure.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Steinberg will be heard again, and that his music will include some of the Jewish ritual.

The Metropolitan Opera House has rarely held an audience as large as the one which turned out to the regular Sunday concert. The great attraction was,

doubt, the appearance of Eugene Ysaye, and the great Belgian violinist celebrated the occasion by giving of his best. He played, besides several encores, the Bruch Concerto in G minor and Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*.

When Mr. Ysaye is at his best he is an artist who knows no peer. He was at his best yesterday. A special word of praise should go to Richard Hageman for his conducting of the orchestra in its accompaniments.

The two other artists were Mme. Olive Fremstad, who sang two groups of songs, and Herbert Witherspoon, who gave "Oh tu Palermo," from "I Vespri Siciliani," and the air "Du Tambour Major," from "Le Caid."

The artists appearing at the Century, were Stella Valenza, in a harp solo; Armand Ladoux, cellist; Emil Rösset, violinist, and Miss Lena Mason. In addition, there was the whole second act of "Carmen," by Mmes. Howard, Coughlan and Latham and Messrs. Bergman, Adkins, Schuster, Phillips, Kaufman and Peacock.

Mr. Ysaye Is Heard at the Metropolitan Jan. 12, 1914 Mme. Fremstad and Mr. Witherspoon the Other Artists at Sunday Night Concert.

For the Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan last night Mr. Eugene Ysaye was the artist from outside the company. Mme. Fremstad and Mr. Witherspoon were those from within the ensemble. The audience was one of the largest that has attended these entertainments.

Mr. Ysaye maintains his popularity despite the fact that at times his playing falls below his own standard. By a peculiar coincidence he played the same concert that Mr. Misha Elman played in the afternoon with the Philharmonic Society, Bruch's G minor. There were many things in his interpretation that were admirable, and he was recalled again and again after it was finished, finally giving an encore.

His second selection, Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, won the same marks of approval. His playing was dignified and intellectual, if not inspired.

Mr. Witherspoon with his perfect diction and remarkable skill in depicting moods, sang "Oh, tu Palermo" from Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani," and an aria from "Le Caid," by Thomas.

Mme. Fremstad sang a group of songs from Wagner, "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen" and "Traume." In the last of these she pleased most. She also presented a group of German lieder by Schubert and Fraoz, finding in "Im Herbst," by Franz, an admirable means for exhibiting the dramatic quality of her art.

The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman, who was accorded a real ovation at the end of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1, with which the second part of the concert opened. The orchestra also played the overture to "William Tell" and Elgar's march, "Pomp and Circumstance."

BERNHARD STEINBERG SINGS. u. S. Sun Jan. 12, 1914 Song Recital of the Cantor of the Temple Beth-el.

The Rev. Bernhard Steinberg, barytone, cantor of the Temple Beth-el, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. It was a recital exclusively and not in any way an attempt to reproduce the sort of exhibition given in this city by Cantor Sirotka. The programme comprised songs by Loewe, Hugo Wolf, Strauss, Hermann, Spross, Walter Kramer, Tschalkowsky, Moussorgsky and others. It was a liberal and well planned programme.

Cantor Steinberg is without question a musician and a singer who has enjoyed sound training. His voice, however, lacks the warmth of quality and the variety of color necessary to sustaining the interest of a song recital. He interpreted intelligently, but was plainly restricted by the limitations of his vocal medium.

"CARMEN" ACT IN CONCERT. u. S. Sun Jan. 12, 1914

As the feature of the Sunday night concert at the Century Opera House last night they gave the complete second act from "Carmen." Miss Kathleen Howard sang the title part. Mr. Gustaf Bergman was Don José and Mr. Morton Adkins Escamillo. The lesser parts were taken by Messrs. William Schuster, Frank Phillips and Alfred Kaufman and Misses Florence Coughlan and Cordelia Latham. The entire chorus sang.

Another novel number was a harp solo, "Mestizia," by M. Valenza, which was well played by Mme. Stella Valenza. There was played by Mme. Stella Valenza, another instrumental solo, Saint-Saëns's "Prelude to 'Le Deluge,'" played by Mr. Emil Rösset, one of the violinists of the orchestra. The vocalists appearing were Miss Lena Mason, who sang an aria from Bellini's "La Sonnambula" and Miss Ivy Scott, who was heard in "They Call Me Mimi" from "La Bohème."

New Italian Opera Repeated.

The second performance of "The Love of Three Kings," by Benelli and Montemezzi, was heard by a large Monday audience at the Metropolitan last night, the cast being, with one unimportant detail, the same as before. Again the dull first act got much less applause than the second, which ends in a stirring tragic climax. This act, as well as the third, indicates that Montemezzi has the full equipment for a successful opera composer with the exception of the gift of creating original melodies. If he can acquire that important faculty he may become the successor of Puccini in the favor of the public. To be sure, it is a very big "if."

However, even if "L'Amore dei tre Re" is not a melodic masterwork (and melodic masterworks alone survive), it has been an interesting novelty, well worth hearing once or twice. It has, moreover, provided the Spanish prima donna, Lucrezia Bori, with a part which, more than any other she has assumed here, enables her to reveal her extraordinary skill as an actress, and her power to enchant the public with the beauty of her voice, which is still unfolding like a rose bud.

The fact that her voice is not yet quite full-blown, at least as to strength, makes it worth while to sound a note of warning. In the passionate climax of the second act of the Montemezzi opera *Señorita Bori* does her utmost to make her glorious voice rise above the orchestral din. The effect is thrilling, but is it worth while? She may be sacrificing her whole future on the altar of that effect. She (and her colleagues) would do well to read page 147 of the "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna," where Clara Louise Kellogg describes what happened to the great Christine Nilsson one evening when she forced her voice: "To say that it was a fatal attempt is to put it mildly. She absolutely killed a certain quality in her voice there and then, and she never recovered it. Even that night she had to cut out the second great aria. Her beautiful high notes were gone forever."

It is useless to ask Mr. Toscanini (who conducts this opera so admirably) to moderate the volume of orchestral sound, for he never pays the slightest attention to criticism, any more than he does to the welfare of the singers or the desires of the public. The singers must take this matter in their own hands and simply not try to soar above the orchestra when it becomes a cyclone of sound.

"L'AMORE DEI TRE RE" HAS REPETITION Jan. 13, 1914 u. S. Tribune

Fashionable Monday Night Audience Gives It Unquestionable Stamp of Approval.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re," the new opera by Benelli and Montemezzi, had its first repetition at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It is a proof of excellence in an opera to win the approval of a Monday night audience, then that excellence was abundantly demonstrated on this occasion. Proof of a certain kind the favor of the most aristocratic and fashionable gatherings of the week certainly is, for upon that favor largely depends the future of all the new works brought forward at an institution which exists to a great extent because of the place which it fills in the social life of the city. It was many years before Mr. Grau ventured to open a season with "Tristan und Isolde," and there has always been more than a lurking suspicion that the presence of the great favorites of the day had more to do with the choice than admiration for the work itself among the fashionable patrons of the establishment. It was, therefore, an incident of auspicious augury that the first Monday audience that heard the new work placed a most unmistakable stamp of approval upon it.

That a fine repute for the work has also reached the mass of music lovers was attested by the audience, which was as large as the theatre could well hold. It is already famous, and its fame will grow, for every hearing lifts its strong beauty into a higher light. Last night the enthusiasm manifested itself after the first act, which was rather dubiously received on the first performance. During the second act the audience was wholly under the thrall of the drama, and it is not an exaggeration to say that no such thrill of pathetic horror has passed through a Metropolitan gathering since the first performance of Wagner's great love tragedy as that which was experienced last night. It was greater than on the first night, because the performance was finer. It was

all the five persons concerned in it—Mr. Bori, Mr. Fontana, Mr. Amato, Mr. Didur and Signor Toscanini, who must never be forgotten when the success of the work is recalled. There is no need to reiterate the praise which was spoken then; but it might be, in so potent a key, was of the supreme order. A concerned have obviously been inspired by the opera, which is likely to be recognized soon as a masterpiece. Let the suffice.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE. u. S. Sun Jan. 13, 1914 "The Tales of Hoffman" Repeated Before Fair Audience.

At the Century Opera House last evening Jacques Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" was again brought forward. This is the third opera to be given a second week by the Century Opera Company since it began its season. The two others were "Madame Butterfly" and "Loulisc."

The conditions attending the representation of Offenbach's fantastic work were in much the same vein as when the company first produced it early last autumn. There was only a fair sized audience present, but the singers received much applause. The good scenery and effective costumes made up a favorable mount and the musical portion, taken as a whole, was commendable. Jan. 13, 1914

There was a new singer in the cast. This was Leonid Samoiloff, a local Russian tenor, who sang the part of Hoffman. Samoiloff has from time to time been connected with well known opera companies in the country and it is understood from the management that he has been engaged to sing at the Century Opera House during the present week.

His interpretation of the Hoffman was on well planned lines. He acted excellently. His voice is of a pleasant quality and he used it with a fair amount of skill. His enunciation of the English text was unusually clear.

Lena Mason as Olympia again took and acted the part of the automaton remarkably, though her singing left much to be desired in finish. The roles of Coppélius, Dapertout and Dr. Miracle were carried by Morton Adkins. Will Schuster undertook Spallanzani. I Ewell was the Gullotta, as well as Antonia. Kathleen Howard made an interesting but somewhat imposing N. lausse.

The chorus sang much better than some former occasions. Mr. Nicola conducted with a thorough understanding of the score, and the orchestra responded with good results.

MISS DAVIDSON'S RECITAL. u. S. Sun Jan. 13, 1914 Young Pianist Has Strong Touch, but Lack of Emotional Power Is Apparent.

In Aeolian Hall last night, pianist, Miss Rebecca Davidson, gave her first recital in this city. Her programme was one of considerable difficulty but technical equipment was equal to most of its exactions. Her touch is strong, lacking in delicacy. Not much emotional power was apparent and she showed deep understanding of the selections. It evidently has been well schooled, but not reached that stage of maturity which the concert stage demands.

With the Bach-Fantaisie Toccata and Fugue she began her recital and followed with four Brahms numbers including Rhapsody in E flat minor, Beethoven Variations with Fugue opus 25, Liszt's Ballade in B minor and short numbers, Schumann, Chopin, Ravel and Saint-Saëns were her other numbers.

MANY AT BAGBY CONCERT. u. S. Sun Jan. 13, 1914 Caruso and Ysaye Attract Large Audience to Waldorf.

Enrico Caruso of the Metropolitan Opera and Eugene Ysaye, violinist, were the artists yesterday at Mr. Bagby's musical morning. The grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was packed, the audience being one of the largest in the history of these morning musicales. Mr. Caruso with his splendid voice and he sang for his number an aria from the first act of Puccini's "La Bohème." He also sang a group of songs and Bizet's "Agnus Dei" with violin obligato by Mr. Ysaye. In response to prolonged applause he sang the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with Mr. Ysaye at the violin and William C. Ma at the organ. Mr. Ysaye played compositions of Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, Fauré and Vieuxtemps. Gaetano Scognamiglio and Camillo Decres were at the piano.

D'Indy's Music Feature of the Kneisel Concert Jan. 14, 1914

Third Entertainment of Winter Season Given Before a Large and Discriminating Audience.

At the third concert of the Kneisel Quartet given in Aeolian Hall last night an interesting programme of modern musical music was enjoyed. The audience was discriminating and

MR. CARUSO, THE BASS DRUM AND RUSSIAN MUSIC IN ONE DAY.

The uses of the extra matinee are much greater than those of adversity. At any rate it seemed to be so yesterday afternoon when one of these matinees took place at the Metropolitan Opera House. The offering was one of the numerous double bills in which "Pagliacci" with Mr. Caruso and his bass drum are the chief delights. On the occasion the tale to the kite was "Hänsel und Gretel," which was performed by the cast customarily concerned in it this season. Minnie Altem and Mattfeld were the babes in the wood, Mr. Leonhardt and Mme. Robeson were their parents and Mr. Reiss was the Witch.

In "Pagliacci" Mr. Caruso's assistant (in addition to the bass drum) were Mme. Destinn as Little Nedda, and Mr. Scott as Tonio. It is needless to add that Mr. Caruso played his bass drum with temperament and "maestria" and also sang "Ridi, Pagliaccio" to the manifest delight of the audience. These two things are the sum and substance of most performances of Leoncavallo's opera in this year of grace.

MR. SEAGLE'S RECITAL.

Reappearance of an American Baritone Pupil of Jean de Reszke.

Mr. Oscar Seagle, who made his first appearance as a singer of songs in New York last season, has returned to this city and gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Seagle is a young American who has studied with Jean de Reszke and has been one of his assistants there in teaching. Well known in Paris, as a newcomer to New York last season he surprised and pleased his hearers by the manifold excellences of his voice and method, as he did again yesterday. His baritone voice has an unusually beautiful quality, exceptional power and sonority, a timbre of an extremely sympathetic kind.

To his remarkable natural gifts he has added the fine training which gives him a technical command of his resources, an unerring control. He has been able to appropriate to his own uses something more than the externals of his distinguished teacher's methods and style. There is much in his singing that is reminiscent of them; and as an examination purely of the art of vocalism it has great value and interest.

It was evident again yesterday, however, as it was last year, that Mr. Seagle has not yet attained to the highest flights in song singing, the potent command of variety in emotional expressiveness, and characterization of mood, which is the supreme quality of that art. Instead of these matters, his attention seems to be as yet directed more upon vocalization, the attainment of beautiful utterances through the many purely technical resources of which he is a master. Mr. Seagle's lack at present is intensity and depth of expression, the power of penetrating to the inner spirit of music of a deeper sort, whether it be passionate, tragic, or tender. And yet the note of sincerity and true artistic feeling is never absent from his singing. It is always manly and direct, always marked by fine taste, rarely superficial, and it rarely discloses a lack of intelligence in the consideration he has given to his artistic material, however much it may show a temperamental aloofness.

His finest successes were gained in the older songs of his programme. The air from Bach's cantata, "The Contest Between Phoebus and Pan," needs, to be sure, a little more unctious than he found for it, a little more spontaneity; but it was a beautiful piece of singing. There was an infinite charm in his performance of two old French songs, "a Musette" and "a Tambourin," delivered with finished phrasing, in a suave "mezzo voce," perfectly placed and poised, and with a beautiful quality and graduation of tone. These were so much liked that he was called upon to repeat the first, and to add another of the same genre.

He had a delightful series of modern French songs, beginning with Chausson's "Colibri," sung with true sincerity and feeling, and Vidor's "Le Plongeur," which he made significant. Paladilhe's "Psyche," conceived with a sincere tenderness, he had to repeat. There was a charming song by Rimsky Korsakoff, "Les Rossignols"; and in Moussorgsky's "Chanson de la Puce" there was something of the bizarre irony and bitterness—sometimes outside the boundary of purely musical expression—that are "Boris Godonoff," and of which he reproduced much. To this set he added Debussy's "Mandoline," which needed a little lighter touch, a little more insouciance, than he gave it.

There was something less of success in his delivery of German songs. His diction in them was not quite so good as in his French. There was not enough of the dashing chivalrous spirit in the "Provencalches Lied" from Schumann's cantata "Des Sängers Fluch"; and he caught the serious spirit of Brahms's "Alle Liebe" much more truly than the soaring exaltation of his "Botschaft." He closed this group with Novak's "Zigeunerlied," leaving out Novak's "Zigeunertanz." His last group was of songs in English by John Alden Carpenter, Campbell-Tipton, Marshall Kernochan, and Carl Busch.

Mr. Yves next played Mr. Seagle's accompaniments with unusual finish and spirit, and also contributed some solo numbers to the programme: Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" and pieces by Faure and Moszkowski, in a way that showed him to be an artist of much capacity.

MIRTH AND CRIME IN A DAY'S OPERAS

U. S. Tribune Jan. 15-1914

"Hänsel und Gretel's" Charm Joins with Sad "Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan.

The opera yesterday was chiefly notable for its violent contrasts, contrasts which displayed most effectively the virtuosity of the Metropolitan's forces, a virtuosity which would be possible in no other operatic institution in the world.

The afternoon opened with a performance of "Hänsel und Gretel," and Eubelbert Humperdinck's delightful work received as charming a performance as could well be wished for. Of course Miss Bella Altem was Gretel, as she ever will be Gretel in the memory of all who have heard her. In fact, Gretel is a fixed point about which Miss Altem revolves. And equally naturally Mme. Mattfeld was Hänsel.

Mr. Leonhardt's Peter is a worthy successor to Mr. Goritz's, even if it is a successor—for who can succeed Mr. Goritz? Miss Robson was excellent as the Mother and Mr. Reiss was as horrid a Witch as ever came into a child's nightmare. Owing to Miss Braslau's indisposition, Mme. Duchene sang the Sandmädchen, and sang it well. Mr. Morgenstern conducted to general satisfaction. The sombre "Pagliacci" followed, with Mr. Caruso repeating his usual success as the clown. In fact, he more than repeated it, being overcome by emotion after the "Ridi Pagliacci."

The evening introduced again "Boris Godonoff." Modeste Moussorgsky's Russian opera, the continued success of which has been one of the surprising and encouraging events of the year. Boris is not so unlike "Hänsel und Gretel" as it is unlike "Pagliacci"; for, as Humperdinck's opera is based on the folk-music of Germany, what is most characteristic and most interesting in Moussorgsky's is the product of the soil of Russia.

Mr. Didur, Mr. Althouse, Mr. Seguroia, Mr. Rothier, Mr. Reiss, Mme. Ober, Miss Sparker, Mme. Duchene and Mme. Nau-bourg have been praised worthily for their work. It was most admirable yesterday. There was only one change in the cast: Miss Case, owing to Miss Braslau's illness, resumed the part of Theodore, which she created at its first American performance. Mr. Toscanini's genius once more illuminated the score and brought joy to the hearts of all who love music for music's sake.

VIOLIN RECITAL HELD U. S. Tribune Californian Does Excellent Work at Aeolian Hall.

Jaime Overton, a young California violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall and displayed to an audience of moderate size a very pretty talent, though as yet one that is immature.

The young violinist's playing was very uneven, as in the Tartini-Kreisler variations on a theme of Corelli he showed at times real brilliancy of execution and a tone that was warm and pure. The Bach E major concerto was rather too much for the young man's powers, but even in this there were moments in which his work gave evidence of a musical

thing out of the ordinary. Taken all in all Mr. Overton's recital should be one of good omen, though he has yet much to learn in technical mastery as well as in interpretative feeling.

JAIME OVERTON'S DEBUT. U. S. Tribune Jan. 15-1914 Young Violinist Plays in Straight-forward, Creditable Way.

Jaime Overton, a young violinist, gave his first recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It is almost needless to say that the Saint-Saens "Rondo Capriccioso" was on the programme. Violinists are playing it this season one after the other with the brilliant originality of a flock of sheep. For that reason it is preferable to note that Mr. Overton began with Bach's E major concerto. His second group composed three numbers by Kreisler, together with two transcriptions by the same violinist.

It was in the early part of the programme that Mr. Overton disclosed pretty clearly the quality of his art. He is young and doubtless hopeful and time may do much for him, for he has a real if not large talent. His tone is good, his intonation generally accurate, and his manner unaffected. His playing is free from most of the vices of the virtuoso. He neither sneers nor sentimentalizes. He plays honestly and cleanly. If he conveys no big personal message he at least does no violence to the music before him. When he has broadened his conceptions and his style, he may become an interesting soloist.

MISS HUSTON IN FINE PROGRAMME

Jan 16 1914 Brilliant Concert at Aeolian Hall.

Selections Out of the Common, but Satisfactory.

VOICE HARD TO CLASSIFY

Miss Margaret Huston gave a concert of a most unusual, and therefore satisfying, nature, yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Her first part consisted of a group of Hugo Wolf songs including two of the Italian lyrics, and the Nixebinefuss Verschwiegene Liebe, and Ich Hab Penna.

Now, what did Miss Huston bring these songs? The answer may be faced by saying that she has a most agreeable presence, a platform manner winsome and intellectual vivacity, and obvious determination to be listened to. Her voice is not easy to classify. It is a mezzo-soprano with flexible high notes, somewhat like those with which Minnie Altem used to astonish us, yet the low and customs of a German community in notes are rich and capable of dramatic expressiveness.

Wolf Well Interpreted.

Her singing of the Nixebinefuss was a veritable tour de force, for here Wolf at his most whimsical and tricky. The musical sense of the song is rapid, and it must be rapidly sung, Miss Huston made every word clear, and some of the words like Zwergen—Gnomes—Meisterstück, were very mau words. Perhaps the Ich Hab Penna was a little too explosive.

The words of one of the prose lyrics by Debussy, on Miss Huston's programme, deserves citation as a testimony to her plucky audacity in voyaging through strange seas of song alone.

"Shadows unroll like striped silk dawning the sea, and scaring the foot waves that leap like little girls let of school who show green petticoats beneath the frou-frou of their robes. Clouds, weather wise, discuss the storm which is a grave affair in a fish water-color. The foolish waves not know where to run,—see how immodest wind whirls aloft their green petticoats!—But the moon, having for all, comes to still this incipient pest and reassures her little friends by offering loving lips to her warm white face. That is all, except the sound of the sea of a passing ship—the Angelus of sea."

Tries Untrodden Paths.

But Miss Huston is quite right here was a lack of faith in what was to tempt the untrodden paths. The serenade at the old repertory, and reason, but it was certainly exaggerated. The performance was on the whole one in which intelligence and sympathy predominated. With Mr. Toscanini in the conductor's chair and the cast presented by Mr. Gatti-Casazza this condition was assured. The treatment of the work by sorsky, Weingartner and Hert all concerned showed devotion to the highest artistic ideals and a large understanding of Wagner's purposes. But there were some regrettable deficiencies in the delivery of the music, deficiencies which lessened the lyric spell of the music. Operagoers need hardly be told that the most important personage musically in this work is Hans Sachs. This role for

WAGNER'S COMEDY A DISAPPOINTMENT

"Die Meistersinger" Performed at the Metropolitan Without Distinction.

"Die Meistersinger," Wagner's only comedy, had its first performance for this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was first brought out here on January 2, 1886, and has, therefore, been before the local public for twenty-eight years—a longer period than The Tribune's reviewer at the time thought likely—that it would endure, in view of the uncompromising Teutonism of its comedy, and what he thought would be considered the aridness of much of its dialogue. But it has endured and won its way to the hearts of a large enough element among New York's operagoers to fire the big theatre whenever it is given. Whence it draws its generous patronage is plainly evidenced by the fact that nearly every markedly characteristic speech of Goritz-Beckmesser sends a ripple of laughter through the audience.

The performance last night did not provide unalloyed pleasure. Signor Toscanini conducted it, as he has done heretofore. There can be no question about his knowledge and admiration for the music; as little can there be any question about his want of understanding of the words and their meaning. "Die Meistersinger" is to him a great orchestral song, full of splendor, rich with a multitude of instrumental voices. It is that, also, to all who appreciate its beauties; but it is something vastly more. It is a comedy with a deep purpose, which finds expression in its words and action as well as in its orchestral part, which, with all its manifold beauties is, after all, but the sweeping current on which the drama is swept along. Last night, as on previous occasions when Signor Toscanini conducted, the people of the play sang and acted as if under nervous constraint.

There was no opportunity for them to declaim their lines effectively or to indulge in effective action. They had to adjust everything to Signor Toscanini and his orchestra. In view of the great beauty of the Italian conductor's interpretation of the music of "Tristan und Isolde" and "Götterdämmerung" this dispraise may seem extraordinary, but it need not. The language of tragedy is universal and unbounded by time; of comedy local and a mezzo-soprano with flexible high notes, somewhat like those with which Minnie Altem used to astonish us, yet the low and customs of a German community in notes are rich and capable of dramatic expressiveness.

Under the circumstance there is no temptation to discuss the merits and demerits of individuals in last night's representation. There was nothing commendable in the one newcomer in the cast—Mr. Schlegel, as Kothner—and little commendable in the people with whom the public was familiar. Mr. Braun was a very Sachs-like Pagner and Mr. Julius quite the opposite of the gallant, graceful, tuneful Knight that he ought to have been. There never has been a trace of poetry in the Eva of Mme. Gadske, and very little of either cobbler or poet in Mr. Well's Sachs. In fact, traces of the order of things which used to prevail were to be found only in Mr. Goritz's inimitable Beckmesser, Mr. Reiss's David, Mme. Mattfeld's Magdalena, the orchestra and chorus.

Wagner's comic opera "Die Meistersinger" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in the current season. An audience of moderate size and enthusiasm was present. The reentry of the work into the repertory ought to have called forth a larger demonstration of public interest, but it is by no means improbable that

there were some regrettable deficiencies in the delivery of the music, deficiencies which lessened the lyric spell of the music. Operagoers need hardly be told that the most important personage musically in this work is Hans Sachs. This role for

some reason not quite clear is restored to the hands of Hermann Well, a German Wagnerian Interpreter, who knows the German traditions and cherishes most of the traditions of the vicious Wagner singing of a quarter of a century ago. There was some very fine Wagner singing then, too, but it was not highly approved. There was a vague theory that Wagner could not and ought not to be sung lyrically.

Now the musical soul of "Die Meistersinger" is lyricism, and it is the new gospel of this which opens up the fountains of the soul of Hans Sachs and sets him to lyric utterance of his own. Because of his dry and hard quality of tone, his brittle method of enunciation and his want of vocal nuance Mr. Well fails to disclose the true Hans Sachs and hence works much harm to a performance of "Die Meistersinger."

If there were no other singer available for this part, the matter might be dismissed with an expression of sorrow. But since a more lyric Hans Sachs is obtainable without going outside of the present company, there can be only wonder that Mr. Well is not supplanted. He is intelligent and earnest and his Sachs commands respect, but it does not satisfy.

Others in last evening's cast were Mme. Gadski as Eva, Mr. Erlus as Walther, Mr. Richter, get this rubato even more successfully than Germans do. Mr. Toscanini misses it—or much of it—and that was as well as he did at the beginning of his New York engagement, and indeed at times last night he too did injury to Wagner's sensuous melody.

Mme. Gadski was the same earnest Eva as of old, and Mr. Goritz's Beckmesser loses nothing as the seasons go by. Mr. Braun's Pogner was dignified, well sung and well sustained throughout the evening.

Mr. Toscanini conducted with great enthusiasm and his admirable orchestra played with splendid tone, with elasticity and color. But it is indisputable that there were times when the instrumental part was too loud. It is a pity that Mr. Toscanini cannot go back a dozen rows behind himself when he is conducting and hear some of his "Meistersinger." He would certainly use the soft pedal often if he did this.

There were some admirable features in last night's performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan, and some that were disappointing. Mme. Gadski's Eva has often been praised for its vocal beauty and its sincerity; last night it had these qualities as well as touches of realism in action and facial expression that are of more recent acquisition. The youthfulness of her appearance was remarkable. Her voice showed signs of fatigue at first, but these passed away, and in the great quintet it soared above the splendid ensemble thrillingly.

While there is more humor in the part of Magdalene than Marie Mattfeld brought out, she sang it tolerably well, though not as well as Mme. Homer. Two absolutely perfect impersonations were the Beckmesser of Otto Goritz and the David of Albert Reiss. It is impossible to give Mr. Reiss a small part; like the late M. Gilbert, he makes everything he does important. Of Mr. Goritz's Beckmesser a column might be written; he kept the audience amused every moment he was on the stage; in the first act with his blackboard antics; in the second with his serenade, imitatively grotesque in song and action; in the third with his discovery of the prize song and his extravagant gratitude toward Sachs for letting him have it, and in the last scene with his burlesque singing of it. Many of his lines were greeted with laughter from the audience. The distinctness with which he makes the words audible all over the house is simply astonishing. Every opera singer in the country should go and hear him. Opera in English will be a huge success as soon as English-speaking singers learn to do as Goritz does.

Carl Braun would have doubtless been a fine Pogner had he been in good voice; he seemed tired, possibly from overwork. Nor was Mr. Erlus at his best; one could not but think that Riccardo Martin, who rejoins the company, would sing this part with more legato and volume of tone. Doubtless, too, Putnam Griswold would have made more of the important part of Hans Sachs than Otto Well did. There are some good things about his Sachs, among them dignity and good enunciation; but he falls below the level of what local audiences are used to. The way Carl Schlegel did Kothner also made one sigh for the good of old times—the times when Adolf Mühlmann did this pedantic part with so much unction. The equal of this versatile artist has not been found yet in this rôle, nor in that of the Bonze in "Butterfly" and several other impersonations.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Hertz was

not permitted to conduct the opera as he did last year. Mr. Toscanini is doubtless the greatest of living operatic conductors, but "Die Meistersinger" is not in his line. He does not know German, and to lead a performance of this opera satisfactorily one must be able to follow every line of the text, suiting the music to it, word by word. The drama, even without the music, would make an amusing play (with cuts!). It has been introduced as a "reader" into German schools, and there are almost as many "familiar quotations" from it as there are from "Hamlet." No other poem gives a better idea of Wagner's dramatic genius, of his wonderful fertility of invention, and his keen eye for theatrical effect.

To subordinate such a poem too much to the music, as Mr. Toscanini unavoidably does, is unpardonable, however glorious the music may be. But even the music must

fall short of perfection if the conductor is unable to modify its pace in accordance with the meaning of each line. There is a tempo rubato in this dramatic music—that is, a flexibility of motion, a constant ebb and tide of pace, which is as subtle in its way as the tempo rubato of Chopin's piano pieces. Hungarians, like Seidl, Nikisch, Gadschl as Eva, Mr. Erlus as Walther, Mr. Richter, get this rubato even more successfully than Germans do. Mr. Toscanini misses it—or much of it—and that was as well as he did at the beginning of his New York engagement, and indeed at times last night he too did injury to Wagner's sensuous melody.

It is universally admitted that Wagner's chief fault is a tendency to dwell too long on each scene—a tendency which is even more objectionable in comedy than in tragedy. Instead of coming to his rescue, as Seidl and others did, by judicious pruning, Mr. Toscanini performs the over-long Heppera practically uncut. Mr. Hertz is also foolish in this respect; yet he made some cuts, but Mr. Toscanini restored the pages taken out. The consequence is that the singers are subject to over-fatigue and the hearers have to endure nearly four hours and a half of music, which is an hour more than most of them want. In other words, Mr. Toscanini shows the same disregard for the public as for the singers—and the prosperity of Wagner's operas. What makes the situation ridiculous as well as deplorable is the fact that the pages which Seidl used to omit, but which Toscanini restores, are not interesting musically, but only as details in the dialogue—which he disregards because he does not understand it.

Call it stubbornness, stupidity, or fanaticism—the name does not signify. What is certain is that Wagner's glorious opera, as well as Mme. Homer. Two absolutely perfect impersonations were the Beckmesser of Otto Goritz and the David of Albert Reiss. It is impossible to give Mr. Reiss a small part; like the late M. Gilbert, he makes everything he does important. Of Mr. Goritz's Beckmesser a column might be written; he kept the audience amused every moment he was on the stage; in the first act with his blackboard antics; in the second with his serenade, imitatively grotesque in song and action; in the third with his discovery of the prize song and his extravagant gratitude toward Sachs for letting him have it, and in the last scene with his burlesque singing of it. Many of his lines were greeted with laughter from the audience. The distinctness with which he makes the words audible all over the house is simply astonishing. Every opera singer in the country should go and hear him. Opera in English will be a huge success as soon as English-speaking singers learn to do as Goritz does.

Philharmonic Concert. The programme presented last night by the Philharmonic Society showed how thoroughly en rapport Mr. Stransky and his players are. It also showed Mr. Stransky's versatility. His conducting of the Mendelssohn overture, "Fingert's Cave," brought out the refined poetry without being in the least effeminate. After this the audience was in the proper mood to receive Brahms's Second Symphony, which has never been better played in this city. Each movement was delightful, but there was a brooding tenderness in the third that made it especially appealing. So completely at one were the conductor and orchestra that the listeners were drawn into close intimacy with them and the composer. The soloist of the occasion, Mischa Elman, still plays tone for tone's sake, and stoops to theatrical effects, which, however, win approval, and he was heartily applauded last night. His faults are less apparent in the Tchaikovsky Concerto than in any other he works he performs, and any one hearing him play it might easily think his interpretation adequate; but others have brought out heights and depths Mr. Elman does not seem to look for. Mr. Stransky gave the young man full liberty in his vagaries, and, while subordinating himself and the orchestra, the accompaniment was nevertheless as important as the solo. The "Tannhäuser" Overture became a tone poem as it was played last night, and as a performance it can be classed with Mr. Stransky's "Tasso." His climaxes are never forced, they seem to grow from the inner spirit of the work in hand, and his truest

compliment is to be found in the way his men respond to the merest wave of his baton.

MOZART AND FRITZ KREISLER

A Delightful Concert by the Symphony Society.

VIOLINIST DISCLOSES FINE MUSICIANSHIP

"Parsifal" Color Shown in Orchestral Garb of Cesar Franck's Selection.

After an intermission which began before Christmas and was devoted to a Western tour, the Symphony Society resumed its local ministrations in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It was the sixth concert in the Friday afternoon series, and its programme will be repeated to-morrow afternoon. A more thoroughly delightful affair than Mr. Damrosch provided could scarcely have been planned. The programme was divided into two parts, the first given over to music by Mozart, the second to French music of what might be called the quasi-classical type as distinguished from the new school of to-day—quasi-classical because the compositions harked back to an early period when solidity of manner was still respected and the flocculent whimsies of Debussy had not been dreamed of. To both divisions of the scheme Mr. Fritz Kreisler lent his superb art, playing a concerto for violin in D major, and Saint-Saens's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. It was the fourth performance which that work has received here within a fortnight, Thibaud, Elman and Jaime Overton also having chosen it as one of their introductory numbers, but played as it was yesterday, with a rhythmical crispness and a purity of intonation which none of Mr. Kreisler's predecessors could equal, it brought a pleasant relief to the listeners whose minds had been put on a strain by Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue" which preceded it, and also something of the ingenuous delight awakened by the Symphony in G minor and the concerto of the wholly classical German master. In both the solo pieces Mr. Kreisler disclosed consummate musicianship, embodying the spirit of the eighteenth century, with its ineffable grace and sheer loveliness, as completely as the scintillant witchery of the rondo composed by the Frenchman who has linked together the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and was declared by Dr. Von Bulow a generation ago to be the most intellectual musician (*Musikalischer Kopf*) then living.

It was in the symphony that the pleasures of the afternoon reached high tide. Mr. Damrosch and his men have done nothing better in years. The reading was sound, sweet and virile, the tone of the band splendidly muscular, pure and euphonious. In the minuet especially the soundness of the "the joy of youth and health" and "case of heart."

Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue" is a solo piece for pianoforte. It was presented yesterday in an orchestral garb fashioned by Gabriel Pierné, a master in orchestration. In it the Belgian master poured out consciously an oblation to Bach, and, unconsciously, perhaps, received a contribution from Wagner—a fact which the orchestral transcription brought prominently into notice. The bells of the temple of the Grail rang in the melody of the choral with its descending fourths all the more plainly because there was the "Parsifal" color in the orchestra. The prelude left the question whether or not the transcription was justified by the results attained, but in the fugue and especially in the climax, where all the thematic material is interwoven in the brilliant fabric, the effort was indubitably fine.

The sixth Friday afternoon subscription concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday was interesting in more ways than one. There was a novelty on the programme, and that was some old music, whose useful and lofty beauty brought joy to the souls of hearers not jaunted in appetite by reason of constant feasting on "ginger" hot in the mouth. The new thing was an orchestral transcription of Cesar Franck's prelude, choral and fugue for piano.

It would not be difficult to occupy a column with thoughts suggested by this fine composition, but these would add rather than its original distinction.

his life of the composer. The best and successful idea is in the later development of the technique to make piano pieces on the lines of old forms. This prelude, choral and fugue is one of these pieces, and a worthy one.

It is not essential to discuss the question of the advisability of turning piano works into orchestral ones. It is an old topic, and the debate on it will brook no end. But if one is radically opposed to translated music he will none less be persuaded to forgive much in the days of poverty in orchestral composition. Mr. Pierné has performed his task with consummate scholarship and with an appreciation of the content of Franck's composition. In its new shape the work is certainly effective and interesting, but this was inevitable. On the whole, however, Mr. Pierné has made the music sound as if it had been composed for orchestra, and this is saying much.

The concert began with Mozart's minor symphony, after which Fritz Kreisler played the same master's violin concerto in D major. This composition, 139 years old and it is as fresh and as captivating as the flowers which bloomed last summer. The slow movement has all that fine aristocracy which characterizes the best products of Mozart's pen, while the last movement rondo form is a lyric poem of the Venetian court dances of the eighteenth century. The fact that one sometimes has to catch an echo of the voice of the saying, "Signor the Little Frenchman you dance?" adds zest to the concert of the movement.

Mr. Kreisler had some difficulty keeping his violin in tune, and this, his playing, was responsible for a false intonation, especially in the movement. But his art was none the less admirable, and his performance was the whole one of high distinction. A French music Mr. Kreisler played "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" by Saint-Saens.

VERDI AT THE OPERA

"Un Ballo in Maschera" Heard by a Large Audience. Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. There was a large audience, and apparently a great amount of pleasure was given by the performance. The cast was the same as before, except that Duchene was the *Urbio*. Her impersonation was entirely creditable. Mr. Cro was in exceptionally good condition and sang with much vigor and at times more than his customary finish.

Mme. Destinn was heard to advantage as *Amelia* and Mme. Hempel sang music of *Oscar* with manifest relish. Amato, whose *Renato* was not up to the standard when the work was first sung this season, sang well and was good to look at. The chorus had plenty of spirit and so did the orchestra. Mr. Toscanini presided over affairs with his familiar energy.

Kreisler and Cesar Franck.

The New York Symphony concert yesterday afternoon had Fritz Kreisler as a Cesar Franck novelty for its main attractions. Aside from this, the orchestra played Mozart's Symphony in G minor. Kreisler was heard in one of the five concertos for violin, which Mozart composed in 1775. It followed the symphony. Besides this, he played Saint-Saens's well-known Rondo Caprice. The magic of Kreisler's name brought an unusually large audience to hear the concert, the boxes especially, having been filled as they had not been before this year, except when Kreisler sang earlier in the season.

It was not an especially good day for strings, so even Mr. Kreisler's velvet tone had an occasional scratch in it, but these were only tiny flaws in otherwise flawless playing. Mr. Kreisler played the Mozart concerto with the greatest beauty and tenderness, and with the comprehension which has grown out of his intimate knowledge of the violin music of all the masters of that time. His devotion to earlier violin compositions has not, however, narrowed him so he cannot do justice to the modern works. He plays them equally well, but in an entirely different spirit. The Saint-Saens was full of dash, rhythm, and virility, exactly what suits its rhapsodical characteristics.

Cesar Franck's Prelude, choral and fugue were originally written for piano. It is hardly that the eminent Belgian composer made the amazing mistake of supposing, like the programme annotator, that after Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven no new artistic material had been found into compositions for the piano, but that Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt had merely expanded the technical possibilities of the instrument. Franck's sympathies have led him to use the older forms, and the results, especially in the choral, were

Opera House and disclosed the same poverty of tone in the lower register and the same lapses from artistic dignity. Those who are not swayed by public moods will in the future recall the first hysteria about Mme. Tetrazzini's singing done, and Mme. Fremstad gave the with philosophic minds and will continue to regret that such extraordinary vocal gifts were not directed by a larger musical intelligence and guarded by a nicer taste. There is much that is genuinely beautiful and much that is uncommon in Mme. Tetrazzini's voice and technical skill. In certain features her voice surpasses all others heard in recent years. But these features are confined within narrow limits and there is little musical resource to atone for the deficiencies elsewhere.

SOPRANO AND CELLIST.

Alice Nielsen and Jean Gerardy
Heard in Joint Concert.

Alice Nielsen used to be an operetta singer, but now she is a "grand opera" prima donna, and consequently she feels obliged to stand forth on the concert platform and sing "lieder." Operetta singers are excused from this. When Miss Nielsen sings the "Botschaft" of Brahms with the all pervasive misunderstanding which she brought to it yesterday afternoon one wishes that she were still in operetta.

The occasion of this remarkable display was a joint concert given by Miss Nielsen and Jean Gerardy, the violinist, at Carnegie Hall. It seems hardly necessary to catalogue the numbers on the programme. Some of Miss Nielsen's songs were prettily sung, and the quality of her voice was always agreeable. But the solid part of the musical pleasure was contributed by Mr. Gerardy, whose playing of Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and a suite by Boccherini published once more the increased dignity and repose of his style.

MISS NIELSEN HEARD WITH MR. GERARDY. Singer and 'Cellist Give Pleasing Joint Recital in Carnegie Hall.

Miss Alice Nielsen, soprano of the Boston Opera company, and Mr. Jean Gerardy, 'cellist, entertained a large audience in Carnegie Hall with a joint recital yesterday afternoon. The programme was one of much variety.

Both artists were heard to advantage. Miss Nielsen was in good voice, and except for a vibrato which at times became unpleasant she sang with pleasing effect. Beginning her programme with Handel's "Care Selve" and an aria from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," she sang German lieder from Schubert, Liszt and Brahms, a group in French by Sinding, Sjogren, Duparc and Bemberg and American songs by Parker, Leon, Spross and Brewer. Brahms' "Wegenlied" was sung with charm, and Miss Nielsen repeated it after insistent applause. Sjogren's "Dors, chere Prunella" also pleased the audience.

Mr. Gerardy is a 'cellist of extraordinary gifts. His powers were noted when he appeared with Messrs. Ysaye and Godowsky in a joint recital a week ago last Wednesday. The beauty of the tone which he gets from his instrument, his accuracy in fingering and in intonation and, above all, his ability to interpret music made his playing delightful. First he played Beethoven's "Variations Symphoniques," and later Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," Boccherini's Suite for Violoncello and short selections from Bach, Schumann and Davidoff.

SAPIRSTEIN AT PRINCESS Second of Series of Programmes for Piano—Opera Concerts.

The only individual recital in the music world yesterday took place in the afternoon, when David Saperstein gave the second in his series of piano recitals at the Princess Theatre. Mr. Saperstein has already proved himself one of the most promising of the younger pianists now in the New York music world, and he continued that impression yesterday. He opened his programme with Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 111, which he followed with a long group of Chopin, which included nine preludes, four etudes, the Ballade, Op. 28, in F major, and the Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 1, in F major.

His playing of Chopin was marked throughout with incisiveness and delicacy of touch and with great clarity of tone. There appeared, perhaps, at times a little tendency to sentimentalization, but this never passed limits that could be defended. In short, Mr. Saperstein throughout was always an artist of sincere musicianship. The audience was not large, but it was abundantly appreciative. The regular Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House was de-

voiced to Wagner, the three singers being Mme. Olive Fremstad, Putnam Griswold and Riccardo Martin, the orchestra being under the direction of Richard Hageman. Mr. Griswold's singing of Sachs's Address from Act III of "Die Meistersinger," and Mr. Martin's of the Spring Song from "Die Walkure" were both unusually well done, and Mme. Fremstad gave the Liebestod in her usual exquisite fashion. Mr. Hageman's direction of the orchestra was uniformly authoritative and confident and the large audience most enthusiastic. The regular Sunday concert also took place at the Century.

SAPERSTEIN GIVES FIRST RECITAL AT THE PRINCESS Mme. Tetrazzini Draws Through to Hippodrome—Mr. Elman Heard at Metropolitan.

David Saperstein, a young pianist, whose appearance last season in the New York concert world was an occasion of not a little satisfaction to his well wishers, appeared again yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theatre in the first of a series of four recitals.

Mr. Saperstein proved that he has made marked progress since his last appearance both in richness of tone and interpretive power. His playing of the Bach prelude and fugue, Vol. I, No. 16, was unusually clear cut, and his reading of the Beethoven sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, was informed with not a little poetic feeling.

The charming Little Princess Theatre is like Mr. Ames's Little Theatre—a most admirable auditorium for recitals of an intimate nature—and yesterday's offering gained accordingly.

A concert of a very different type took place in the evening at the Hippodrome, where Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini's magic name shone over the doors in letters of electric flame. Mme. Tetrazzini's figure has not diminished, but quite the contrary, since those days when she and Miss Mary Garden were the two chief props of Oscar Hammerstein's temple of song. Her voice, however, is still with her and her bravura, and she threw off her trill in "Caro Nome" and in Venezano's "Grand Valse" with her oldtime brilliancy.

Gounod's "Ave Maria," which the audience forced her to repeat, was less satisfactory, though she sang it better the second time than the first. Those who love Mme. Tetrazzini's peculiar art are legion, and they were out in force last night. Naham Franko and his orchestra accompanied the singer, and Mr. Franko played well the violin obligato to the "Ave Maria."

The concert at the Metropolitan had Mischa Elman for the outside artist, and Miss Case and Mr. Cristalli of the opera forces. Mr. Elman played Mendelssohn's violin concerto in E minor and a number of shorter numbers. Miss Case sang the bell song from "Sakine" and Mr. Cristalli the flower song from "Carmen." The orchestra, under the leadership of Richard Hageman, played, among other things, a reverie from "La Marquise de Pompadour," an opera by Riccardo Succi, a member of the Metropolitan's orchestra. It proved to be a work of some melody and was applauded by the audience.

There was an audience of moderate size at the regular Century Opera House concert. A number of the company's artists took part, including Miss Ewell and Mr. Whately.

MR. SAPIRSTEIN'S RECITAL.

Mr. David Saperstein, a young pianist of promise and serious purpose, gave a recital in the Princess Theatre yesterday. It was the first of four Sunday afternoon appearances which he will make there. There is a pleasant intimacy between performer and audience in small halls such as the Princess and it was noticeable yesterday.

Mr. Saperstein began his programme with Bach's Prelude and Fugue, Vol. I, No. XVI, and two two-part inventions, Nos. 6 and 8. His playing in the Bach numbers was interesting, but he was at his best in Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, opus 81, No. 2. From Chopin he played five Etudes, Ballade, opus 23; Nocturne, opus 27, and Scherzo, opus 20. Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" and Busoni's arrangement of Liszt's Polonaise in E major also were heard. It was a recital of serious music played in a dignified manner, without resorting to show pieces or technical display for its own sake.

The Century Opera Concert

The soloists at the Century Opera House concert last night were Lois Ewell, Irene Langford, and Mary Carson, and Messrs. Wheatley, Kreidler, and Kaufman. Miss Ewell gave a group of Southern songs by Homer, Neidlinger, and Rogers, and the others sang operatic arias. The orchestral numbers were the march from "Tannhauser," the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," the barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann," and the entrance of the gods into Walhalla from "Das Rheingold." The waltzes from Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," and the prelude to Act III of Victor Herbert's "Na-

tasha" were also heard. The orchestra was conducted and Edward Collier assisted at the piano.

Mischa Elman Chief Soloist at Metropolitan

Violinist Plays to Please Popular Taste

—Operatic Artists Also

Heard.

At last night's concert in the Metropolitan Opera House the additional artist was Mr. Mischa Elman, the popular Russian violinist.

Mr. Elman often has been accused of sacrificing art for popular favor. This he has not done to any great extent in his previous appearances this year with the Philharmonic Society, but some of his playing last night was a little over done. Mendelssohn's music is a temptation to one who is inclined to sentimentalize, and in his concerto in E minor, which Mr. Elman played, some fault might be found. There was an over abundance of tremolo which, while it pleased the gallery, was not altogether to the liking of many serious minded musicians. However, there is so much vitality and youthful exuberance in the playing of Mr. Elman that much can be overlooked by the most exacting of listeners.

The artists from the opera company who appeared were Mr. Italo Gristalli, tenor, who was heard in the Flower Song from "Carmen" and an aria from Mascagni's "Iris," and Miss Anna Case, who sang the Bell Song from Delibes' "Lakme" and a group of songs from Schubert, Chopin and Rimsky-Korsako. Both singers were received with enthusiasm.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman was heard in Mendelssohn's overture "Ruy Blas," the prelude and reverie from Lucchesi's "La Farquise de Pompadour" and the Strauss valse "On the Beautiful Blue Danube."

MASSENET'S 'MANON' AT METROPOLITAN

Reaches the Monday Auditors
in Tenth Week Instead
of First.

CARUSO AND FARRAR SING

Two Emotional Songbirds Throb
Together in Monastery
Love Scene.

Massenet's "Manon" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The work was announced for the first night of the opera, November 17, but it failed to reach the society of a Monday audience till the thirty-seventh subscription performance of the winter. All this too was brought about by the illness of one famous operatic beauty, "whence to Greece unnumbered ills arose." It was the captivating Geraldine Farrar who succumbed to the winds of Boston in those early days of the season and whose long retirement from the field of her triumphs filled many honest hearts with woe.

Since that time Miss Farrar has been uncertain in health till lately. Mr. Caruso was also concerned in the interpretation of Massenet's opera, and of late there has come into the sky of his artistic temperament a new comet, threatening dire destruction and shedding evil omens in various directions. This fiery visitor flamed into lyric space at a recent performance of "Pagliacci." Mr. Caruso, who had hitherto taken his art with some degree of comfort, was suddenly overcome by his own performance, like the pianist who had to stop playing because his own beautiful music made him weep.

Whether it was the ardor of his great bass drum solo or the sospirando of his exit in the first scene which made a lute of his heartstrings no one, perhaps not even himself, will ever know. But at any rate with him and Miss Farrar in an opera which contains a scene of poignant emotion no one could foretell what might happen. Those who were present at the previous performance of the work recalled last night the fact that at the conclusion of the convent scene Miss Farrar was in a state of near collapse and Mr. Caruso looked as if he had just passed through a very trying experience.

Those who are familiar with the manner in which this monastic episode is enacted by the two apostles of pure a-

stheticism, both succeeded in living through it last evening and that the audience rewarded them with long continued applause. The others in the cast were those who have hitherto been engaged in presenting the same opera, and they performed their various duties with zeal.

Operatic Stars and Mr. Elman Give Concert Jan. 20, 1914

Miss Bori, Miss Case and Mme. Ober
on Mr. Bagby's Programme
at the Waldorf.

Contributing a long and diversified programme of vocal and instrumental music, Miss Frieda Hempel, Mme. Margarete Oher and Miss Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera; Mr. Mischa Elman, violinist, and Dr. William C. Carl, organist, were the artists at Mr. Bagby's musical morning yesterday in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, with Messrs. Arthur Rosenstien and Percy Kahn accompanists.

For the opening there was an organ number by Dr. Carl. Miss Case sang two songs, appeared in the final number with Mme. Ober and Miss Hempel in a trio from "Der Rosenkavalier." In addition to an aria from "Don Carlos," by Verdi, Mme. Ober gave a group of four songs. Miss Hempel also sang three songs, including the polonaise from "Mignon." To these she added Ardit's waltz song, "Parla." Mr. Elman played six numbers, including his own arrangement of Schubert's familiar serenade.

UNWISE VENTURES BY MUSICAL NOVICES Young Artists Who Try to Begin Their Careers at the Wrong End.

The only pertinent and proper critical comment which can be made on the two concerts given in Aeolian Hall and the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon was foreshadowed in the comments on Sunday's concerts made in this journal in the morning. Two young people, both talented in a commendable degree, both showing the results of good instruction, both seriously disposed toward music, but both unripe, made essay to begin their careers as artists by appearing before metropolitan audiences. In both cases the audiences were small and composed chiefly of the class of listeners upon whom managers rely to fill as many seats as they can when they labor to gratify the ambition of beginners. Coming and going within half an hour about 125 persons heard Mr. Karel Havlicek play the violin at the Little Theatre, while perhaps a hundred more heard Miss Lillian Wiesike sing songs in Aeolian Hall. If any good could be accomplished for the worthy young people by a technical criticism of their performances it might best be done on the lines which are followed by the adjudicators at competitive contests, like the Welsh eisteddfods. The method consists in recording percentages on a given basis of excellence as to tone, technique, taste, etc.; but this would be of as little value to the public as it would be gratifying to the performers. So the record must be closed with a statement of the fact of their appearance and the generalization which has already been made. The wish might be added, for the sake of other budding artists as well as the art, that they try their "prentice hand" and acquire experience before less burdened and exacting communities than that of New York.

MISS WIESEKE SINGS. Soprano Heard in Old Style Programme of Songs.

Lillian Wiesike, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was built on time honored lines, inasmuch as it began with two old Italian airs and then proceeded to be German to its end. Miss Wiesike disclosed a small voice, but one of agreeable natural quality. She sang in tune and, after the nervousness of her first number had been conquered, also with no little technical merit.

Smoothness of tone and general neatness of style characterized her singing, but of interpretative eloquence there was indeed little enough. The voice was wanting in warmth of color and the necessary command of declamatory skill seemed to be altogether lacking. As a salon singer perhaps this soprano will find her most successful field, for the area of the song recital in this city is covered by some very large musical personages.

TWO RECITALS.

Lillian Wieslke and Karel Havlicek Contribute to a Day's Music.

Miss Lillian Wieslke, a singer unknown to the wider musical circles of New York, who is described as a "lyric soprano," gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall, in which she showed a voice of pleasant and individual quality and some skill in making use of it. But neither the voice nor the skill, nor the artistic feeling and temperament back of them, was sufficient to make Miss Wieslke's offerings of great importance as a part of the public musical doings of New York.

Her aims are high, and her efforts are praiseworthy on this account. Her programme contained a number of the best and most artistic songs of the older singer's repertory, ranging from old airs by Marcello and Lotti and songs by Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann, to later ones by Brahms, Wolf, Reger, and Strauss. And for accompanist she had the superlatively finished artist, Mr. Conrad V. Bos. Much might be said of the various excellences of his accompaniments. The singer's performance pleased a friendly audience of considerable numbers.

At the same time in a smaller place, the Little Theatre, another artist new to New York and apparently still less widely known, gave a violin recital, Mr. Karel Havlicek. He is American born, notwithstanding his Bohemian name, and is said to have gained his training partly in Europe, partly in this country. He showed serious purpose and no inconsiderable talent and musical feeling in Veracini's D minor sonata; a large, if not beautiful, tone and a considerable but not yet finished technique. His delivery of cantilena has something of breadth and dignity. He was hardly wise in putting Paganini's D major concerto on his programme, for the only value and interest that composition can be made to possess is through a brilliant, sweeping, and technically perfect performance of its bravura passages; and Mr. Havlicek's performance had not enough of those qualities. His intonation, except in the most difficult of these figures, was good. He is young and should develop artistically.

MR. HAVLICEK'S RECITAL.

First Appearance of a Young Violinist of Some Merit.

Karel Havlicek, a young violinist, made his first appearance here in a recital given yesterday afternoon in the Little Theatre, that he wished to be taken seriously as shown by his beginning with the D major sonata of Veracini. After this he played the D minor concerto of Paganini and short numbers by Handel, Lully, Mozart, Fibich, Pente, Brahms and Kreisler. Mr. Havlicek is a young player and can hardly be said to have found himself yet. There were traits in his playing to arouse some hopes for his future. He displayed a full bodied tone, albeit one of no great transparency, and an intonation accurate in almost all circumstances. But while he played some things, such as the slow movement of the Veracini sonata, with fluency and musical style there was too much that was crude and unfinished in his performance to place him on a secure footing as a recital player.

PUCCHINI MELODIES

AT CENTURY OPERA

h. y. Sun Jan. 21-14
"La Boheme" Presented by Singers of English in Creditable Style.

STAGE MANAGEMENT GOOD

Morgan Kingston and Lois Ewell Please as the Unhappy Lovers.

"La Boheme," sung in English, was produced at the Century Opera House last night. The presenting of Puccini's popular opera at this time by the management may well be said to serve as an appropriate demonstration of the policy fostered by the Century organization under the direction of Milton and Sargent Aborn in undertaking to provide an opportunity for satisfying the wants of a public eager to become acquainted with standard operatic works.

The Century Opera Company's enterprise began a season of thirty-five weeks on September 15. The middle of this season has now been reached. A general estimate of the work accomplished thus far by the promoters of the scheme cannot be made at this time. It can, however, be said that strict adherence to purpose and an undaunted courage on the part of those prominent in the undertaking have been features of its progress.

Puccini's "Boheme" was first heard here in 1898. Its local career since that time has been made conspicuous by many and various productions. An opera combining strong popular appeal in melody and

it further encourages the use of the difficulties encountered in its adequate performance. It offers to its executants sources of subtle interpretation in comedy or pathos, rich at every turn. Following the natural bent of expansiveness in the plan of the work now being done by the Century Opera House it was to be expected that "La Boheme" would be taken into its repertory.

Niceties of Finish Wanting.

It cannot be said at the outset that all the requirements of the opera's presentation were fully met in the performance of last evening. The lack lay chiefly in a general disregard for the niceties of finish in singing and acting. But apart from these defects there was much to enjoy. The boldness of spirit shown by chorus and principals in their work was wholly admirable and it was frequently accompanied by the desirable success artistically. The roles among the principals that were carried by the men were better sung than those by the women. There were many auditors and they showed warm appreciation throughout by much applause.

The *Mimi* was Lois Ewell, who sang portions of her music very well. More expression in the shadings of a naive coquetry and finer sentiments would have greatly enhanced her impersonation of the gentle yet ardent heroine, and she hardly looked the part, as she was in aspect very plump and quite healthy.

Morgan Kingston appeared as *Rudolph*. Very likely this was his first essay in the role. He was well made up, and he showed a decided gain in the knowledge of interpretation as it bears upon acting. In his singing genuine pleasure was derived, both from the beauty of his voice and the smoothness of his tone emission. His delivery of the narrative in the first act was greatly enjoyed.

Others Proved Acceptable.

Louis Kreidler as *Marcel* sang and acted in a clear manner. Morton Adkins made a very dignified *Schaunard*. Every word he sang was understandable. Alfred Kaufman as *Colline* acted well and sang distinctly. Frank Phillips enacted *Benoit* and *Alcindoro*.

Lena Mason substituted at the last moment for Irene Langford as *Musetta*. Her singing was hardly acceptable, but her acting added no little vivaciousness of the proper kind to her role, as did her pretty appearance. The ensemble in the second act reflected much credit upon the stage management of Luigi Albertini.

The whole was well planned and executed by the many participants. The costumes were good and the scenery effective.

"LA BOHEME" AT CENTURY

h. y. Sun Jan. 21-14
Miss Ewell as Mimi Feature of Creditable Performance.

Puccini's "La Boheme" was sung last night at the Century Opera House, and the company succeeded in giving a very good performance of the work—one of the best performances, indeed, that the new organization has given so far this season. "Boheme" is not an opera offering superlative difficulties, and the Century artists did what they had to do well. There was considerable atmosphere in the performance, and the four Bohemians gave at least a simulation of volatility.

Morgan Kingston, who sang *Rudolph*, acted with more plasticity than he has hitherto shown, and gave the *Ruonto* to loud applause. Mr. Kreidler was an admirable *Marcel*, and Mr. Adkins an acceptable *Schaunard*. Mr. Kaufman, as *Colline*, completed the quartet in an altogether pleasing manner. Mr. Phillips was amusing as *Benoit*, but Miss Lena Mason failed to make anything of *Musetta*, either vocally or dramatically.

The most effective singing of the evening, however, was done by Miss Lois Ewell, whose *Mimi* was one of the best things this well trained soprano has accomplished. The orchestra was better than usual, the stage crowds well managed, and the scenery realistic. As for the libretto, when it could be understood, it appeared harmless enough—so harmless that Henri Murger, could he have heard it, would probably have rubbed his eyes.

"Boheme" is, in short, one of the things that the Century has done which deserves praise. The audience, which last night was none too large, enjoyed the offering hugely and paid its tribute in abundant applause.

"La Boheme" at the Century.

A meritorious performance of "La Boheme," sung in English, opened this week's programme at the Century Opera House last evening. An audience, unfortunately gone too large, gave a cordial reception which was well deserved, to the artists taking part in the production of this tuneful opera of Puccini's, the third work of his to be produced at the Century.

The singers, both principals and chorus, showed much spirit, and the acting, on the whole, was effective. Lois Ewell, as *Mimi*, sang her part well, although there were moments when a trifle more of spirit, especially in the first act, would have made her a more enjoyable *Mimi*. The efforts of Morgan Kingston, both in his acting and singing, deserve special recognition; and

the work of his three fellow-actors in the attic in the Latin-Quarter—Louis Kreidler as *Marcel*, Morton Adkins as *Schaunard*, and Alfred Kaufman as *Colline*—was altogether acceptable. Frank Phillips sang and acted the small part of the landlord in thoroughly amusing fashion. Lena Mason was substituted for Irene Langford, at the last moment, as *Musetta*. Her singing scarcely kept pace with her acting, which was enjoyable. Praise must be given, too, for the success of the ensemble singing. Mr. Szendrel conducted.

SCHOLA CANTORUM MUSIC.

h. y. Sun Jan. 21-14
Novelties in Sacred Song by Verdi and Zandonati.

The first concert of the Schola Cantorum in the current season took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. The programme began with Gretchaninov's "Cherubic Hymn" from the Russian service, after which came the two novelties of the evening. The first of these was Verdi's "Stabat Mater," for chorus and orchestra. This is one of the four sacred pieces published in 1898 with the proviso that the profits from the sales should be given to the Home for Aged Musicians.

The "Stabat Mater" has been set in many styles ranging all the way from that of Pergolesi to the divergent ones of Dvorak and Rossini. That Verdi in his last days should have set the ancient hymn need astonish no one, for the great opera composer was a devoted worshiper of Palestrina, prince of Italian ecclesiastic music and a man of serious religious thought. His setting of the hymn is entirely characteristic. His "Mozzi Requiem," which is known to local music lovers, shows his remarkable fusing of ecclesiastic and theatrical elements in musical composition, and this mastery appears again in the "Stabat Mater," but with a greater continence in the use of theatrical utterance. There is a more successful attempt here to utilize certain dramatic effects while evolving them logically from the predominant thought.

Nothing could be more Verdian than the entrance of the voices at the beginning of the work in startling opposition to the tonality established in the ear by the orchestral repetition of a fundamental chord. It is theatrical, yet entirely within the limits of propriety. Doubtless, too, some hearers were astonished by the tremendous treatment of the "pro peccatis," which is vociferated in a stormy forte, as if the composer beheld all the nations raging against the cruelty of the situation. Theatrical yet admirable in its justice is the staccato utterance of "dum emittit spiritum" with pizzicato accompaniment. The closing words, "Paradisi gloria" are sung to an ascending scale crescendo, after which the strings have a fluttering figure, slowly descending the scale till the male voices sing the "Amen" in almost a whisper.

In spite of these strongly delineative devices the composition as a whole is noble, dignified and full of genuinely religious feeling. It is worthy of the great master whose art glorified Italy for so many years.

Conductor Kurt Schindler sustained the interest of the concert by placing next on the programme Ricardo Zandonati's "Padre nostro," for male chorus and orchestra. The composer is known here by his opera "Conchita," which was performed at the Metropolitan by the Chicago company. The piece heard last evening is excellently conceived and skilfully made. Its melodic ideas are chaste and well suited to the solemn thoughts of the paraphrase on the Lord's prayer and the orchestration is strong without being overladen. The composition was not heard to advantage since the chorus was not vigorous enough in tone to produce the necessary balance.

The other numbers on the list were the episode of Dido's death from Purcell's "Dido and Eneas," Beethoven's two songs of Clara Schumann for mezzo soprano and women's chorus, in which Mme. Culp's voice was heard, a pavane of Faure for orchestra and chorus and some songs and dances from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor."

THE MARGULIES TRIO.

h. y. Sun Jan. 21-14
Works by Mozart, Rachmaninov and Strauss on Programme.

The second concert of the tenth season of the Adele Margulies Trio took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme consisted of Mozart's trio in C major (No. 548 in the Koechel catalogue), Rachmaninov's sonata in G minor for cello and piano and Strauss's quartet in C minor, opus 13. In the last composition the trio had the assistance of Herbert Borodkin, viola.

The concert of this chamber music organization maintain their level of merit. The three players have been associated for nearly a decade and their ideals and conceptions have gained the benefit of long practice in ensemble performance. They are three serious musicians equipped with fine technical skill, and they play always with devotion.

The Margulies Trio.

Before Richard Strauss became a "progressive" and sensationalist, he was also as gentle and lamblike as Brahms or Beethoven, avoiding all naughty discords and having generally with the utmost propriety His respect for the traditional forms is still shown in his opus 13, a quartet

plano, viola, and violoncello, which he wrote before he was out of his teens, and which won a prize offered by the Tonkünstlerverein of Berlin. It was played last night by the Margulies Trio, aided by the viola player, Herbert Borodkin.

A sonata for piano and violoncello, by Rachmaninov, preceded the Strauss number. Without being deep, it is pleasing, and it fared well at the hands of Miss Margulies and Leo Schulz. The opening number was the fourth of Mozart's seven trios for piano, violin, and violoncello. A melodious passage in the andante of this work called attention to one of the points in which Mozart advanced beyond Haydn, in whose trios the 'cellist seldom has a nobler job than that of doubling up the bass in the piano part. This trio is melodious, but the melodies have not the individuality of those in the best of Mozart's operas. That it was played with much polish and a genuine appreciation of its best points, it is hardly necessary to say, for Adele Margulies, Leopold Lichtenberg, and Leo Schulz constitute, as everybody knows, the leading trio organization in America. Yesterday's concert was the second of its tenth season. A decade of rehearsing cannot but bear good fruit in the case of three such sterling artists.

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA HERE

h. y. Sun Jan. 22-14
An Interesting Concert for Charity—Brahms's First Symphony Superbly Played.

New Yorkers are beholden to that amiable virtue which, we are told, suffereth long and is kind, envicth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, for the privilege which they enjoyed yesterday afternoon of hearing a concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra and Mr. Leopold Stokowski. Had they not come in the name of charity it is not likely that they would have come at all, for there were no indications that the musical public was either deploring the lack of orchestral music or consumed with curiosity to learn what manner of organization purveyed that class of music to Philadelphians. The season is only twelve weeks old, yet more than fifty concerts of symphonic character and calibre have already been given here, and only half a dozen of them have been given with financial profit to the concert givers. So far as the maintenance of local orchestras is concerned there would seem to be need of charity of a kind beginning at home, but this would better not be discussed. That kind of charity was challenged, not by the visitors, but by the Sisters of the Assumption, and the answer was a generous and beautiful one. There was no occasion to exercise the charity which covers a multitude of sins, for there was neither moral nor artistic obliquity connected with the visit; only deeds of a most admirable and praiseworthy kind. What brought financial profit to the Nursing Sisters of the Poor yielded aesthetic benefit to the lovers of orchestral music who sat in the audience room.

The concert was wisely planned. There are dreadful memories still alive of a previous visit of the Philadelphia Orchestra when the programme was so hursdensome that it was impossible for the stoutest heart to endure it all. That was not the case yesterday. Mr. Stokowski was more considerate than our local conductors are as a rule. There was, to begin with, the overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," a composition which breathes an atmosphere that is all oxygen and lives out its merry life in three minutes. Then Miss Gluck sang the graceful little aria of Biondina from Mozart's "Il Scraglio" (the Italian translation of the song having been used, the title of the opera must also be given in that tongue), and, this done, the climax of the concert was reached. This was Brahms's symphony in C minor. Reports of Mr. Stokowski's puissance in this work have reached New York from other cities which have been the scenes of his labors—Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Washington, more particularly—and it was a fair conclusion that on the performance of this noble symphony the estimate of the band and its master would have to depend. The test was splendidly met. The orchestra proved to be thoroughly excellent in quality of tone, in the homogeneity of its various constituent choirs, in its capacity for nuance, its precision. Mr. Stokowski's reading was in no respect erratic, but sound, lucid, sympathetic and profoundly poetical. The coherence of the music, the elasticity of its flow, the nice adjustment and sequence of voices, the brilliance and solidity of the tonal volume in its soft-

erances as well as its most sonorous proclamations, were all admirable in the highest degree. The symphony had a performance wholly worthy of its sweet, strong, serious beauty. After it the orchestra was no longer on trial. Miss Gluck sang again, this time the well worn air from Charpentier's "Louise," and the concert came to an end with Richard Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung." H. E. K.

WELCOME ORCHESTRA OF PHILADELPHIA

Jan. 22, 1914
Stowkowski Gives Good Reading of Great Brahms Symphony.

ALMA GLUCK AS SOLOIST
Mozart and Richard Strauss
Contribute Numbers to Effortive Programme.

The projectors of the concert given at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the Sisters of the Assumption were not without cunning in engaging the Philadelphia Orchestra as the star of the entertainment. To be sure the soloist was Alma Gluck and delightfully did she fulfil her duty, for she sang the air of *Biondina* from Mozart's "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" better than she has sung anything else here since she returned from Europe. She was also down on the programme for "Depuis le jour" from "Louise," which by reason of much Mary Gardening is almost unrecognizable when it is really sung.

But Miss Gluck was not the star of the concert, nor was the orchestra itself. The glory of the afternoon settled around the youthful brow of Leopold Stokowski, the conductor, who wielded the baton for the first time in this city.

The three numbers which he elected to perform were the overture to Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," the great C minor symphony of Brahms and the brilliant "Death and Transfiguration" of Strauss. It was an excellent display of the capabilities of the young director, for the music was of three distinct schools, the purely classic opera, the neo-classic modern symphony and the realistic delineation of the extreme tone poets.

The symphony of Brahms has a broader base than either of the other two works heard yesterday. It combines the ideals, the methods of expression and the achievements in the field of pure musical beauty belonging to all three of the schools represented on the programme. The work has the classic form, the utterance of the contemporaneous orchestra, all the technique of composition developed since Beethoven, except the last additions of the realists, the impressionists and the cubists, and above all a spiritual content composed of profound intellectual quality moved by equally profound emotion.

This is one of the symphonies by which a conductor may wisely decide to stand or fall. It is not hard to spoil it, fatally easy to make it deadly dull and insidiously tempting to eager use of exaggerated nuance and fluid sentiment. There were moments when Mr. Stokowski in his eagerness to get all that could be got squeezed the last drop of blood out of a phrase, and this was particularly the case in the last movement, which on the whole was superbly interpreted.

But aside from this one error there was little to disturb the true lover of Brahms in the reading and much to fill him with deep joy. It was a finely wrought interpretation, with every line and curve of the instrumental song well published, with a beautifully sane balance in the distribution of accents, with keen penetration of the relations of the parts of the orchestral polyphony and a perfect appreciation of the songlike quality of the broader phrases.

Mr. Stokowski was delightfully continent in his treatment of the third movement, which is so easily overdone. The slow movement, was on the whole, eloquently played by the orchestra, and indeed the reading was one which will be remembered with delight. The young conductor made a pleasing impression by his appearance and his visible methods. His demeanor was dignified and modest, his attitude toward his orchestra that of a firm disciplinarian, and his method of conducting very elastic. He does not devote much attention to the scholastic manner of beating time, but employs a very delineative set of baton movements, which have real significance. These, however, are matters of no great import. The question is whether he gets results, and it can be answered that he does.

His orchestra is not one of the great ones of the earth. It is a serviceable instrument, but not a brilliant one. Its tone is lacking in mellow sonority, and when pressed it becomes rude. In precision and unanimity it is good, and it responds well to the conductor's strong feeling for the vocal quality of melody. But here the want of aristocracy in the tone works harm and robs intelligent direction of much that is due to it. Yet it is a well drilled body of musicians and so long as it can enable its conductor to offer such an interesting interpretation of the C minor symphony of Brahms as that of yesterday afternoon it should retain a strong hold on the affections of Philadelphia.

"L'AMORE DEL TRE RE" IN ASCENSION
Jan. 22, 1914
Third Performance Indicates Big Future for Opera.

With the third performance last night of Montemezz's "L'Amore del Tre Re" it became more than ever evident that a new comet has swung into view upon the operatic firmament, and that Italy has at last found a genius of whom it may well be proud. Italo Montemezz owns no allegiance to the Veritists; the idiom of Puccini is not his; if he has drunk it is from the spring opened by the Verdi of "Otello." For Montemezz is a worshipper of beauty, and never once does violate its sacred canons.

And, happier than have been some composers, Signor Montemezz has in America found worthy exponents of his ideas. Signor Toscanini directs the orchestra with a vigor that is as splendid as it is restrained; Miss Lucrezia Bori, both in song and action, gives a performance informed with exquisite pathos and uplifted beyond our shores with the departure of Jean de Reszke; Mr. Amato has done no more skilful singing than in the part of Manfredo, and Mr. Didur as the blind barbarian chieftain is nearly all that can be desired.

Of good omen of better times in opera have been the large houses which have greeted each performance of Signor Montemezz's work. Last night the house was completely sold out. When the public comes to hear the work, and not to see the singer, then will come the opera of good omen of better times in opera. Let us hope that "Boris Godounov" and "L'Amore del Tre Re" will herald the opening trumpets heralding this around the youthful brow of Leopold Stokowski.

Miss Bori Sings Well in Spite of Aching Tooth

Jan. 22, 1914
"L'Amore del Tre Re" Draws Another Huge Audience to the Metropolitan Opera House.

For the third time this season Mr. Italo Montemezz's opera "L'Amore del Tre Re" was sung in the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and for the third time it drew a great audience, proving its popular success. After the second act especially the enthusiasm was unbounded, resulting in a dozen curtain calls and flowers for Miss Bori and Mr. Amato.

There were two things of which most of the audience was in ignorance. Miss Bori was suffering from an ulcerated tooth and was in agony, and Mr. Edoardo Ferrar-Pontana was almost beside himself with joy because a daughter had been born to him and his wife, Mme. Matzenauer, contralto, of the Metropolitan. While Miss Bori was receiving condolences in the entr'actes he was receiving congratulations and telling every one the baby weighed twelve pounds. Neither of these incidents, however, marred the artistic work of the principals concerned. Miss Bori sang and acted the rôle of Flora admirably, and Mr. Ferrar-Pontana proved his value as a tenor by his excellent impersonation of Avito.

As the blind Baron Archibaldo Mr. Didur again exhibited his great art in character work. Mr. Amato's singing in the rôle of Manfredo was among the best he has done here this season. Mr. Toscanini's conducting was nothing short of masterly, and the singing of the chorus was beyond reproach.

ARTISTS IN ENSEMBLE
Jan. 22, 1914
Harold Bauer and Jacques Thibaud Please Big Audience.

The number of concerts this season has produced one notable result in the number of artists who have been giving joint recitals, a situation that is not altogether of evil omen. The latest of these offerings was yesterday afternoon, when Harold Bauer and Jacques Thibaud filled Aeolian Hall with an interested audience.

In the Cesar Franck Sonata for piano and violin the two artists' ensemble work was unusually good, and there was a grateful lack of any attempt at individual virtuosity. It was, in short, a beautiful performance of this week. The same quality was evident in Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata.

Mr. Thibaud's solo numbers were Beethoven's Romance in F major, Paganini's Kreisler's Prelude and Allegro, and Bach's Prelude in C minor, while Mr. Bauer played Schumann's "Faschingschwauk." Mr. Thibaud's tone was warm and his bowing broad in style. As for Mr. Bauer, his virtues have been often and worthily proclaimed. He is an artist of splendid technical resource and of great poetic feeling. He was such an artist again yesterday.

"Butterfly" and "Tristan."

The continued popularity of Puccini's Japanese opera, "Madama Butterfly," was shown once more yesterday afternoon when an extra matinee was given before a large audience which did not depend for its size on any subscription. However, it is doubtful if the opera itself would have such a bold on the public, with all its good qualities, if it was given with an inferior cast.

One of the most gratifying features of yesterday's performance was the return of Riccardo Martin to the rôle in which he has distinguished himself so many times. The part of Pinkerton is not one to enlist the sympathy of the hearers, but Mr. Martin makes it as manly and dignified as it can be made; he has enriched the action by a number of small, but telling, details, especially in the love scene of the first act, and he sings it as no one else can except Caruso. He was in beautiful voice yesterday, not only his ringing high notes being in fine condition, but the lower portions of the voice, too. It was a pleasure to note the ease with which he used the mezzo voice, always a difficult matter unless the vocal organs are in prime condition. Up to the present time the Metropolitan Company has, this season, been unusually weak in the matter of good tenors, but Mr. Martin's return to the ranks supplies a much-felt want.

Had it not been for Miss Farrar's illness, "Butterfly" would probably have been given oftener than it has been so far this season. This favorite soprano is once more restored to vocal health, and the frequenters of the opera house have gained greatly by her return. Her "Butterfly" is justly admired as one of her best parts. After hearing her again and again, one comes to the conclusion that, take it all in all, the second act is the most appealing. Her scene with Pinkerton's letter, and the one where she first shows her child to Sharpless, are always most touching, even more than the tragic meeting with Pinkerton's wife in the last act. Miss Farrar has not been fortunate in her dramatic changes in the first act, although she modified it somewhat yesterday from the previous performance.

Miss Fornia and Mr. Scotti were excellent in their usual rôles. Mr. Scotti, as Sharpless, is always a most sympathetic figure. His art in its maturity leans more and more in the direction of an almost French finesse, the best path a really thoughtful artist can follow.

Mr. Polacco conducted the opera with admirable feeling, and a sympathetic restraint of his orchestral forces so that they should not over-shadow the voices nor force them unduly. Well done, Maestro Polacco!

The electrician and stage manager seemed to have gone out of business temporarily in the second act. Susuki brought unlighted lamps onto the stage and set them in unaccustomed spots, but they had been restored to their normal functions and positions by the next act.

The reason why Mr. Toscanini did not conduct this opera was made manifest in the evening, when he presided over "Tristan and Isolde." It would have been too much even for one of his zeal, energy, and genius to lead within nine or ten hours two operas in which the conductor is of such great importance. His interpretation of "Tristan" has often been praised in this journal. Last evening, as usual, he brought out all the luscious qualities of the score, as well as the splendid climaxes. The cast was the same as before, except that Putnam Griswold had the part of King Mark, which he acts with appropriate dignity and sings with much vocal beauty and sonority.

Flesch and the Philharmonic.

Carl Flesch, the great Hungarian violinist, made his American debut last night at the Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, and proved himself an artist of the first rank. He played the Beethoven concerto, a composition which, though the season is but half over, had been presented half a dozen times before; but with such a superlative artist to interpret it and the sympathetic accompaniment Mr. Stransky and his orchestra provided, it does not seem hackneyed—excepting the final rondo, in which the thirty-four repetitions of a group of five notes get on one's nerves.

Without being as warm as Kreisler's, Prof. Flesch's tone is most agreeable, and his intonation, for the most part, pure. On this point he is so conscientious that he actually paused a moment before his second cadenza to tune up, thus creating an awkward pause, which, nevertheless, was better than playing the rest of the concerto out of tune. There was mainly vigor in his opening allegro, and the slow movement was not marred by sentimental exaggeration. His cadenzas were marvels of execution, particularly the one in the first movement, which is almost as fine as Kreisler's. Apparently it is chiefly Professor Flesch's own, and, if so, he is certainly to be congratulated on his skill and good taste in varying and combining Beethoven's themes and building them up into an effective and thoroughly violinistic climax. The audience was delighted with his playing, and after several recalls he added two movements of Bach's first sonata for violin alone, which he played as but one or two other living violinists could have played it. A genuine success of a genuine artist!

Mr. Stransky's contributions to the programme consisted of a tambourine, minuet, and gigue, arranged by Mottl from Grétry's opera, "Céphale et Procris," first performed in 1773. These antique dances pleased the audience, but greater and deeper delights were afforded by Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Weber's "Oberon" overture. This overture Mr. Stransky conducted here for the first time and never before have its beauties been revealed more enchantingly. The same is true of the Schubert symphony. Weber and Schubert were not only among the world's greatest melodists, but they were really as great innovators in orchestral coloring as Berlioz—a truth not sufficiently born in mind by musical historians and commentators. It is forced on the attention most agreeably by the rare art of Mr. Stransky and his orchestra in painting delicate tints—an art which last night's audience—a large one—enjoyed to the full and acknowledged by warm applause. It is not often that an audience remains seated after the last number, to call out the conductor, as was the case last night. These performances of Schubert and Weber will linger in the memory.

TWO MINOR CONCERTS.

Jan. 23, 1914
Singing by Miss Orner and Miss Wyman in Theatre and Hall.

At Aeolian Hall in the evening of busy yesterday Inga Orner, formerly a singer of small parts at the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a concert. Her programme was out of the familiar path in that it contained several Scandinavian songs in the original. Miss Orner comes from the north and finds no difficulty in singing the songs thus. It must have been interesting and touching to the Scandinavian in the audience to hear songs of Grieg, Sinding, Sibelius and others with the original texts. There were also several American songs in Miss Orner's list. I cannot be said that her voice was a very good condition.

At the Little Theatre Lorraine Wyman, soprano, and Ada Sassoli, harpist, gave a joint concert. Miss Wyman is a daughter of Julie Wyman, who was well known in former years as an oratorio singer and a song recital artist. She was particularly happy in the delivery of French songs. Her daughter has inherited some of her talent and has something of her own to add. To the entertainment which she offers the much abused word "charm" can be applied with precision.

She has a voice not large, but pretty, and she sings with taste, exquisite refinement and much intelligence. Her specialty is the interpretation of old French and English songs in costume and with the aid of gesture and facial expression. She accomplishes her task in a most graceful and winning manner. There ought to be a wide field for the exercise of her talents. Others about whom much public notice is made are not her equals in nicety of diction, daintiness of conception, perfect adaptation of her means to the end and in personal charm.

Miss Sassoli is well and favorably known to concert goers, and her share in the entertainment does not call for extended description.

h. y. Herald Jan. 26/14
Miss Inga Orner, a Norwegian soprano, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last night. She has a voice of some natural beauty, and she sings with intelligence, but her intonation was not always correct last night, nor was her style of delivery altogether satisfactory. Her programme lacked variety and gave her little opportunity to display wide interpretive powers. Most of her songs were Scandinavian and English. Two Swedish folksongs, selections from the writings of Joan Ellöf, Collan, Grieg, Sinding, Svendsen, Courtland Palmer, Robert Kahn, Addison Andrews, Marlon Bauer Blair Fairchild and R. L. Cottinet were heard. She was best in the Swedish folksongs "Spin Spin" and "Nar Jah bief Stutton ar."

Victor Herbert's "Madeleine."

Victor Herbert is not only the leading American operetta composer (he has created a type of his own which has been acclaimed abroad as well as at home), but he is the author of the only American grand opera that has not died in its cradle. His "Natoma" is several years old, and a few weeks ago he conducted its thirtieth performance in Chicago. It has red blood in its veins, and it is safe to say that it will live many more years; also, that Metropolitan audiences would cordially welcome it if it were added to the repertory of that institution. "Natoma" was not the first work showing that Mr. Herbert could have made his mark in the more serious branches of music as well as in comic operetta, for he has written a concerto for violoncello and several orchestral works of unusual merit. And now we have a one-act opera from his pen, "Madeleine" by name, which had its "Uraufführung," as the Germans say, at the Metropolitan on Saturday afternoon.

It is based on the little comedy, "I Dine with Mother," by Decourcelles and Thibaut, which has been often played in English and German, as well as in the French original. One does not have to be French to sympathize with the Gallic custom of always dining at home with mother on New Year's Day. Nor is it in France alone that a prima donna, the idol of the public, might fancy she could persuade one of her adorers to dine with her on that day, instead of with his mother. Madeleine is the operatic idol who tries this experiment, and the plot hinges on what happened. While she is admiring the costly holiday gifts received from her admirers, one of them, the Chevalier de Mauprat, enters. He is promptly invited to stay to dinner, but regretfully declines, because he must dine with his mother. The same answer, and still more regretfully, is given to her invitation by the next visitor, the Duc d'Esterre. He fails to relent even when she threatens to invite his hated rival, Baron Fontanges, who, subsequently, sends a note regretting that he cannot come—always for the same reason. Disgusted and in despair, Madeleine invites her maid, but it is Nichette's day out, and she must, of course, dine with her mother. The last attempt is made with Didier, a poor painter, who comes to bring back a portrait of her mother he had taken home. They were friends in childhood. No, he cannot dine with her—but would she come and dine with him and his mother? At first she accepts, but changes her mind, sends Didier home, and dines—not alone, but with her mother's picture facing her.

When Mr. Herbert first came across this story he was surprised, he says, that it had not been set to music long ago. It is certainly quite as well adapted to a musical setting as Wolf-Ferrari's "Secret of Suzanne," and more so than the same composer's "Le Donne Curiose," in which a simple joke is dragged through three long acts. "Madeleine" is in one act, lasting less than an hour; yet even for this length the plot seems rather tenuous, with insufficient action—theoretically at any rate; but on the stage the events succeed one another so rapidly that the play is over before one realizes it.

One may doubt whether it is wise to set plays of this sort to music—doubt whether even Verdi was wise in composing a "Falstaff." Mr. Herbert did not share this doubt, and, given his libretto, he certainly went about setting it to music in the only way that promised satisfactory results. The rapid conversational style is generally used for the voices—while the orchestra mirrors the text in many details as minutely as does the piano accompaniment to a Liszt song. Some of this miniature work naturally misses its effect in so large an auditorium as the Metropolitan.

As always, Mr. Herbert shows himself a master of orchestral coloring. He employs leading themes in a reminiscent way and his har-

monies and rhythms are often picturesque. Of melodic invention there is much less than in "Natoma" or in most of the operettas, partly because the nature of the dialogue gives little opportunity for sustained melody, which is to be regretted, for, after all, one cannot but think that the opera of the future, be it in one act or in three, will follow the models of "Carmen," "Aida," and "Meistersinger," rather than the precedents of "Falstaff," Mozart, Strauss, and Wolf-Ferrari.

The audience received "Madeleine" most cordially. There were at least fourteen recalls for the singers, for Mr. Herbert, for the conductor, Mr. Polacco, and for Mr. Speck, the stage manager. The audience for a Herbert novelty is always large, and on this occasion it was swelled by the fact that "Pagliacci," with Bori and Caruso, followed his little opera; so that several thousand persons had the opportunity to witness the first performance of Mr. Herbert's second work for the grand opera stage.

"Madeleine" is the fourth opera to be staged at the Metropolitan in pursuance of the plan to produce, if possible, an American novelty every year. Whether this plan can be carried out seems doubtful, owing to the scarcity of meritorious manuscripts. Doubtless Mr. Herbert will not rest on his laurels; in the meantime why not incorporate "Natoma" in the Metropolitan repertory? *Jan. 26. 1914*

Mr. Polacco once more distinguished himself by a reading of the score that brought out all its good points. The part of Madeleine was assigned to Mme. Alda, who, without exhausting its possibilities in the portrayal of moods, made it amusing and sang it with spirit. Miss Sparkes as the maid was also vivacious, but she did not on the whole enunciate the English text as clearly as did Mme. Alda and Mr. Althouse, who had the part of the Duke. The cast was completed by De Segurola as Didier and Pini-Corsi as Mauprat.

The music was interrupted by applause after Mme. Alda had sung her charming song just before the Duke enters; but the gem of the opera is the orchestral postlude played just before the final curtain, while Madeleine sits at table and gazes dreamily at her mother's picture. It is an exquisite tone poem, adding a touch of genuine sentiment to what is otherwise delicately humorous.

Symphony Society Novelties.

There was a plethora of novelties at the Symphony Society's concert yesterday afternoon, and the oldest number was also practically a novelty. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony opened the programme; this was followed by a *Fantasy for Flute*, by Georges Hue—brilliantly played by Mr. Barrère. It is an effective show piece, both of the cantabile style and with other effects—it is not empty virtuosity, nor, on the other hand, has it any very profound message to deliver.

An *adagio* for strings, by Guillaume Lekeu, proved decidedly interesting. Lekeu died in 1894, at the age of twenty-four. Like Liszt's promising pupil who died at the same age in 1858, Julius Reubke, he showed great promise in his short career. If he "might well have won to a very high place among French composers of the modern school," as is said of him, his early death is to be deplored, for there is no suggestion in this music of vain strivings after originality at the expense of sanity and good taste—there is a tragic intensity in this music that is almost tear-compelling.

Florence Hinkle sang a deservedly forgotten aria of Handel in her usual vocally flawless but frigid style. Handel "writes so much alike" that this sounded like an aria from the Messiah gone wrong. Most of Handel's forgotten music lies buried in the tomes of the Handel Society: Requiescat in pace!

The most important novelty of the concert was the *Symphonic Suite*, by Victor Kolar, one of the first violinists in the orchestra, to whom Mr. Damrosch yielded the baton for this number. It is in four movements, and has no "programme," except that the composer desires it to be taken as "Americana," or so the programme notes said. It proved to be very interesting music, not startlingly original, perhaps—all the more to the composer's credit, any one can be "startlingly" original nowadays—but full of good, straightforward, sincere writing. The composer does seem inordinately fond of bassoon solos in quick staccato passages, but there was plenty of variety, for all that. There was a suggestion of "Massa's In de cold, cold ground" in the third movement—also a touch of idealized rag time. The final movement partook of the character of an Irish jig; perhaps this was intentional, as the Irish certainly form an important element in our

cosmopolitan makeup. There is also a mere hint of "Yaukee Doodle." The scoring is excellent, and the music had been carefully rehearsed. Mr. Kolar conducted with evident mastery.

THREE NOVELTIES DAMROSCH OFFERS

h. y. Herald Jan. 26/14
Symphonic Suite by Victor Kolar

Kolar Is Real American Music.

FRENCH WORKS PRODUCED

George Barrère and Florence Hinkle Supply the Solo Numbers.

At the concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Victor Damrosch distributed novelties with lavish hand. The first number on the list was Beethoven's eighth symphony, which ought to have been heard in different company, for it had evidently been restudied and its performance should have more consideration than it can receive on a day of many concerts. Florence Hinkle, soprano, sang an aria from Handel's "Julius Caesar," and this calls for little consideration, for the soprano sang very much better than she did yesterday. The three other numbers were new.

The first was a fantasia for flute composed by Georges Hue and played by Barrère. This proved to be a virtuosic piece pure and simple, though the work of a fine musician was well displayed. Bravura work of the most formidable sort even for that sprightliest of orchestral instruments, the flute, acted both prelude and postlude to some precatilena. There was plenty of continental French harmony which inevitably showed that Debussy had not lived in vain.

An *adagio* for strings by Lekeu was the next new music. This, too, had all the salient characteristics of present French style, but it also had a fine individual and much real beauty. Admirably well ten in its full harmonies, it also made a most effective, indeed eloquent use of solo voices and of small groups. The mood of the composition is melancholy and for this reason, if for no other, might well have been condensed somewhat.

The last of the novelties was a symphonic suite by Victor Kolar, who is one of Mr. Damrosch's first violinists and who conducted his own music. The programme annotator stated that the composer wrote this work last summer, that it utilized "so-called American" themes and had been called "Americana." Mr. Kolar is a Bohemian and studied under Dvořák. It is therefore probable that he imbibed some of his master's ideas as to how to make "American" music.

At any rate the suite heard yesterday contains not only thematic fragments made in imitation of negro melodies, but fragments of well known and much American songs, such as Foster's "Swanee River" and "Massa's In de cold, cold ground." It contains any quantity of copied rhythm and in one place approaches as close to ragtime as artistic music can without adopting melodic rags of the thing too. The movement, however, is an Irish jig.

It is a good suite, full of engaging melody, rich in orchestral color and with such low tuning for double bass and even leading ideas for them. It is well constructed in general. Here, however, the one note of warning must be sounded. Mr. Kolar is young, and young men rejoice in their strength. Some of the movements—shall we say all but the last?—do not stop when they are finished and there is too frequent employment of ponderous instrumental means for the location of modest melodic ideas.

Mme. Alma Gluck Again Sings at Metropolitan

Jan. 26. 1914
Pleases Audience in Concert With

She Once Appeared in Opera

Other Artists Applauded.

h. y. Herald Jan. 26/14
Another popular concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night drew an audience that not only occupied all seats but also practically filled all standing room available.

The soloist from outside the company was Mme. Alma Gluck, who once sang

prano rôles at the Metropolitan and has since become a favorite concert singer. She was not in the best of voice and did not adhere absolutely to the pitch in her first song, "Casta Diva, from Bellini's 'Norma.'" Yet there was charm in her method of singing and her voice, if not at its best, was still sufficient to charm. For an encore she sang Mr. Kurt Schindler's arrangement of "Colomba." This was delivered with delightful effect. In the second half of the programme she appeared again with three songs, Rachmaninoff's "Peasant Song," and Chanson Indou and Shepherd Lehl, both by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Her popularity was again demonstrated by prolonged applause on the part of the audience.

From the Metropolitan's forces Mr. Lambert Murphy, tenor, and Mr. Dinh Gilly appeared, the former singing an aria from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" and a group of songs by Holmès, Brogi and Leoncavallo, and the latter singing the prologue to "Pagliacci" and songs from Brogi and Bizet. Both artists were well received.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman, played the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," Massenet's suite "Scènes Pittoresques" and the "Waltz of the Hours from Ponchielli's 'La Gioconda.'" *Jan. 26/14*

"THE MESSIAH" AGAIN. Handel's Oratorio Given at Hippodrome With a Large Chorus.

Handel's oratorio "The Messiah" was given at the Hippodrome last night. The performance was planned on a large scale and that public interest in the opportunity thus afforded to hear the famous work was equivalent in proportion was made evident by the great audience assembled.

The forces brought together for the oratorio's presentation under the baton of Tall Esen Morgan, the conductor, were the New York Festival Chorus, composed of some 800 voices; the New York Symphony Orchestra, and as soloists Jeanne Jomelli, soprano; Mildred Potter, contralto; Dan Beddoe, tenor, and Frederic Martin, bass. Clarence Reynolds was the organist. The chorus as placed on the stage made a remarkably beautiful picture to the eye. It occupied tiers of seats placed across the entire stage back of the orchestra and the soloists which were of a gradual ascent to the back and extending upward to a height of some fourteen rows. The women were all dressed in white. The men formed a centre. A brilliantly lighted blue background gave a vast sky effect.

The performance as a whole was highly creditable and in parts admirable. The chorus sang with good tone, balance and fine spirit. The support of the orchestra was in itself excellent, though as a separate part in combination with the chorus and organ it became the minor element in the volume of sound produced. The organ used was skilfully handled but in the quality of vibrant sonority it was often a more potent factor than aid to artistic finish. In the production of the greater chorus parts the volume of sound produced by the chorus, organ and orchestra was of better accord and the results attained were impressive.

JACOBS QUARTET PLAYS.

h. y. Herald Jan. 26/14
In the Carnegie Lyceum yesterday afternoon the Max Jacobs Quartet gave its second subscription concert of the season. Beethoven's quintet, opus 53, No. 3, was the first number. Following it was Sam-

martini's "Quartetto Sinfonico," a seventeenth century work, which was played for the first time by these artists. It has a quaint charm that pleased its hearers. Ippolitoff-Iwanow's intermezzo and Humoresca Scherzando and Schumann's quintet for piano and strings, opus 44, also were heard. The piano part in the quintet was played by Mr. Earl La Ross.

The quintet, composed of Messrs. Max Jacobs, Hans Meyer, William Eates and James Lieblich, played with its usual men rejoice in their strength. Some of the movements—shall we say all but the last?—do not stop when they are finished and there is too frequent employment of ponderous instrumental means for the location of modest melodic ideas.

Kitty Cheatham with Philharmonic

The Philharmonic on Saturday afternoon was a "concert for young people." Kitty Cheatham, the "children's hour" expert, was the soloist. Mr. Stransky wisely chose Gilbert's comedy overture on negro melodies as an opening number. Miss Cheatham's first group, some negro melodies and an Uncle Remus story, followed.

Then Miss Cheatham told in her inimitable way the story of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, and of the midsummer night dream music. The Andante of the Symphony and the Scherzo of Mendelssohn followed. Then Miss Cheatham gave some "Mother Goose" and other verses. She got to take into consideration the size of the hall, and many of her fine points were lost to all except those in the front rows.

The last number was Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite, which it was a delight to hear entire (barring a small cut whi-

Mr. Stransky wisely made in the "Valse des Fleurs". Miss Cheatham prefaced every movement with a story of what "Marie" saw in her dream. She compared the "Danse Chinoise" to a "pig grunting at a bunch of firecrackers"—all of which was interesting to the children—though Miss Cheatham used some dreadfully big words—and to those of a larger growth as well. Mr. Stransky's performance of the Suite was striking in its differentiation of the various rhythms and in its emphasis on the kaleidoscopic orchestral coloring. The programme was rather long, but there was so much variety that it was a surprise to find that it was really five o'clock. Incidentally, Mr. Fayer's flute-playing in the Mendelssohn Scherzo and Mr. Schütze's harp cadenza in the "Valse des Fleurs" are worthy of special mention.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A. J. Sun Jan. 26, 1914
Jean Gerardy, the Belgian, heard in

Concerto of Lalo.

Jean Gerardy, the Belgian violoncellist, was the sole performer at the Sunday afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society given yesterday at Carnegie Hall. It was the third appearance made here by the distinguished artist since his recent return after some years absence. That Mr. Gerardy's return is timely in a season marked by a dearth of cellists goes without saying.

He gave a performance of Lalo's concerto for violoncello, in D major, with orchestra. His delivery of the composition did all that was possible for it under the circumstances. Its music though good is somewhat monotonous in development, and the accompaniment, which unfortunately was not well played by the orchestra, is very meagre in tissue. In spite of these obstacles Mr. Gerardy's work aroused much interest. He played with rare beauty of tone throughout, and he showed a fine taste and never failing dignity of style.

The orchestral numbers were Godard's "Oriental Symphony," Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Handel's "Largo," Beethoven's "Minuet," "Lento Funebre," by Grieg; Glinka's fantasia, "Kamarinskaja," and the "Capriccio Espagnol" of Rimsky-Korsakov.

The Godard symphony, which was now heard for the first time at these concerts, consists of five descriptive pieces based on poems by Leconte de Lisle, Aug. de Chateillon, Hugo and Godard himself. Each movement represents an Eastern country, namely, Arabia, China, Greece, Persia and Turkey, and with the respective titles, "A Desert Picture," "Chinese," "In the Hammock," "The Dream of Nikla" and "Turkish March." The first movement pictures a train of tramping elephants, and in the music the effect of ponderous weight is very cleverly depicted. The third movement is especially catching in charm of fancy and melody, and the fifth quite strong in musical substance. The music of the whole, while pleasing to the ear, seems to have come from a pen of talent, but one without the saving grace of intellect. The orchestra performed the symphony well.

A SUNDAY WITH NATIONAL MUSIC

Jan. 26, 1914
Revelations at Concerts of the Philharmonic Societies.

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF AMERICAN SUITE

What Has Been and What Might Be Done with Afro-American Dances.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

At the concert of two of the city's most distinguished musical organizations yesterday afternoon large portions of the programme were devoted to music based on national or folk idioms. The Philharmonic Society began its programme with an "Oriental Symphony" by Godard and ended it with Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice." The former composition is rather fantastically instituted, for it is in no sense a symphony, but a series of descriptive pieces in which the composer has tried, not very successfully, to blend orchestral colors and rhythmic forms conventionally associated with countries of the Far East with his own inventions. The countries which he essays thus to depict are Arabia—"Les Elephants," a desert picture; China—"Chinoiserie," mandarin in a merry mood returning from life at Peking; Greece—a moody piece with a swinging

in designs to the "Sera de Baginouse," especially the whispered longings of the indolent maiden swinging in her hammock:

Oh, si j'étais capitaine,
On sultane,
Je prendrais des bains emboies,
Dans un bain de nuire jaune,
Près d'un trône,
Entre deux griffons dorés!

Persia—music supposedly reflecting the mood of a poem of Godard's own, which tells of a maiden sad and beautiful dreaming a dream of social ambition; of how she would be a queen. Turkey—a hard and cruel march, enforcing the Moslem creed: "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet." Of the musical elements which Godard employed in his pieces not one belongs to the folk music of the peoples whom he attempts to depict. He may have caught the ponderous stride of the Arabian elephants, but he makes no essay of the Arabian scale. His "Chinoiserie" is no more "Chinese" than it is Greek, Persian or Turkish, as the remaining pieces profess to be, but are not. Perhaps the music would have stirred the fancy of its hearers more than it did yesterday if the poems of Leconte de Lisle, Auguste de Chateillon, Victor Hugo and Godard himself had been printed on the programme. The music would have not been made any better by the procedure as music, but it would have gained as a decorative element, at least.

We have had several performances of the "Capriccio Espagnol" of late—a scintillant performance by the Boston Orchestra under Dr. Muck lingers in memory, though it was an ante-climax at the time because it came after Florent Schmitt's "Salome" music. The composers of Holy Russia, which we are prone to think of as a country with a cruel climate, seldom remembering the delightful climatic and topographical aspects which it also encompasses, have long shown a fondness for the music of Spain and have heard much more in it than Dr. Norman MacLeod's "hot night, disturbed by a guitar"; witness Glinka's "Jota Aragonese," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scherezade" and the caprice in which the composer has tricked out an *alborado*, a dance-song of the Spanish gypsies, and a *fandango* of the Asturias with all the glistening tinsel of modern orchestration. The capriccio is an effective piece in a popular programme like that of yesterday, in which the most serious number was Lalo's Concerto in D played by Jean Gerardy, and it brought a suggestion to the mind of the reviewer who was also obliged to hear some of the Symphony Society's music in Aeolian Hall and there, very unexpectedly, found that a young local composer was making an essay with folk music of a different order. Of that something shall be said presently. Now, the record of the Philharmonic Society's concert may be concluded with the statement that between the efforts of the Frenchman Godard and the Russian Rimsky-Korsakov to give expression to the mystical spirit of Arabia, China, Greece (?), Persia, Turkey and Spain, was heard the wholly effective and convincing voice of Glinka, the founder of the Russian school, proclaiming its essence in his "Kamarinskaja." "That's the way in which Russian themes should be treated," said Oulicheff, when taking Beethoven to task for his little excursion into Russian territory in the Rasolmowski quartets.

At the concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall Mr. Walter Damrosch provided a surprise for his audience by resigning his baton in the last number to a member of the orchestra and permitting him to conduct a symphonic suite of his composition. The conductor-composer was Victor Kolar, a young man, born in Bohemia, who made some of his studies under Dr. Dvorak—the Czech who by precept and example turned the attention of American musicians to the possibilities of American folksong as artistic material. The programmes of several concert institutions and the catalogues of some publishers bear witness that a number of American composers have taken the lesson inculcated by Dr. Dvorak to heart. George W. Chadwick, one of the best of them, has probably assimilated it most completely, for, as there was occasion to point out here a few weeks ago, when Mr. Kneisel produced one of his string quartets, he has caught and bodied forth the spirit of American folksong, as Dr. Dvorak did, without using folksong tunes literally, as Henry Schomberg, Edward R. Kroeger, John A. Brockhoven, Henry Gilbert, W. H. Hunsdon and others have done. Mr. Kolar's composition was set down on the programme simply as a "symphonic suite," but with the first phrase which came from the orchestra it was made plain that it was to be an "American" as well as a "symphonic suite," for the phrase was a variant of that which opens the old slave song "Deep River," which Coleridge-Taylor turned into a beautiful pianoforte

piece and Miss Powell transcribed for violin. There were four movements in the suite, the first of which rather heavily and much too laboriously announced some of the thematic material which was to be developed later and, therefore, seemed too much like "thundering in the index." It was as well as the more satisfactory second movement left the minds of the listeners more or less in the dark, but when the third movement began faces began to brighten, hearty and spontaneous applause broke out, which was taken up again at the end of the last movement (the fourth) and continued enthusiastically until the young composer, recalled again and again to bow his acknowledgments, was made to feel that he had written music which appealed mightily to the taste and likings of his audience. It was American music in its employment of the rhythms which first set American feet to dancing and which have now acted like the strains of the Pied Piper's pipe upon all the world—which is more or less a pity. It was recognizably American to the whole audience because of the use in it of phrases drawn from songs which they all knew a bit of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," a bit of "The Old Folks at Home" and a snatch of "Yankee Doodle," used more outspokenly than his master used it in his symphony, "From the New World." The final movement was a lively jig, which set many a listener's feet a-go-round.

And now for the thought suggested by the juxtaposition of Rimsky-Korsakov's Spanish Capriccio. Heretofore the American composers who have made use of Afro-American folksongs have confined themselves chiefly to the religious songs of the slaves. But the dances which grew up in the Gulf states and the Antilles are also Afro-American products. The imposition of French and Spanish melody (especially Spanish) on African rhythms gave us such a thing of beauty as the Habanera, which Bizet found very serviceable in "Carmen" and which yielded Mexico's bewitching "Paloma." The Habanera is not the only dance which grew up on this continent and which might be utilized in compositions serious in purpose and dignified in dimensions. The Bamboula, Babouille, Bouéne, Couajouille and Calinda, to make a list which is still incomplete, remain to be exploited. Many of the melodies are still to be found.

SING HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"

About One Thousand Singers in Chorus at Hippodrome.

A chorus numbering nearly a thousand singers sang the choruses in Handel's "Messiah" in the Hippodrome last night, under the direction of Tali Esen Morgan, and the oratorio was heard with evident delight by an audience which almost filled the tremendous auditorium. The solos were sung by Mme. Jomelli, Miss Mildred Porter, Dan Beddoe and Frederic Martin, of whom it ought to have been said when he sang at the Christmas performance of the oratorio by the Oratorio Society that he gave the finest illustration of the true oratorio style that this season has brought forth. There was much that was admirable in the singing of the chorus last night, especially in the volume of sound and the obvious sincerity of the effort. It ought to have been a lesson to Mr. Koemmenich and the Oratorio Society to feel the thunderbolt which fell on the audience in the climaxes of the "For unto us" chorus; for Mr. Morgan did not feel called upon to change tradition and kill the composer's carefully prepared and ingeniously invented effect. H. E. K.

MISS SASSOLI IN RECITAL

Harpist and Miss Wyman Heard at Little Theatre Concert.

There was a most delightful offering last night at the Little Theatre, when Miss Loraine Wyman and Miss Ada Sassoli gave a joint recital before an audience which, if of moderate size, was one of unusual intelligence. Miss Sassoli's art is well known. This young harpist has appeared often, and always to the applause of the critical. Her playing last night of such numbers as Rameau's "Le Tamhourin," Martini's gavotte and "Chanson de Marot's" "Chanson de Guiller-Martin" was exquisite in delicacy, which virtue was not unexpected.

Miss Wyman, however, is an artist as yet unknown to the New York public, but one who will probably not remain in that condition long. Her art is similar to that of Mme. Yvette Guilbert, of whom she is a pupil, and in her group of French songs of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries she displayed marked resemblances to her famous teacher. Those who heard her sing "Il était une bergère," or "La Menteuse," must have recognized an artist who possesses the true gift of comedy, and whose interpretations were the more remarkable for their economy of means.

Delightful, too, was her delivery of the evident later in her group of English songs, which she concluded with the well known "The Keyes of Heaven." In short, Miss Wyman proved herself an artist whose art no bushel will hide. She was equally delightful last night in French and English.

A New Grieg Funeral March.

The most impressive feature of yesterday afternoon's Philharmonic concert was the first performance of Grieg's woe-begone song, "At Mother's Grave," as arranged for orchestra by A. Walter Kramer. This young composer, several of whose songs have been mentioned favorably in these columns, has shown in this transcription a surprisingly correct instinct for selecting tone colors that most poignantly emphasize the agony expressed in Grieg's heart-rending song. It seems strange that he himself did not think of orchestrating it, for its overwhelming grief seems too great to express with voice and piano alone. The piece was played as a "Lento Funebre," and it is safe to predict that it will become as great a favorite as "Aase's Death," which is played at so many funerals. The list of great funeral marches is surprisingly small. In adding to it a masterwork Mr. Kramer has done a deed of international importance.

For the first time, also, at a Philharmonic concert Mr. Stransky conducted yesterday Godard's "Oriental" symphony, which in its first three numbers, entitled "A Desert Picture," "Chinese," and "In the Hammock," contains interesting music. Mr. Gerardy gave much pleasure to the audience by playing Lalo's concerto in D, which is no an important composition. For Mr. Stransky and his splendid orchestra there was the most enthusiastic applause after Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," which was played with exhilarating virtuosity, and Handel's majestic "Largo."

NINE CONCERTS FOR LOVERS OF MUSIC

Jan. 26, 1914
Programmes Given by Orchestra, Chorus, String Quartet, and Solo Voices.

GOOD SYMPHONY AUDIENCES

Damrosch Organization Offers Three Novelties — Philharmonic Plays Godard's "Oriental Symphony."

The activity of New York concert-givers reached a climax of intensity yesterday when no fewer than nine public concerts were given, to which the public was invited to come and pay. Whether in every instance it did pay may be a matter of doubt. There were, at any rate, audiences of considerable numbers at Carnegie and Aeolian Halls, where the Philharmonic and New York Symphony Societies played respectively. At the same time the Max Jacobs string quartet was giving a concert in the Carnegie Lyceum, below stairs, to a somewhat sparse attendance of listeners. In the evening a performance of "The Messiah" was given in the Hippodrome by Tali Esen Morgan's chorus, optimistically stated to number 1,200 voices, to an audience of large size. The usual Sunday night concerts of a popular character were given at the Metropolitan Opera House and at the Century Opera House. Miss Inga Orner gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall, and Miss Loraine Wyman and Ada Sassoli another one in the Little Theatre, while a concert of music for wind instruments took place at Carnegie Lyceum. The opera houses were well filled; the song recitals less well. There was no need for the musically hungry to go unsatisfied. At the Philharmonic Society's concert Benjamin Godard's "Oriental" Symphony, Op. 84, was played for the first time in these concerts; a symphony intended by the composer to suggest in five movements five Eastern countries. But his musical orientalisms is considerably diluted with the characteristics of European music, and his own musical inspiration shines more interestingly in some of his other compositions. Jacques Thibaud was the soloist. He played Lalo's concerto for the violoncello with great fervor and a noble and dignified style. His singing of the plaintive second theme in the first movement, after a rhapsodical introduction, was of especial beauty. Smaller pieces of a popular character, ending with Glinka's "Kamarinskaja," fantasia and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice," left no doubt that the programme was intended to be a diverting one. With the exception of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and an aria from Handel's "Julius Caesar," very well sung by Florence Hilsie, Walter Dam-

Symphony Orchestra concert was made up of novelties. There was a fantasy for flute by George Hue, an adagio for strings by Lichten, and a Symphonie Suite by Victor Kolar, a young violinist in the orchestra, who conducted himself. It was a most interesting programme with respect to the novelties. In the fantasy for flute, in which George Barrere played the solo part splendidly, the composer wisely made use of the virtuosity of the instrument on which to found the style of the composition, thus avoiding a monotony of effect which sustained melodies might have occasioned. The piece was largely tinged with Oriental coloring in rhythm and melody, the orchestral background being vivid and coherent, while the solo part had varied melodic and elaborations of melody which were always grateful for the instrument.

The Adagio for strings was a composition in which there was no strongly individual material, yet the composer, by ceaseless change in the combinations of the stringed instruments principally, produced a work which was always interesting and gave the impression of something new in its class.

Mr. Kolar's Symphonie Suite, a composition of four movements, showed that it was not for nothing the composer had put in the orchestra. His orchestral coloring and technique were masterly, and yet not in the sensational style that some of the contemporary composers affect. The first movement was built on a fragmentary motive, and as a sample of this style of composition, it was interesting and "carried." The work exhibited considerable musical scholarship and talent in the composer.

The performance of "The Messiah" at the Hippodrome pleased the audience; "Messiah" audiences are generally pleased. The volume of the chorus seemed scarcely to correspond with the number of voices it was supposed to contain, but it was sufficient. The men were in a considerable minority. The precision was all that could be expected, perhaps, of so large a body, necessarily and for purely acoustical reasons, if for other, somewhat unwieldy. But the Hippodrome is not a suitable place for music at the best. The members of the solo quartet, Jeanne Jonelli, Mildred Potter, Dan Biddoe and Frederic Martin, did excellent work, as some of them have done before in performances here of "The Messiah" and other works of its class. Clearness of enunciation was a notable feature of their singing. There were erudites in the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Morgan conducted energetically, but his views of "The Messiah" are in many ways somewhat conventional.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the soloists were Alma Gluck, Dinah Gilly, and Lambert Murphy. Miss Gluck sang "Casta Diva," from "Norma," and a group of three songs by Russian composers, together with several encores. Mr. Gilly's numbers were the prologue of "I Pagliacci" and some songs, while Mr. Murphy sang an aria from "Romeo and Juliet" and songs by Holmes, Frogl, and Leoncavallo. The orchestra, under the direction of Richard Hageman, played the "Euryanthe" overture, Massenet's suite, "Scenes Pittoresques," and the Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda."

At the Century Opera House Nora D'Angel, soprano, made her first appearance with the company, singing "Caro nome," from Rigoletto. Others who sang were the Misses Herbert, Carson, and Scott, and Messrs. Bergman, Adkins, Wheatley, and Kaufman. Joseph Pasternack and Carlo Nicolsa conducted the orchestra, which played the overture to "The Bartered Bride," the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," the Meditation from "Thais," Schubert's Serenade, and the overture to "The Sorcerer."

It was the Max Jacobs Quartet's second concert that was heard in the afternoon in the underground auditorium, an organization of serious musicians who played Beethoven's Third Rasmouffsky Quartet, a "quartetto sinfonico" by Sammartini, marked as for "the first time"; two movements by Ippolitow-Ivanow, and with the assistance of Earle La Ross, pianist, Schumann's quintet for piano and strings. They have not yet reached the higher levels of finish and correct intonation in chamber music performance—a difficult and exacting art—but their listeners enjoyed what was offered.

A note different from that of any other of the day was struck at the Little Theatre in the recital of Loraine Wyman, chansonneuse, and Ada Sassoli, harpist. Miss Sassoli's work is well known here, but that of Miss Wyman is less so. She is a disciple of Yvette Guilbert and, like her preceptress, she is able to impart a great charm to the singing of old music. Her group of old French songs was particularly charming. Each soloist had two groups of compositions, and they united in the end for a group together. There was a fairly good audience, which was captivated by the work of both artists.

At Carnegie Lyceum E. P. Mesthene and Burnet C. Tuthill gave a concert of chamber music chiefly for wind instruments. They were assisted by Eric Hauser, Joseph J. Kovarik, Morris Payes, A. Reines, and Alexander Rihm. One of the principal numbers was a sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and piano by Ludwig Thuille, which is new to this country.

The most interesting feature of Miss Inga Orner's recital was the Swedish music that she sang, folk songs and art songs, in their native tongue. There were two songs by Grieg, presumably sung in Norwegian. Another group comprised a number of songs by American composers.

"KONIGSKINDER" SANG.
Miss Farrar Heard Again With Pleasure as the Goose Girl.

The eleventh week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House began last night with a performance of Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder." The audience was hardly of the brilliance usual on a Monday night, but it was of a good size and it indicated its interest in the representation of the melodious drama by abundant applause.

The prominent singers in the cast save one were those customarily heard in the work. Mme. Ober appeared for the first time here as *The Witch*. She proved herself a distinctive aid in the first act by

her excellent singing in which were well depicted the tones of an old woman, or again the disclosure made of the full natural beauty of her voice. In her action she was not always convincing. It was too strongly marked by the quality of refinement.

Miss Farrar continued to rivet attention by her impersonation of the *Goose Girl*. It was as ever invested with a tender personal loveliness and in singing with much expressive beauty.

Mr. Jörn as the *King's Son* was in much better voice than when he recently sang the role at the first hearing of the opera this season. With a good understanding of its naive German spirit of idealism, he made a very fitting companion to his charming partner, the *Gooseherd*. Mr. Goritz as the *Spielmann*, Mr. Reiss as the *Broommaker*, and Mr. Ruysdael as the *Woodcutter* contributed their usual share of excellent merit to the performance.

The flock of geese behaved on the whole in a very proper manner, though they seemed to require a change of position on the stage. They had evidently decided among themselves beforehand to have no squawking or uproar, but to attend strictly to the business of keeping an eye out for any stray corn kernels. Mr. Hertz conducted, and the orchestra played excellently.

"KONIGSKINDER" WELL SUNG AT METROPOLITAN

Miss Farrar Scores New Triumph and Opera Is Given Good Reception.

Englebert Humperdinck's delightful "Koenigskinder," the production of which four years ago was one of the signal triumphs of the Metropolitan Opera Company's present management, was sung again last night.

As it may appear, no Enrico Caruso has been needed to give sobs and top notes in order to attract the crowd. The crowds have come without their beloved tenor, though perhaps the Sicilian cohorts have been absent from their accustomed places behind the brass or orchestra rail. For "Koenigskinder" is a work that touches the heart and its melody is an spontaneous as it is sincere.

Miss Farrar's *Goose Girl* has from its inception been recognized as one of the truest bits of characterization that this young soprano has executed. She makes of it a figure gracious, ingenious, pathetic and tender. Herr Humperdinck has expressed his gratitude to her often, and worthily.

Mr. Jörn sings well the *King's Son*, even if kingliness is not the prime virtue of his impersonation, and Mr. Goritz's Fiddler is a figure of great poetic nobility.

There was one new member in the cast last night, Mme. Margarete Ober, who for the first time took the part of the *Witch*. During New York's short acquaintance with her Mme. Ober has sung *Ortrud*, *Amneris*, *Erda*, *Laura*, *Octavian*, *Marian*, and *Brangaene*, and in all she has displayed her beautiful voice and her extraordinary gift for dramatic impersonation. It was foreordained that she could not fail as the *Witch*, though it will probably be considered as the least effective of her portraits.

Mr. Hertz conducted with great enthusiasm, which only only the regret that it has caused him to turn a deaf ear to those who would have him curtail the last act.

The *Spielmann's* closing oration may be very fine in itself, but the opera should end with the death of the children. Yet, cuts or no cuts, "Koenigskinder" is an opera to be loved and treasured and enjoyed.

SCHOENBERG MUSIC HAS FIRST HEARING

Flonzaley Quartet Introduces Remarkable Work of Viennese Composer.

Audience Is Interested

A Quartet Written in One Movement Lasting Fifty Minutes.

The programme of the Flonzaley Quartet concert in Aeolian Hall last evening contained three numbers, Mozart's adagio and fugue in C minor, Arnold Schoenberg's quartet in D minor, opus 7, and Beethoven's G major quartet, opus 18, No. 2. The Schoenberg quartet was heard for the first time in public here. It had already been played at a private concert in

this city at the Cort Theatre on December 28 last.

Schoenberg has been the sensation of Europe in recent seasons, though he has been writing music for a long time. But his art is so unpopular that only musicians of great courage will introduce it to audiences. When the D minor quartet was performed in Vienna the hearers hissed and made other sounds similar to the "booming" of a theatrical first night assembly in London.

Last evening's audience listened to the composition, which lasts for fifty minutes without a break, in perfect silence and with close attention. At the end there was a burst of genuine applause, which was certainly earned by the performance if not called forth by the composition itself.

This piece of chamber music cannot be dismissed in the manner of conventional morning paper comment. It has been said that Schoenberg's avowed mission is to free harmony from all rules and that his every chord is the outcome of emotion. All of this may or may not be true, but it does not quite find the heart of the matter. Such a quartet as that heard last evening raises tremendous questions, the answers to which lie at the basis of all art. Indeed the first question raised is "What is art?" And the next is "What is music?" What is its purpose? To whom is it addressed?

Hector Berlioz defined music as "the art of moving intelligent men, gifted with special and practised organs, by combinations of tones." If this be true, and if Schoenberg's methods and purposes be correct, then every music lover ought to have an ear capable, like Edison's, of shutting out every extraneous sound, an acquaintance with the origin and development of chords equal to that of Bernard Ziehm and a theoretical mastery of counterpoint greater than that of a Rheinberger.

For this music is a demonstration of the theory that freedom of harmony is to be attained by a reversion to the methods of the gods of the polyphonic era, but by superimposing upon them all the melodic idiosyncrasies of our own time, which include a passionate love for successions of intervals innately hostile to the diatonic scale, the scale upon which every now accepted masterpiece is founded, not excepting the superficially chromatic "Tristan und Isolde."

If this kind of comment means little to the reader who is not a trained musician it must be said in its defence that it is the only kind which can fairly be applied to Schoenberg's composition. This music demands technical discussion. It demands it chiefly because while the assertion that every chord is the outcome of emotion may be true it makes no appeal to the emotions and arouses none, unless amazement be one.

This music is directed at the intelligence. It is music of the head, and listening to it comprehensively is an intellectual feat which only a musician can accomplish. The musician will find in it a mastery of form and of the technique of composition of the highest order. There can be no question about that. The work is based on a grand fundamental theme and several subsidiary motives, all of which have logical relation to each other.

These are developed in one continuous movement which within itself contains a long fugato standing between the first and second motives, a scherzo with trio, a working out section, then an adagio, and at last a finale built of variants of the original themes. Instrumental devices not common to chamber music, such as muted strings, playing near the bridge and harmonics, are liberally employed. Also the composer uses the most widely dispersed harmony, at times extending his chords across the scale from the lowest bass of the cello to the uppermost flights of the violin. To enter into any detailed account of the instrumental treatment would occupy too much space and answer no good purpose. These things must be heard to be appreciated.

In spite of its extreme length the quartet does not impress the experienced listener as much too long. The development of the first part is the most difficult part of the work to follow, for it is here that the pitiless adherence of the writer to the logic of his polyphony leads him into the most unusual harmonic combinations. He apparently does not care what happens to his chord sequences so long as his melodic voice parts pursue their way with unvarying purpose. Palestrina wrote in this way too, but in an atmosphere of old time tonality which knew no fogs, no harsh winds, no thunderstorms.

In the adagio Schoenberg has written some marvellously beautiful measures, yet here one feels the working of profound thought rather than of poetic inspiration. The harmonies are remarkable, but they are not painful to the ear. On the contrary even the most singular of them fits perfectly into the scheme and sounds well.

But the chief points which force themselves upon the mind after listening carefully to this work are those embodied in the questions raised at the beginning of this inadequate review. Who is to listen to such music, and what is it for?

To speak of such composition as madness is not wise. There is too much of brain in it. And it makes no radical departure from the path in which Mahler and d'Indy, for instance, have already trod. But whether this is the straight path for musical art is something which time alone can determine. Certainly no other art has achieved its loftiest things by an appeal solely to technical understanding and keen analysis.

Mr. Betti and his associates. They brought to it a beauty of tone, a perfection of balance and an aerial clarity of utterance which went far toward making it acceptable even to the ears long accustomed to simpler methods.

SCHOENBERG'S STRING QUARTET

An Anarch's Innocuous Chamber Composition.

MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT

Some Uninjured Principles of Art—A Little Sermon for the Pure in Heart.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

The Flonzaley Quartet accomplished a notable deed at Aeolian Hall last night. Whether or not it was done consciously need not be inquired into either curiously or carelessly. Mr. Betti and his men demonstrated to the satisfaction of the largest audience that has yet attended their concerts that there is no moral and very little if any artistic obliquity involved in the composition, performance or hearing of Schoenberg's string quartet in D minor. The audience not only sat the performance out with exemplary patience and gave it close attention, but applauded at its conclusion, and apparently put the stamp of its approval on the work. It is not easy to see how the good people could have done less after any possible sting which the composition possessed had been deftly extracted by bringing the quartet's subscribers to a preliminary private hearing and formally asking an expression of opinion either by applause or hisses at the end. New Yorkers are not accustomed to exhibitions of bad manners in public places, and the surest way of getting applause in any case is to invite hisses. It was ingenious pleading and served its purpose without in the least affecting the issue involved. That issue was not lifted into prominence by the music so much as it was by the hullabaloo raised by the preliminary announcements. The quartet had nothing to do with the demonstrations of disapproval at concerts in Vienna and London, at which music written by Schoenberg was performed. That music is of later day production; the quartet is an early work and was composed before its author became a proud anarchist in art, as the word mongers have dubbed him or will soon call him. Of course, all anarchism is delightfully exciting, and everybody who does not admire it is a reactionary, a Philistine. If we were disposed to be captious about terms it might be said that the latter term is not properly applied by the self-elected champions of "progress." In German university cities all citizens not associated with the student body are Philistines, as in English university centres all who are not of the gown are of the town. In view of the present tendency in music "Philistine" is obviously a misnomer. The contemptuous attitude toward learning is that assumed by the progressists and anarchists who despise the academician, affect to eschew all his works and arrogate to themselves the right to make their own laws.

The notion has been put forth industriously that Schoenberg is one of these artistic anarchists. So he is, according to report, but not in this quartet—at least, not to any alarming extent. This music is like the curate's egg—parts of it are good, indeed, very good. It does not spoil enjoyment that its four movements are not separated by pauses, nor that its thematic material is distributed through all of its parts. These things are utterly inconsequential. It is disappointing chiefly because it is so largely futile and because its moments of beauty are separated by long and arid stretches of impotent striving. Listeners of a serious bent of mind and trained to patience can find much enjoyment in it.

Let that suffice for the music itself. A few observations are challenged by the unnecessary pleas put forward in its behalf. Mr. De Coppet invited the patrons of the quartet to a private hearing. Mr. Kurt Schindler read an essay to them about the composer, and Mr. Betti prepared them for the hearing by telling them (through Mr. Schindler and a brochure) why they ought to admire it.

Here were the reasons: Because the composition illustrates great liberty of form and absolute independence of part-writing, also, because it employs the instruments in all their varied registers (often in the extreme ones), makes use of orchestral effects unusual in quartets, and not one but several "leading motives," in the style of Wagner's dramas and Liszt's symphonic poems.

Touching these things, it might be said that, standing alone, they are highly unimportant, if true. Liberty of form might be pursued to the extent of its complete destruction if it were possible to embody an artistic idea without form, and if the result realized any of the known or felt causes of beauty the destruction would be justified. Independence in part-writing is no virtue in itself; if it were, then music would be reduced to a mere mathematical process; or, worse than that, to a mere arbitrary whim. If four persons choose to sing four melodies simultaneously and pursue their individual courses with ironbound consistency regardless of consequences to the ear, nerves and feelings of their hearers, their behavior is not admirable because of its independence. Liberty does not mean license in music any more than it does in any of the other arts. As it is admirable to strain the voices of instruments beyond their innate capacity for characteristic expression. Pigments may be blended until they cease to appear to the eye, and when so blended they cease to be artistic material. So also may sounds. Noise which is ill regulated or misguided sound has never been and never will be an element of absolute music so long as the art remains an expression of the ideal. In its illustrative capacity as an element in a mixed art like the musical drama noise may have a purpose, not as an appeal to the senses but as a quickener of the imagination. But even here the aim must be to produce something upon which the imagination may profitably dwell. To reproduce the noises of the city by means of machines which imitate the din of modern traffic and communal life, as has recently been done in Italy, where infernal inventions constructed to groan, thunder, whistle, detonate, gurgle, scrape and snort lent their aid in a delineation of "The Awakening of the Capital." Nothing is art which kills the finer sensibilities which civilization has developed and leads the world back to savagery. As for the employment of "leading motives" in absolute music and their development, unless the device serves the end of art it is futile. All the logical consistency and ingenious contrivance in the world cannot justify it without that end. There is no parallel between a string quartet without an underlying programme and a drama. The

agencies, elements, passions, personages in a play may be symbolized in music, and the symbols may be ingeniously developed along the lines of the action, so as to be a commentary on it to the instructed listener; but the process will be extraneous and arbitrary. When the themes are well invented, when they have properties which can readily be associated with the things for which they are supposed to stand, and when, thus constituted, they are developed in a way which makes appeal to ear, fancy, imagination, and emotion—that is, when they are made to serve the purposes of art—they need neither defence nor justification.

Thus endeth a little homily for the simple minded in art.

SCHOENBERG'S QUARTET.

Flonzaley Players Give First Hearing of a Revolutionary German's Work.

The Flonzaley Quartet made their second concert of this season notable by the production for the first time publicly in New York of Arnold Schönberg's string quartet in D minor, Op. 7. This performance, which took place last evening in Aeolian Hall, may properly be considered notable, whatever may be thought of the merits of the composition itself. It is a work of enormous length and difficulty; its preparation has occupied the players for a long time. They put into it not only their great accomplishments and highly finished skill, but also much anxious thought and intellectual study. They gave it also a genuine devotion and enthusiasm. They clearly believe in it themselves, and they played it with the earnest purpose of making their listeners believe in it.

To prepare their listeners for a better comprehension of it, they had offered a preliminary hearing to such of their subscribers as cared to take advantage of it some four weeks ago, at the Court Theatre, where Mr. Kurt Schindler also delivered an explanatory and analytical address. This address has since been printed as a pamphlet, with an enunciation in musical notation of the principal themes of the quartet.

Music becomes a pretty serious problem when a string quartet needs such preparation. But Arnold Schönberg and his music have already occupied so much attention and created so much controversy abroad, that it was high time some of it should be heard in New York. Hitherto, only a couple of quite innocent songs of his have been heard here, about which no controversy at all was possible. His five small pieces for orchestra, which gave rise to "sensational outbreaks of temper," as Mr. Schindler calls them, among the public and critics of London, caused similar eruptions not long ago in Chicago—and Anglo-Saxon musical audiences are not much given to making such demonstrations about music they do not care for.

It is perhaps not necessary to say more than who Schönberg is and what he is doing. Mr. James Huneker just a year ago devoted a page article in THE SUNDAY TIMES to the man and his work. He is 39 years old, a Viennese by birth, and has already equaled Beethoven in one respect, in that he is now writing in his "third style." It is this "third style" that is causing so much trouble in the musical world. Schönberg worked in "modernity," filling up "silent scores," bewildering scores, till now he has gained the ear and the attention of the musical world, and is the subject of violent controversy, discussed as a chief revolutionist, the most forward of the innovators.

The string quartet heard last evening belongs only to his "second style," and is not really matter to cause serious disturbance or riot. Its unrelieved length is one of its greatest difficulties. Though it is presented in one movement, there are evident divisions corresponding to the four movements of the antiquated sonata form and marked by their changes in spirit and mood. Nor is the music so fearsome in dissonance and harshness of harmony as some had been led to believe. The themes are not in themselves beautiful, but for the most part dreary and inexpressive, and there is little light and warmth in their development. This is elaborate and abstruse. The composer has carried to an extreme point their transformation, juxtaposition, inversion, and development in independent and polyphonic part-writing. Schönberg's "logic" is one of the qualities on which his admirers put the greatest stress; and this purely intellectual quality dominates the entire work. He seems to be little concerned with beauty for its own sake, or with emotional expressiveness. Nor with all this logic does there seem to be continuity of thought or a determinate and precise issue, but rather one ingenious experiment after another.

Occasionally one of them succeeds in ways that lift the listener for a brief moment out of these abstruse combinations; there are such moments in what corresponds to the adagio; and at that there is a codo in which, for the first, the impression of beauty is sustained. But of the presence of a master, of the vision of a seer into unknown realms of beauty, this quartet shows little or nothing. Will our grandchildren see it and smile indulgently at bewildered listeners of 1914? The question is not really important; bewildered listeners of 1914 can only listen for themselves. The audience was large, profoundly attentive, and evidently desirous to appropriate all the players could give them. At the end there was long, continued applause. The performance at least deserved it; it denoted a wonderful master of a most difficult score, perfect in intonation in the exact exposition of complicated rhythms and in the balancing of themes.

At the beginning and end of the concert there was easy enjoyment of Mozart's adagio and fugue in C minor and Beethoven's quartet in G, Op. 18, No. 2.

Flonzaleys Play Schoenberg.

If Arnold Schönberg is, as a considerable number of Austrians and Germans believe, an epoch-making innovator in music, then last night's concert of the Flonzaley Quartet in Aeolian Hall was a historic event, for its programme included his quartet in D minor, and this was the first opportunity New York music-lovers have had to hear one of the larger works of a composer who is as much talked about in Germany just at present as Richard Strauss.

It is only within a few years that he has become so famous, or rather notorious, for most of the comments on him are unfavorable. He is denounced as an anarchist in tones, a perverter of all the laws of harmony, a cubist of the most extravagant sort. Only a few days ago some of his music was played in London, and the cable has told us how the audience and the critics were bewildered, annoyed, discouraged, dismayed.

The quartet played last night did not have this effect; but then it is not one of the "advanced" works of Schönberg. It is marked opus 7, and in his early days young Arnold, though he had his naughty moments when he made faces at the classics, had not yet taken to smashing furniture, throwing bombs, and hitching together a dozen pianolas, all playing different tunes. There are those who believe that he was prompted to do this by the same reason that induced English suffragists to become militant suffragettes. At any rate, as long as he simply composed and argued, no one paid him any attention, but as soon as he began to assail eardrums by violent methods he became the talk of the musical world. Until a year ago he was a poor man; now his publishers (who, as some wicked persons whisper, instigated him) are sending him large checks.

A few weeks ago the subscribers of the

Flonzaley Quartet were invited to a rehearsal, so that they might have a chance to hear the quartet, opus 7, twice before making up their minds as to its merits. On that occasion Kurt Schindler delivered an interesting address (which has since been printed by G. Schirmer), in which he told, among other things, how the Flonzaleys came to accept this work for production. When Busoni was last in America he spoke to Mr. Bettl "long and fervently" of this neglected quartet, which, though composed in 1905, had been played by only one other organization (the Rosé Quartet, in 1907) before the Flonzaleys took it up. The late Gustav Mahler also believed in Schönberg, stipulating in his will that the stipend for needy musicians which bears his name should be given first to him as the most worthy. These seemed reasons enough to make the experiment. An enormous amount of labor was spent by the Flonzaleys in mastering its many difficulties, and before producing it here they played it in half a dozen foreign cities, including Leipzig, London, and Berlin (in presence of the composer).

While not belonging to Schönberg's revolutionary third style, this quartet nevertheless differs from other works of its class in not being divided into the usual four movements separated by pauses. From a practical point of view, this is a disadvantage, especially in case of a work which lasts fifty-two minutes; for our ears may get tired listening just as our eyes do reading or our muscles in climbing. From an artistic point of view it is a gain; but an innovation it is only so far as chamber music is concerned, for in pianoforte and orchestral music Liszt, many years ago, set the example of knitting the formerly detached movements into one coherent whole, without a break.

From a formal point of view, one can understand very well why experts like Busoni and Mabler—and Strauss, too—have expressed their admiration of Schönberg; for his quartet in D minor certainly shows a marvellous architectural skill. A second bearing increases one's astonishment at its ingenious structure. Unfortunately, it also increases one's conviction that this composer, alas! is still another of the large and hopeless class of writers who have so much more technical skill and ingenuity than inventive power. Not one of the themes used (and repeated in the manner of leading motives) is a real creation. The result is that the greater part of the quartet is devoid of interest to those who are not fascinated by brilliant technique (as other professionals besides Busoni and Mabler are). To others the chief charm of this quartet lies in its variety of coloring. In this respect, Schönberg is a master of masters. Perhaps no other writer of chamber music except Schubert and Grieg (whose quartet it is to be hoped the Flonzaleys will play some day) has lavished such an orchestral wealth and richness of tints on a work as he has. The final section of his quartet sounds almost as saturated in its coloring as "Parsifal." It is ravishingly beautiful. And to think that a man capable of creating such beauty should have cast it aside deliberately for hideous cacophony!

The performance of this horribly difficult and exhausting work by the Flonzaley Quartet was nothing short of a marvel. Had this organization, for which the world is indebted to Mr. J. C. De Coppet, never played anything but this work, it would have proved itself second to no other chamber music organization in the world. Lucky Schönberg, to have such a group of artists to introduce him to the metropolis of the New World! In balance and beauty of tone, in purity of intonation, in everything that makes quartet-playing a thing of joy and the most intellectual branch of music, last night's performance was as near perfect as human effort can come.

SEASON'S LAST BAGBY CONCERT.
h. y. Sun Jan. 27-14
A Large Attendance at One of the Best of the Series.

Mr. Bagby's last musical morning of this season found another crowded audience yesterday in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, bringing to an end one of the most interesting series of entertainments of the winter. It was a successful morning for all the artists, who included Mme. Olive Fremstad of the Metropolitan Opera, Mme. Aimée Gluck, Paul Reimers, tenor, and Jacques Thibaud, violin. Ricardo Martin, who was announced to sing, was prevented by an attack of laryngitis. Arthur Rosenstien and Theodore Flint were at the piano.

Mme. Fremstad sang a group of German songs and one of Norwegian, giving for an encore to the latter "Les Filles de Cadix." Miss Gluck gave several English songs and the aria from "La Sonam-

ben, "An N. Grange," and she sang with Mr. Reimers some French and German folk songs. Mr. Reimers was heard in old English, German and French songs, and Mr. Thibaud played compositions of Saint-Saens, Mendelssohn, Wieniawski and Pugnani-Kreisler.

'ROMEO AND JULIET' SUNG IN ENGLISH

h. y. Tribune Jan. 28-14
Orville Harrold Makes Fine Impression in Title Part at the Century.

"Romeo and Juliet" was given last night at the Century Opera House, not Shakespeare's supreme tragedy of lyric love, but Gounod's opera of Gallic sentiment. What Verdi accomplished in "Otello" and "Falstaff," works as Shakespearean in spirit as if their composer had played at bowls in the meadows of Stratford-on-Avon, Charles Gounod scarcely attempted. Perhaps wisely he refrained from entering into any competition with the Poet, and contented himself with setting a sentimental paraphrase of the great story to music perfectly in keeping. "Romeo and Juliet" the opera was born in Paris, and will probably die there; and those who have heard it the few times it has been given of recent years, probably look forward to its approaching decease with no great regret.

Yet last night's performance was one of the best things the Century has accomplished, and in Orville Harrold, the Messrs. Aborn have at last secured a tenor of fine artistic stature. Despite threats of Hammensteinian injunctions Mr. Harrold sang, and few of those who remember him in his salad days at the Hanhattan were prepared for the artist who revealed himself last night. It is true that his high notes no longer possess the beauty and the brilliancy of those of four years ago, but in their place he showed a feeling, a skill in phrase, a delicacy of expression and a romantic hearing which were worthy of warm praise. In addition his diction was as clear as the most earnest advocate of opera in English could desire, the audience missing scarcely a word he sang. Singers at a more noted house of song might well journey to the Century, and in this particular learn much from Mr. Harrold.

The Juliet of Miss La Palme was much less satisfactory, though her natural voice and style was admirable. She sang, however, with many divergences from the pitch, and acted with a maturity of manner which would have done credit to Violetta Valéry. Thomas Chalmers was an admirable Mercutio, his fine voice being most effective in the Queen Mab air. Good words should be said for the Capulet of Morton Adkins and the Friar Laurence of Alfred Kaufman, but of Miss Howard's Stephano and Miss Coghlan's Nurse the best were silence.

The chorus showed abundant evidence of rehearsal and the whole performance moved with a certainty and a life which were of good omen. Carlo Nicosia, who conducted, showed authority, but again, only too apparent, showed the need of an improvement in the individual members of the orchestra.

"Romeo and Juliet" in English will surely give cause for pause to all lovers of our native tongue. Probably the libretto is no more banal in English than it is in French, but when for such an immortal line as "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," our outraged ears are assailed by "What rose by other name would smell so sweetly," we must indeed throw up our hands!

'ROMEO AND JULIET' AT CENTURY OPERA

h. y. Sun Jan. 28-14
Gounod's Work Brought Forward With English Text Once Again.

ORVILLE HARROLD HEARD

Performance One of General Merit and Audience Seems Pleased.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" in English was brought forward at the Century Opera House last evening. The opera had not been heard here since it enjoyed one swift and passing representa-

on at the Metropolitan opera house on January 13, 1911, when the remarkable Mr. Smirnov was the *Romeo* and Miss Farrar the *Juliet*. Owing to the extraordinary character of Mr. Smirnov's performance the opera was retired the next morning and no attempt has been made to revive it.

There is no startling novelty about his representation in English, for it was in the repertoire of the Castle Square Opera company at the American Theatre. It is not the most satisfying of works in the translation, for the sufficient reason that the French text departs widely from Shakespeare, and when this text is turned to the language spoken in this land the briolet discloses itself as something seriously near to literary bosh.

With all the advantages we are to gain on hearing operas in English we cannot do justice in the presence of the poor stuff carefully enunciated by some of the singers last evening. The sensitive lover Shakespeare must have wished at times that he could not hear a syllable of the text. Even the literal translations, as in the perfect rendering of "Ah, desespoir! Capulet est son pere," "Ah, despair! Capulet is her father" could not be said to have captivating results.

But let this vexed question rest for a moment. The performance brought credit to the Century Opera House, and this is the chief point. It was not a finished performance and it was sadly lacking in style, but it had certain musical excellences. There was the added interest of Orville Harrold's first appearance with the company. This took place despite many loud assertions that it would not.

Mr. Harrold turned out to be a pretty good looking *Romeo*, except when he was trying to put his chin on his breast in accordance with some marvellous theory of tone production not yet rightly comprehended by such tenors as Caruso and Ponsi. Mr. Harrold's voice has not the brilliant quality it used to have and the chin on the breast may possibly be related to this condition.

But he sang *Romeo* in tune, with some skill in phrasing and nuance, and with an enunciation which must have satisfied every advocate of opera in English. He let no syllable escape. He is a distinct acquisition at the Century, because he has had good stage training and knows how to get about and pose. Beatrice La Palme was a tolerably good *Juliet*. She sang with more taste than he has shown in some other roles and was generally faithful to the pitch. Mr. Palmer was the *Mercutio*. It can be said for him that his fresh voice was easing to hear and that he sang with good intent; but a complete *Mercutio* as larger command of the resources of the stage than this young singer has yet acquired.

Mr. Adkins was a respectable *Capulet*, and Mr. Kaufman wore the robe of *Friar Laurence*. James Davis was commendable as *Tybalt*. The staging of the opera was good. The scenery, costumes and accessories were quite worthy of an opera house conducted on the plan of the Century. The audience was not large, but seemed to be well pleased.

ROMEO AND JULIET "SUNG."

Gounod's Opera Given in English at the Century Opera House.

Orchestra.....Beatrice La Palme
Soprano.....Kathleen Howard
Prima Donna.....Florence Coughlan
Mezzo.....Orville Harrold
Bass.....James Davis
Tenor.....Jerome Uhl
Violoncello.....Thomas Chalmers
Trombone.....John O'Neill
Percussion.....Bertram Peacock
Piano.....Morton Adkins
Duke of Verona.....Frank Mansfield
Conductor, Carlo Nicosia.

The Century Opera Company returned to the older list of operas last evening and gave the first performance at this opera house of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The opera has cut no large figure in the operatic repertoire of recent years in New York; for the larger house its success has always been very considerably dependent upon the cooperation of certain great singers held in especial esteem in its roles. Memories are not yet extinct of Jean and Edouard Reszke, Mme. Melba, and Mme. Eames, and some may even recall that Miss Farrar made in this work some of her first disclosures to New York of her talent and daring. But if there is charm and vitality enough in the melodious, sometimes cloying, music of the opera itself to claim public favor on its own account, the performance that is to be heard at the Century Opera House this week ought to secure it; for it is one of the best, most competent, and most finished productions that have been given for a long time here.

It showed careful and intelligent preparation, competency on the part of most of those who took part in it, a smooth and harmonious union of the various elements that go to make up the whole effect. It was, in fact, a performance of the opera that, within limits that must be truly granted, truly represented its quality. There may be debate as to what that quality is, though none would probably dispute that Gounod achieved in it a more deplorable travesty of Shakespeare than even Ambrose Thomas did in "Hamlet," or than he himself did of Goethe in "Faust." And "Romeo and Juliet," given as an opera in English, has a good deal to face in the almost unavoidable reminder of Shakespeare's magical verse that is summoned up by the translated version of the French text. And the reminder in last night's performance was all the more forcible from the fact that there were unusually good enunciation on the part of several of the principal singers, and that comparatively few of the song-words were lost.

Foremost among those whose diction

was as whose highest, was to be admired was Orville Harrold, the *Romeo*, who on this occasion made his first appearance in the company of the Century Opera. He is an important and valuable addition. Mr. Harrold will be remembered as one of Mr. Hammerstein's American "discoveries" at the Manhattan Opera House, where he sang in the last season of that institution, and afterward at Mr. Hammerstein's London Opera House; and he has also made some appearances in New York as a concert singer. Last night his voice did not seem to have quite all its resonance in its upper tones; but it is a beautiful voice, of true and unimpaired quality lyric in character, capable of real expression in music of the lyric vein. There was distinction in the best moments of Mr. Harrold's singing, and a command of the style of the music. As an actor he cannot command quite so high praise, and his *Romeo* had not all the romantic fervor and grace that it might have had. It was nevertheless a performance that gave pleasure, and so far as it went, confirmed the judgment of the Messrs. Aborn in adding him to the company.

The *Juliet* of Miss Beatrice La Palme showed more sincere effort than real beauty of singing or grace of action, though skill and experience in the routine of the stage were not lacking. There was unusual excellence in the impersonation of Thomas Chalmers as *Mercutio*, and much that was praiseworthy in those of Alfred Kaufman as *Friar Laurence* and Morton Adkins as *Capulet*.

Mr. Nicosia conducted not, perhaps, with fire or with kindling enthusiasm, but with knowledge of the work; and the orchestra under his direction showed better quality of tone, precision, and smoothness than it has at some performances at the Century Opera House.

The chorus, too, sang with commendable vigor and smoothness. The scenery was excellent, appropriate, and, in some of the scenes, as that representing *Capulet's* garden and *Juliet's* balcony, of real beauty; at least some of them have the hall mark of the Metropolitan Opera House. The audience, which was of considerable size, showed no little enthusiasm.

JACQUES KASNER'S RECITAL.

U. S. Sun. Jan 29/14
A Young Violinist Who Plays With Merit and Understanding.

Jacques Kasner, violinist, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. His programme comprised a sonata da camera by Locatelli, Bach's E major concerto, a rhapsodie by Emmanuel Moor, Tschalkowsky's "Serenade Melancholique," Marion Bauer's "Up the Ocklawaha," three short pieces by Sinigaglia and a "Perpetuum Mobile" by Ottokar Novacek.

Mr. Kasner therefore deserves the thanks of his auditors for permitting them to hear some new music. If there were any great scarcity of violinists it might be supposed that Mr. Kasner, who was kindly received here last season, had heard the far echo of a loud demand for his return; but in a season which is so well provided with players of the violin there seems to be no commanding reason for his second visit. This has no bearing at all upon his ability, which is quite worthy of respectful consideration.

Mr. Kasner is a sound violinist, whose merits are those attained through good schooling and whose few faults are those too common among solo performers. He plays in tune with good tone and with understanding, but he is too fond of the sliding finger.

QUEENLY EAMES HER SAME SELF

U. S. Telegraph Jan 29/14

Gifted Prima Donna Scores Another

Vocal Triumph at Day Nursery

Concert at the Waldorf.

Jan. 29/14

HER ART STILL PERFECT

She and M. de Gogorza Sway With

Delight the Large Audience

In Hotel Ballroom.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Our own Emma Eames—I refuse to refer to her as Mamemoiselle, or Madame. She is too much one of us for that—returned to us vocally, last night, at the Waldorf-Astoria, at a concert given in aid of the Little Missionary's Day Nursery. With her was her husband, that subtle and cynical Spaniard, M. Emilio de Gogorza, who commingles, as none other does, intellect and mental scholarship with song.

Emma Eames was as queenly as Florentine, as ever. A single jewel sparkled in her well-adorned hair; an exquisite dress, black, brocade and lace adorned her graceful, unspoiled figure. I must not be reminiscent, but, some years ago, she was singing at Covent Garden in London. She was Marguerite. Who could forget the exquisite purity, the perfect discipline of her jewel-like tones? Not the writer of these inobtrusive lines. She was dressed in Puritanic grey. She personified and crystallized the very idea of innocence. And there last night, years afterward, she stood stately and Puritanic as ever, sweet and regal, singing the same music I had heard in the other days.

The ball room at the Waldorf-Astoria

was full, and many of the assembly were hearing her sing for the first time. Ignorant, no doubt, how large and how valid had been her personal contribution to the lyric theatre. How gladly would we hear her once again, amid the pomp and circumstance of the Metropolitan in one of those roles of hers which revealed her in her proper setting.

There is little need now to speak of her actual songs and singing last night. She made us smile at the very thought of some of the latter-day exploited and exaggerated heroines, who have attempted to displace her. M. de Gogorza sang three songs, the *Can'to del Presidiario* of Alvarez, the *Mandoline* of Debussy and the *Largo al Factotum* of Rossini. His interpretation had vivid dramatic color, and the grace and spirit of clever interpretation.

He joined forces with his wife in duets by Messager and Walthew.

The St. Cecilia Club, directed by Mr. Victor Harris, was heard in several choral numbers.

Emma Eames and De Gogorza.

While it is not customary to comment on charity concerts, a few remarks are in order about the entertainment given last night at the Waldorf-Astoria in behalf of the Little Missionary's Day Nursery, for on this occasion Emma Eames made what is to be her only appearance here this season; and Emma Eames was—and still is—one of the greatest vocal artists of the time. She has declared her intention not to appear in any more concerts or operatic performances because—well, she doesn't need to, having been wiser than most prima donnas in haymaking time. This decision is to be deeply deplored; it is actually an artistic crime, selfish, and inconsiderate of the public; for Mme. Eames sang last night with a beauty of voice, a refinement of style, a mastery of the true bel canto that one seldom hears to-day at the Metropolitan, which used to be, and still ought to be, her headquarters. It is needless to go into details; but her delivery of the jewel song from "Faust" was last night even more enchanting than in the days of the De Reszkes and all-star casts. Not only had the highest notes preserved all their beauty, but in the lower ones there was a viola quality of rare charm. Her reception by the audience was most enthusiastic, and it is needless to say that she sang more than the numbers printed on the programme. Great pleasure also was given by her husband, Emilio de Gogorza, whose splendid voice and ingratiating manner helped to make Alvarez's "Cantaro del Presidiario," the "Largo et Factotum" from Rossini's "Barber," and other numbers most enjoyable.

Hearty praise also is due to Victor Harris and his admirably trained St. Cecilia Club—a choir of fresh young voices with the morning dew still on them. Better choral singing has not been heard in New York.

Listless Spirit in Performance of "Butterfly"

Jan 29/14

Singers and Audience Have Similar Characteristics at Opera at the Metropolitan.

It was not a happy performance of "Madame Butterfly" in the Metropolitan Opera House last night. There was a listlessness in the singing and the enthusiasm of the audience was quite temperate.

There were curtain calls after each act, and Miss Farrar, who sang the title rôle, received a basket of flowers ornamented with American flags. She sang her entrance music well, but Mr. Martin, in the rôle of Pinkerton, was in bad voice. He has been suffering from a cold and was not able to sing at a concert on Monday. Although no apology was offered for his singing last night it was evident that he had not recovered from his indisposition. Mr. Scotti was Sharpless and gave his interpretation the usual distinguished histrionic touches. Mme. Fornia was Suzuki.

Mr. Toscanini conducted. His leading and the playing of the orchestra were the most commendable points of the performance.

A BELATED RECITAL

Jan 30

An Audience Waits Till the Hall

Rent Is Paid.

Jan 30

Some consequences of an overburdened season, an unwise ambition and inexperienced business management were witnessed at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon when Mr. Michael von Zadora gave a pianoforte recital. A week before some scores of persons, recipients of the courtesies which managers are only too eager to extend, had gone to the hall, only to

learn that Mr. Zadora had injured one hand and could not play. Yesterday a hundred or more gathered in the corridor and on the sidewalk before the advertised time of the concert found themselves shut out for an inconsiderable time, without explanation. Under the circumstances an explanation would have been embarrassing, for several reasons, to artist as well as hall management. The simple fact was that the rent for the hall was now forthcoming until the artist brought it in his pocket. If the incident disturbed the equanimity of the would-be listeners it is likely to have had its effect upon the player when he came before his audience half an hour late. Such an assumption at least may be generously made to account for some of the singularities of Mr. Zadora's playing—the frenetic tempo of the transcriptions by himself and Busoni of Bach's A minor prelude and fugue and two chorale preludes, and also the many technical slips which he made in them. When he reached Beethoven's last sonata, Nowern, his nervous, staccato style caused a strange bewilderment in the minds of the judicious, in view of the fact that from the beginning he had disclosed a marvellous command of the technique of pianoforte playing, especially in the matter of tone color. The crispness of his digital execution also gave promise of delight, which were, no doubt, realized in the showpieces which followed. Under the circumstances it is a kindness not to attempt to place an estimate upon the artist's ability. No doubt they are great.

NEW PIANIST HEARD.

Jan 30 1914

Michael von Zadora's First Recital

Proves Interesting.

Michael von Zadora, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. von Zadora is a Polish musician, who has quite recently come from Berlin to be at the head of the pianoforte department of a local music school. He appeared as the assisting artist at a Kneisel concert last December when his work in ensemble made a favorable impression.

According to advance accounts taken from the European press he has played with success in numerous European cities. He has also been pronounced there to be an unrivalled performer of Bach's music. His programme began with three arrangements of compositions by Bach, the organ prelude and fugue in A minor, arranged by himself, and two choral preludes transcribed by Busoni, "Now Comes the Gentle Saviour" and "Rejoice, Beloved Christians!" Then followed Beethoven's sonata, opus 111, and the same composer's "Eccossaisien." Next in order was a group of Chopin études which included the C major, E major, A minor, G flat major, E flat major and C minor, and in closing an étude, "Feux Follets," and the "Trovatore Paraphrase" of Liszt. The entire list of compositions comprised examples of a sufficient scope to show Mr. von Zadora's powers in grasp and range as an interpretative artist and to fully exhibit his capabilities in technique. It took only about an hour for its performance, during which all encores and repetitions were steadfastly avoided.

In the first two of the Bach numbers the player was by no means heard to best advantage and it was evident that this was in part owing to nervousness. There was a lack of clarity in rhythm, some undue haste and above all insufficient dignity and repose of style. The second choral prelude was much better played, and this in spite of a tendency toward overdue sentiment. Mr. von Zadora's reading of the Beethoven sonata was on the whole of much interest. Individualities of the rhythmic sense in phrasing that in turn became in a measure spasmodic, turned the ear from a continuity of thought. Of a finely cultivated taste and a highly polished means in its delivery there was an abundant showing throughout.

In several of the Chopin études, as the C major, A minor, which was exquisitely played, and the G flat major, the player did his best work. Closely related in his style of playing De Pachman, his performance was here delightful in its regard for good pedalling, a crystalline clarity of technic and a fine nuance.

The Liszt pieces, and especially the étude, afforded him opportunity for a further display in bravura of the same qualities. To summarize the leading features of Mr. von Zadora's playing as heard yesterday they may be said to consist of a technic highly developed, uncertainty in rhythm, a tone brilliant rather than warm and an elegant style throughout marked by virility.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Julia Culp Sings Schubert With

Orchestration by Schoenberg.

"When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling," wrote Gilbert, "he loves to lie a-basking in the sun." When Arnold Schoenberg is not creating his own musical labyrinths he loves to write orchestral accompaniments for songs which Schubert set with piano. In this amiable occupation he appeared on the programme of last evening's concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall. The song was

"Du bist die Ruh," and the singer was Julia Culp, who also sang with orchestra Wagner's "Traume." In this case the orchestration was the composer's. Mme. Culp was also heard in a group of songs by Hugo Wolf, the industrious Conrad Bos playing the normal accompaniments on a piano.

The orchestral numbers on the programme were Tschaiakowsky's "Maiden" symphony. This paints in music some of the moods and scenes of the poem which Byron confessed was partly inexplicable. Tschaiakowsky's music does not deserve this description, as it is perfectly clear and altogether pleasing to hear, especially when played as well as the Philharmonic performers played it. Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," having been recently given by a visiting orchestra had another performance by the home organization, and the final work on the programme was the first Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt.

RUSSIAN OPERA'S SUCCESS

"Boris Godounow" Again Holds an Audience Spellbound.

Every repetition of "Boris Godounow" at the Metropolitan Opera House awakens a desire on the part of the serious professional observer to comment on the significance of the tendency which it inaugurated a year ago. The work was performed again last night and heard by a fine audience with the rapt attention which it has inspired from the beginning, when it came as a revelation of something new and strange in the world of lyric drama. Appreciation of its value has grown steadily, a fact which is all the more gratifying since it is not due to any of the elements upon which the success of our opera is popularly supposed to rest. Like "L'Amore dei tre Re," it won its way to the hearts of the people instantly without the adventitious help of singers who have become idols of the habitués of the opera house or objects of curious interest on the part of visitors to the metropolis. It has taught the public a lesson in the value of dramatic melody which the tendency of modern composers made necessary, and happily has opened the eyes of some of these composers to the beauty of naturalness and truthfulness of lyric-dramatic expression. It is a stronger prop for the institution in upper Broadway than any singer or group of singers.

"RHEINGOLD" SUNG AT METROPOLITAN

Wagner's Ring Series Opens with Admirable Performance of Prologue.

AUDIENCE TESTS THE CAPACITY OF HOUSE

Jan 30—1914
Probably Largest Gathering at Any Production of "Rheingold" in New York.

The annual serial performance of Richard Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" began yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House with a representation of "Das Rheingold." There was in the occasion a commentary on the trend of things operative in the fact that the audience was probably the largest that has attended a performance of the prologue to the trilogy in the history of the house. Every seat in the auditorium was sold, and the standees rivalled in number those of a Caruso night. It was a typical Wagner audience, the type of audience which is seen only at the "Ring" performances and at "Parsifal"—for "Tristan" is given only on subscription nights, when there is little room left for the perfect Wagnerites. Yesterday's audience came to hear and see, not to be heard or be seen, any overture in this direction being squelched in prompt and whole-souled fashion. The demeanor of that audience must have given gratification to Mr. Gatti-Casazza, Mr. Hertz and the artists on the stage, all of whom had contributed of their best to make the season's one performance of "Rheingold" an unequivocal success.

The new scenery provided for the Ring had been disclosed already in the productions of "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," and if by no means ideal had at least proved vastly superior to the sets left over from Comrie days. The "Rheingold" scenery continued this impression, particularly that depicting the depths of the Rhine. The reedy bottom of the swift-

flowing river was admirably suggested, and the three Rhine Daughters were more clearly discerned than in former years, even if the shadows of their ropes and pulleys were at times in evidence. In short, there was in this scene a very successful attempt at atmosphere. The cave of the Nibelungen was also well executed, but it did seem as if a more substantial Walhalla could have been provided and a less equivocal and more symmetrical rainbow. Perhaps, after all, there is something yet to be learned from the impressionists who have recently been turning their attention to the theatre, however exaggerated may be some of their conceptions.

Of the artists concerned in the performance itself first honors fell to the Alberich, of Mr. Goritz and the Mime of Mr. Reiss; as when, indeed, have "Rheingold" first honors not fell to these two unsurpassable artists? But Mme. Ober, as Erda and Flosshilde continued the tradition she has already set for herself to follow, and Mr. Ruysdael's Donner and Mr. Braun's Fafner were also most admirably portrayed.

The Wotan of Mr. Well is too dry in voice and undistinguished in bearing to go down among the great enactments of the character, but it is an earnest and consistent portrayal and one in the approved German tradition. Good words, too, should be said for Mme. Sparkes's Woglinde, Mme. Alten's Wellgunde, Mr. Murphy's Froh, Miss Curtis's Freia and Mr. Witherspoon's Fasolt; the absence of Herr Burrian being painfully felt in Mr. Jörn's attempt at Loge, Mr. Jörn suggested neither craft nor fire—he suggested only Mr. Jörn.

Mme. Fremstad returned to memories of her mezzo days by singing Fricka. Needless to say she sang the music with exquisite expression. Mr. Hertz was, of course, in the conductor's stand, and informed the whole performance with his unconquerable enthusiasm.

The cast in full was as follows:

Wotan.....	Hermann Well
Donner.....	Basili Ruysdael
Froh.....	Lambert Murphy
Loge.....	Carl Jörn
Alberich.....	Otto Goritz
Mime.....	Albert Reiss
Fasolt.....	Herbert Witherspoon
Fafner.....	Carl Braun
Fricka.....	Olive Fremstad
Erda.....	Mme. Curtis
Wellgunde.....	Margarete Ober
Woglinde.....	Lenora Sparkes
Wellgunde.....	Bella Alten
Flosshilde.....	Margarete Ober

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Mr. Ernest Newman, in his "A Study of Wagner," has referred to the huge mass of inartistic matter contained in "The Ring." I need hardly say that his reference is to the literary matter and not to the music. There is much indeed in the literature of the "Ring" which is tedious and almost insufferable. There are gods which are as stiff and unnatural as those of Vergil and as much given to prolix discourse as those of Homer. There is philosophy, which is not malleable to music nor particularly valuable in itself. There are lengthinesses, allegories, riddles and conversations. There are elocutionists who rise from the earth and, after weighty deliverances, return there. There are dwarfs whose existence is one festival of cursing. There is Gunther's immortal tea party. But there is also music which must have been written by the angels. "Das Rheingold" is an epitome of the dramatic and poetic faults of the "Ring." If the "Ring" here and there contains gods and goddesses, for whose trials and vexations we have no pity and no sympathy, these divine personages are massed on the stage in "Das Rheingold." If the "Ring" has a dwarf or so, "Das Rheingold" has a scene full of dwarfs. Much of the proceedings indeed are scarcely on a plane with the intelligence of children; much of the incident can only cause a smile.

These remarks, or their truth, may irritate certain good souls. But we refuse to make Richard Wagner either a fetish or a creed, or to accept all he has written without demerit or diminution. We owe this honesty to his greatness as an artist and a creator.

Jan 30/1914
This Is Another Story

When we come to the music, that is quite another thing. There is not a bar of it that does not command our attention and respect. The Rhine music at the beginning and the Walhalla music at the end are in Wagner's most inspired and most imaginative style, and there are also other episodes of tender and impressive beauty. But the trend and direction of the drama of "Das Rheingold" lie away from the things which touch the human heart, and the music, with all its interwoven beauties and rational structure, is clogged and hampered by an association with that which in itself is not always quite worthy of it. If this is heresy, let me be burned for it.

One was glad to notice that new scenery had been substituted for the ancient and dilapidated investiture which we knew. The scene in the Rhine, with the Rhinemaidens swimming about in graceful sweep and curve, is not an easy illusion. Be it said that by the establishment of twilight and mystery a sense of poetry was distinctly achieved for this picture. With all its difficulties—for "Das Rheingold" is thorny with scenic problems—the performance went smooth-

ly and spiritedly enough.

It is to be hoped, however, that certain of the artists will see their way to abandon the whole scheme of traditional pose and gesture which they have learnt at the dictates of no one knows who, but certainly in Germany. Whether it be as a goddess in "Das Rheingold," or a Valkyrie in "Goetterdamerung" Mme. Olive Fremstad has a trick of dropping her head and striding forward. Then she revels in a series of windmill armings and statuesqueries which are curious and graceful, but otiose and without theatrical significance. Miss Vera Curtis, one of the ambitious church singers who will rush into opera, appearing as a most florid and buxom Freia, the lady after whom our Friday is named, sought to imitate Mme. Fremstad in gesticulation and demeanor.

An Indulgent Smile.

The general result was such as to excite an indulgent smile. Nor had Miss Curtis mastered the force of her music. Ah! you young women from the choir lofts, if you only knew how ill you stand the ordeal of public appearance compared with those trained and developed to their profession!

The giants were Herbert Witherspoon and Carl Braun. Both are tall and impressive looking men, but never did a stream of such restrained sound issue from the mouths of such mighty bodies. They were the mildest throated giants that ever heaved a mountain top, or waved a knotted pine-trunk. Carl Jörn was cast for Loge, the subtle and fantastic spirit of flame and fire that does so much work of a questionable kind for grafting gods. Loge, clad in fluttering red, can rarely keep still. He is as restless as the flame he is. It is a contrasted and dramatic part, invigorating the general action. M. Jörn handled it with some understanding, but he has not as yet worn himself into the role. I cannot say that the singing of "Das Rheingold" yesterday was exceptional. Two singers rose above the level of honorable mediocrity. These were Madame Fremstad toward the end, and Mme. Margaret Ober throughout. She was heard as Flosshilde, the Rhine maiden, and as Erda, the explanatory. Over and over again have I referred to the rich color and the heroic effects of this admirable singer, who seems to concentrate in herself the finest and sturdiest qualities of the German school of song. M. Otto Goritz, as the villain of the Ring, impregnated with terrific energy. Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted, and was warmly received and congratulated.

The house was packed. But even its crowded state, and the Spring heat of the heavy day could not modify its devoted attention or its obvious enthusiasm.

"Boris Godounoff" was repeated in the evening with M. Toscanini conducting.

"Das Rheingold"—Metropolitan Opera House.

Wotan.....	Hermann Well
Donner.....	Basili Ruysdael
Froh.....	Lambert Murphy
Loge.....	Carl Jörn
Alberich.....	Otto Goritz
Mime.....	Albert Reiss
Fasolt.....	Herbert Witherspoon
Fafner.....	Carl Braun
Fricka.....	Olive Fremstad
Erda.....	Mme. Curtis
Wellgunde.....	Margarete Ober
Woglinde.....	Lenora Sparkes
Wellgunde.....	Bella Alten
Flosshilde.....	Margarete Ober

The annual performances of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" began at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Owing to the conditions now surrounding the performance of opera in this town "Das Rheingold" has been relegated to this series of representations. The prologue of the tetralogy is out of the repertoire apparently for good. Fashionable society will not sit through a work lasting two hours and a half without intermission and with the theatre dark all the time and other people will not pay \$6 to hear a one act opera.

Hence this one production of "Das Rheingold" is all we can have. This is always to be regretted, and especially when the music drama has been prepared as it had for yesterday's matinee. In the first place entirely new scenery had been painted for the work, and this occasioned a rearrangement of the stage business and the lighting scheme. All of this gave an opportunity to Dr. Franz Hoerth, the German stage manager, to show what he could do in the way of rehearsing such a difficult work as this. Let it be said at once that the results brought about by him commanded high praise. The action was more cohesive and significant than it has been for some seasons and the lighting plan was admirable in its general purpose and in its distribution of details. Perhaps the restoration of the age of steam is not a joy, but it has long established authority behind it.

The late Heinrich Conried once said in speaking of the prologue: "Wagner writes 'Alles versinkt'; this costs me \$40,000!" There is no question that this is an expensive prologue. The three new scenes revealed yesterday were triumphs of the scene painter's art. To attempt a complete description of them would occupy too much space. The depths of the Rhine were less bald and uninteresting than they used to be, though here some attention will have to be given to the trolleys on which the maidens swing. That the ideas of Wagner in regard to the action of the swimming girls were adequately carried out cannot be said, but there was a great improvement on what used to be

The changes from one scene to another were admirably done. The drops were painted with much fancy and well directed design. The Nibelheim scene was designed so as to give the illusion of boldness and depth without occupying too much of the stage, and by the employment of a different backing the Walhalla of the last scene was made more distinct and imposing than that of the first. This whole set is much better than its predecessor. It is spacious, wild and rocky and looks really like the sort of country inhabited (according to the stories) by Wotan and his brood.

The cast brought together for the representation would be called a festival cast in Europe. The summer representation at Munich and Bayreuth cannot equal it. This being the case, it may seem ungenerous to note that Mr. Goritz has failed to overdo his Alberich. On the other hand Mr. Jörn, who appeared as Loge for the first time here, gave a very creditable performance. The Metropolitan has known only two really great Loges, namely, Heinrich Vogl and Ernest Van Dyck. Omitting these two from consideration, Mr. Jörn stands well with the rest. Mme. Ober made a striking figure of Erda, and Mme. Fremstad's return to her old role of Fricka was indeed a delight.

The orchestral portion of the performance was one to give general joy. There were few faults in it and numerous splendid excellences. Mr. Hertz conducted, and to him must be rendered that mead of commendation which he fairly earned.

"Rheingold" with New Scenery.

Caruso is not in the cast of "Rheingold," but this prelude to Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung drew as crowded an audience to the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon as if he had been. Every seat being occupied and all the standing room taken. How different from the time when Wagner used to withhold his consent to the performance of "Die Walküre," unless "Rheingold" also was staged. The time seems to have come when "Rheingold" might be incorporated in the regular repertory. To be sure, it lasts only two hours and a half, and it is difficult to suggest a one-act opera that could precede or follow it.

However, if "Rheingold" is to be given oftener, a stronger cast will have to be provided than last night's, which was not on the level of many casts of the past. Improvements in scenery cannot atone for lack in the most important part of an operatic representation.

The scenery, being the prima donna of the occasion, demands first place. The three new sets are handsome, especially in the matter of back drops, which are also the scenic specialty of "Siegfried" and "Walküre" in their new dress. The wild rocky peaks which characterize these back curtains have an Alpine grandeur, and the foregrounds have been built up in keeping with them. Walhalla is a rugged structure, hewn out of the living rock. The subterranean caverns are effective, also, but the vanishings of Alberich are less satisfactory than they were in the old scenery.

The bottom of the Rhine suggests the subterranean gardens about Catalina Island, but so few travellers are familiar with the Rhine daughters' abode that one need not quarrel with the artist's conception of it as a region of weird forest shapes. The fiery entrance to Nibelheim was good, in spite of the fact that the arranging of the fuse which burned there was plainly visible to any one who cared to watch. There were many clouds rising and falling, well-lighted and effective, but the anvils of the working dwarfs sounded like aleigh-bells, as they always do now-a-days. The rainbow, too, was a failure—a sickly, narrow affair which failed to reach either the entrance of Walhalla or the spot where the gods start to use it as a bridge. It would be difficult to imagine Wotan and his tribe venturing on such a bridge without an accident-insurance policy.

Mr. Well sang Wotan in his accustomed way, making an acceptable, very German Wotan, while Madame Fremstad repeated her well-known and admired performance of Fricka. Goritz and Reiss were as ever inimitable as Alberich and Mime, and Carl Braun was a good Fafner. Mme. Ober made an excellent impression as Erda and Flosshilde. Other members of the cast were Ruysdael as Donner, Lambert Murphy as Froh, Herbert Witherspoon as Fasolt, Vera Curtis as a heavy and uninspired Freia, Lenora Sparkes and Bella Alten as the first and second Rhine maidens, and Carl Jörn as Loge. It would be unkind to dwell in detail on Jörn's dramatic conception of the part of the cunning fire-god. However, the stage manager, or Hertz, might suggest improvements which he has been unable to invent for himself. His costume, with a chiffon cloak that failed to suggest flame any more than his gestures did, was as peculiar as his general idea of Loge. Alas for the good old days of Van Dyck, the

atest of Loges? He is now a link, but where is Burrian whose did not suggest a combination of Lohr and his own Herod, as Mr. Jörn's fortunately succeeded in doing? Mr. Hertz and the orchestra distinguished themselves by a splendid performance of the score. Thanks for the weather, to the opera and a half of closed doors, and the ardor on the part of the furnace, the heat in the house was well-nigh bearable.

MISCHA ELMAN'S RECITAL.

First Appearance Alone of the Russian Violinist in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, who has already played with orchestra on his present visit to New York, gave his first recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He had completely changed the programme as it was at first announced, and instead of the violin concertos with pianoforte accompaniment he gave only two, and began with Beethoven's D major sonata for piano and violin, Op. 12, No. 1, instead of Beethoven's concerto. This was an improvement, even though Beethoven's sonatas for these two instruments sound better in a smaller hall than in more intimate surroundings than Carnegie Hall. But violin concertos intended to be played with orchestra, their effects are calculated by the composer for projection against the orchestra and of this background the solo can give only a gray and shadowy suggestion. Even two concertos with piano accompaniment make a good deal of cold veil for one banquet. Mr. Elman has rarely or never played in New York since he has been coming here. Yesterday was not the most favorable day for violin strings, but it apparently had no effect upon his tone, which was of incomparable brightness, smooth, vitality, and searching power; a quality that veritably filled Carnegie Hall. Elman's cantilena, when he sings, is a message with true distinction of style, without a desire to sentimentalize to tap the listener's tear ducts. It is to be said that so far as yesterday's recital went, he had put away much of desire, and his playing was franker, manlier, more sincere and more musical, governed by a better sense than playing that he has offered here in New York, even recently. This was the case in Beethoven's sonata, a great degree; and yet there were passages in which less anxiety to signify feeling and pathos would have truly expressed more. But the sonata, on the whole, was charmingly played, and with its gracious, tender, and vivacious spirit was recaptured. Elman's concerto, much neglected by violinists but not unworthy of some attention, gave Mr. Elman freer scope of his more characteristic qualities. It was a surpassingly brilliant performance, of absolute and impeccable perfection in its mechanism—a performance of such quality as seemed to raise the somewhat outmoded music to a higher power of expressiveness. On the other hand, something more of direct simplicity in outline, would have made the preclassical concerto by Violin, arranged by Nachez for accompaniment of piano and organ. The music of a period when "expression," sentiment, pathos, were not expected to come from every phrase. But there could only have been greater beauty or richness of tone than Mr. Elman put it, or a more finished enunciation of every phrase.

His closing group was composed of some of the arranged pianoforte pieces of Chopin's E flat nocturne, Auer's of Schumann's "Vogel als Phosphor," there were also an arrangement by Franko of a gavotte by Grieg, and a major polonaise. There was an audience of good size, considering the weather, whose enthusiasm was not always restrained by knowledge that there are times to applaud and times to refrain from applauding. Mr. Percy Kahn played the piano accompaniments with taste and musical feeling and Mr. Frank Sealy the organ.

"RIGOLETTO" SUNG AT THE CENTURY

Orville Harrold Makes Fine Impression as the Duke in Verdi's Opera.

Verdi's "Rigoletto" is scarcely a novelty in New York's musical life, yet its representations in English have been rare enough for special mention. The Century Opera Company sang it in English last night, and, despite the counter attraction of "Don Quichotte" at the Metropolitan, the audience was rather larger than usual. "Rigoletto" is a work of which a perfect performance can be obtained only through the efforts of a singing actor of the first rank in the part of the Jester, a soprano of equal rank in the part of Gilda, and a true lyric tenor as the Duke. Needless to say, there are to-day opera houses which contain artists capable of carrying the old opera to popularity; certainly the recent representations at the Metropolitan have not been of that institution's glories; and perhaps the last really satisfactory performance in New York signified the well of Mme. Nellie Melba at the

Manhattan Opera House, on which occasion Mme. Melba was the Gilda; Maurice Renaud, the Rigoletto; Florindo Constantino, the Duke; and Charles Gilbert, the Monterone—the last figure, as a rule, almost neglected, being raised by Mr. Gilbert's art to a place beside that of its more important companions.

It was therefore too much to expect the Century's performance to be perfect, but on the whole it was a very creditable effort. The orchestra, under Mr. Nicosia's direction, played with spirit, the stage management was excellent and the costumes in good taste. One member of the cast was not unknown to us, for Orville Harrold sang the Duke four years ago at the Manhattan to the Rigoletto of Mr. Renaud and the Gilda of Mme. Tetrazzini.

At that performance Mr. Harrold displayed a voice of great beauty and purity and not a little instinct for the stage. Last night he showed himself a mature and accomplished artist, both in song and action. He sang with rare delicacy of expression, and his voice sounded much richer than in the Romeo of the previous week. Mr. Harrold is a true lyric tenor, a type of artist only too rare in these parts to-day, now that Mr. Bonci and Mr. Constantino are no longer with us, and Mr. Caruso revels in Pagliaccio sobbs.

Mr. Krelidler's Jester was scarcely a worthy companion, as his music requires a style of song that does not proceed from explosions in the region of the vocal chords, and his bearing something which will uplift the figure into the realms of tragedy. The Gilda was Miss Lois Ewell, who gave a very satisfactory and well considered portrayal of the character, even if her voice at times lacked lightness. The other figures moved and sang their say more or less effectively.

The language used was English, and when Mr. Harrold sang we heard the worst—which was every word. Such utter inanity and supreme banality was surely never before projected across the footlights—save, perhaps, in "The Bohemian Girl." The very clarity of Mr. Harrold's and Mr. Krelidler's diction became last night the worst of vices.

MASSENET SLAYS

"DON QUICHOTTE"

French Composer Leaves but Little of Cervante's Book in Opera.

ROSINANTE AND DAPPLE ON STAGE

Mary Garden, Marcoux and Hector Dufranne Win Applause at the Metropolitan.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

If the merit or even the popularity of a composer could be measured by the number of his works which have been performed in New York in the last generation Massenet would have to be set down as the first of all opera writers. Within that period a round dozen of his works have been seen on a stage, the twelfth having been produced last night at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Chicago company. Verdi might contest the honor with the French composer if one were to count some of his operas which had a performance or two in the long ago and under circumstances which left no sign, except a record in the books of statistical historians—such as "I Lombardi," "I due Foscari," "Luisa Miller" and "La Forza del Destino." It is only by courtesy that "Otello" and "Falstaff" can be reckoned in the active list—by courtesy to the great works and to save our opera from humiliation.

Wagner's case is unique, for of the ten operas which have won places in the repertory nine have held them year in and year out despite changing administrations and the coming and going of singers. Wagner is in a class of his own.

Massenet has been more favored than any French composer, but there has been something facetious about the production of nearly every one of his works. There has been no real opportunity to learn how much vitality they possess. "Manon" has endured longest, chiefly, perhaps, because it has been fortunate in its performers; for musically it cannot be said to be so superior to its companions that they should all have flickered out in a season or so and left it to burn on alone. "Werther" surely had a right to a larger number of performances than it has received, if not to a permanent place in the current list.

The other operas all owed their New

York productions to adventitious conditions which could not make for their longevity; "Le Cid" to the interest taken in it by the brothers De Reszke, "La Savarrese" to Mme. Calvé, for whom it was written by librettist, as well as composer; "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Thaïs," "Sapho" and "Griselidis" because they were in Miss Mary Garden's repertory, and "Hérodiade" and "Cendrillon" because Mr. Hammerstein's organization "specialized" in French opera and Massenet offered it the most practicable list.

The Chicago company continues to perpetuate the traditions of the Manhattan Opera House, and probably will continue to do so as long as Miss Garden is an active factor in it.

That being so, there was nothing surprising in the fact that three of Miss Garden's novelties should have been chosen for production at the representations to be given on four Tuesday evenings at the Metropolitan Opera House. The first of these, that of last night, was one of the prolific writers later, though not his last work, "Don Quichotte." Its book was made by Henri Cain after a French play by M. Le Lorrain. To the playwright is due the structure of the piece, the posture and sequence of its incidents. French librettists have no bowels of compassion for classic authors or reverence for their masterpieces.

Shakespeare and Goethe were despoiled for Thomas and Gounod and Cervantes has now paid tribute to Massenet. Or the immortal romance nothing has gone over into the opera except the names of three characters, Don Quixote's horse and Sancho Panza's ass. Even horse and ass excited the commiseration of the judicious last night. Cervantes's story has haunted the minds of opera writers for two centuries; there ought to be something in it for a lyrical dramatist, for it contains a whole world of suggestive beauty for the lover of imaginative literature, comedy of the highest type and of the chivalry whose mockery it was written to chastise in the true spirit of comedy.

The French creators of the opera found nothing of all this. They used none of the familiar incidents, except the lamentable adventure with the windmills, which offered an opportunity for an amusing stage illusion. Don Quixote is seen charging twice across the stage, lance couched, a gigantic windmill waving its arms in the middle ground. Anon a dummy is seen flying through the air, and just before the curtain closes Sancho Panza leads Dapple across the scene, burdened with the wrecked knight and followed by Rosinante, with his eye in a sling. That must recompense the lover of Cervantes for the omission of such episodes as the attack upon the flock of sheep, the battle with the wine skins, the adventure of Mambriño's helmet. Sancho's government on the island of Barataria, and all the rest of the incidents which have diverted the world ever since Cervantes wrote. Worse than that, the knight is made a farcical figure until his death, and even then the pathos which he ought to challenge is lacking, because, while the composer does his best to atone for the invertebrate music with which he had filled the preceding acts, the dramatists knew not how to utilize the simple device with which the novelist grips the heartstrings of his readers. As for Sancho Panza, he is transformed into a conventional buffoon, and Dulcinea into a conventional operatic strumpet.

It would try one's patience to tell the story of the opera if it were not so foolish and alternate. It is quickly summarized: Act I. People, dressed in Spanish costumes, sing and dance to Spanish rhythms under Dulcinea's window. Mary Garden appears on the balcony, throws flowers to her admirers, and utters sounds which ought never to be heard in an institution professedly devoted to art. Don Quixote serenades her, fights a duel, and is sent by the lady in quest of a necklace stolen by bandits. Act II. Don Quixote sings fa-la-las, tries to find rhymes for a love-poem, charges a windmill, and a dummy is hurled into the wings. Act III. Don Quixote falls into the hands of the bandits, whose stern natures are melted by his nobler magnanimity and piety (as the hired assassins were by Stradilla's singing in a familiar historical fiction), and instead of slaughtering him they give him the necklace and let him go. Act IV. Don Quixote brings back the jewels and claims the hand of Dulcinea as his reward; now she imitates the bandits in having a virtuous fit, and dismisses the misguided man with a confession of her wicked character. Act V. The knight dies of a broken heart, bequeathing all his possessions, "the beautiful Island of Dreams," to his faithful squire.

Thus does our immortal literary masterpiece present itself to the sophisticated French eye. As for the music, it discloses Massenet's unflinching mastery of operatic craftsmanship, but also the decay of his melodic inventiveness. Its moments of beauty are few and are confined to the closing scenes. The rest invites a

of "Werther" and "Manon." The opera was handsomely staged and most of the music was well performed under the direction of Signor Campanini, though only two of the principal singers challenged praise—Mr. Marcoux and Hector Dufranne, the representatives of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza respectively.

The latter has had the admiration of New Yorkers since the days of the Manhattan Opera House, having won it and held it in roles much worthier of his fine powers than that in which he was forced to appear last night. Mr. Marcoux, embodied the conception of the librettist with something which was much more than skill. It was thence excellent in appearance, pose and especially in plastic gesture. Excellent, too, in song, and no doubt, to the experts in such matter in horsemanship as well. It was fortunate for the opera that it rested so largely upon these two fine artists.

MASSENET NOVELTY

AT METROPOLITAN

"Don Quichotte" Produced by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company.

MARCOUX AS THE KNIGHT

Mary Garden Reappears as a Spanish Thaïs With Mantilla Triummings.

Massenet, the Mary Garden of the gods and the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company captured the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was the first of the series of Tuesday performances by Cleofonte Campanini's travelling Massenet theatre, and it served to make known to the local public a new opera and a new singer. The latter was Vanni Marcoux, the distinguished French barytone and interlocking member of the Boston Opera Company. He has often sung in Paris the title role of last evening's opera.

"Don Quichotte" was produced in Monte Carlo on February 19, 1910. It was Raoul Gunsbourg, the impresario, who had conceived the idea of turning into an opera a play by Jacques Le Lorrain. The author died before setting to work on the libretto, and Henry Cain performed the task. Chaliapine was the hero of the production, and again of the performances given a little later in Brussels. Therefore last night a heavy burden fell upon the shoulders of Marcoux, of whom more further on.

A sketchy review is all that can be given this morning, for this Philadelphia flying choir does not furnish opportunities, as our own Metropolitan does, for reviewers to study operas through six or eight rehearsals. But it may not be injudicious to add that the opera itself is sketchy.

In his story the tragedy hangs upon the fact that the idealized Dulcinea is a courtesan. Surrounded by admirers, she listens with amusement to a courtly proposal of marriage from the Don. She tells him that he must first recover for her a necklace taken by the brigand Telebrin. Don Quixote and Sancho set forth and on their way encounter the famous windmills, which episode serves to remind us that Cervantes once wrote a story about this same knight. Master and man find the brigands in the third act, (and the mountains) and the knight so impresses them that they give him back the pearls. The famous pair return to the home of Dulcinea and find her, as is customary with operatic demi-mondaines, in the midst of a crowd of adorers and festival gayeties.

The Don produces the necklace and claims his reward, but the now deeply moved Dulcinea tells him what manner of woman she is. He says "Tu m'as brisé le coeur, et je suis a tes pieds." Then he goes away into a forest to die, as so many operatic personages do, just to end the opera, and dying, he bequeaths to Sancho his island, the Isle of Dreams.

The opera has many of the familiar marks of Massenet and much that is unfamiliar. The music is not homogeneous in style. It wanders from the purely sensuous song of the true Massenet to something like an imitation of the classic French opera of the eighteenth century, and again there is an essay at following the lead of Mozart, or perhaps we should say Mozart as diluted by Rossini.

Naturally one finds much music which has grace and charm, but the score at a first hearing does not make the impression of a work of the same order as "Werther" and "Manon." The nature of the subject has led the composer to make some feeble attempts at local color, but there is nothing new to be said musically about Spain. In his attempts at characterization Massenet has not been especially inventive. His Dulcinea is a gay lady, hence she sings florid music (just

like Violetta) till she becomes serious. The music of *Don Quichotte* makes little progress toward an expression of his strange nature. It is weak indeed and heiter as the roars of *Sancho Panza*. The best parts of the score are in the scene between the two leading characters on the return of the necklace and the death of the knight. But Massenet had already written too many such scenes.

Vanni Marcoux proved himself to be an artist worthy of respect and admiration. Not gifted with a voice of the greatest beauty and resonance, he sang with so much vocal resource, so much style and such excellence of diction that he squeezed out of the role all that was in it and put a little in that was not there before. If the part had been musically handled with masterly skill in characterization there would have been some chance for Mr. Marcoux to do something quite remarkable, but his fine skill in make up, costume and action was wasted on desert airs.

Miss Garden sang as beautifully as of yore. Those who remember her *Thais* and *Sappho* will recall how beautiful was her lyric utterance, how it caused the lips to penetrate even to the marrow. Miss Garden looked very well last evening, but she did not seem to be quite happy. When she took curtain calls after the first act she appeared to be angry about something. But no matter. She was Mary Garden, and in the eyes and ears of her faithful admirers she is always great.

Hector Dufranne was the *Sancho Panza* and he did as much as possible with a role that suggested as much of the creation of Cervantes as a schoolboy's recitation of Homer. For the rest it is only necessary to say that the minor roles were tolerably well done, and the mounting of the opera was excellent. The windmill scene was fairly effective and provided the note of low comedy needed to brighten up a work which at a first hearing seemed pretty dull. Mr. Campanini conducted. He had no problems of much difficulty to solve and his orchestra acquitted itself creditably.

'DON QUICHOTTE' HAS PREMIERE HERE

Massenet's Opera Given by Chicago-Philadelphia Company
at the Metropolitan.

MARY GARDEN, DULCINEA.

Vanni Marcoux as Hero Makes His
First Appearance—Hector Dufranne in Cast—Campanini Conducts.

La Belle Dulcinea..... Mary Garden
Don Quichotte..... Vanni Marcoux
Sancho..... Hector Dufranne
Pedro..... Minnie Egner
Garcias..... Helen Warrum
Rodriguez..... Emilio Venturini
Juan..... Edmond Warner
Le Chef de Bandits..... Constantine Nicolay
Deux Valets..... Charles Meyer
Deux Valets..... Francesco Daddi
Conductor..... Cleofonte Campanini

The Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company retrains this season to the Metropolitan Opera House for its short series of performances, as it has in previous seasons, bringing new operas as it has before. Its first performance was given last evening; the opera was Massenet's "Don Quichotte," heard for the first time in New York. It had been performed before in Philadelphia on Nov. 15 of last year; and this was said at the time to have been the first performance in America. But they who reckon without considering New Orleans opera are surely destined to denunciation as falsifiers of the record. For New Orleans has risen up and declared that New Orleans, and not Philadelphia, heard Massenet's opera for the first time in America—namely, on Jan. 30, 1912.

The audience was large; it was interested in the new opera, and still more so in greeting the old friends, members of the cast who returned to New York. The enthusiasm was not generally hearty, though there were numerous recalls of artists, and after the fourth act, of Mr. Campanini before the curtain. But the opera cannot be said to have made a deep impression.

"Don Quichotte" is one of the more recent of Massenet's operas, which he poured out so frequently all through his career as a lyric dramatist, and not only with no diminution in the later years of his life, but rather with greater copiousness. That the inspiration ran thin, that he economized severely with it, has been obvious to those who have heard his later operatic productions. But the French composer was one of

those who had thoroughly mastered the technique of operatic composition; he had a sure sense of the stage and its effects, an easy command of the orchestra, of vocal writing, of ensemble. These qualities are shown in "Don Quichotte" in a certain measure.

The opera is the latest of a long series that musicians and librettists have extracted from the pages of Cervantes's immortal romance, but never with distinguished success. Nor is it likely that Massenet's will share the immortality of its prototype in any measurable degree. The Spanish romance has served to provide the French adapters with material for an opera that has a few agreeable qualities, with a libretto that has some consistency if no great dramatic power or poetic expressiveness. Last Sunday's Times recounted the tragic little story of the play on which it is based, the work of Jacques Le Lorain, a "cobbler poet" of a French provincial town, who got his play produced in Paris just in time to see it before he died. Henri Cain has followed the cobbler poet rather than the Spanish romancer in his libretto.

Dulcinea is in this version a very worldly coquette, surrounded by a throng of admirers who greet the shabby knight with derision when he makes his appearance on Rosinante, with his fat retainer Sancho Panza, in the fête which is represented in the first act. To rid herself of the ardent attentions of Don Quixote, she sends him on the supposedly impossible task of recovering her necklace from the bandits who stole it. In the second act Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are starting on their quest; the knight improvises a song to his lady love, Sancho Panza philosophizes on the fickleness of women; they come upon the windmills and Don Quixote enters upon his famous fight with these giants, who worst him.

No other of the adventures related by Cervantes are depicted in the opera; in the next act the twin come upon the bandits who take them captive, and are about to put them to death, but are so touched by the knight's fearless courage and noble simplicity that they give him the necklace of which he is in search, and let him go with his esquire.

They return to Dulcinea's house and the festival that is in progress; Don Quixote proudly restores the necklace, and claims the hand of Dulcinea. She is delighted and touched; and gently tells her suitor that she is unworthy of him. He goes; and in the next act is seen with Sancho Panza, weary, resting in the forest at night; and as he waits for death, smiles sadly at his esquire that he can leave him as a legacy nothing more substantial than his island of Dreams. Death comes to him with the name of Dulcinea on his lips.

There is a certain amount of vulgarization of levantes in making Dulcinea the person she is in the opera. But it has a certain practical theatrical advantage—it gives an immediate purpose to Don Quixote's adventures, while at the same time it reduces those adventures to the level of conventional operatic material. Henri Cain has treated them, however, without too great irreverence, without a blighting touch of realism. Better still, he has succeeded in expressing at least something of the lovable quality of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, his nobility, tenderness, simplicity, pathetic humanity, and idealism, even if these qualities are only suggested in outline.

Strange that the composer has taken no fuller advantage of what opportunities are offered him in this libretto. The general quality of his music is thin, pale, and diluted. Cervantes's tale inspired him into nothing that at all meets it in poetic feeling, dramatic suggestion, or moving power of any sort. Nor have the characters that have charmed and delighted so many readers among all sorts and conditions of men suggested to his mind any music that in the least characterizes them or suggests any of their feelings, passions, motives. The music, in fact, through most of these five acts seems little more than a background for the drama and partakes of little of its substance.

In a few passages the composer has attempted to represent Spanish color and rhythm in his music, as in the festival scene of the first act, and Dulcinea's song to the accompaniment of the guitar in the fourth. Don Quixote's own serenade to her in the first act is weak; all the greater pity, because it is a melody that recurs in the opera when he sees visions of Dulcinea. There are long and disheartening stretches of arioso, with the thinnest of orchestral accompaniments that adds nothing of dramatic significance.

Of characterization of either Don Quixote or Dulcinea in their music there is little. Of Sancho Panza there is perhaps more. But many of the speeches in musical declamations are singularly lacking in pregnancy of suggestion; thus, Don Quixote's address to the brigands seems empty and lacks the emotional power that would touch even those susceptible hearts. Dulcinea's speech to Don Quixote, telling him of her unworthiness, has something of the touching significance of the situation. In the last act the music seems to fade and expire with the tottering knight himself.

Among the pleasing orchestral passages is the short intermezzo between the fourth and fifth act, based on the melody of one of Dulcinea's songs earlier in the opera. It is a simple melody for a solo cello; but it had to be repeated. There is an amusing little minut movement in the fourth act that accompanies Sancho Panza's vision of the glories he is expecting; and in this act a longer accompanying passage might remind some—has reminded some—of Mozart's scheme of orchestra accompaniment in comedy. But it is a good ways back to Mozart from "Don Quichotte."

The performance was carried through with a firm hand by Mr. Campanini, who probably made about all there was to be made of the score. Mr. Vanni Marcoux, who appeared in New York for the first time, presented a figure of Don Quixote that was picturesque and characteristic, though erring, perhaps, a little on the side of caricature. But in many passages he was sympathetic, and caught at least something of the essential quality of the lovable knight.

He is not highly fitted in voice; his tones are apt to be hard and dry and lacking in romance. Nor is Miss Garden highly fitted in voice. This fact has been noted before and came into greater prominence than ever last evening. She assimilated Dulcinea with some of the

staring characters of her dramatic gallery, and perhaps the heroine, the librettist has shown her, belongs to the class of the "cobbler poet." It is most appealing of all the characters on the stage, however, because of the vigor, artistic delicacy and humor of the delineation, was the Sancho of Mr. Dufranne, who sang with so well remembered. There was excellent scenery provided, of which that in Sierras in the distance, was the most notable. The practicable windmills in the second, in their victory over Don Quixote functioned properly.

"The Girl of the Golden West."

When Puccini's last opera had its first performance in America, in his presence, the critics almost unanimously refused to welcome it as the equal of his "Bohème," "Tosca," and "Butterfly." The public, however, applauded it demonstratively, and the composer consoled himself with the applause of the audience, remarking that the critics had found fault with all of his operas when first produced, only to praise them afterwards. In Italy, notwithstanding its Californian libretto, it has had unexpected vogue, and a few months ago Vienna applauded it vigorously as a novelty.

In New York the opera has reached its fourth season, thanks to an admirable cast, including Destinn, Caruso, and Amato. The soprano's part makes cruel demands on a singer's endurance, demands which Mme. Destinn is qualified to meet better than perhaps any other artist. She sang last night with great opulence of voice and fervor. Mr. Caruso's voice was in splendid condition, and he, too, gave of his best. The part suits him remarkably well; the attire of a Western "road-agent" is most becoming, and he acts the rôle as well as he sings it. The same praise is due to Mr. Amato's Jack Rance, which is one of his most finished impersonations. Among those who distinguished themselves in smaller parts, Reiss, Didur, Mattfeld, and De Segura may be named.

Giorgio Polacco deserves a special paragraph for his admirable reading of the score; it was full of life, vigor, and dramatic power. It breathed the atmosphere of the Californian mountains, even though there is no local color in the music. Puccini knew what he was doing when he commended Mr. Polacco to Henry W. Savage as the best general to command his forces when "The Girl of the Golden West" was taken on tour in an English version.

While as a whole this opera is less interesting than its three predecessors, the music of the love duo in the second act is one of Puccini's finest melodic inspirations. It has elemental accents and intervals, suggesting an old Irish folk song. For its sake one feels tempted to hear the opera again. On the other hand, with repeated hearing, one feels more and more the incongruity of lavishing the latest Parisian and Italian dissonant refinements on the musical accompaniment to a romantic story of the Wild West.

Ysaye, Gerardy, and Godowsky.

For the second time this season, Messrs. Ysaye, Godowsky, and Gerardy played concerted music last night at Carnegie Hall, greatly delighting an audience which included a large proportion of professional musicians. Individually, these artists are so well known in America that the superlatives which have been used in referring to their solo performances need not be repeated. The reader, however, may be permitted to recall and apply them at pleasure to describe the exquisite ensemble revealed in the Beethoven C minor trio and Schubert's melodious B flat trio, the only numbers on the programme in which all three stars shone at once. Here was, indeed, perfect subordination of self to the expression of all that is noblest in music. Mozart's sonata in D major brought forward Messrs. Ysaye and Godowsky, and the only novelty of the evening, Saint-Saëns's "La Muse et le Poète," disclosed an understanding no less intimate between Messrs. Ysaye and Gerardy. The music of the veteran French composer afforded plenty of those pyrotechnical displays which audiences always crave when the great masters of stringed instruments appear.

A TRIO CONCERT.

Messrs. Ysaye, Godowsky, and Gerardy Play Together a Second Time.

The three distinguished artists, Eugene Ysaye, Leopold Godowsky, and Jean Gerardy, again appeared together last evening in one concert that proved an attraction for a very large audience in Carnegie Hall. The programme required the co-operation of the three in Beethoven's trio in V minor and Schubert's in B flat, and brought Messrs. Ysaye and Godowsky together in a performance of Mozart's sonata for violin and piano in D major, and Messrs. Ysaye and Gerardy in Saint-Saëns's duet for

violin and violin called "Le Muse et le Poète." The three artists had arrived at a better understanding among themselves as to their ensemble and the tonal proportions of it, and the result was more artistic and more enjoyable than those of their first concert together a month ago. Mr. Godowsky played with the lid of his piano closed, which assisted him in keeping the balance of his tone adjusted to that of his colleagues, which he did with much skill and delicacy. The three artists, indeed, all gave of their best; and while Carnegie is not a fit place for a performance of this sort, which requires intimate surroundings, the concert had features of great beauty.

TENOR CHARMS AUDIENCE "Mighty Trio" in Brilliant Form in Recital.

There were two concerts last night of more or less importance.

At Acollan Hall Salvatore Giordano, an Italian tenor, gave a recital, assisted by Miss Lola Oro Renard, soprano; Miss Anna Amato, pianist, and Alberto Bimboni, accompanist and organist.

Mr. Giordano's voice was perhaps once a fine one, but faulty production has destroyed its resonance and purity of tone. Yet he sang with not a little feeling, and was warmly applauded by a large audience.

At the same moment "The Mighty Trio," as it was called on the advertisements, was appearing at Carnegie Hall before a large and enthusiastic gathering. This trio is composed of Eugene Ysaye, violinist; Leopold Godowsky, pianist, and Jean Gerardy, cellist.

The programme opened with the Beethoven trio in C minor, which the three artists played with real brilliancy and with perfect precision. The other numbers were Mozart's sonata in D major, Saint-Saëns "La Muse et le Poète" and

PUCCINI'S GOLDEN GIRL.

His Latest Opera Heard for the First Time This Season.

Puccini's opera "The Girl of the Golden West" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. There was an audience of good size and the work was received once more with much pleasure, if not with extravagant demonstration. Possibly the most interesting item of the evening was the fact that Mr. Polacco conducted the opera for the first time here. He showed a thorough familiarity with the score, which is not astonishing since he has conducted the work often in other places. What was more important was the excellence of his reading, which had color and imagination as well as technical skill.

The east has not been changed in any way and the principal parts are still in the hands of Mme. Destinn, Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato, Mr. Gilly and Didur. The soprano was not in good voice, but her impersonation had its customary merits in the details of phrasing, style and interpretation. Mr. Caruso was the same old Neapolitan bandit in cowboy costume, while Mr. Amato smoked Rance's rancid cigars as if he actually enjoyed them. As he is not a smoker he probably did not. He and Mr. Caruso sang well.

VIOLINISTS FROM TWO CONTINENTS Feb 6 1914

Argentina and Its Tango—The Fine Skill of a Hungarian.

By H. E. KREIBEL.

Yesterday's concert rooms were in the possession of two violinists, and the audiences which were brought together by their agents to hear them. There was a newcomer, the tenth in the foreign class, if memory does not deceive, at Acollan Hall. His name is Andres S. Dalmau, and it was proclaimed that he hails from the Argentine Republic. Not without an ulterior purpose we fancy. The name suggests the popular dance craze which threatens to become a nervous epidemic like that provoked by the Tarantani and St. John's dancers in the dark ages, though lacking the same incentive; let it be hoped also that it will not have the same consequences. Art, it seems, must yield to popular business methods, and if a violinist chances to come from the country of the great Silver Rim it is small wonder that the fact is blazoned in the announcement of his coming, and only a little smaller that his programme contained a tango. A generation ago a South American violin virtuoso, José White, played in New York, but no one thought of him except as the really great musician that he was. Not long afterward Maurice Dangeumont, a young Brazilian of remarkable gifts, came here also. He played, won appreciation, went to Europe and, probably because of the admiration bestowed on him when he was a "prodigious" child, burnt out his candle in a few years and went to destruction. So far as we can remember neither José (who called himself Joseph in New York)

CARL FLESCH'S RECITAL.

A Large Audience Hears His Excellent Playing in Carnegie Hall.

Carl Flesch, a recent, but not the most recent, accession to the number of visiting violinists from abroad—that title has already been taken from him—gave his first recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He aroused interest a fortnight ago, when he made his first American appearance as soloist with the Philharmonic Society, and excellent qualities were discovered in his playing. He was successful in deepening and strengthening this impression by his playing yesterday afternoon, which was clearly that of an accomplished and dignified artist concerned with the nobler aspects of his art, and achieving admirable results.

He showed again a tone of virile power, though not always of the greatest refinement and sympathetic quality, and a vigorous and incisive manner of bowing. He is expert in the technique of the violin and masters its difficulties with ease and without attempt at personal display or apparent desire to make technical proficiency a matter of personal display. He relegates this to its proper place as a means to an end.

There was to be observed, as before, a tendency to an excess of that "glissando" effect, and sometimes so much of rubato as to disturb the rhythmic outline, but they were not always so disturbing as they were in his performance of Beethoven's concerto. They were out of place in Nardini's sonata. In D major, but his playing of this work had otherwise breadth and freedom. He reached still nearer a conception of the time style of Bach's violin music in the Sarabande, with its double, and the bourrée from one of the unaccompanied suites, a performance of unusual excellence.

In addition Mr. Flesch's programme contained the arrangement for violin of Schumann's pianoforte pieces called "Gartenmelodie and Am Springbrunnen," Dvorak's "Romantische Stücke," Wilhelm's transcription of Schubert's song "Ave Maria," Kreisler's arrangement of "Préludium and Allegro" by Pugnani, and Paganini's D major concerto. In the last he played a cadenza by himself. There was a large audience, who evidently found Mr. Flesch's playing of unusual interest.

THE "RING" CYCLE.

"Die Walkure" Given at the Second Performance at the Metropolitan.

Another very large audience heard the second performance in the special cycle of Wagner's trilogy, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, when "Die Walkure" was given. The public interest in this representation of the trilogy is greater than has been manifested in any similar cycle for a long time.

The performance was in most respects a repetition of the previous performances that have been given singly in the course of the regular subscription series earlier in the season. The principal exception was that the part of Siegmund was taken by a new tenor, Rudolf Berger, who then made his first appearance in America.

Mr. Berger has the advantage of youth and a lithe and active figure, valuable assets in the representation of the young heroes of Wagner's dramas. His impersonation of the woeful Volsung had excellent features, especially in the first act, culminating in his drawing the sword from the tree. So far as he disclosed it yesterday, his voice was pleasing, but did not have in a high degree qualities that will endear him to lovers of Wagner's works, nor is his style such as Wagner's music properly demands.

The voice is somewhat lacking in warmth and sensuous quality, and hence in the potency of the highest emotional expression. Yet the voices of newcomers are not always displayed at their best when they are first heard in the Metropolitan Opera House, and Mr. Berger may be able to give his singing more charm when he is more familiar with the surroundings in which he sings. He had abundant power, and there was distinctness and intelligibility in much of his declamation.

There is no need now to speak of the excellence of Mme. Gaski's Brünnhilde and Mme. Fremstad's Sieglinde, which have been celebrated so often. Mr. Braun's Wotan was, as before, superb on the side of his singing. The playing of the orchestra was very good.

"DON PASQUALE" SANG.

Its First Performance at the Opera This Season with Madeleine.

Donizetti's delightful comic opera, "Don Pasquale," was included in a double bill last evening with Victor Herbert's "Madeleine" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and gave great pleasure to an audience of rather small size. Although the Metropolitan does not at the present time possess all the resources in the way of voices and vocal ability that are needed to give the little work in its true style and with all the brilliancy that belongs to it, there was much in last evening's performance that had the right ring and the right spirit. No one in the cast more fully commanded the polish and brilliancy, at all events in comic acting, if not in voice, than Mr. Scotti, who has been a member in past years of more brilliant casts, as Dottore Malatesta.

Miss Bori made Norina charming, graceful, piquante, full of vivacity, and gracefulness. Although her beautiful voice is not schooled to this sort of music in absolute perfection, she sang

it with charm and dexterity. Mr. Phil Corsi often has impersonated Don Pasquale in times past, and with the humor and genial understanding of the buffo spirit that he showed again last evening; but perhaps not with less voice. Mr. Phil-Corsi, indeed, for an active operatic singer, seems to have reduced the art of song pretty nearly to its lowest terms. The weakest feature of the cast was Mr. Cristalli, as Ernesto, whose voice and demeanor were equally unyielding.

Not the least of the delightful features of the performance was the buoyant and animated conducting of Mr. Toscanini, who carried the little opera through with inimitable spirit, and there was no lack of understanding between him and the singers in the gayest scenes.

Madeleine, which preceded "Don Pasquale" on this bill, was performed by the same singers as those who were in the first production, chief among whom are Mme. Alda, Leonora Sparkes, Mr. Althouse, and Mr. de Segura. Mr. Polacco again conducted.

THREE OPERAS SANG AT METROPOLITAN

German, English and Italian Each Has Its Own Special Inning.

"WALKÜRE" GREETED BY BIG AUDIENCE

"Madeleine" and "Don Pasquale" Given in the Evening—Toscanini Conducts.

German, English and Italian opera each had its inning at the Metropolitan yesterday. Wagner's "Die Walküre" was sung in the afternoon, and Herbert's "Madeleine" and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" in the evening. The "Walküre" performance was in the regular Ring series and a true Wagnerian audience was present. In size this audience rivalled that of a Farrar "Butterfly" or a Caruso "Aida"; in quality of appreciation it was probably far above either. New York possesses a public which is rarely seen at the opera except at these annual Wagnerian offerings, offerings which the faithful hold as little less than sacrosanct.

Though "Die Walküre" had been heard twice before this season, yesterday's performance was of unusual interest in that it marked the American debut of a new tenor, Rudolf Berger. It had been reported in the journals that Mr. Berger was a barytone made over into a tenor, but his singing gave no evidences to support this statement. His voice proved to be one of true tenor quality, heroic in power and in tone, but one which bore some of the unpleasant results of the present approved Germanic school. Splendid as it was in declamatory passages, it was uniformly hard and utterly lacking in any attempt at nuance. As a result his Siegmund, while superbly conceived in its aspects of primitive power, was lacking in poetic charm.

In stature Mr. Berger is a giant, his figure graceful, his face mobile and his bearing both dignified and plastic; when he has learned the value of nuance and legato he will undoubtedly prove a most valued acquisition to the company. As it was, he won his audience yesterday as few tenors of recent years have succeeded in doing, and at the curtain of the first act received what was a veritable ovation. He and Mme. Fremstad were called before the curtain nearly a dozen times, and finally the fair soprano persuaded him to take a cello alone, which he did, to the accompaniment of deafening applause and even cheers. In closing, Mr. Berger might be asked in what books of antiquities he discovered the portrait of a Volsung, or, if not, what authority he can produce for the particular style of headdress he affected yesterday.

Another element of interest was the first appearance of Mme. Ober as Fricka. Mme. Ober's Fricka will stand comparison with any of her other impersonations. Hers was no jealous virago, but a goddess, the very emblem of outraged law. Mme. Ober, in voice, face and bearing, made virtue attractive. Mme. Fremstad was the Sieglinde, Mme. Gaski the Brünnhilde, Mr. Braun the Wotan and Mr. Ruysdael the Hunding. Mr. Hertz conducted.

The evening's first offering was Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," of which all that can be said has been said. Mme. Alda was again most charming in the title part, and Mr. Polacco conducted with authority. And then, almost as if with ironic intent in exposition of how a light subject can be treated lightly, came "Don Pasquale."

The revival of the old opera under the baton of Arturo Toscanini was one of the rare delights of last season, coming, as it did, not until the first week in

April. For "Don Pasquale" is one of the supreme masterpieces of opera buffa, and under Mr. Toscanini's baton the music sparkles as it must have sparkled in the days when it was young. So that music sparkled last night, and in a manner equally delightful sang and acted Miss Bori and Mr. Scotti.

Miss Bori's Norina last season gave promise, but last night it was altogether delightful, arch, humorous, wayward, coquettish—all that Norina should be. In addition, she sang the music with fine style; her trill in particular being unusually clear cut, and her *bravura* being thrown off with *éclat*.

Mr. Scotti's Doctor Malatesta has always been one of his most effective roles, a figure of true high comedy; while Mr. Pini-Corsi's Don Pasquale was fat and funny. The weak spot in the performance was the Ernesto of Mr. Cristalli. Mr. Cristalli is an earnest and at times a pleasing singer, but Donizetti's music requires a master of *bel canto*. The audience was a small one for a subscription night.

"Die Walkure."

The novel event of yesterday afternoon's performance of "Die Walküre" was the début of Rudolf Berger, who sang Siegmund. The rest of the cast was on the usual high level of excellence. Gaski a Brünnhilde, Fremstad as Sieglinde, Ruysdael as Hunding, and Braun as Wotan, all are well known in their roles. Berger, the new-comer, is of heroic size and appearance. But why will he wear his (red) hair in a Psyche knot tied with a blue ribbon? Is this for historical accuracy? How can there be historical accuracy about a myth? Berger's singing is of the explosive kind—unrhythmic to such a degree that no conductor could possibly follow his vagaries. His enunciation was not good, and occasionally he "improved" Wagner's text. He did not so much sing his part as he declaimed it. Sometimes it seemed as though he had utilized Wagner's outline for the inflections of his voice, but there were other times when he appeared to be singing Berger's "Walküre," not Wagner's. It is but fair to say, however, that the audience seemed to like him. 2006 1914

The scenic effects were splendid, as they have been all this season, with the new "investiture" as the management calls it. There still did not seem to be enough fire to frighten even a timid soul. The Colorado suggestiveness of the second-act scenery is probably far more beautiful than an actual Rhineland Walküre's rock. Mr. Hertz conducted with enthusiasm, made the orchestral part a thing of beauty—except where the Siegmund threw time, tempo, rhythm, and everything else out of joint.

"Madeleine" and "Don Pasquale."

Many people who evidently intended to be at the opera last night to hear the opening measures of Victor Herbert's one-act opera "Madeleine," which was given for the second time, failed in their efforts because the performance began about five minutes before the hour. It is fortunate that one of the most charming parts of Mr. Herbert's dainty work, Madeleine's first air, comes several minutes after her entrance, and by that time the house was well filled. A second hearing confirms the impression that this air and the poetic finale are the most charming moments of Mr. Herbert's miniature opera. The performance went very smoothly, as it was bound to do under Mr. Polacco's able and sympathetic guidance.

Following it "Don Pasquale" was performed for the first time this season, with practically the same cast as last year. It is a much more fitting companion to "Madeleine" than "Pagliacci" is. Thanks to the charming Miss Bori, to the amusing Malatesta of Mr. Scotti, to Mr. Toscanini's brilliant reading of the pretty score, and, in lesser degree, to the grotesque comicality of Mr. Pini-Corsi, "Don Pasquale" went with much snap and vim. The present light tenor of the Metropolitan Company, Mr. Cristalli, although no worse than several of his predecessors, calls to mind Hans von Bülow's wickedly amusing remarks about tenors, but much might be forgiven if he was not so constantly at variance with the pitch. His performance of the tuneful serenade in the last act was better than anything else he sang, but in the duo with Miss Bori he relapsed into his previous faults. The present management seems unfortunate in the selection of light tenors.

Miss Bori and Mr. Scotti entered with special zest into the fun of their parts, and, moreover, they both sang them admirably. The charm of their work was dwelt on at length last year, and it may fairly be said

in any other time. That was left to Mr. Dalmau. What it sounded like cannot be told here, there were other and larger and better fish to fry for The Tribune's order of musical doings when it was reached. It is safe to say, however, that was anything but the thing which is called tango at the public dancing places in the saloons of society. Polite society in the Argentine Republic dances the Habanera popularly called the tango simply, and has never had anything to do with the vulgar dance of the West Indies, especially the San Dominicans, but on the negro rhythm which has been influenced by Spanish influences. No doubt it was suggested to the judicious by Dalmau's performance of a Tango Argentine by Litchfield, transcribed by himself.

Judging by his playing of earlier things, Dalmau is a violinist of fine powers, and, unhappily, he is disposed to use much to gratify the groundlings. His style is pure, intonation admirable, technical skill ample for all that he attempted yesterday. He can well take his place among the first half dozen foreign violinists who have visited us thus far.

Higher up in the line, however, and coming the first place, indeed, must be Herr Flesch, a Hungarian, who gave his first recital in the afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The most obvious thing in Herr Flesch's recital was that he had an unfortunate debut at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, at which he played the Beethoven Concerto. The account of a slipping peg, which compelled him to stop for what seemed an uncomfortable time to set his strings in tune before beginning his first cadenza, was at least of the evening's misfortunes. It is much more to his disadvantage that he was nervously restless in his phrasing, seemed to have no notion of that quality of repose which seemed to belong to the great volume of tone at the command of his bow. That quality, of some importance in all art, was obviously a superb measure yesterday, added to the height and nobility of tone, except when he yielded to the desire to make penny sentimental Portamento effect.

After he had shown a most dignified and refined taste, helped by his freedom from the affected vibrato which is too common in many of the preceding ones, it was disappointing to have him play the melody of Schubert's "Ave Maria" all over the finger-board of his instrument. Herr Flesch is a truly great artist, he can prove the fact best by avoiding affectations of all kinds—of bearing as well as of reading.

MR. DALMAU'S DEBUT.

Violinist From Argentina Heard in Matinee Recital, 1914.

A season so well occupied by players of the violin it hardly seemed necessary that one should come to us from a country which has hitherto kept to itself most of its musical products except the tango. However, since the impression has traveled abroad that all singers and players of instruments have but to come to the United States to make their everlasting names, and since the European newspapers industriously foster the pleasing illusion that we do not know the difference between good and bad, we need not be astonished that Andres S. Dalmau has sailed up from Argentina to try his luck. This violinist appeared in recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall and was heard by an audience of moderate size. His principal numbers were Wieniawski's and concerto and Leonard's "Souvenir de Bayada." He paid a proper tribute to his own country by including in his programme a tango by Cattellani arranged for himself. Mr. Dalmau cannot be said to have earned at his first hearing a claim to profound consideration. His playing yesterday was poor in tone, unrefined in style, uncertain in technique, marred in the cantilena by much sentimentalism. Such things being true, it is little use to go further. When he would have stared at the reading of his concerto.

DRES S. DELMAU PLAYS.

Young Violinist from Argentine Is Handicapped by His Training.

Andres S. Delmau, a young violinist from the Argentine Republic, made his first appearance in North America at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He made an interesting impression, but it was more through the possibilities he disclosed than by what he actually did. Mr. Delmau is handicapped by his training and the idea it has given him of what use he should make of his gifts. The programme he played yesterday belonged several generations back in the days when crude musical taste demanded "fireworks" from the concert artist, and would stand for nothing else, and he will be under a great disadvantage in this country if he does not abandon the array of shallow stuff which he has forth and take to music of real significance.

I gave evidence that his talents will give him a hearing if he does this, for he showed a good many of the qualities that are for success in his field.

that it was even better last night.

Recital by Carl Flesch.

Carl Flesch, the violinist who recently made his first bow to a New York public as the soloist at a pair of Philharmonic concerts, appeared yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall in recital. His admirable programme consisted of a sonata in D major by Nardini, a sarabande, double and Bourrée of Bach for violin alone, Schumann's "Gartenmelodie und Spring brunn," "Romantische Stücke," by Dvorák, Wilhelmj's arrangement of Schubert's "Ave Maria," the popular Pugnani-Kreisler Prelude and Allegro, and a concerto in D major by Paganini, with a cadenza by Mr. Flesch. There was thus plenty of variety to suit all tastes and to show Mr. Flesch in every light. The enthusiastic welcome he received from his first audiences was repeated yesterday, and justly, for Mr. Flesch is a master of his instrument. His audience was a large one, in spite of the fact that the "Walküre" was being given at the Metropolitan at the same time.

Mr. Flesch is not a notably emotional violinist, nor does he indulge in technical display for its own sake. His tone is satisfyingly large, it is warm and rich, and he has a fund of sane and legitimate feeling. This was shown in his treatment of Schumann's "Gartenmelodie," in the adagio of the Dvorák number, and in the Schubert-Wilhelmj "Ave Maria," which Mr. Flesch played with such richness and depth of tone that his violin sounded almost like a cello. His double stopping was particularly fine, and so delighted the audience that he had to repeat part of the "Ave Maria."

The more rugged qualities of his playing were well displayed in the Bach, especially in the rhythmic Bourrée and in Fritz Kreisler's arrangement of Pugnani's composition. Mr. Flesch is another of Kreisler's colleagues who honors that great violinist and himself by placing his rival's name on his programme. This particular composition by Kreisler bids fair to become as well known as his "Caprice Viennois" and the Dvorák "Humoresque." In its virility of accent and incisiveness of rhythm, Mr. Flesch's performance more nearly resembles that of Kreisler than does that of any other violinist who has recently played in New York; but nevertheless he plays it quite individually.

The cadenza which Mr. Flesch wrote for the Paganini concerto was equal in musically construction and admirable playing to Mr. Flesch's performance in the Beethoven concerto.

Philharmonic Plays Modern Music.

Were it not for Josef Stransky and the Philharmonic Orchestra, the serious music lovers of New York would hear no Grieg, no Bizet, no Liszt—almost none of the music written by some of the greatest masters of melody. Bizet's immortal music is done to death in every restaurant, to the jarring noise of voices and the clattering dishes, but he is neglected elsewhere, except at the Philharmonic concerts. Yesterday afternoon Bizet's exquisite suite No. 1 from "L'Arlesienne" was the first—and most beautiful—number on a very interesting programme, one of the extra Friday afternoon concerts at which there are sometimes no soloists. The other numbers were Debussy's "L'après midi d'un Faune," Berlioz's Overture "Le Carnaval Romain," and Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony.

If yesterday's snowstorm had been a blizzard it would still have paid the hearers of the concert to go, if only to hear Bizet's suite. Rarely has it been played as Mr. Stransky and his men played it. The whole suite was magnificent, but a few points stand out for their poignant beauty, a beauty that brought tears to one's eyes. The melody for clarinet toward the end of the first movement was especially lovely, and the dramatic climax built up at the end of this same movement told without words the tragic story of Frédéric's devouring passion for the beautiful siren of Arles. Beautiful, too, were the Adagietto's tender melody and the duet for flutes in the last movement, which interrupts temporarily the insistent three tones of the carillon. It seems almost unfair, however, to single out any special, the whole suite was so enjoyable. Feb. 7, 1914

Even the masters of color who followed—Debussy, Berlioz, and Goldmark—suffered somewhat by comparison with the glowing work of Carmen's creator. The Faun has made himself as thoroughly at home in our concert halls as his original in the poem

did on the thick yielding grass. Mr. Stransky and his men, while they brought out all the delicate elusiveness of Debussy's work, also emphasized its richness and clarity. Excellent, too, was the performance of Berlioz's brilliant "Roman Carnival," the third French work presented in the programme.

Theodore Thomas frequently performed Goldmark's Symphony, and while it is not heard so often now, it was welcomed both for its own beauty and for its familiarity. Mr. Stransky conducted the more tender parts with fine feeling and the brilliant portions with much dash and spirit. There were no doubt many people in the audience who regretted that this admirable programme had not been given at a pair of Philharmonics instead of at a single concert only. The Bizet suite, at any rate, should be heard again soon. How it makes one long for "Carmen!"

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Feb. 7, 1914
A Programme of Modern Music
Without a Soloist.

The programme of yesterday's concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall was given over to modern music, all of a somewhat popular and unusually pleasing and diverting character. There was no soloist, and probably few among the large audience felt the lack of one. There was played the first suite made by Bizet from his incidental music to Daudet's play "L'Arlesienne," music that now seems of great charm, of real distinction, not at all "Wagnerian," though it was derided by those who first heard it for falling in charm and distinction and for being "Wagnerian."

There was Debussy's orchestral prelude, entitled "The Afternoon of a Faun," which seems now among the best and most imaginative of his compositions, written in a style more spontaneous and less mannered than many of his later orchestral pieces, before the composer had made his melodic lines and harmonic progressions into formulas that he now follows with less of musical content, and when he also wrote for orchestra with more delicacy and euphony than are shown in work that has recently come from his pen. There was Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," based on motives from his opera "Benvenuto Cellini," which has retained a place among the composer's more vital works, and was successful even at its first performance, when, as one of his biographers notes, "its reputation was demanded with transports," though the opera itself had made a brilliant failure half a dozen years earlier. And, finally, there was what Goldmark called his "Rustic Wedding" symphony, a suite rather than a symphony, though that has not been put to its discredit and it has not been made to suffer on that account in the thirty-eight years since it was first produced, during which it has kept its popularity. For notwithstanding the unpretentious character of this music, which lays no claim to profundity and possesses little, it has remained alive while innumerable symphonies truer to the symphonic form and aiming at greater heights and depths have been laid away in oblivion to gather dust.

The orchestra played these compositions very well, in its best style, with solidity and beauty of tone, with finish, sometimes with brilliancy. There have been performances of Debussy's piece of a more filmy-delicacy, performances in which there was no break of the horn in the first measure, as there was yesterday; but in this performance, as in the other numbers, the playing of the orchestra reflected credit upon it and upon Mr. Stransky's training.

**'Koenigskinder'
Sung Again at
Metropolitan**
Feb. 7, 1914
Miss Farrar and Mr. Jörn the Principals in an Excellent Performance of Fairy Opera.

While it was by no means a record audience in the Metropolitan Opera House last night to hear a repetition of "Koenigskinder," still there were enough persons present and enough applause to gratify the singers, who gave an excellent performance.

Miss Farrar, as the Goose Girl, was again charming and she sang well. Mr. Jörn was the King's Son, buoyant and youthful if not abounding in romance. Mr. Goritz was excellent as the Fiddler and Miss Robeson acceptable as the Witch. Messrs. Rysdahl and Reiss added comedy touches.

Mr. Hertz conducted a sympathetic performance, and the stage pictures were artistic.

CONCERT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Mr. Harold Bauer, Soloist, Plays Schumann's Piano Concerto.

The trumpet, trombone, and bassoon were the special subjects for illustration at the fourth of the Symphony Concerts for Young People given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme that served to bring them into prominence was made up of Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, with its trumpet solo in the distance; the death music of Siegfried from "Gotterdammerung," in which also special use is made of the brass; selections from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, in which the bassoon is characteristically employed, and the "Arabian Dance" and "Dance of the Flowers" from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite." Mr. Harold Bauer also appeared as soloist. He played Schumann's pianoforte concerto, and this was one of the most delightful features of the concert, so poetical and so spirited was his performance.

Mr. Damrosch spoke briefly about the orchestral instruments to be illustrated, and specimens of their tone and powers were given by Messrs. Karl Heinrich, trumpet; Samuel Tilken, trombone, and Ugo Savolini, bassoon. Mr. Damrosch also gave some account of the music that was played.

SOME NEW FRENCH MUSIC HEARD HERE

Feb. 7, 1914
A Complaint of Embarrassment of Riches on Sundays.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS COME INTO CONFLICT

Symphony with Pianoforte and Variations with Harp at Aeolian Hall.

BY H. E. KREMBEL.

Unless the reviewers of musical doings in New York are willing to become not even reporters, but only recorders, it will be impossible, so long as the present conditions in the concert field prevail, to give any intelligent discussion of all the incidents of a Sunday afternoon. The evening concerts cause no concern, for they are arranged "on purpose," as the childish phrase has it, for the light-minded—chiefly those who want bargain-counter music, which means much singing (particularly by the people of the opera) and playing, at popular prices, by the artists whom they read about during the week. Also a double measure of everything except the orchestral pieces, which, as a rule, are the best things purveyed for them. This being the state of affairs, the music lovers who refuse to yield to the spirit of the times and become frivolous must needs forego occasionally estimates—or appreciations, as they are now called—whether good or bad, wise or foolish, of the noteworthy incidents which mark concerts of dignity, significance and beauty. Dignity? What is there in the present attitude of the press to indicate that artistic expression should try to preserve itself against the reproach of descending below it? Significance? Why try to offer it when an earful of ragtime tune and a syncopated drumbeat, if obstreperous enough, suffice the multitude and are so easily at the command of those who pander to the multitude? Beauty? If the meaning of the term has wholly been forgotten and the belief been created that its essence lies in filth and is to be sedulously sought in the sewer, its exposition will ask no expounder. Human nature need only be left to the operation of the law of reversions, as in the case of the prevalent dance mania.

Fortunately concert-music has not yet descended to the level of the drama, and though the decadent tendency is obvious in that department, there is yet plenty of stuff to invite serious discussion in the offerings of our concert-rooms. It may be irrelevant to some, since a majority of serious musical people follow the dictates of partisanship rather than taste and judgment in choosing between two concerts which occur simultaneously, but it is yet pertinent, and the regret that it cannot be comprehensive reasonable.

As usual, yesterday afternoon there were two concerts by equally admirable organizations at the same time. The concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall offered an unusual attraction in a programme of French music, most of which was new; that of the Philharmonic Society, in Carnegie Hall, offered no new composition, but the temptation of an admirable pianoforte player in an admir-

able composition was too strong. Schumann's Concerto. At the same time a young local virtuoso, who has led the judicious to expect much from him in the immediate future, gave a recital. The Philharmonic Society's programme contained also a number much more familiar to the patrons of twenty years ago than those of to-day—the arrangement by Abert of a Bach Prelude and Fugue with an interjected chorale by Abert. Also the between-acts and ballet music from Schubert's "Rosamunde" and the Fourth Symphony by Tchaikowsky. Miss Deyo is said to have played the solo part of the concerto with a refreshing rhythmic crispness and to the great delight of the audience—which is easily believed of so musical a young woman. The symphony was played so as to bring out the best elements of the orchestra as Mr. Stransky sees them.

Mr. Walter Damrosch is to immerse himself and his artists in Beethoven in ten days or so, and if there was a debit charge on the modern French account he paid it off with interest yesterday. His programme, with the Symphony Society and Clarence Adler, pianist, and Ada Sassoli as helpers, consisted of Vincent d'Indy's "Symphonie sur un air montagnard français," a piece called "Variations plaisantes sur un thème grave," by Roger-Ducasse, for orchestra, with harp obbligato; a "Bourrée fantastique," by Chabrier, transcribed for orchestra by Mottl, and a "Chorale with variations" for harp and orchestra, by Charles M. Widor. Only the second and third numbers can have attention here. The so-called symphony on a mountaineer's melody was produced by Mr. Damrosch in December, 1905, as a tribute to the composer, who had just concluded a visit to America under the auspices of the Boston Orchestra. Then M. Pugno, who died recently in Russia, played the pianoforte obbligato. He played it no better than did Mr. Adler yesterday, but most unaccountably, the audience insisted in defiance of the music and its title upon treating it as a pianoforte concerto, and the most excellent artist who made himself one of the orchestra for the occasion (much to his own amazement, no doubt) was compelled to supplement the symphony with what in ordinary newspaper parlance is an "encore." Yesterday the audience was wiser, though unquestionably more appreciative of the excellent help which Mr. Adler gave to Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra. As for the work itself, it made a very favorable impression, as well it might, for it was superbly played. It is in no sense a symphony, though separated by pauses into three movements. It is a compages of variations on a theme in which pianoforte and orchestra are equally concerned. The theme (which is really paraphrased and distorted rather than varied) bears a strong resemblance to a Scottish song:

Will ye gang to the Hielan's, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielan's wi' me?

M. Tiersot, the eminent folklorist in music, who is also librarian of the Paris Conservatoire, came to America to study some of our folksongs soon after M. d'Indy's visit, and the writer called his attention to the resemblance between the two melodies; but, like a true Frenchman, he refused to see that there could be anything Scottish in a tune which he had set down in his "Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France" as French, and yet he wrote in his book: "The high mountains give to folk airs that become acclimated to their altitude; something of the purity of their atmosphere. It seems as if there were in these mountain songs—which are generally shepherds' songs—something flowing ethereal, a sweetness which is not found in the songs of the plains." Had he recognized that a song of the Scottish Highlands had an affinity with a song of the Cévennes, it might have been suggestive of musical folklorists.

Before playing the Roger-Ducasse variations Mr. Damrosch observed that he had selected the piece which Mlle. Sassoli had kindly learned, because it introduced the harp as a member of the orchestra in the same relationship as that occupied by the pianoforte in the symphony by d'Indy. It was a gracious plea, but it gave little help to the composition. The harp is an amiable instrument; so is the flute. In their place they serve a beautiful purpose. But lifted into too great prominence in the orchestral company they are tiresome; and the music of yesterday made no excuse for the obbligato instrument. It would have been tiresome without it; it was no less so with it, despite Mlle. Sassoli's fine playing.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Feb. 9, 1914

Modern French Music by d'Indy, Roger-Ducasse, Chabrier, and Widor.

Mr. Damrosch constructed a programme of modern French music for the concert of the New York Symphony Society yesterday afternoon that was of unusual interest, being nicely modulated between the extremes of the contemporaneous Frenchmen. Vincent d'Indy's

on a "Song of a French Mountain" no longer seems extreme or difficult of comprehension. It is spoken of, indeed, by the "advanced" with something of a patronizing tone, especially in comparison with the composer's second symphony, written twenty years later. It is considered to have elements of "immediate popularity"; the employment of a pianist creates a factitious interest; the chief theme and the subsidiary themes are under suspicion on account of their melodiousness and the frankness of their treatment; d'Indy's harmony is more in accordance with custom than it is in the later symphony, and there is more superficial interest.

All these demerits no doubt contributed largely to the pleasure derived from the performance. The listeners could again admire and feel the artistic significance of the ingenious changes and development that make the mountain's air germinate so variously in the several movements. It appears in its original form in the slow introduction; it is developed toward greater complexity in the movements that follow; in the last it appears as a rapidly occurring "ostinato" figure in the piano in the last, against which the orchestra piles up varied sonorities. The workmanship in all these movements is most adept. There are passages that are beautiful, strange and hauntingly beautiful, not only in melodic substance, but also in the richness of the harmony and of the orchestral coloring. Emphasis has been laid on the fact that d'Indy intended the piano to be considered as an orchestral, not as a solo, instrument, protected against an orchestral background, in only a few passages is its value as an addition to the orchestral times evident. In others it is either submerged, or, as in the last movement, aggressively brilliant as in a concerto. Mr. Clarence Adler played the piano part with excellent judgment and discretion, with abundant command of its difficulties.

Rogers-Ducasse is one of the younger of the French composers, and his position in the contemporary art of France clearly indicated in his "Variations fantastiques sur un Theme Grave." Mr. Damrosch made a few preliminary remarks about the vigorous part taken by this composition by the obligate harp, offering from the conventional idea of the instrument as played by our grandmothers. It was played on this occasion by Miss Ada Sassoli. The music is fantastic in spirit, and its title indicates that it is not intended to be taken too seriously. It is full of the harmonic characteristics familiar in the music of the younger Frenchmen, and there is a frequency of pentatonic effects, as of the scale of five notes, that gives the music a distinctive impression. Chabrier's "Bourree Fantastique," a beautiful and fascinating piece for the piano, brilliantly and appropriately transcribed for orchestra by Felix Mottl, and Widor's "Choral and Variations" for harp and orchestra, in which Miss Sassoli again played the obligate instrument, were the remaining numbers. Widor is a conservative, and his solidly constructed and sonorous music offered few problems for the players.

FRENCH COMPOSERS BRING NEW MUSIC

Novelties Heard at Afternoon

Concert of the Symphony Society.

HARP BECOMES PROMINENT

Vincent d'Indy Represented by Symphony on a Mountain Song.

The concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was devoted to the performance of music by French composers. The list comprised the first symphony of Vincent d'Indy, "Variations plaisantes sur un Theme Grave," for orchestra and harp, by Roger Ducas, a "Bourree Fantastique," by Chabrier, and a "Choral and Variations," for harp and orchestra by Widor. The harp soloist was Ada Sassoli and the important piano part in the symphony was well played by Clarence Adler.

Most of the music was unfamiliar to the audience and some of it entirely new. Certainly none of the younger generation of music lovers are well acquainted with the compositions of Vincent d'Indy, nor would any of them experience the shock which their fathers felt twenty-six years ago when Mr. Seidl produced the "Wallenstein Trilogy." We are better acquainted now to chords that sting and melodies that bite and so there was nothing in the "Symphony on a Mountain Song" or "Symphonie Cevenole," as it is sometimes called, to disturb any but very fashioned music lovers. The melodic idea which runs through the symphony is a song heard frequently in the Cevennes. D'Indy has built his movements partly out of it and partly around it. His great skill in construction and development are shown forth in this disposition to much advantage. There is too much noise in some places, especially in the brilliant finale. The orchestration is admirable, except for this

part, and the treatment of the piano part is generally but not always effective. Here perhaps most music lovers will question the wisdom of the composer. There is no doubt at all that the piano can be employed as an orchestral instrument, but the moment it is permitted to obtrude its characteristic figures and individual virtuosity it steps out of the picture. That this is too often the case in the d'Indy symphony can hardly be gainsaid. Otherwise this is an interesting if not imposing piece of orchestral music and might be heard oftener. We can hardly expect to confine ourselves to the few really titanic works.

As for Mr. Ducas's variations they will probably go their way in peace and comfort without waking. They are modern in no doubt and there are new clothes for the harp and a new harmonic hobby for it to ride; but all this has no resting place in the musical hall of fame. Ada Sassoli played the harp part admirably and the Balgore Ensemble in the background tossed off airily the snappy and undidomatic little wind phrases devised by the composer. Mr. Damrosch made a neat little speech of introduction too. And that will be about all concerning these variations.

Chabrier's fantastic Bourree was made for piano and orchestra by Felix Mottl. It makes an effective orchestra number, although not of importance. It would be better for clever composers to write bright, taking short numbers like this for orchestra than to have them made over from piano works. Short numbers are frequently needed in making up a programme. Would that there were more of them.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Ruth Deyo Heard in Performance of Schumann Concerto.

Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony was the chief number for orchestra on the programme of the Philharmonic Society's Sunday afternoon concert given yesterday at Carnegie Hall. The orchestra also played Albert's arrangement of Bach's organ figure in G minor and the entracte and ballad music from Schubert's incidental music to "Rosamunde."

The seldom heard and interesting arrangement by Albert, which has as its title, "Prelude, Choral and Fugue," has been much changed from its original form. The fantasy belonging to it has been supplanted by one of the master's preludes, taken from the "Well Tempered Clavier," while the "Choral," which is played by the brass choir, is one harmonized in Bach's style to suit the fugue. Mr. Stransky's delivery of the Tschaikowsky symphony is one well known to philharmonic audiences and it again served to command close attention yesterday as well as to call forth much applause.

The solo performer of the afternoon was Ruth Deyo, pianist, who had appeared some years ago as soloist at a Philharmonic concert. She played Schumann's concerto. Miss Deyo's performance of the composition offered much that was interesting. She was in full sympathy with the deeply romantic spirit of the work and she was frequently successful in its portrayal. Her tone, while not very brilliant, is musical and this in spite of a hardness and lack of resonance observed at times through her forcing of it. Some incisiveness of a general style and technique were further noted and these defects stood out especially in the final movement of the concert.

Aside from these marring features there was much to enjoy and first of all a genuine musical feeling shown throughout and a cultured taste.

MR. SAPIRSTEIN'S RECITAL.

Young Pianist Continues His Series at Princess Theatre.

David Sapirstein, the young local pianist, gave the second of his series of four recitals yesterday afternoon in the Princess Theatre. His programme was one of importance and interest, embracing, as it did, Beethoven's great sonata in C minor, opus. 111, a group of Chopin pieces, one by Moszkowski, and some by Liszt, including the one popular Hungarian fantasia No. 2. Since orchestra conductors have fallen out of the habit of displaying the virtuoso accomplishments of their organizations with this old work it is not heard as often as it was in the consulate of Thomas.

Mr. Sapirstein sustained the artistic level which he reached at his first recital of the current season. At that time he disclosed that he had been engaged in serious study and had made real progress. He is an earnest young artist and there is ground for hope that his progress will not halt, but raise him to an important position.

WAGNER'S COMIC OPERA.

Rudolf Berger Heard as Young Franconian Knight.

Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The principal feature of interest was the appearance of Rudolf Berger as Walther. It may be said without hesitation that he was a rival of the departed Slezak in at least one thing, to wit, height. It is possible that some may have found him too tall, but it must be said that his carriage was generally good and that on the whole he looked well.

His impersonation was not one to call for extended comment. Mr. Berger's singing was in no essential a wide de-

part from the original. Although it had some beauties of voice and style which were individual. The natural quality of the voice is much better in the upper scale than in the lower, and the high tones are better placed, steadier and carry well. There did not seem to be any great variety of color in the tenor's singing last night, but it is yet early in his American engagement, and he may appear to greater advantage later on. That he is dignified and well prepared artist worthy of a place in the present Metropolitan company cannot be denied.

The remainder of the cast was as before except that Emmy Deschamps was the Fra. Her impersonation of Pogner's prize daughter is too well known to require any comment except that it retains its merits. Mr. Weil's Hans Sachs was just as dull, heavy and unmusical as it was before and constituted the weak element of the representation.

Mr. Toscanini conducted and naturally from his former point of view. An artist does not change his ideas in a day or a week, and it is not likely that Mr. Toscanini will ever change his about "Die Meistersinger." It would be a pity if he modified his reading of the more sensuous melody of the work, but he makes some parts of the opera very slow and very dull.

GIRL PIANIST SAVES CONCERT.

Miss Elenore Altman, After Separation from Orchestra, Keeps on Playing When It Stops.

That there is among the younger musicians of New York much talent was demonstrated last night at a public concert, in which some of the students and recent graduates of the Institute of Musical Art were heard. The ambitious character of the programme and the satisfying manner in which it was carried out speaks well for American teaching methods. All artists were accompanied by the New York Symphony Society.

The piano selections were Weber's Concertstück played by Miss Rhea Silberstein and Paderewski's Polish Fantasy played by Miss Elenore Altman. Only exceptional presence of mind saved Miss Altman from a serious predicament when she became separated from her accompaniment. With all the assurance of a seasoned artist she kept up her playing after the orchestra had stopped and in the end Dr. Frank Damrosch, who was conducting, got his forces together again.

The only vocal number was contributed by Miss Lillian Eubank, who sang an aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos." Two violin concertos were heard, the first by Brahms in D major, of which the first movement was played by Mr. Elias Breeskin, and the last two by Mr. Sascha Jacobson, and the second that of Tschaikowsky, of which the first movement was played by Miss Helen Jeffrey and the last two by Mr. Samuel Gardner. The concertos were conducted by Mr. Franz Kneisel.

VIRTUOSI IN EMBRYO Remarkable Violin Playing by Budding Artists.

A concert was given in Aeolian Hall last night by the Institute of Musical Art, at which some of its graduates, young artists who are just entering upon their careers, appeared under exceedingly favorable circumstances, having the assistance of the Symphony Orchestra and an audience of sympathetic and appreciative hearers, instead of the drummed-up kind. The performers were Miss Rhea Silberstein, who played Weber's "Concertstück"; Elias Breeskin and Sascha Jacobson, who played the Brahms violin concerto (the former taking the first movement, the latter the Adagio and Finale); Miss Lillian Eubank, one of the junior members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who sang Verdi's "O don fatale"; Miss Elenore Altman, who is to give a pianoforte recital next Saturday, and last night played Paderewski's "Fantaisie Polonoise," and Miss Helen Jeffrey and Samuel Gardner, who have entered the professional world and who between them divided Tschaikowsky's violin concerto as their associates had done Brahms's. The playing of the four young violin virtuosos, for that they are, was surprisingly, even amazingly, good. Had been "featured" in symphonic concerts, every one of them would have challenged comparison with ripe artists and stood the comparison well. The orchestra was conducted by Frank Damrosch and Franz Kneisel.

"Louise" at the Metropolitan.

Charpentier's "Louise" and his new work, "Julien," will both have a hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House this winter. Last night "Louise" was given by the visiting Philadelphia-Chicago company, whose appearances in New York have now been reduced to four, while "Julien," in which some of the characters of that opera reappear, is to be staged by the Metropolitan Company. "Louise" had an especially good performance last evening, thanks not only to the principal singers, but to the excellent work of the girls of the dressmak-

ing shop, the chorus, the orchestra, and the conductor. Mr. Campanini always handles his forces with a sure hand, and instils into the work great buoyancy, all the more remarkable for the fact that this year his work has doubled, since he has taken the position of manager as well as conductor for his company. He is a seven-days wonder, this man, always ready, always full of vitality and interest in his work.

Miss Garden's Louise is less youthful than when she first sang it in New York, but, while this is a loss, she has softened and improved her conception of the part. Although rebellious, she is more tender than she used to be in the first act, and she has even changed the hard look of her face to one more nearly approaching the lovely expression which was hers as Jean in "Le Jongleur." She sings it as she always has done, with expression, but with little of vocal beauty. Louise literally makes an excellent mother, both vocally and dramatically.

The Julien of Dalmones is exactly what he has always been, a man with an attractive personality and a good voice, neither of which is animated by a large imagination. Possibly it would be difficult to make more of Charpentier's hero.

Last night Dufranne modified his naturally rough voice to a much more agreeable quality than usual, and sang his rôle of the father exceedingly well. That it is impossible for him to efface memories of Gilbert, the great artist who, at the Manhattan, made the father of Louise the central figure of the opera, is his misfortune, and not his fault. If Mr. Dufranne's last act were as good as the first in point of dramatic ability, there would be little to complain of; but, except for his heart-broken cry of "Louise," after driving his daughter away, it seems impossible for him to conceive or convey the tragic grief of the father; which again is his misfortune rather than his fault. It is given to few, very few, singers to be great actors, also. A special word of praise is due Mr. Warnery for his brief but admirable picture of the noctambulist, and still more emphatic praise should be bestowed on Mr. Huberdeau for his beautiful singing, his excellent enunciation, and the pathos of his small, but telling, part of the rag-picker, whose daughter had been stolen by the noctambulist. Nor would this record be complete without mentioning the pretty girls of the atelier, chiefly Americans, and their lovely fresh voices.

"LOUISE" IS GIVEN AT METROPOLITAN Charpentier's Opera Sung with Mary Garden by Chicago Company.

"Louise," the musical apotheosis of the Parisian minidette, was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Of course, the Metropolitan company did not itself take part, for though Charpentier's latest work, "Julien," is shortly to enter its repertory, "Louise" has up to the present moment remained in New York the property of the heirs of Oscar Hammerstein, if the two weeks of an English translation at the Century may be left out. So it was for Mr. Campanini and the Chicago Opera Company to bring to us this work, in which Miss Mary Garden continues her mark against the Philistines.

Miss Garden has marched many miles against the Philistines, and both Miss Garden and the Philistines are still with us. In fact, Miss Garden seems at times a sort of female Don Quixote advancing against the windmills of time and putch—emerging considerably the worse for the encounter. But Miss Garden's courage is indomitable and the Philistines are ever before her. She has assailed them in "Sapho," in "Thais," in "Salomé," in "Louise," and she will continue to assail them until her voice is far weaker than it was last night.

Miss Garden's voice was not weak last night, even if it possessed not the softness of southern breezes; but then her voice, like her personality, has ever been original.

Her impersonation was what it has always been: a hard, dominant, unfeeling child of the outer boulevards, on whom little sympathy can be wasted. This is not the Louise of the poet, and yet it is a Louise whom few will forget, when in the last act the wild delirium of Paris

seizes upon her, the Paris so terribly expressed in that waltz which is not of Johann Strauss. For that brief score we can forgive her much.

The Julien of Charles Dalmores is an old friend, and one who once could sing the music as few could sing it. Time brings its changes, but Mr. Dalmores is always the fine artist and the admirable actor. Hector Dufranne's Father is also an old friend. His is a pathetic yet compelling characterization, an overture to the life, and his voice still is resonant. Mme. Berat's Mother, while it effaced no memories, was also a vital figure, and the small parts were uniformly well done. Mr. Campanini's understanding of the score was long ago well proved. It was proved again last night.

"Louise" itself, whatever may be its shortcomings, remains one of the few important operatic works which have come of late years out of France. The Paris that it glorifies is not the Paris of "Manon"; far less is it the Paris that is the brain of the Latin world, a city of savants and of scholars; but it is a Paris, that is none the less true and real and universal—for Epicurus is a King of all times and lands and peoples. Perhaps in the modern world he is a king of folly rather than of pleasure; but whatever that realm may be and however moralists may scorn it, youth's fancy flies to it now as swiftly as it did in Alexandria or Babylon. Perhaps even because of this such works as "Louise" should be anathema—yet only last week its composer received the Academician's sword from the hands of the midgets of Paris. "Louise" may well bring cause for reflection, but to many it brings unthinking delight.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE.

Two Operas and a Ballet Draw Large Audience.

A triple bill consisting of one German and one Italian opera sung in English and a set of dances was the offering at the Century Opera House last evening. The respective operas were Engelberg Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" and Pietro Mascagni's "Cavallera Rusticana." The dances, as arranged by Luigi Albertini, composed what was called "An International Ballet."

It was a foregone conclusion that this generously arranged combination of three such popular attractions would make strong appeal to the public and bring together a large assemblage inclined at the outset to show much interest. That these conditions prevailed at the performance was evident, as the audience was unusually large in size and evinced a genuine pleasure and appreciation during the proceedings.

The chief feature of enjoyment in the entertainment was without doubt the groups of national dances which came between the two operas. These dances, which had been seen several times this season in conjunction with "Hansel and Gretel" at matinee performances given by the Century Opera Company, included those of Russian, Spanish, Dutch and Hungarian types. There were also among others a Slavic dance, in which Albertina Rasch and Edmund Makalik appeared, and an Italian one danced by the latter and Jeanne Cartier.

Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," was given its first evening performance at this house last night. Gladys Chandler and Mary Carson were again the babes in the woods, as before at the matinee performances, and they impersonated their parts with much spirit.

Mascagni's little tragedy of one act served as a somewhat startling contrast to the terpsichorean divertissement that had gone immediately before it. There was a new soprano heard in the person of Bertha Shalek, who appeared in the cast as Santuzza. Morgan Kingston sang Turiddu, Florence Coughlan was Lola, Thomas Chalmers the Alfio and Kathleen Howard the Lucia. Mr. Scendrel conducted.

PLEASES IN FOLK SONGS.

Mr. Alan MacWhirter, a Scotchman, Gives an Interesting Recital at the MacDowell Club.

There is a charm about the folk songs of the British Isles that scarcely is equalled by any of the more serious music which they have produced. Yesterday afternoon, at the MacDowell Club, a number of the traditional folk songs of Scotland and Ireland were sung by Mr. Alan MacWhirter, a Scotchman, in an interesting recital. Mr. MacWhirter possesses a small, pleasing voice, and his manner of singing is not that usually employed by concert singers, but in its simplicity, its directness and in the way the picture which the songs were meant to convey are brought out his style is admirably suited for folk songs. His enunciation generally was good and his facial expression effective.

The majority of his songs were from the Irish, including "Little Mary Cassidy," "Over Here," "Battle Hymn," "My Love's an Arbutus," "The Solilquy," "The Foggy Dew," "The Willow Tree," "Kitty of the

Cows and the Kneishy Cats. Both those which portrayed pathos and those of a humorous nature were well received.

His Scotch songs were "Leezie Lindsay," "The Earl of Moray," "The Boatman" and "The Laird o' Cockpen," and there also was a group of Somerset folk songs, including "As I Walked Thro' the Meadows," "High Germany" and "O Sally, My Dear."

NEW CHAMBER MUSIC

A Pleasant Quintet by an English Composer.

A feature of the chamber music concerts by the Kneisel Quartet which is not as likely to come to the notice of the faithful patrons who accept all its offerings, gladly, as they deserve to be accepted, as those who are perforce compelled to discriminate, is Mr. Kneisel's ingenious arrangement of his programmes so that the effect of one number shall not be killed by another. There was a fine illustration of that considerate task last night, when, having a new piano-forte quintet by a modern English composer to bring forward, and also one of Beethoven's last quartets—that in E flat, op. 127—and Schumann's always acceptable one in F major (op. 41, No. 2), he placed the quintet first, so that it might be heard by listeners whose minds were neither jaded nor obsessed with the apocalyptic proclamation of Beethoven, whose last quartets are still Alpha and Omega in their field.

The quintet was the work of Mr. Hinton, and his wife, Katharine Goodson, played the pianoforte part in it. It proved to be a most agreeable piece of music from the beginning to end; somewhat old-fashioned, yes; but it is getting to be a refreshment to hear a chord which stands on its feet instead of on its head and which associates amiably with its fellows. The first movement sounded somewhat arid and uninteresting, but the Mendelssohnian second movement caught both interest and fancy, and the slow movement, with its finely developed motive running out into a finale, in which an artistic intensity was ingeniously preserved, challenged respect and admiration. The work was most effectively performed, and at its close Mr. Kneisel brought the composer on the stage to receive the applause of the audience.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Hinton's Quintet Played—Quartets by Beethoven and Schumann.

The audience at the fourth of the series of Kneisel Quartet concerts last evening in Aeolian Hall was unusually interested, and unusually demonstrative of its interest. The programme contained two of the noblest and most beautiful works of the quartet literature—Beethoven's quartet in E-flat, Op. 127, and Schumann's in F, op. 41, No. 2. These have long been in the repertory of the Kneisel Quartet.

Mr. Kneisel puts the last quartets of Beethoven more and more frequently on his programmes, and they are heard with more and more pleasure, and complete understanding. He and his associates have been the chief agencies in this country to bring these quartets out from the arcana of hidden and mystical things for the rational and joyous music and comprehension of educated music-lovers, of which his audience is pre-eminently consists. It takes indeed the finest skill and the ripest musical understanding to play these last quartets; but when they are played as this one was played last evening they are by no means a burden and a mystery to the listener. It was indeed an extraordinarily beautiful performance in its richness of tone, purity of intonation, and the exquisite balance of the parts, that is necessary to make the work "sound." The audience was fully appreciative of these excellencies, and frequently acknowledge applause.

There was a composition new to New York at the head of the programme, Arthur Hinton's piano quintet in G minor, Op. 30. Mr. Hinton is an English composer, the husband of Katharine Goodson, pianist, who played the piano part last evening, and is known to New York music lovers from last year's New York music festival. Mr. Hinton has composed not a little chamber music, a pianoforte concerto and symphonies. His quintet shows him to be by no means a prentice hand at chamber music, where unfinished workmanship discloses itself plainly. The work is skilfully written for the instruments, with unusual certainty of touch in obtaining effects and in making a substantial texture. The writing for the strings is thoroughly idiomatic, and the leading of the parts often independent and at the same time of abundant sonority.

The musical thought is clear, not obviously derived from great and influential predecessors in this field. Mr. Hinton has something of his own to say, and a pointed and unaffected way of saying it.

Not feeling irresistibly impelled to the thought and mode of expression of one or another modern school of music, he has not attempted to force his utterance in such directions. His music cannot be called profound, nor has it a new message in art. His flight is neither high nor low. There is much made of musical ideas in themselves, not of great essential importance; but the most is made of them, frankly, vigorously, and clearly. The result is a composition that well repays the close attention of a cultivated audience.

Such attention Mr. Hinton's quintet received last evening. It also was given a very admirable performance, in which Miss Goodson took the pianoforte part with great sympathy, discretion, and musical intelligence. The audience gave demonstrative applause, and Mr. Hinton was several times called out to share

Strauss Opera Wins Applause at Metropolitan

Society Hills Boxes as "Der Rosenkavalier" Is Sung by the

76.11.1914

Dr. Richard Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier" was sung to a large audience last night at the Metropolitan and was heartily applauded. The principals were the same as at previous presentations, but the performance went with unusual vim and spirit, and the important singers earned curtain calls and flowers.

Miss Hempel was the Princess, Mlle. Ober, Octavian; Mr. Goritz, the Baron; Miss Case, Sophie; Mr. Weil, Faninal, and Mr. Althouse, the Singer. Mr. Reiss and Mme. Mattfeld added their share of amusement.

MISS MACCONNELL'S RECITAL.

Pleasing Entertainment Given by Coloratura Soprano.

In Rumford Hall yesterday afternoon a song recital was given by Miss Mabel MacConnell, soprano. Her coloratura work was cleanly cut and accurate and her voice had a pleasing quality. Her interpretations were not always highly finished, nor did she adhere to the pitch on some of her high notes, but on the whole she gave an enjoyable entertainment.

Her programme was varied and she avoided the beaten paths of concert givers. Her first group was composed of old airs from Carey, Paradis, Mozart and Handel. There also was a group of German, French, Irish, Scotch and Hungarian folk songs, and there were several modern German and French songs and Clarence Lucas' charming "Lullaby."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Miss Parlow Takes Mr. Thibaud's Place—New Composition by Ropartz

A change had to be made in the programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert last evening in Carnegie Hall on account of the sudden departure from America of Mr. Jacques Thibaud, the French violinist, who was to be the soloist of the evening. It had already been announced in the newspapers, and a slip in the programmes stated that "as a result of grave family matters following his father's death, Mr. Thibaud is compelled to cancel all his engagements and to return immediately to Paris. He is therefore unable to appear at the concert of the Philharmonic Society scheduled for Thursday evening and Friday afternoon."

The management secured to take his place Miss Kathleen Parlow, who played this same number as announced for Mr. Thibaud, Mendelssohn's concerto. Miss Parlow had been heard earlier in the season in New York, and her return under these unexpected circumstances prevented any serious disappointment. She has often been admired in New York concerts, and played the concerto in a manner that aroused enthusiasm and she was much applauded.

The orchestral numbers of the programme began with Handel's concerto in G major for orchestra, in which Felix Mottl's arrangement for modern performance. The "concertino" consists of two solo violins and solo cello. Mottl's part in filling out the figured bass, originally intended for the harpsichord, by parts for wind instruments, with the addition of kettle drums. A new composition by J. Guy Ropartz was played for the first time in America, "La Chasse du Prince Arthur," styled an "Etude Symphonique," illustrating a poem by Auguste Brizeux, based on an incident in the Arthurian legend. Ropartz is a pupil of Francaix, and one of the active representatives of the modern French movement in music.

This symphonic study is one of the most engaging of the works of this school. It is not profound music, nor does it make pretense of depth. It is picturesque and delicately suggestive programme music, describing the hunt and the forest in ways that have long been the common property of composers, but expressed in terms of modern harmony that are easily recognizable as those of modern French music, and in an orchestral color that is at once rich, clear, and transparent. It was played with much brilliancy and spirit by the orchestra and was conducted evidently with much sympathy by Mr. Stransky.

The symphony was Dvorak's "From the New World," that was first given to the world by the Philharmonic Society in the composer's presence, and has so often appeared upon its programmes since.

THE "RING" CYCLE.

"Siegfried" Given at the Metropolitan to a Large Audience.

The third performance in the special cycle of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was given yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, when another very large audience enjoyed "Siegfried." The drama had been given twice before this season in the regular

subscription series, but there were two new impersonations in yesterday's performance that attracted special interest. These were Mr. Jörn's as Siegfried and Mr. Braun's as the Wanderer. Both were presented for the first time in New York; and it was also said that neither of the singers had ever attempted these parts before anywhere.

Both made a striking success. Mr. Jörn has done nothing better in the years he has been a member of the company than this impersonation of Siegfried; in fact, he has scarcely equaled it. His singing was freer, of a more musical quality, and of a more dramatic expressiveness than much that he has done; excellent in declamation and yet not making too many sacrifices for this particular form of excellence. He showed also youthful vigor, humor, passion, and tenderness to a degree that gave his impersonation unusual value, and its significance was enhanced by the fact that it was his first essay at the part.

Praise should also be liberally given to Mr. Braun, who treated the part of the Wanderer with accomplished skill—an imposing presence, repose, dignity, and the touch of malicious humor with which he disconcerts Mime all contributed to a whole that was an admirable representation of the character. His singing was of the power and finish that his hearers have learned to expect of him.

Nothing remains to be said of Mme. Gadski's Brünnhilde or the classic Mime of Mr. Reiss or of Mr. Goritz's effective Alberich. Once more Mme. Ober gave great pleasure by her beautiful singing of Erda's warnings and advice. Mr. Hertz conducted a well-finished, sonorous, and dramatically effective performance of the orchestra.

RING AND THE GIRL AT METROPOLITAN

The Nibelungen Performances Bring Forward New Wagner Interpretations.

PUCCINI'S FORTY-NINERS

Mr. Caruso Once More Appears as Most Lyric of Outlaws.

The performances of the dramas of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" advanced at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday to the presentation of "Siegfried." The large public interest in the series was sustained and there was a plentiful audience of enthusiasts to applaud the performance. There were new features of interest in the impersonations of the young hero and the wandering god.

Carl Jörn appeared as Siegfried for the first time on any stage, while Carl Braun sang likewise the Wanderer for the first time in his career and also quite unexpectedly. The serious and sudden illness of Putnam Griswold compelled the substitution of Mr. Braun in the trying part, and he was forced to undertake his task without rehearsal.

If excuses for him were necessary this one fact would be sufficient to provide them; but the truth is that his impersonation called for no apology. The music of the role lies high for such a deep voice as Mr. Braun's, and this militated against his delivery in certain passages, but on the whole he acquitted himself with much credit.

Mr. Jörn had a large measure of success. Indeed his young Siegfried proved to be the best thing he has done since he came to this city. In appearance he was pleasing and in action sufficiently free and buoyant to make the necessary illusion. His last scene was especially good in delineation. He sang the music throughout with excellent tone and style and his enunciation of the text must have been a delight to every one acquainted with German.

The other members of the cast were not new to their roles here. Mme. Gadski has often sung Brünnhilde, the sleeping beauty of the north, and she delivered herself of her measures yesterday in an admirable manner. Albert Reiss's Mime has long been one of the finest studies of character on the operatic stage and it was in no way below its standard yesterday. Mr. Goritz as Alberich, Mr. Ruysdael as Fafner, Mme. Ober as Erda and Miss Sparkes as the Forest Bird were the remaining members of a cast competent to round out a really noteworthy presentation of Wagner's beautiful lyric poem of triumphant youth and love.

In the evening the subscribers had an opportunity to enjoy Puccini's view of life in California in the days of '49, "The Girl of the Golden West," with its usual cast, seemed to bring happiness to many, and of course the devoted followers of Mr. Caruso were in evidence, albeit Mr. Johnson of Sacramento is not one of the personages they most love to see him represent. Nevertheless it is one of his most artistic achievements.

achievement. It is one of the best of its kind. Mme. Destinn was not in good voice, but she sang excellently, and Mr. Amato repeated his well composed characterization of Rance. The opera was conducted by Mr. Polacco, who showed complete mastery of its content.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Miss Parlow at Her Best With Mendelssohn.

Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, was the solo performer in the concert given by the Philharmonic Society last night at Carnegie Hall. She appeared in the place of Jacques Thibaud, who had suddenly been called back to Paris a few days ago, and she was heard in the same number as was announced for the French violinist, namely, the Mendelssohn concerto.

Miss Parlow's performance gave throughout a fine virtuoso effect. The familiar qualities of her playing, which first of all include a musical tone and a broad, sweeping style, were fully disclosed. She played with a fine attention to the details of finish, and her intonation was excellent. These features, together with an exquisite expression of lyric emotion and feeling, helped to raise her work to a higher artistic level than it has before attained here. She was warmly applauded for her efforts.

The orchestral numbers offered were readily contrasted in their selection. Handel's concerto grosso, in C major, was first played, and after the violin concerto here followed a symphonic etude, by J. Guy Ropartz, called "The Hunt of Prince Arthur," which was now heard for the first time in America.

Ropartz, who is a French composer and the time pupil of Massenet and Cesar Franck, has found the text for his etude in some lines taken from the poem "Les Bretons" of Auguste Brizeux. Night, hanging scenes of nature and the chase are subjects for depiction in the music, and are treated with much rich orchestration, supported by a good development in structure. The first part of the etude was of greater interest than later, as here much imaginative power had all play and charming mood pictures were well realized.

The composition was excellently played by the orchestra and very favorably received. The final number on the programme was Dvorak's "New World" symphony.

"TRAVIATA" IS SUNG

Verdi Opera Given by the Metropolitan Company.

Verdi's "Traviata" was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Miss Frieda Hempel as Violetta, Mr. Amato as Alfredo, and Mr. Amato as Germont. Strange to say, the audience as a large one—and this just as the world had begun to whisper that "Traviata" had followed its chief protagonist to a wasting death! But the melodies of Verdi are immortal, and even dramatically the old work displayed evidences of its music drama that was to come.

In addition, this year's "Traviata" has been completely restudied, and Mr. Amato has wrought well with his musicians. Miss Hempel's Violetta is not French, but it is human and moving, and if heratura is not that of the sopranos of her days, her voice has a warmth and richness which well suits the character. Mr. Amato made with Germont his American debut, and he always sings the part with rare beauty of tone. Mr. Amato's Alfredo is a brave attempt at something high is beyond him, but then Mr. Amato has abandoned the lyric parts, and tenor parts are scarce indeed.

AMERICAN MELODY

AT AEOLIAN HALL

Modern Music Society Gives

Concert of Choral and Orchestral Works.

SONGS OF STEPHEN FOSTER

Compositions of MacDowell, Gilbert and Others Also Have Hearings.

The Modern Music Society is the title of a new organization which gave its first concert last evening in Aeolian Hall. The offerings of the occasion were a chorus and orchestra, conducted by Benjamin Lambord, and Maggie Teyte, soloist, in a programme of compositions by native musicians. The aim of the society to produce American music is one worthy of respectful and sympathetic consideration, especially as the choral writings of these

artists can barely obtain hearing in this city.

Last evening's concert properly began with an example of the art of Edward MacDowell, who was represented by the legend from his "Indian Suite," one of the most admirable pieces of orchestral music made known in recent years. The other works were "From the Song of Songs," for mixed choir and orchestra, by Blair Fairchild; verses from Benjamin Lambord's "Omar," songs with orchestra by Mr. Lambord, Arthur Farwell and John Alden Carpenter, sung by Miss Teyte; Henry F. Gilbert's "Humoresque on Negro Tunes," "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration" for women's voices and orchestra, by Edward B. Hill; David Stanley Smith's setting for the same forces of Mrs. Brown's "Pan," with solo by Miss Teyte, and four numbers by Stephen Foster.

It would be difficult, if not impracticable altogether, to give an adequate description of all the music in such a full programme. Perhaps therefore it will suffice to say that the American composers represented are men who approach their art seriously and with good musicianship. Fancy and talent are shown in their works, and if none of them soar to great heights they none the less win commendation.

The observer of musical doings is tempted to linger with affection on the songs of Stephen Foster. Those heard last evening were "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Black Joe," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" and "Old Folks at Home." These were given by the mixed chorus and orchestra, Miss Teyte singing the solo part in the third, which was originally written for a quartet.

Foster's contribution to purely American music is likely to be underestimated in these times. He was a musician who essayed to compose music imitative of the folk song of the negro, with the addition of the higher elements of conscious art. Music thus made by a trained writer after the style of the folk song is called by the Germans "volksthuemlich," or in the spirit (or style) of the people.

Those who know the old songs—and who does not?—must recognize that they are a beautiful embodiment of the epoch in which they were created, that they publish as no other songs do thoughts and feelings created in this land and out of the heart of the South. They are good music, wholesome music, lovely music, and they will live long when the inferior imitations of French and German songs are long forgotten.

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" does not belong to the class of melodies just described, but rather to the past world of negro minstrelsy, in which the mastersingers were Carveross, Wambold and their kind. "Old Fogey," who used to dwell in Philadelphia, would surely love them better than the "rag time" fantasies of the contemporaneous music hall.

VIOLINISTS PLAY AT NOTED CONCERTS

Kathleen Parlow Heard with Philharmonic Orchestra and Carl Flesch with the Symphony.

By H. E. KREHBEIL.

There were three concerts of magnitude yesterday, Symphony and Philharmonic societies clashing as usual in the afternoon, and a new organization, whose name, coupled with its programme, tended to cause some mystification giving its first concert in the evening. At the afternoon concerts there were solo players on the violin, Carl Flesch playing the Brahms concerto with the Symphony Society, at Aeolian Hall and Kathleen Parlow (in place of M. Thibaud) the Mendelssohn concerto with the Philharmonic Society, at Carnegie Hall. Since neither players nor works need to be introduced, it may suffice to say that Miss Parlow played what might, in contrast to its fellow, be called a beautifully feminine composition in the manner of a beautifully feminine, but thoroughly admirable, artistic manner, while Herr Flesch played a superbly masculine composition in a manner which was alternately fairly virile and delightfully effeminate. Inasmuch as the Brahms concerto is a twin brother to Beethoven's, and both are properly interpreted only when their strong melodies are presented as if they were carved out of perfect marble which a Pygmalion had warmed into life, the description of Herr Flesch's playing may be guessed at from the description. With his superb command of all that is best in violin playing Herr Flesch ought to play it better than he does; but even the best of artists will occasionally play for the groundlings.

There was a double interest in a novelty on Mr. Stransky's Philharmonic programme—a so-called symphonic study, entitled "La Chander Prince Arthur," by the French composer, Guy Ropartz. The piece, obviously descriptive of a nos-

been given a dozen other titles without disturbing the imagination or lessening the appreciation of its hearers (for it is a pretty piece of modern French music), but it was calculated to pique the curiosity of the lovers of folk balladry by the fact that it was nominally based on a Breton poem written by a poet, Auguste Brizeux, who was of Irish origin, and was composed by a Frenchman who was born in the country which in its folktales and one of its ballads preserves a record of the ancient relationship of Britons and Bretons, as was set forth in the ballad of the siege of Gwingamp, printed in one of The Tribune's chapters of folk music last summer. M. Ropartz's music, as has been intimated, is pleasant to the ear and delightfully suggestive to the fancy, though not necessarily on the lines invited by the programme.

The evening concert at Aeolian Hall was given by an organization called the Modern Music Society of New York, and was nominally devoted to a commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Stephen C. Foster, but only the concluding numbers of the evening brought forward any of that graceful melodist's music, and not in "the original package" (to use a commercial phrase), but sophisticated by Mr. Lambord, who is apparently the head of the new organization. Here, too, it might be noted that while solo songs like "Massa's in de cold, cold ground," "Old Black Joe" and "Old Folks at Home" were sung by a chorus, the amiable old quartet, "Come, where my love lies dreaming," was sung as a solo by Miss Maggie Teyte. However, there is no time to discuss the music of Foster here, for it was only too evident that neither he, nor the spirit of his music, had much to do with the real purpose of the concert, which was to exploit the compositions of some of the American composers of to-day who have drawn their inspiration, not from Foster, but from the dominant French school. There was one significant exception—Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, who produced a "Humoresque on Negro Minstrel Times," a rather invertebrate thing, not at all comparable with other pieces of a similar order which have come from his pen.

Other pieces on the programme were a movement from MacDowell's "Indian Suite," a setting for solo (Miss Teyte), chorus and orchestra from a fragment of "Solomon's Song," two pieces (one in French, by Benjamin Lambord, a piece for female voices and orchestra, entitled "The Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration," by Edward Burlingame Hill, and a similar composition, "Pan," with solo, by David Stanley Smith. A small audience seemed highly appreciative.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Mabel H. MacConnell gave a song recital in Rumford Hall. Miss MacConnell is an unassuming young artist, who has an admirable voice, to which she has given thorough and intelligent training. She vocalizes excellently, and failed to charm her audience only because there was so little interpretation, of real song-singing, in her performance. With this added gift she might take rank with the best of our local performers.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Sir Edward Elgar's First Symphony Repeated by Mr. Damrosch.

The programme of the concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon contained two numbers, Sir Edward Elgar's first symphony, A flat major, and the Brahms violin concerto, with Carl Flesch as the soloist. Modern composers find great difficulty in saying what they have to say and therefore it takes them usually a long time to reach an end. This is one of the chief obstacles to enjoyment of the Elgar symphony.

The work is made with profound thought and much design. The utilization of fundamental melodic ideas throughout the work is of course not new, but Sir Edward Elgar has brought to this method of composition a rigor of purpose which is almost astonishing. The symphony is a noteworthy piece of composition and claims for its maker a high place among his contemporaries, but it is an appeal rather to respect than emotional enthusiasm.

There is great and eloquent beauty in the slow movement, and this in itself is something not to be passed lightly, for few symphonists except the greatest have succeeded with the slow movement. The work was beautifully performed yesterday and Mr. Damrosch, who introduced it to this country, conducted with mastery and genuine sympathy.

Mr. Flesch has now been heard often enough to satisfy students of violin playing that he has no additional revelations to make. He is without doubt one of the best equipped performers who have ever appeared before this public. His tone is admirable, his technique complete. It would be superfluous to specify the items of his merit. He is a virtuoso of the first rank.

But what was said in this place after advantage of the excellent opportunity his performance of the Beethoven concerto must be repeated. Mr. Flesch is much too fond of the sliding finger. Many of the most dignified phrases of Brahms's melody were by the intrusion of this mannerism emasculated and reduced to feeble

sentimentality. In these conditions a fully rounded reading entirely worthy of the composition could not be expected. There were splendid moments in the performance, but there were others which could arouse nothing but regret.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Elgar's First Symphony—Carl Flesch Plays Brahms's Concerto.

The concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was as long as any concert ought to be, though the programme contained but two numbers, Sir Edward Elgar's first symphony and Brahms's violin concerto, played by Carl Flesch. Both are long pieces. Elgar's symphony is an exacting one, both for players and listeners. Mr. Damrosch has been its herald in the United States. He played it for the first time in this country in January, 1903, only a month later than its first performance in England. He repeated it in that season, and the next season both he and Mr. Fiedler of the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed it again.

It was well that Mr. Damrosch gave it still another repetition. It is assuredly one of the finest of recent compositions in the symphonic form, an intensely serious work, possessing some of the deeply spiritual and mystical qualities of the oratorios that first established its composer's repute. It also shares their defects. Like them, it is packed very closely with matter; the listening demands immediate and unremitting attention for an appreciation of its fine and nobly sustained ideal. The composer has made little concession, even in the "Allegro molto," which stands in the place of a scherzo, to the lighter mood, by "lascivious pleasings" of any sort. There is little of sensuous or warmly spontaneous song in the adagio. There are pages of beauty in the symphony, passages that by themselves are truly impressive. But it is, on the whole, music that is from the head rather than from a deeply flowing musical inspiration. While some of its thematic material is fruitful and beautiful, much is of itself barren and dry. Plastic though many of the themes are in the composer's hands, they seem to lack pregnancy and sharp definition, even musical beauty; and their treatment perplexes the listener by the lack of a spontaneous organic development. The impression of the first movement especially is kaleidoscopic; that of a mosaic rather than of a vital and growing thing; and this is shared, perhaps to a less degree, by the other movements.

Nevertheless, the work is one that most profoundly interests the attentive listener. The composer's material is so abundant, in parts at least so fine; it is treated with mastery of a sort, and is wrought into such a stately fabric that the symphony exercises an undeniable power. The orchestral treatment is masterly; no other English composer has shown such a command of the orchestra. There is a wonderful wealth of instrumental color in it, innumerable touches that only a master could have applied. There is a notable skill in the treatment of the strong theme that, employed in the first movement, returns in more or less completeness and in various guises and transformations through all the movements. The same skill is shown in the use that has otherwise been made of "community of theme" between one movement and another.

The performance of this remarkable work was of unusual excellence, and denoted careful and painstaking preparation. There was masterly exposition of the thematic structure, a full realization of the wonderfully rich and varied orchestral texture of the music. The performance was, in fact, marked by brilliancy, precision, and finish, and entire appreciation of the spirit of the work; a serious and profound spirit.

Mr. Carl Flesch's performance of Brahms's violin concerto was perhaps the finest performance he has given in New York. It aroused fewer of the objections that were raised against his performance of Beethoven's concerto. There was still something of that sliding portamento, whose sentimental effect is peculiarly unifying in this concerto. But Mr. Flesch's playing in most other respects was that of a master, vigorous, sincere, full of deep sentiment, and at times of poetical expression truly felt. There was repose, and the large sweep and true grandeur of the work were reproduced. Mr. Flesch had also the advantage of an excellent accompaniment.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Wagnerian Programme with Frank Croxton as Soloist.

The People's Symphony Society, with Franz X. Arens, conductor, gave the third concert in its series yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Frank Croxton, bass, was the soloist.

Although the concerts given by this society are primarily of an educational character as adapted to meet the need of students and wage earners yet it is pretty safe to say that there are many others of musical taste who eagerly take advantage of the excellent opportunity thus afforded for the hearing of good music by regularly attending them.

The concert yesterday took on something of the air belonging to a special occasion, as the music presented made up the annual programme given by the society of selections taken from the works

of Richard Wagner.

There was a very large audience and it was stated on authority that practically every seat in the house was sold.

The programme numbers included the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg," the prelude to "Lohengrin," "Oh, Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star" from "Tannhauser," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" from "Goetterdaemmerung," "Albumbliatt," "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Magic," the prelude to "Parsifal" and "Kaisermarsch."

Mr. Arens and the orchestra were in full accord and their share of the music was delivered with sympathy and much spirit.

Mr. Croxton's singing was a pleasurable feature of the afternoon. He has a voice rich in quality and he sang with good taste.

TWO IMPORTANT SUNDAY CONCERTS

Feb. 16/14
Symphony Society Heard at Aeolian Hall and Fine Numbers at Opera House.

THE TROUBLE WITH YSAYE

Miss Mabel Garrison's Delightful Rendering of Difficult Aria at the Metropolitan.

Two concerts of importance were given yesterday in New York, that of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall and that of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Walter Damrosch, conducting the Symphony Society, led Sir Edward Elgar's First Symphony, the most important work of its kind that has issued from England in our generation. In justice to Mr. Damrosch, it should be said that its popularity among serious audiences is largely due to the honorable propaganda which he has made for it. Its tone is lofty and spiritual.

It is not out of touch with the spirit of classicism in the best sense of modern music, and Sir Edward Elgar has not failed to avail himself of the resources of modern orchestration and musical idea. It has moments deserted indeed of inspiration, but also has stirring and highly wrought episodes. All praise is also due to Mr. Damrosch's stately and scholarly interpretation. Carl Flesch played the Brahms violin concerto. This artist requires no introduction to readers of this paper and his performance was one of indisputable merit.

It was announced by the Symphony Society that M. Ysaye would not after all take part in its forthcoming Beethoven Festival. The public may judge for itself of the merits of the controversy that has arisen between the Symphony Society and M. Ysaye. M. Ysaye wished to play a concerto by a mediocrity called Vivaldi, as his contribution to the Beethoven concert. Mr. Damrosch insisted on a composition by one Beethoven. Miss Kathleen Parlow will play in M. Ysaye's stead.

At the Opera Concert M. Jean Gerardy was the hero, and Miss Mabel Garrison the novelty. In Verdi's Carlo Nome and the difficult aria "Il Re Pastore," of Mozart, the young Baltimore singer showed high and unusual promise.

M. Carl Joern and Miss Sophie Braslau also appeared. M. Adolf Rothmyer conducted. True to his honorable predictions for Liszt, he conducted two numbers by the Weimar master. These were favorably received.

MR. HARROLD IN CONCERT.

Feb. 16/14
Principal Artists Heard at Sunday Night Entertainment at Century.

Principal artists of the Century Opera company were heard at the Sunday concert last night. Mr. Orville Harrold again demonstrated his popularity singing with excellent effect an aria from "La Favorita" by Donizetti. Miss Lois Ewell also pleased in Liza Lehmann's "Endymion" as did Mr. Thomas Chalmers with an aria from "La Favorita." Mr. Gustaf Bergma in two songs by Brahms, Miss Beatrice La Palme with an aria from "The Barber of Seville" by Rossini and Miss Bertha Shalek, who sang an excerpt from Cavalleria Rusticana.

Another pleasing number was a duet from Bellini's "I Puritani" sung by Messrs Alfred Kaufman and Louis Kreider. The orchestra under the direction of Messrs. Josef Pasternack and Carlo Meoria contributed several interesting numbers.

They American opera singer, received with as much favor as their first appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House as was Miss Mabel Garrison, who sang there for the first time at the Sunday concert last night.

Without the advantage of a European reputation and without having been heralded sensationally, she won her audience from the start. An attractive personality such as she possesses goes a long way, and in addition she has a voice of warmth and beautiful quality. It is not large or of great dramatic possibilities, but in a coloratura it has all that is necessary. Her runs and trills were even for the most part, she sang with musical feeling and in tune and with much repose for a first appearance in the greatest opera house in America.

Her numbers included the aria Caro Nome from Verdi's "Rigoletto" and an aria from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," and after each number she sang encores. She has been engaged to sing at the Metropolitan next year. She has had operatic experience with the Aborn Opera company.

Other singers who appeared last night were Miss Sophie Braslau, who was heard in the Habanera from "Carmen" and an aria from "La Gioconda," and Mr. Carl Joern, who sang an aria from "Pagliacci" and Tannhauser's Pilgrimage from "Tannhauser," the latter with piano accompaniment, which sounded rather flat without the orchestra. Both artists were well received.

The soloist from outside was Mr. Jean Gerardy, who gave much pleasure with the Saint-Saens violincello concerto and in Boelmann's Symphonic Variations. His playing was excellent in tone and its phrasing finished.

After the concert Miss Garrison said: "I was delighted with my reception to-night and am particularly happy, being an American, to get recognition from Americans."

MME. BRIDEWELL'S RECITAL.

Feb. 17/14
Contralto, Formerly with the Metropolitan Opera Company, Sings in Aeolian Hall.

Mme. Carrie Bridewell, contralto, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera company and later at the Covent Garden, in London, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon and received hearty applause from a fair sized audience. Mme. Bridewell's voice has not retained much of its warmth and freshness and the purely vocal part of her recital was not equal to her interpretative ability.

A group of German lieder, including Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen," "Im Herbst," by Franz; Regner's "Waldensamkeit" and Brahms' "Meine Liebe ist grün," was her first contribution. This was followed by a section of songs in Italian from Paisello, Handel and Gordiniani, and included two pleasing little pieces by her accompanist, Mr. Alberto Bimboni, "Sospiri miei" and "So innamorata." Beethoven's "In que questa tomba," several French songs by Saint-Saens, Pierne, Massenet, Debussy and Lalo, and three songs in English, "The Cry of Rachel," by Mary Salter; "Chimes," by Worrell, and Ronald's "What's in the Air To-day?" completed the programme.

MISS BRIDEWELL SINGS.

Feb. 17/14
A Contralto Formerly of the Opera Heard in Recital.

Thirteen years ago Miss Carrie Bridewell was a member of the company of the Metropolitan Opera House, and took part in some of the important productions of that season under Maurice Grau's direction. She has not been prominent in the musical doings of New York in recent years. Yesterday she reappeared in a song recital in Aeolian Hall that had attractive features. Miss Bridewell's voice gave pleasure by its richness and depth: a contralto voice of unmistakable contralto quality and of a marked readiness. Her style of singing is agreeable and has artistic merits. It is not easy to give such a voice as hers a great variety of expression in the interpretation of songs, and her success in this respect was deserving of commendation.

She gave an interesting programme that included modern German songs, Italian songs old and new, a group of three with organ accompaniment, and other groups of French and English songs. Among the most unfamiliar of these were three Tuscan songs, one by Gordiniani and two by her accompanist, Alberto Bimboni, that had charm of melody, to which Miss Bridewell added by the grace of her delivery. Her diction in Italian, however, was not so clear as it might have been.

"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA."

Feb. 17/14
Opera Drama Repeated at the Metropolitan Last Night.

"Un Ballo in Maschera," with a very strong cast, was repeated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The names of Mme. Destinn, Mme. Hempel, M. Caruso and M. Amato, united with

that of Arturo Toscanini, naturally drew a large house, and the well-known airs their proper applause.

It so happened that a young woman once associated with the Metropolitan—that is to say, Miss Carrie Bridewell—paid a visit yesterday to Aeolian Hall. She sang "In Questa Tomba" of Beethoven, to an organ accompaniment. This proceeding is one that could have struck the imagination of a church singer alone, for such Miss Bridewell was, before she sang under M. Grau.

'MONNA VANNA' SANG AT METROPOLITAN

Feb. 18/14
Lucien Muratore Makes His

Proper Debut in an Operatic Role.

MARY GARDEN ENVELOPPEE

Salammbô in Search of the Zaimph Was Not So Much Obscured.

There has been much talk in Paris five years ago about "Monna Vanna," an opera composed by Henri Fevrier on the drama of Maurice Maeterlinck. It was produced at the Grand Opera on January 13, 1909. The chief artists engaged in the performance were that statuesque and imposing soprano, Lucienne Breval, as the heroine, M. Marcoux as Guido Colonna, M. Delmas as Marco Colonna and Lucien Muratore as Prinziwalle. The opera was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in this city. It had previously been made known to Boston and Philadelphia.

Two of the original cast were concerned in last evening's production, namely, Messrs. Muratore and Marcoux. The former made his operatic debut in New York. He had been heard before in a curious entertainment given at the Hippodrome. No one knew whether it was a concert or a vaudeville performance, but many regretted that M. Muratore had not been introduced in a more fitting manner.

It was the Philadelphia-Chicago company, that glorious band of apostles of French opera, which delivered Fevrier's work to us last evening. The interesting operatic institution of Boston contributed Mr. Marcoux. The occasion was one of interest, perhaps of importance. Unfortunately, as in the case of "Don Quichotte," the local recorders of musical doings had no opportunities for private study of the work before last evening's public display. In the case of "Don Quichotte" it turned out that nothing could have been gained by study and that much valuable time was saved by its omission.

The story of "Monna Vanna" is well suited to operatic treatment, and Fevrier has been fairly successful in his score. But the action and the admirable interpretation of the principal artists furnish the most vital elements in the lyric drama. Mary Garden, the unique and unimitable, takes the place of the divinely tall Lucienne Breval as Monna Vanna; but of her more anon. It is a role much to her taste, but it has disappointing moments.

This is the situation: Florence besieges Pisa, and the latter is starving. Guido Colonna, commandant, sends his father, Marco, as envoy to Prinziwalle, mercenary general of the besieging force. Prinziwalle's terms are plainly stated. He will fill Pisa with food if Guido will send his wife, Giovanna, clad in nothing but a cloak to Prinziwalle's tent, there to remain till morning.

Monna Vanna determines to go in order to save Pisa. Guido, (being a mere man) loves and declares that she does not love him any more. She goes, and Prinziwalle treats her with respect. He knew her when he was a child and has loved her all his life. She returns to Pisa, taking Prinziwalle with her, for the Florentines have begun to suspect him and his life is in danger.

Guido (still being a mere man) cannot be made to believe her story that Prinziwalle has respected her. What he does believe is that she has lured his enemy to Pisa so that her husband may take revenge. The wild disorder and want of faith in her husband's mind make Vanna disgusted. Her heart turns to Prinziwalle. She suddenly declares that what she has said was untrue and that he had not respected her. She demands that he be imprisoned and left to her vengeance. She deludes Guido into believing that she is going to the captive's cell to slay him. Instead of that she frees him and flies with him. End of opera.

When Salammbô went to the tent of Matho, there was much more pith and moment to the scene than to this in which Monna Vanna proceeds to place her-

self at the mercy of Prinziwalle the scene for which many earnest Parisians sat up and waited. The virgin innocence and beauty of a prima donna is nothing but a cloak! But alas! It is what it comes to.

Prinziwalle.—Vous etes nue sous mon manteau?

Vanna.—Oui.

(Elle fait un mouvement pour déposer le manteau. Prinziwalle l'arrete d'urgence.)

A Comstockian hero, and a tenor! few moments later he leads her to a couch and bids her rest upon it, the cou of a warrior. Then thus the stage directions:

(Vanna s'assoit, étroitement enveloppée de son manteau.)

Always, always, "entroulement enveloppe!" Blessed shades of *Thais*, the were braver doings in the dead Manhe two days. Has it come to this, that only Mary shall eternally be "envelopee" away with such a thought. Let us talk of Fevrier's music and of the performance.

The score cannot be adequately discussed after a single hearing, and there is room for doubt that an extended examination of the work would give a better results than a swift summary. The book is written in prose and the composer has treated the setting with much freedom. He has written pure recitativo where that is most suitable, arioso most of the time and broad lyric song in the moments of high passion.

Fevrier has shown in this score a fine feeling for operatic utterance. He has clung to the best traditions of the French musical drama, and if he has reached an immortal inspiration he has at any rate never sunk to vulgarly nor to ineanness of style. On the other hand, in the best moments of the book he has written good music, singable, dramatic in style and frequently genuinely beautiful.

This is particularly the case with the second act. The long scene between Prinziwalle and Vanna is excellently made and its climax is well developed. The two themes sung by the orchestra, the one of the youth of the pair and the other of their love, are well contrasted, and the second has something of the fine sensuality of the famous "phrase Massenetique." But it is a little more aristocratic than the melodic ideas of Massenet usually are. There is a rich and masterful sweep in much of the melodic line of the opera and the orchestral background provides a basis of luminous and significant color.

In this quick and inadequate impression of a work worthy of much consideration it can be said without hesitation that the composer has not failed the author, and that "Monna Vanna" can be heard again with pleasure. It is not a masterpiece, but masterpieces are not created every year. We may be glad whenever we meet a new opera which has as much merit, and for the sake of that we should be gentle with its dull pages.

Lucien Muratore, who effected his first operatic appearance here, is a French tenor of the best type, artistic and fervent. He is an excellent actor for a tenor and has all the valuable schooling of the Paris Grand Opera. His voice is not one of great beauty, but he sings with

splendid passion and with a richness of dramatic meaning. He made the best scene of the second act very realistic and aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. He is a welcome new acquaintance.

Mr. Marcoux, who had been heard as *Don Quichotte*, deepened the impression he then made. He was not in good voice last evening, but his singing nevertheless had a wide range of expressiveness. Miss Garden was not a very convincing Vanna, and her delivery of the music was something to be forgotten with delight. If her impersonation were worthy of discussion more might be said. But who cannot mentally picture Miss Garden with one bare shoulder, an occasional auburn and totally veiled voice? Mr. Huberdeau was entirely good as Marco. Mr. Campanelli conducted and the orchestra played well. There was also well designed scenery, and on the whole the production was commendable.

DRAPED NUDITY IN NEW OPERA

Feb. 18/14
Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" Set to Music by Ferrier.

ANOTHER HELP AT MORAL UPLIFT

First Performance of an Uninteresting Opera at the Metropolitan.

By H. E. KREIBEL.

To the pure all things are pure, in a beautiful sense that is true; but the doings of the purveyors of dramatic entertainments and of some of their show people have never tempted persons inclined to decency to think that the axiom was the motive which prompted managers to produce pictures of peder-

There is a certain... than all protestation of moral purpose in the simple sequence of theatrical events. After Mary Garden, under the morally uplifting operatic management of Mr. Hammerstein had demonstrated the commercial effectiveness of the kind of argument which Phryne's counsel employed in a famous case of antiquity in Massenet's "Thais" vs. Richard Strauss's "Salome," it caused no wonderment when the announcement went forth that the next novelty with which Miss Garden would help the moral uplift would be the operatic version of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." In "Thais" she had disclosed herself with as little raiment as a generous law allowed—but only for a moment. In Richard Strauss's "Salome" she was permitted to invest herself gradually of most of her bodily coverings. She did not go quite to the extreme of Istar in her famous descent to the underworld, but it was at least hinted that she might when it was announced that her next opera would be "Monna Vanna," which, were she to carry realism to its limit she would be able to appear before the New York public clad in a loose cloak and her cuticle and nothing else.

Circumstances interfered with that delectable purpose, which, it is needless to say, would never have been carried out literally, until the Chicago company gave Ferrier's opera last night. By this time the warmth of sensationalism had been worn off by performances in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Perhaps elsewhere also. At any rate, New York came in a bad third, and could not be properly and profitably shocked. Meanwhile, only Vincent d'Indy, so far as we know, has conceived the idea of showing a character in his progressive stages of disvestment from gorgeous attire to the opposite extreme, and he did it instrumentally by the ingenious device of a downward development from elaborate variations to a simple theme lacking even the covering of harmony; but that device was so artistically sophisticated that it could harm nobody's sensibilities. We are no more shocked by a naked tune than we are of a naked tree. Neither was there anything shocking, except, perhaps, to those keenly susceptible to suggestion, in last night's performance.

In its primitive estate the theme of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" is that of the old legend of the Lady Godiva; but she has been tricked out with certain elements which make it piquant to the modern taste. The lady, to save her city, goes to the beleaguering enemy's general, clad in her virtue and her cloak—no more. He is willing to sacrifice both for her people; but the apparently victorious tyrant is conquered by her innocence and love dating back to her childhood which makes her person sacred to him. When he returns to the city her husband refuses to believe the story of her chastity and his enemy's magnanimity; so she is forced to practice deception and save the magnanimous man who has again become her lover, as he had been when they were young together. A Shakespeare might have whitened the innocence of the heroine, as he did in the case of Iphigenia, despite the disclosure of the male, cinquespotted, or a Tennyson have left her purity unquestioned, as he did Lady Godiva's. But such a device would not serve the purpose of a modern playwright. Monna Vanna must at the end deceive her husband and run away with the man who had demanded the sacrifice which she was willing to pay for him unwilling to accept.

It is an old story that a good play, especially a good literary play, does not necessarily make a good opera. In fact, it might be stated as a rule that the better the play the poorer the resultant opera, unless it contains moments of sustained lyrical exaltation which in its song form, not mere musical declamation, Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" is the kind of play which can only be hampered by music so long as it is left in its original state. Its dramatic and literary value would evaporate if it were paraphrased in what tunes might be adjusted to it; but that, not having been done, it would have been better to have let it alone than to burden its speeches with music which does not intensify, but only clog, them. And that is a play of speeches.

The music which Ferrier has hitherto put is dull—a hindrance, not a help—when given out with such impassioned fervor as was thrown into its rendition by Messrs. Vanni Marcoux and Lucien Menatore, who did all that was noteworthy in last night's performance. Something must be said of Miss Garden, of course, under the circumstances, but there is no satisfaction in discussing what she was not, when that she sums up in every respect what the character of Monna Vanna was conceived to be by the author of the play. A frigid monette, though she display a well-molded shoulder, is not Maeterlinck's Monna Vanna. M. Muratore shared the honors of the evening (they were not shared) with Mr. Marcoux, and the pair of all that men with splendid

which they were instrumental in launching originally. With Mr. Marcoux New Yorkers became acquainted last week, and there was nothing surprising in his admirable acting and diction; but Mr. Muratore was a newcomer, who gave an equal amount of pleasure, and also pleasure of the same kind—not that excited by beauty of tone, but by an exhibition of the best traits of the operatic artists of the French stage, admirably truthful and convincing declamation and splendid acting.

The persons chiefly concerned in the performance were these:

- Monna Vanna..... Mary Garden
 - Lucien Muratore
 - Yanni Marcoux
 - Gustave Huberdeau
 - Vedio..... Edmond Warnory
 - Borso..... Etienne Contesso
 - Torello..... Desire Defrere
 - Trivulzio..... Constantin Nicolay
- Conductor, Celestino Campanini.

THE RUSSIAN ORCHESTRA.

Third and Last of the Series of Concerts.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra gave the third and last of its regular subscription concerts last evening in Aeolian Hall. With this concert the organization, under the leadership of Modest Altschuler, has now completed a history in its work, both in New York city and throughout the country, which extends over a period of eleven years.

The programme presented was again made up in accordance with the society's original purpose, and one it has ever faithfully fostered, namely, the attempt to bring forward, as well as popularize, the music of the Russian school, while newer specimens of composition are featured as they may from time to time be produced from that remote but musically prolific source.

Cordelia Lee, the young American violinist, was the solo performer. The list of programme numbers was very long.

Some compositions in it, marked new or heard for the first time, were the overture to Tchaikovsky's opera, "Voyevoda"; "Symphonic Tableau," by Spenidiarov, based on the poem of Lermontoff, "The Three Palms," and a symphonic fragment called "Apocalypse," of Liadoff.

The other selections in their order were: "Idyl," an andante, from the second symphony of Scriabine, and in the second part of the programme four Russian national dances, "Hopak," from Moussorgsky's opera, "The Fair at Sorotchynsk"; "Cossack Dance," from the unfinished opera, "Paras Bulba," of Serov; "Dance," from Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar"; "Trepak," by Rubinstein; violin concerto with orchestra, by Julius Comis, and Tchaikovsky's "March Slav."

It is not possible to comment in detail upon the newer works given last night. Suffice it to say that they with the familiar selections, one and all, combined in the serving of a praiseworthy object, and as presented by the participants they further seemed to afford a genuine interest to the many hearers who were present.

Feb Russian Novelties, 18 1914

The third and last concert this season of the Russian Symphony Society was given last night at Aeolian Hall. The programme opened with the overture to Tchaikovsky's opera, "Voyevoda," which was well worth a hearing, in spite of the rough playing of the orchestra. As much could not be said of the "Symphonic Tableau," "The Three Palms," by Spenidiarov, and the "Apocalypse" of Liadoff. The kettledrum roll with its three crescendos at the end of the latter may have been apocalyptic, but the music hardly rose to the majesty of St. John's utterances. An "Idyl" by Scriabine, the Andante from the second symphony, was more in the vein of Strauss than of Scriabine himself. The second part opened with four dances, the most effective of which was the dance from the "Life for the Czar," by Glinka, which was almost encored.

Miss Cordelia Lee followed with the Concerto of Julius Conus. Miss Lee was rather handicapped by this concerto, a work which even Kreisler failed to make popular. She seemed to be at home in it, however, and played with an abandon which would have done credit to many a maturer artist. The concerto is in one long movement, with a slower part in the middle, and even with cuts lasted more than twenty minutes. The audience insisted on more, however, and Miss Lee responded with a Serenade by Arensky with orchestral accompaniment. Tchaikovsky's Marche Slave closed the concert.

MR. REIMERS' RECITAL.

His Agreeable Tenor Voice Pleases in Songs of Sentiment.

At the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon Mr. Paul Reimers gave a song recital. His light, agreeable tenor voice, which is well suited to the singing of songs of sentiment, was heard with enjoyment.

The programme began with a group of Schubert songs, including "An die Leyer," "Wohin," "Nacht und Traume" and "Der

Musikmann, and the chosen song of "An die ferne Geliebte." Mr. Reimers' style of singing is, however, much better suited to interpreting such French songs as Debussy's "Beau soir" and "Pantoches," Hahn's "D'une Prison" and George Hue's "La fille du roi de chine." Two Old English songs revealed the singer's ability to enunciate as clearly in that tongue as in French. An old Swedish shepherd's song and two German folk songs, "Hans und Liesel" and "Der Jager" closed the programme.

186 "Manon" at the Century.

Lois Ewell grows with each appearance at the Century Opera House. Last evening, in a good performance of Massenet's "Manon," Miss Ewell made probably the best appearance that any of the Century singers has made this season and the audience showed its appreciation with much applause and many recalls. She was in good voice, and sang the music of her part very well, indeed.

Her acting, too, seemed to increase in its grasp of the character, and in depths of the impersonation. She lifted the production of the opera last evening well above the ordinary level at the Century.

The other principals acquitted themselves well, too, in spite of apparent nervousness throughout a large part of the performance. Gustav Bergman was the Chevalier des Grieux, and Thomas Chalmers, Lescaut. Alfred Kaufman was the part of Count des Grieux, William Schuster was Guillot, and Jerome U was de Bretigny. Mr. Bergman's singing was pleasing, and the chorus work for the most part, was well done. M. Szendrei conducted.

Perhaps the Century deserves criticism for not cutting the opera. It is rather too much to have the opera begin eight o'clock and last until a quarter twelve. The Paris fête scene, usually omitted, was put in last evening. That alone marred what might otherwise have been an altogether agreeable performance.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE.

Feb 18-1914
Massenet's Melodious "Manon"
Given in English.

The opera presented at the Century Opera House last evening was Massenet's "Manon" sung in English. The performance of the popular French work proved to be a good one.

To be sure the general atmosphere prevailing in the first movement of the sonata. In the Bach concerto with an American color rather than its own, and furthermore a few of the minor parts might easily have been in hand more adequately trained to their requirements. But aside from any such drawbacks much in the representation offered in a manner giving unequalled pleasure, was very enjoyable and the melodious music did not fail to arouse a continuous and enthusiastic response from the large audience assembled.

The combination of principal singers included Lois Ewell, who carried the title role; Gustaf Bergman, who impersonated the Chevalier des Grieux, and Thomas Chalmers, who was the Lescaut. Alfred Kaufman was the elder Des Grieux, William Schuster enacted Guillot and Jerome Uhl the part of De Bretigny.

Miss Ewell gave a very interesting characterization of the fascinating and fickle Manon. She was charmingly made up and she acted well. Her voice sounded fresh and clear and she sang with much taste. It is doubtful if she has achieved as much success before in any part this season as in the one she sang last night.

Mr. Bergman as Des Grieux was acceptable. He looked much more distinguished than he sang. Mr. Chalmers did very well as Lescaut. Manon's cousin, What work fell to the chorus was sung with smoothness. Complaint could not be made in regard to the costumes, and the scenery was good.

ANOTHER SONG RECITER.

Mme. Peroux-Williams

Long List of Vocal Concerts.

Mme. Peroux-Williams, a mezzo soprano, gave a recital of songs yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was arranged on familiar lines, Italian airs at the beginning, two old English songs to follow, then German and French. The list was one calling for firm grasp of all the elements of sonlike delivery and might have taxed the power of a much more pretentious personage than Mme. Peroux-Williams.

The singer disclosed the possession of a voice of excellent quality and sufficient range for the task in hand. Inequality in the scale, uncertainty in tone production and an attack frequently bold to the verge of rashness were the defects which prevented the voice from exercising its full charm. It must be added that the singer also showed a tendency to leave the pitch, not far, but sufficiently to try sensitive ears.

There was some style in her singing of the Italian airs and on the whole these served to reveal the best traits of her art. She sang "The little red lark" in a manner which could not offend, but which

made little approach to said perfection the lovely feeling of the fine old song. The closing measures of Schubert's "Anfenthalt" Mme. Peroux-Williams achieved her highest flight of expression. She was heard by a kindly audience and received cordial applause.

An Entertaining Song Recital.

An American lady, who chose to announce herself as Mme. Peroux-Williams, and said she intended to sing only once this season and would come back and sing some more for us next year, gave a

song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It might be wished for her sake that she had not thundered so much in the index, for she has a nice voice (which has not been improved in quality by foreign study) and good taste (which has not been appreciably spoiled) and the audience showed its appreciation with much applause and many recalls. She was in good voice, and sang the music of her part very well, indeed. French melodies, which evidently gave great delight to her audience. What more shall be said? Great singers are rare birds.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC.

Fourth Concert Brings Both Ysaeyes to the Platform.

The fourth concert of the Friends of Music took place yesterday afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton. This was an extra concert, the third one in the subscription series having taken place early in the month. The programme was delightfully arranged and included four numbers. An array of artists took part. Eugene Ysaie and his son, Gabriel Ysaie, were the violinists, Camille Decreus was at the piano. Arnold Volpe and a string orchestra assisted, and Frank Sealy was the organist.

The first printed number on the programme was Brahms's sonata, opus 108, in D minor, for violin and piano, but in a little speech made in his native tongue Mr. Ysaie said that instead of this the same composer's sonata, opus 100, in A major, would be played. It was delightfully presented by Mr. Ysaie and Mr. Decreus and through its melodious character made strong appeal.

Another composition, the third in the list, which was performed by Mr. Ysaie with Mr. Sealy at the organ, and the string orchestra, was Arcangelo Corelli's concerto grosso, in G minor (written for Christmas night). This work was played from manuscript owned by Mr. Ysaie and as arranged by him.

Mr. Ysaie and his son were heard together in Bach's concerto, in D minor, for two violins and string orchestra. It was a bad day for strings owing to the dampness. This had been noticed at the start in Mr. Ysaie's playing in the first movement of the sonata. In the Bach concerto with both violinists no doubt were troubled by a note now and again in trouble with the pitch. Save this, the lovely music was produced by all concerned in playing in a manner giving unequalled pleasure. The final composition offered was Schubert's quintet, opus 44, in which Mr. Ysaie and his son played the violin parts, Arnold Volpe the viola part, William Durieux that of the violoncello and Mr. Decreus was the pianist.

FEB 19 Tosca at the Metropolitan.

There is but one Caruso, but if there were no Caruso the leading tenor of his type to-day would be Riccardo Martin.

It will be remembered that when Caruso was ill for several weeks, a few seasons ago, Martin took all his rôles, and there were no complaints. Last night Martin appeared as Cavaradossi in "Tosca," and the house was nearly as crowded as it would have been had Caruso sung. It is one of the American tenors' best rôles, and last night he gave of his best, singing not only beautifully, but with fervor and varied coloring and expression, and acting his part convincingly. Scotti was, as always, a splendid Scarpia, and Geraldine Farrar, whose Tosca used to be criticised, gave an impersonation of this rôle which it would be difficult to surpass, either vocally or dramatically. The audience was also delighted with the orchestral score as interpreted for the first time by Polacco. He brought out all the thrills of the passionate second act as well as the exquisite art of the third. Lucky is the manager who has two men like Toscanini and Polacco to conduct the popular Puccini operas in such flawless and inspired manner.

Feb 19 in the Boxes.

"Tosca" was repeated at the Metropolitan last night before a fairly large audience, which was moderately enthusiastic. Miss Farrar in the title rôle. Mr. Scotti as Scarpia and Mr. Martin as Cavaradossi, all combined their artistic forces to give a spirited performance. Mr. Polacco conducted. It was the first time that Mr. Polacco has conducted this opera here, and he kept his forces together very well.

BEETHOVEN MUSIC FINELY PERFORMED

h. y. sun Feb. 19 1914
The Symphony Society's Festival Successfully Begun at Aeolian Hall.

JULIA CULP THE SINGER

First Two Symphonies and Group of Songs Constituted the Programme.

At the first concert of the former series, Mr. Damrosch conductor, gave a festival of Beethoven music which aroused a large measure of public interest. In seven years it will be time to celebrate the centenary of the great master's death, and the Symphony Society and all other musical bodies will observe the occasion. Not wishing to allow the passage of too large an interval between the series of 1918 and that of the centenary, Mr. Damrosch began another festival of six concerts last evening at Aeolian Hall.

At the first concert of the former series the orchestra played the first two symphonies, there was also some chamber music, and Mme. Comelli sang songs in two groups. Last night's programme was better arranged. The two symphonies were heard again and between them that truly noble and lovable artist, Julia Culp, sang a group of songs.

These were "Bitten," "Ich liebe dich," "Der Kuss," "Faithful Johnnie" and "The Cottage Maid." Conrad Bos was at the piano, and in the last two numbers Messrs. Saslavsky and Renard supplied the violin and cello parts as originally written. The additional number sung by Mme. Culp after several recalls was "Freudvoll und Leidvoll." It will be seen that no attempt at chronological selection was made in the songs. They were chosen apparently for their suitability and variety. For this Mme. Culp deserves thanks. Too much historical accuracy in festival programmes often leads to weariness.

Learned comment on Beethoven's early symphonies would be absurd in these days. A festival might be expected to bring about performance of those infrequently heard, but after all it was only on January 8 that the Boston orchestra entertained its admirers with the first symphony, in which Beethoven so marvellously answered the fervent cry of Haydn: "Oh, that some one would show us how to write a new minuet!" As the programme note writers truly tell us, there is much of Haydn and Mozart in this symphony, but the scherzo was a new thing, new in spirit and manner, though retaining the old name, and the grand courier of a glittering army of orchestral compositions ranging all the way from its own simple style to the "Apprenti Sorcier" of Dukas. Beethoven himself did not employ the title "scherzo" till the second symphony; but the "new minuet" of the first was a scherzo, none the less.

It was interesting to hear the symphony last evening. More than a century old, age does not wither them. They are still hearty, healthy, wholesome, lovable music. Only those who have conceived an abnormal passion for incessant dissonance and who have hence learned to dislike the major scale can find them tiresome.

As for the songs, they too are simple, straightforward and natural. It cannot be comfortable to be unable to find humor in Beethoven's setting of "Der Kuss," Mme. Culp certainly found it and published it with captivating archness and exquisite beauty of tone. A great singer is this, possessed of extraordinary breath support which she is at times tempted to display for its own sake and with a voice whose natural timbre is graciously suited to the expression of a sweeping gamut of emotion.

Mme. Culp sang last evening with devotion and with moving eloquence. Her delivery of the few songs was a lesson in the art of lieder singing—a beautiful and finely balanced combination of vocal color, diction and nuance. Not the least admirable part of her performance was

her demonstration of the suitability of pure English to the production of gorgeous tone.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.
Feb 20 1914
Elisabeth van Endert Comes From Berlin to Sing Songs.

The fourth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night at Carnegie Hall. The programme contained three orchestral numbers, namely, the fourth symphony of Brahms, Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose" sketches

and the Overture to Cornelius' "Barber of Bagdad." After the first and second of these Elisabeth van Endert, a soprano of the Royal Opera of Berlin, sang songs with orchestra. The composers whom she essayed to interpret were Wolf, Strauss, Humperdinck and D'Albert.

It is always natural to wonder just what calls certain musical personages across the western ocean, especially when

the weather is so forbidding as it has been this winter. If Mme. van Endert were in need of an engagement at the Metropolitan she could doubtless get it without undertaking such an expensive audition. If she is an Alexandria, seeking new worlds to conquer, she might have been better advised to experiment first on a smaller one than the United States.

Not that Mme. van Endert did not dispense gifts of value. She proved to be right good to look at, and that is something of which not every concert singer can boast. Also she revealed a voice of beautiful quality and sympathetic character. Moreover she showed interpretative purpose not to be ignored. But her method of singing is not that to which the connoisseurs of this town give unqualified approval. A little too much unsteadiness in moderate passages, too much forcing and hardness of quality in fortes, too much tendency to wander from the pitch in these moments of forcing and a spasmodic attack in many places marred her delivery. However, she sang so loudly that she excited those hearers, always at concerts, who like everything very strong.

The star of the evening for those more fond of polished art was the orchestra. The performance of the Brahms symphony published once more all those splendid traits of skill and musicianship which make the Boston players dear to this public. It was a brilliant, emotional and beautifully balanced presentation of the noble symphony. The audience was moved by it and the applause was significant.

The Ravel pieces were delightfully done. These few little musical delineations of such things as the conversations of Beauty and the Beast are exquisitely made, impressionistic in parts, realistic in others, modern in melodic and tonal features, but thoroughly musical and alive with dainty fancy. Dr. Muck conducted them con amore and they went admirably. The conversations perhaps were the most pointed and humorous in delivery, but the climax of real beauty was in the opulent singing of the orchestra in the last one, "The Fairy Garden."

A Fine Performance of "Götterdämmerung" at Metropolitan.

Siegfried..... Rudolf Berger
Guthrie..... Herman van Weil
Hagen..... Carl Braun
Alberich..... Carl Braun
Brunnhilde..... Olive Fremstad
Gutrune..... Fita Fornia
Woglande..... Margaret Ober
Wellgunde..... Margara Ober
Flossi Hilde..... Bella Allen
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

The cycle of Wagner's "Trilogy," "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was brought to a close at the Metropolitan Opera House with a performance of "Götterdämmerung" yesterday afternoon. The public interest in the cycle was maintained to the end by the fine representation of the culminating drama of the tragedy. It was the first performance of "Götterdämmerung" has had this season, and was consequently the first showing of the new scenery provided for this member of the Trilogy. This scenery is fitting, in most of the scenes handsome; but it does not embody any very high flights of imagination in scenic art, and is on the whole no improvement on the scenery last used in these representations at the Opera House. The interior of the Wall of the Gibichungs is effective in the familiar manner; but the exterior in the second act is quite insignificant, and the clearly defined false gable added to the insignificant. The wild valley in the third act is pretty. The lighting effects all through the performance are very well managed.

Mr. Berger as the new Siegfried naturally attracted attention, and deserved commendation. His personal appearance is again much in his favor in this part. It is a considerable time since a Siegfried has trod the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Berger's impersonation is intelligent, vigorous, and manly. It is not deeply imbued with imagination or touched with illumination. He sang yesterday with a good deal of power; but his voice, as has before been noted, is not one of the most beautiful organs nor is his vocal style one that makes it count for all it should. It was clear that Mr. Berger made a favorable impression.

Mme. Ober was another new figure in the cast, appearing both as Waltraute and as Flosshilde. Her Waltraute was a beautiful achievement; one that distinctly added to the very high esteem which Mme. Ober has gained for herself. Its beauty consisted in her singing and in her action, and in the fusion of these two in a consistent dramatic expression. The passage of long sustained song in Waltraute's account of Walthalla was delivered with admirable vocalization.

Mme. Fremstad's Brunnhilde has become one of the most notable impersonations; a profoundly beautiful and moving embodiment of Wagner's heroine, composed with consummate skill, enacted with tragic power and searching pathos, touched with the imagination of genius and full of illuminating detail. Mme. Fremstad was not, it must be said, in the full plenitude of her voice; and she had trouble with some of her highest tones. But on the whole her singing of the rôle was of great dramatic power.

Mr. Braun's Hagen is one of the most remarkable things he does, and is one of the most remarkable Hagens seen here. It is a very consistently drawn portrait and as clearly in execution as it is in conception, of sinister power and baleful suggestion. And Mr. Braun's superb singing is one of its most notable features.

There was much applause from the large audience, evidently deeply moved by the performance. Mr. Berger deserved some of it, and took it; the audience made it perfectly evident after the second act that he was also taking a good deal that belonged to Mme. Fremstad.

The final performance of Wagner's "Ring" cycle took place yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan, with Fremstad as Brunnhilde, Berger as Siegfried, Carl Braun as Hagen, Ober as Waltraute and the third Rhine daughter, while the rest of the cast was the usual one. The new scenery was seen for the first time. *Post Feb 20 1914*

The sombre color of Mme. Fremstad's voice is more in keeping with the tragic Brunnhilde of the "Götterdämmerung" than with some other rôles, and she was in better voice than last Saturday. Her high notes were shrill, but they were on the key. Dramatically, the last Brunnhilde is one of her best pieces of work, although in the second act it seems a trifle over-strenuous at times. However, as a whole, it is fine, the second act being the best of the three. It is incomprehensible why the part of Brunnhilde was not assigned to Mme. Gadsch yesterday instead of Saturday afternoon next week. She was the Brunnhilde of the preceding "Walküre" and "Siegfried," and Mr. Krebber and others have written columns of invective against the inartistic policy of having Brunnhilde go to sleep as one prima donna and wake up as another.

Mr. Berger's Siegfried has several points of excellence to commend it, being, in fact, one of the best older Siegfrieds seen in New York in years. He sings the narrative in the third act exceedingly well, and he is always very accurate in the matter of pitch. He makes a fine picture, and his dramatic ideas are good. It could hardly be expected that any other tenor would express with his face what Jean de Reszke used to after he had taken the potion which makes him forget Brunnhilde, but Mr. Berger was far more successful than those we have seen of late in the lost and puzzled look of his face, as he vainly tried to recall his bride. He is the only Siegfried who, of late, has taken the trouble to really disguise himself so as to appear as Gunther before the terrified Brunnhilde. As a rule, Brunnhilde could not have failed to recognize Siegfried at once, unless she had been stricken with total blindness.

Carl Braun is a more satisfactory Hagen than any that has been heard in some time. An impassive and sinister figure of Alberich's son, he made much of the part, both vocally and dramatically. In fact, he has not been seen to such advantage in anything else. The coloring of his voice was particularly good, especially in the first act, when he tells of the approaching Siegfried, and in the last, when his rage at being unable to get the ring makes all the evil of his nature appear. His attack on Gunther and the short but savage fight, ending in Gunther's death, were very good.

The new scenery is attractive. Some of it has already appeared in "Walküre" and "Siegfried." The new setting of the Hall of the Gibichungs is not unlike what has been seen before, but the added touches of carved furniture and a primitive handloom, on which Gutrune works in the first act, are effective. The other two new sets are beautiful, especially the trees, and the grass and flower-grown bank of the second act. The usual absurdities of the funeral pyre have been avoided, and the destruction of the gods at the end of the opera, indicated by a gorgeously blazing sky, is far better than the old way. Even the collapse of the Gibichungs' dwelling is a little more effective than it was in the last setting. It is to be hoped that some day we may even have a Grane who can be handled by Brunnhilde as he should be. That will, perhaps, be in the operatic millennium.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Brahms's fourth symphony is not heard so often as the other three, nor does it deserve to be, as was shown once more last night at Carnegie Hall, when Dr. Muck and his splendid Boston Orchestra began their programme with it. Brahms himself doubted its value, and when his most faithful champions did not enjoy it, he said to his biographer, Kalbeck: "If people like Billroth, Hanslick,

and you do not like my music, whom will it please?"

Foolish question! It pleased the Boston Symphony Orchestra's audience, Carnegie Hall, though it is a work full of senile prattle and wearisome small talk; a work quite unworthy of the composer of the glorious second symphony. The slow movement may be excepted; is, as Hanslick wrote (in his "Tagebuch eines Musikers"), "one of the loveliest elegies Brahms ever wrote." It is needless to say that the symphony was a mirably played, although the brasses in the last movement seemed somewhat stident.

The loyalty of the audience was also shown last night in the applause bestowed on Elisabeth Van Endert for her singing of songs by Wolf, Strauss, Humperdinck, and D'Albert; singing of a kind that is not usually so much admired in this city as singing which is always agreeable and in tune.

The remaining numbers on the programme were Carnelius's "Barber of Bagdad" overture, at the end, and, between the song-groups, Ravel's quaver "Mother Goose" pieces, entitled "Mère l'Oye, Pièces Enfantines." They were played last season by Walter Drosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra, but were worth doing again, because of the pretty sounds and picturesque noises the composer produces. The audience seemed to be particularly pleased with the bird whistle introduced in the "Hop o' My Thumb." The symphony was played delightfully, in the real Pagan spirit.

"Der Ring des Nibelungen" came to its conclusion at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Four times Thursday came and went while the play of *Loge* worked itself out and the feuding gods were destroyed in the mighty blaze that rose from the bier of "the higher hero of worlds." The audience which assembled for the performance of "Götterdämmerung" yesterday was not as large as some of the predecessors at "Ring" matinees. This was undoubtedly due to the state of traffic, for it is the rule that the final drama of the tetralogy attracts crowds. The stupendous power of the work and the infrequency of its performance would suffice to explain this.

When "Götterdämmerung" is given as well as it was yesterday it should send an audience home profoundly impressed. It was a performance distinguished by unity of artistic purpose and cohesiveness of style. This latter phrase applies to interpretation rather than technique, for there were many varieties of technique in the cast. But in so far as the interpretation went the performance was one to give joy to sincere lovers of Wagner.

The cast contained two important new impersonations, the Siegfried of Rudolf Berger and the Waltraute of Margaret Ober. Mr. Berger has already demonstrated his fitness for the heroic rôles of the Wagnerian drama, and his qualities have been set forth in this place. Not a great singer in the technical meaning of the word, nor yet a great actor, Mr. Berger is an artist of intelligence and sincerity. But his mature Siegfried was good in conception and had moments of dramatic power.

Mme. Ober presented to the audience a Waltraute so beautiful in voice and so potent in poetic utterance that she became—as she should be—one of the grand figures of the drama. One short scene in which the impending doom of Walthalla is majestically foreshadowed is all that Waltraute has, but it is a scene big with meaning and only a notable artist can properly interpret it. Mme. Ober was equal to the same. There is no higher praise.

It is unnecessary to repeat what has so often been said about the acting of Brunnhilde by Mme. Fremstad or the stalwart Hagen of Mr. Braun. These are impersonations which stand forth well in the Wagner drama, albeit Mme. Fremstad had none too much tone yesterday. Mr. Hertz deserves warm praise for his admirable conducting of the whole "Ring" series and the orchestra for its solid and transparent playing. Mr. Gatti-Casazza provided the four works with new scenery, most of it excellent in design and execution. There was much enthusiasm in the audience.

In the evening Montemezzi's *L'Amore del Tre Re* had its final performance for the present season. The opera would have been scheduled for further presentations had it not been that Mr. Ferrar Fontana, the tenor, is to sail at once to meet his contracts in Europe. There is no other singer prepared to take his place, and even if there were it might be unwise to disturb the impression of unity and beauty made by the splendid cooperation of the members of the original cast.

The success of this work was greater than the impresario or the composer friends expected. It has far exceeded record made in Italy, not in the number of performances, but in the enthusiastic approval of press and public. Honor to whom honor is due. The greater success of the opera here is the achievement of all of Mr. Toscanini, whose artistic instincts told him to disregard

ed in Italy and to his different spirit. His, therefore, triumph. His labors, however, would have been little had it not been for the beautiful and pathetic impersonation of Flora by Miss Bori, the passionate and eloquent Assoluto of Mr. Ferrari-Pontana, the only and appealing *Manfredo* of Mr. Amato and the tragic *Archibaldo* of Mr. Adur. That the remarkable work will be heard as often as possible next season to be expected.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

Feb 21 1914
The "Eroica" Symphony and Violin Concerto Well Given.

"What wonders are wrought not by time, but in time," exclaimed Carlyle. A large audience sat in something like reverent demeanor in Aeolian Hall last evening at the second concert of the Symphony Society's Beethoven festival. The programme consisted of two numbers, the "Eroica" symphony and the violin concerto. These two works are now generally regarded as monuments of genius. At a hundred years ago there was a difference of opinion.

The symphony was first played in private and Beethoven, who conducted, thought the orchestra to grief. It was not given in public in the Theatre an Wien on April 7, 1805. Beethoven himself conducted and Czerny recorded that he one shouted from the gallery, "I'd like another *Kreutzer* if they'd stop." Beethoven's friends vowed that it was a masterpiece. Some people said it needed shortening. Others found that it was a conglomeration of good, grotesque and horrible.

The concerto was composed for Franz Clement and first played by him at his concert in the theatre above mentioned December 23, 1806. One critic said of the concerto had some fine passages, but that it contained many tiresome repetitions of vulgar ideas and that Beethoven would be better employed composing more symphonies like his first and second. Clement was the greatest violinist of that time and his playing was enthusiastically applauded. He had great technique, together with taste and warmth of expression. It often happens that players of this concerto omit the second quality.

There was an impression that Clement was more for the concerto than it did for. Now connoisseurs of music believe it is the highest proof of a violinist's skill to play well this concerto. It was for this reason that Mr. Damrosch engaged Mr. Ysaye to perform it last evening. But that artist and the conductor came to a misunderstanding by reason of the violinist's desire to play a concerto by Vivaldi. The substitute to Ysaye was Kathleen Parlow, the Canadian artist, whose performance seemed to give last evening's audience much pleasure.

There is no special reason why critical comment should be made on the concert as a whole. If there had been any evidence of a want of affection and respect for the music then something of point might be said, but there was nothing of this sort. The performance of the symphony was particularly good, albeit the funeral march was delivered with necessarily deliberate utterance. But the music spoke its message clearly and was the end properly to be sought. In the absence of official figures nothing can be said as to the effect of Ysaye's disappearance from the scene. The audience was large, but none the less it is a pity that the great Belgian violinist could not see his way to a performance of Beethoven's one violin concerto without prefacing it with a work by another composer, however worthy.

Alfred Cornfield's Recital.
Alfred Cornfield, a youthful violinist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening before an audience not numerous. He showed abundant self-confidence in the performance of a difficult programme; but he showed also that he is not yet fully prepared for public appearance in the concert field of New York. He has talent for the violin, plenty of vigor, but his style shows weaknesses and immaturities, among which are a lack of rhythmic feeling and a disposition toward an excess of ornamentation. He also has not yet discovered all the meaning that lies beneath the surface of what he plays. His programme included Grieg's C minor sonata for piano and violin, Chopin's F major concerto, Beethoven's Romance in F, and some lesser pieces. Feb 22 1914

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Feb 23 1914
Brahms Programme—Messrs. Bachaus and Seagle Soloists.

The concert of the New York Symphony Society yesterday afternoon was devoted to Brahms; the programme was made up of two of his finest works, the symphony and the second piano concerto played by Wilhelm Bachaus; and between them came a group of four songs sung by Oscar Seagle. The symphony was given an unusually fine performance, a performance that caught and expressed the true spirit of the music, that was powerful and full of warmth and romantic poetry, of wild energy and passion. Both he and his men were carried away by the heat of the music, and they roused their listeners to an unwonted pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Damrosch was several times recalled and made the orchestra

the applause with it. Mr. Bachaus's performance of the concerto was, if a little more reserved, equally fine in many respects. He played with much power and brilliancy, at the same time with a fine polish and repose.

It was an artistic and discerning interpretation of the work, admirable in the sense of its larger proportions and in the building up of its climaxes, and penetrated with the exquisitely poetical beauty of its slow movement, one of Brahms's profoundest and most moving conceptions.

Mr. Seagle's singing had the notable excellences of voice and of vocal technique that have been admired at his previous appearances here. They are rare, and they command in themselves admiration for the elements of beauty they contain. It would be too much to say, however, that he penetrated to the inner significance of these songs. They were "Wir wanderten," "Botschaft," "Nachtigall," and "Meine Liebe ist grün." He had the valuable assistance of Mr. Conrad Bos's exquisite accompaniments upon the piano.

THE TRIO DE LUTECE.

First Concert in the Belasco Theatre—Mme. Gerville-Reache Sings.

A new concert organization made its first appearance last evening in the Belasco Theatre: the "Trio de Lutece," whose agreeable name was associated with an agreeable musical entertainment, quieting to the nerves in the days of strenuous modern adventure in music. The trio is composed of George Barrère, flute; Carlos Salzedo, harp, and Paul Kéfer, violoncello, artists well known in New York. They played music both of old and new style, written for this combination of instruments—or was some of it arranged? Mr. Barrère has expressed himself as opposed to playing arrangements. Consequently it may be assumed that the "Concert Royal," a suite by the elder Couperin; the "Dances pour la Duchesse de Milan," by Reynaldo Hahn, that have appeared on a programme of the Barrère Ensemble; and the "Petite Suite," by Claude Debussy, are compositions original in this form.

The playing of the three artists is of delightful refinement and finish, of an unfamiliar and charming tonal coloring, and it gave great pleasure. Mr. Barrère also played solos for the flute by Aubert and J. M. Le Clair the elder, old French masters; Mr. Salzedo solos by Rameau and himself, and Mr. Kéfer solos by Coplet and Saint-Saëns. The Trio de Lutece was assisted by Mme. Gerville-Reache, contralto, who had not been heard in New York for some time. She sang two groups of songs.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC IN TWO MATINEES

Feb 23 1914

Charpentier, Schubert and Brahms Contribute Numbers of Much Interest.

CARRENO AND BACHAUS

Oscar Seagle Heard in Four Songs in Damrosch's Brahms Programme.

The Symphony Society and the Philharmonic both gave concerts yesterday afternoon, the former at Aeolian and the latter at Carnegie Hall. The Symphony Society's programme may or may not have been intended as a kind of appendage to the Beethoven festival which the organization is now carrying on, for it consisted wholly of music by Brahms. The numbers were the C minor symphony, a group of songs and the second piano concerto. The singer was Oscar Seagle and the pianist Wilhelm Bachaus.

The C minor symphony was recently played by the Philadelphia Orchestra and it is heard pretty often. But since the composition endures repetition so firmly it did not harm it to give it another hearing yesterday. Furthermore the Symphony Society's audience was probably not present at the Philadelphia concert. The composition was excellently played by Mr. Damrosch's men.

Mr. Seagle selected from the treasury of Brahms songs "Wir wandelten," "Botschaft," "Nachtigall," and "Meine Liebe ist grün." This barytone was not new to the local concert platform. He had sung several times and had impressed his hearers as a singer whose taste and his technique had some traits of fine excellence. Mr. Seagle uses head tones with rare skill, but his songs yesterday did not afford opportunities for a display of this. His most satisfying interpretation was that of the third number, which he sang with tenderness and imagination.

Mr. Bachaus played the concerto well. The style of Brahms's piano music makes peculiar demands on the technique, tone and feeling of the interpretative artist and there are many players who succeed brilliantly with Chopin, Liszt and even Schumann, but who fail with Brahms. Mr. Bachaus finds this music thoroughly congenial and he plays it with warmth and yet with becoming dignity. He dropped a few notes yesterday, but for his artistic conception these sins of omission must be forgiven.

The programme offered by the Phil-

harmonic Society contained a orchestral numbers a ballet suite of Grieg, arranged by Felix Mottl, Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Charpentier's suite, "Impressions of Italy." The ballet suite, taken from "Cephale et Procris," consisted of a tambourine, menuet and gigue. As light music it was well played and seemed to please. In his reading of the symphony, Mr. Stransky showed himself to be in full sympathy with the music.

Mme. Teresa Carreno appeared after the symphony as the soloist and was heard in Grieg's A minor concerto for piano and orchestra. Her performance of the beautiful work was a very fine one. It was planned on broad, sweeping lines and executed with superb technical power and emotional feeling. It was Mme. Carreno's playing at its best as it is known here. In the richly orchestrated accompaniment of the concerto the player was ably assisted by the orchestra. The performance aroused much enthusiasm from the audience.

MR. SAPIRSTEIN PLAYS.

His Third Piano Recital Applauded at the Princess Theatre.

David Sapirstein, pianist, gave the third in a series of four recitals yesterday afternoon in the Princess Theatre. The programme he offered was made up in a style advantageous to the exhibition of contrast in performance and it also gave variety in compositions. It included Brahms's variations and fugue on a theme of Handel, opus 24; three fantasy pieces of Schumann, "Traumes Wirren," "Aufschwung" and "Des Abends," and Chopin's B flat minor sonata, opus 35. Furthermore there were three arrangements in the list, Beethoven's "Ecosaisies," as arranged by Busoni; Schumann's "The Contrabandist," as arranged by Tausig; and Busoni's arrangement of the "Mephisto Walzer," by Liszt.

Mr. Sapirstein is a serious musician and his ability to command respectful interest was again shown at his concert yesterday. In his work there were features for enjoyment and some for regret. With a fine sense for the composer's intent, the qualities of an admirable technique, good nuance and fine phrasing were first of all featured. His tone was lacking in fulness and resonance and his style, though of a refined type, was not sufficiently broad in the expression of emotion.

THE TRIO DE LUTECE.

Mr. Barrère Finds a New Field for the Glory of Paris.

Lutetia was a city of Gallia Lugdunensis, sometimes called Lutetia Parisiorum. It has been rediscovered by George Barrère with the aid of his magic flute and in its glory he has formed what he calls the Trio de Lutece. The trio consists of himself, Paul Kéfer, who operates a cello, and Carlos Salzedo, who plucks a harp. These three met in public for the first time last evening in the Belasco Theatre. Their concerted doings were aided by the solos of Mme. Gerville-Reache sometime a *Dalila* of the Manhattan Opera House.

The numbers in which the trio was heard were a "Concert Royal," by François Couperin; "Dances pour la Duchesse de Milan," by Reynaldo Hahn, and a "Petite Suite," by Claude Debussy. Each member of the trio was heard also in solos and Mme. Gerville-Reache sang songs by Fouchelli, Martini, Schubert, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Hahn and Paladilhe. The representation of Italy and Germany in her selections served to show that modern Lutetia welcomes the Jean Christophes of good art from over her borders. There was a good sized audience in the theatre and applause was abundant.

For musical epicures the most enjoyable of the many performances of the past two days were the "Valküre" at the Metropolitan, on Saturday night; the playing of Liszt's "Hungaria" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the afternoon, and Grieg's piano concerto, as played yesterday afternoon by Teresa Carreno and the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Both Gadske and Fremstad delighted their admirers in the Wagner opera. The chief drawback was the excessive length of the performance, for which Mr. Hertz is to blame. He is also to blame for the fact that the chorus of Valkyries, all of them singing at the top of their voices, could hardly be heard amid the terrific orchestral din. There ought to be some way of making operatic conductors understand that they are not the whole show.

Dr. Muck, who is, like all the great orchestral conductors of the time, an ardent admirer of the works of Liszt, deserves special thanks for putting on his programme the ninth of his symphonic poems, heretofore strangely neglected in this city. While less rich in thematic material than "Tasso" and "Les Préludes," and less stirring than "Mazeppa" and "The Battle of the Huns," it has charms of its own which ought to insure it frequent hearing. Liszt himself evidently liked it, for he twice revised it, the last time in 1856. That was nearly sixty years ago, yet the music sounds as fresh and up-to-date as if it had been composed by Strauss or Debussy. That is the marvel of genius. The orchestra-

tion is as rich and varied as Wagner's, and it is a delight to drink in such music, improvised, as it were, unmarred by the traditional fetters of artificial form, yet always coherent. The first entry of the brass choir is thrilling, and the second hardly less so. The cello delivers an interesting speech, while the violin solo in gypsy fashion is delightful. On the whole the Hungarian element is less conspicuous than in the rhapsodies, but it asserts itself more and more toward the end, and one can easily understand that when Liszt himself conducted this work at the Hungarian National Theatre, in 1856, he was able to write afterwards: "Les Préludes" had to be played twice, for the applause was without end; as for "Hungaria," there was something better than applause; men and women wept." Liszt himself could have hardly conducted it more superbly than Dr. Muck did; and certainly he could not have had so splendid an orchestra as the Boston Symphony, which further distinguished itself on Saturday by memorable performances of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration."

Mme. Carreno has entered her sixty-first year, yet the energy, buoyancy, enthusiasm, and brilliancy she displayed yesterday in the performance of the Grieg concerto made her seem twenty. Grieg is as pianistic as Liszt himself, and it is well known how enthusiastic Liszt was when he played this concerto for Grieg from the manuscript at sight. He doubtless was still more enthusiastic later when he heard it with orchestra; but it is not likely that he ever heard any one conduct it with the mastery displayed by Mr. Stransky at Carnegie Hall. Certainly the writer of these lines has never heard it interpreted in a manner so thoroughly poetic, Norwegian, and Griegian. Stransky brought out subtle beauties of coloring and shading that had escaped his predecessors, one and all. The orchestra went with the piano as if the whole aggregation were one instrument. It was simply entrancing, and the audience was wild with enthusiasm. It also enjoyed very much the exquisite rendering of the Schubert "Unfinished," after which the orchestra also had to rise to acknowledge the warm applause. The programme began with the familiar Grétry-Mottl suite and ended with Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy."

Elman at the Metropolitan.

Mischa Elman was the outside soloist imported for the concert last night into the Metropolitan Opera House, where he played Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and two smaller compositions, besides encores to a number not easily kept count of. The usual enthusiasm of this audience greeted his playing. The other soloists were Anna Case and Riccardo Martin, with the opera house orchestra under direction of Richard Hageman. Feb 23 1914

HOLIDAY BILLS AT OPERA

H. J. Ruben
"La Bohème," "Madeleine" and "Don Pasquale" Sung.

The special performance of "La Bohème" yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan brought out one of the largest audiences of the season. The performers were distinctly in holiday spirit, and as far as the action was concerned did about as they felt, which in Mr. Caruso's case, was characterized by elation of mood, and in Mr. Gilly's by quite the contrary. However, both were in excellent voice, as was Miss Farrar. Feb 24 1914

A special word of praise should be said for the singing of the overcoat song by Mr. Rothier. Mr. Polacco conducted. In the evening Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," under Mr. Polacco's baton, was followed by Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," under Mr. Toscanini's. Miss Bori was as delightful as ever as Norina, and Mr. Pini-Corsi's Don was as funny as it was fat. Mr. Pini-Corsi is a buffo quite in the Italian tradition, and when he gets his chance he makes the most of it. As for Mr. Scott's Dr. Malatesta, that is a figure of high comedy which might have stepped upon the stage from the wand of Molière. Mr. Cristalli was the Ernesto. Feb 24 1914

At a miscellaneous concert in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel last night Mr. Clarence de Vaux-Royer, violinist, played in Max Bruch's G minor concerto with accompaniment and a group of shorter numbers, including Zarzycki's Mazurka, Drdia's "Souvenir" and "Vieux temps," "Rondino," Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, tenor, sang a group of American songs by Campbell-Tipton, Spross and Gilbette and an aria from "La Tosca." Other artists were Mme. Clémentine Tetedoux-Lusk, soprano; Mr. Graham McNamee, barytone, and M.

MME. ORTMANN'S RECITAL.

N.Y. Herald Feb. 24/14
American Soprano Gives Programme of German and American Songs.

Mme. Carolyn Ortmann, an American soprano, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last night. It is said she has had operatic experience in Germany, and she is now at the head of the music department of Queen's College, Charlotte, N. C.

Mme. Ortmann's voice is one of natural charm, but it has a vibrato that is often so prominent as to be unpleasant. She also has a tendency to shade the pitch a trifle. There were, however, interesting things about her recital, especially in those songs which were sung in a subdued voice. Except for a group of American songs, the whole programme was sung in German.

Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Liebesbotschaft," Schumann's "Mondnacht," "Im Herbst," by Franz; Brahms' "Mainacht," Grieg's "Selvæg's Song" and songs by Wolf and Strauss were heard. The American group included "Before Sunrise," by Russ, "Saltar's "The Cry of Rachel" and Chadwick's "Dear One, When in Thine Arms I Lie."

Miss Eleanore Dayes, a young pianist, appeared in place of Mr. Richard Ninniss, whose name appeared on the programme, and her selections were well received.

February 25, 1914

"The Jewels of the Madonna."

Last night, at the Metropolitan, occurred the last performance of the four given this season by the Chicago-Philadelphia Company. The opera was that musico-dramatic picture of life among the criminal classes of Naples known as the "Jewels of the Madonna." This work, unlike some other modern operas, is full of melody, but melody of a brutal sort that fits well with the repulsive characters that people its stage. Artistically the work is about of the same order as a realistic painting of the interior of a morgue.

The performance enlisted the same cast that has been heard before, with one or two exceptions. Bassl as Gennaro was the mad lover, Carolina White the wilful and unscrupulous Malliela, Daddi was funny as Biasi, Louise Berat was competent as Carmela, and Campanini conducted with his usual skill. The newcomer in the cast was Giovanni Polese as Raffaele. He has a good voice, and seems to act with skill. But it must be said that it is difficult to judge the acting of such characters as these unless one is a frequenter of the police courts. The chorus effects were well done, when there was real singing in their parts—a great deal of their part is printed in the score as wavy lines—mere noise and hubbub. The more confusion in the first act, the better the performance. It would have been far better to do another of the Massenet operas than this portraiture of low life without one single feature to relieve it.

A Stupid Sonata by Korngold.

Miss Margulies and Mr. Lichtenberg never gave a more amazing exhibition of their technical skill than they did last night in Aeolian Hall in playing the C major sonata of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, the sixteen-year-old Viennese composer. It is not only an extremely difficult composition, but it is extremely unidiomatic, so far, at least, as the violin is concerned. One could not but think of the Irishman who was asked if he could play the violin, and who answered he didn't know, as he had never tried. One would think from this sonata that Korngold had never spent a minute to learn what sounds well on the violin and what doesn't.

Such awkwardness, however, might be pardoned if the boy had had something to say when he wrote this piece. A more empty, meaningless, dull, vacuous, tiresome, feeble, childish, crazy composition has never been perpetrated. Some bewildered persons, when they hear twaddle of this sort, fancy that it is too deep for them to understand. In reality, nothing could be imagined more shallow than this music. Its cleverness, from a technical point of view, is its only redeeming feature. If this is really a later utterance of the "modern Mozart" than the "Comedy Overture" of his, played last season by the Philharmonic Orchestra then the boy composer is evidently degenerating with lightning rapidity, for that overture seemed to have some of the qualities of genius, and was highly praised in these columns.

Fortunately, last night's audience heard two other works that compensated for

the Korngold twaddle—Beethoven's lovely trio, opus 1, in C minor, and Arensky's trio in D minor. The Beethoven made one wonder again why his trios are usually so much more charming than his quartets. This one, though so early an opus, is delightful from beginning to end, and it was played with great tonal beauty and soulful expression by Miss Margulies, Mr. Lichtenberg, and Mr. Schulz.

Double Bill at the Century.

A double bill of Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Secret of Susanne," and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" was presented at the Century Opera House last evening, with good casts. Both were sung in English. In the first piece, Lois Ewell was the Countess Gil, and Louis Kreidler the husband. Their singing was altogether acceptable, as is usual with these two, but their acting might easily have been improved. In commenting, as one must do, upon the lack of finish which characterizes the performances at the Century, it is only fair to add that the difficulties confronting the company must be recognized. It is a hard task to prepare, rehearse, stage, and produce a new opera each week, and the demands made upon several singers of the company seem almost to be too hard to be borne. Frank Phillips did the part of the servant in entertaining style.

Miss Ewell appeared, also, in "Pagliacci" as Nedda. Morgan Kingston took the part of Canio, and Thomas Chalmers that of Tonio, singing the prologue successfully. The singing in this opera was better than that in "The Secret of Susanne." Mr. Adkins as Silvio and Mr. Davis as Beppo completed the cast. Mr. Nicosia conducted both performances.

BERGER AS LOHENGRIN.

The Tall Tenor Makes Good Impression as Swan Knight.

"Lohengrin" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Mme. Homer was to have made her reentry as Ortrud, but she was indisposed and Mme. Ober was once more heard in the role. The American contralto will come forward on Monday evening as Orfeo in Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice." There was a new element in last evening's performance, however, in the Lohengrin of Rudolf Berger. The new tenor, who is considerably more than six feet tall, presented an unusually fine appearance as the swan knight. His make-up, costume and bearing were all excellent. He sang the music with better legato and with better tone quality than he had displayed previously, while his declamation preserved the requisite breadth and dignity. His interpretation of the part was well planned and well carried out. In short, this was a good Lohengrin, the best impersonation Mr. Berger has yet given, and one worthy of the Metropolitan stage.

Mme. Galski as Elsa, Mr. Weil as Telramund, Mr. Witherspoon as King Henry and Mr. Schlegel as the Herald completed a somewhat uneven cast. But the performance was one of sincere purpose and general coherence. Mr. Hertz conducted and the orchestra played with vigor.

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

N.Y. Sun Feb. 26, 1914
The Fourth and Fifth Symphonies Heard by Large Audience.

The third concert of the Symphony Society's Beethoven festival took place last evening at Aeolian Hall. The orchestral part of the programme comprised the fourth and fifth symphonies. Between them Oscar Seagle, barytone, sang the "Lied aus der Ferne," "Der Liebende," "Mit einem gemalten Band" and "Die Ehre Gottes." The accompaniments were played by Conrad Bos. There was a large audience, which evinced real interest in the entertainment.

There is no possibility of long discussion of such a concert. Beethoven's symphonies suggest a vast amount of comment, especially in this peculiar period of transition, but it is not comment of the kind pertinent to the morning after. The point which provokes the passing remark is the judgment shown by Mr. Damrosch in the preparation of the programmes of the festival. Always a good programme maker, he has shown in this series a finer sense of proportion than ever before.

The fourth symphony is not frequently heard in these days, chiefly because it does not provide a brilliant field for the exercise of prima donna feats on the part of conductors. Mr. Damrosch does not pose as a virtuoso of the baton, though he sometimes indulges in terpsichorean graphics while directing important music. But usually he is content to let Beethoven's symphonies speak for themselves and makes no attempt at obtrusive readings. For this reason the fourth symphony meets with respect at his hands and the fifth gets its greater measure of exaltation from its own content.

St. Cecilia Club at Philharmonic

N.Y. Sun Feb. 26, 1914
It was choral night at the Philharmonic Society's concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. With

the exception of one selection, the entire programme was interpreted by the St. Cecilia Club, conducted by Victor Harris.

The members of that admirably balanced and well trained singing society were heard first in three unaccompanied choruses—Chadwick's setting to "Stabat Mater Speciosa," "Wind," by Margaret Lang, for double chorus of eight parts, and Piere's "Le Mariage de Marion," in Sixteenth Century style.

Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale, for orchestra, was the opening number on the programme and Liszt's symphonic setting to Dante's "Divine Comedy," written for orchestra and chorus, was the last selection.

LISZT AND HIS "DANTE" SYMPHONY

N.Y. Tribune Feb. 26, 1914
The Philharmonic Society Plays This Music of High Sounding Name.

The very spirit of romance was called up by the title of the composition upon which the programme of last evening's Philharmonic Society concert at Carnegie Hall was chiefly built. It was Franz Liszt's "Symphony to Dante's 'Divine Comedy,'" and so infrequently is this music performed, nowadays, that there might conceivably be imagined a considerable portion of the musical public not acquainted with it. By the particular circumstances of last night's concert, however, this hypothesis was not confirmed; the small size of the audience may rather have indicated that the work is known only too well, and hence avoided.

For, as in so many of Liszt's productions, the alluring title is not borne out by the actual substance of the man's imaginings. "Faust," "Tasso," "St. Francis," "Mazeppa" and not a few of Liszt's other compositions based upon characters historic or mythical share with this "Dante" symphony a certain picturesqueness, and in every one, perhaps, there is some theme or thread of musical thought that for the moment entices and encourages, only to dash the listener's hopes at the very moments when there should be a fruition of genuine eloquence and power.

Despite the expectancy roused by the first measures of the portentous opening of the "Dante," which seek to evoke the dread eternity of hopelessness, the maddening whirl of lost souls through the void; despite the grateful contrast, toward the end of this tonal picture of the Inferno, afforded by the soliloquy of the bass clarinet, with its mellow and meditation phrases; notwithstanding the transient beauty of the love scene of Paolo and Francesca, with its obligato phrases for the first violin, and passing in review also the sheer relief brought, toward the close of the symphony, by the chorus of women's voices, with the conventionally solemn organ accompaniment—beyond and above these agreeable details there looms the spectre of the gigantic dullness that enchains Liszt and all his works.

Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic orchestra, aided by the St. Cecilia Club, whose conductor is Victor Harris, made a brave effort to galvanize the "Dante" symphony into influential life throughout its forty-five-minute reincarnation last evening. The emptiness of much of the score was almost disguised by the orderly din of the many instruments, skilfully played and ably marshalled. The excellent singing of the large choir of women gave no hint of any doubt of the tremendous import of what the composer had written. If the "Dante" symphony failed to interest under such conditions, it is not easy to guess when it could do otherwise.

Had a like energy and variety been imparted to the performance of Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale, which began the programme last evening, this not always inspired work might have made a deeper impression upon the hearers. Granting Schumann's weakness as to orchestration, and the rather hard, unyielding style in which this is written, it has, nevertheless, often sounded more persuasive than under Mr. Stransky's baton.

The St. Cecilia Club, conducted by Mr. Harris, sang three unaccompanied members, and sang them well, with full, vibrant tone, and a good deal of flexibility. Two of these pieces hailed from New England, the first was a setting by George W. Chadwick, of the ancient hymn, "Stabat Mater Speciosa" ("Stood the Lovely Mother Smiling"), in the manner of the a capella masters of long ago, but not much more, it would seem, than ingenious. The second was a pleasing version by Margaret Ruthven Lang, of

"Tra Wino," a short poem by John Galesworthy. Crisp and characteristic in its French text and music was Gabriel Pierné's "Le Mariage de Marion," and this was sung again, at the demand of the audience.

The whole programme will be repeated this afternoon.

February 27, 1914 "JULIEN" SANG AT METROPOLITAN Charpentier's Sequel to H "Louise" Heard for First Time Outside Paris.

Series of Lyric Tableaux Which Depict Disintegration of a Poet's Soul, His Work.

Gustave Charpentier's "Julien," mentioned by its author as a "lyric poem in prologue, four acts and eight tableaux" was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera House; its production being the third of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's promises. "Julien" received its first performance in Paris on the evening of June 4, 1903, on the stage of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra Comique; the parts on that occasion being interpreted by Margarete Carré and by MM. Boushère, Bordogne and De Creus. The reception accorded the opera was by no means universally enthusiastic, though the public appeared to like it and thronged to house at every performance. Its long period of gestation, the hopes aroused by the fact that it was a sequel to "Louise," and the general impression in Paris that its composer was the greatest operatic genius France had produced since the death of Charles Gounod, had heightened public interest to a pitch which would have been satisfied only by a work of consummate power and imaginative splendor. Judged by the standards "Julien" proved to be a failure, the Parisian critics declaring it of no more value as to meaning, undramatic and mediocre invention scarcely the equal of its predecessor.

Under these circumstances Mr. Gatti-Casazza's announcement of his intention to present it at the Metropolitan was received with many misgivings. No other theatre, either in France or out of it, had announced it for production, and the New York was to be the second city in the world to hear the new opera. Mr. Gatti, however, persisted in his intention, believing that the resources of the Opéra Comique had been insufficient for its proper presentation and holding that whatever might be its dramatic weaknesses it was yet a work conceived in an unusual nobility of mood and executed in a manner entirely original to its creator. The labor given to its production was enormous, Mr. Gatti stating that it was more difficult of presentation than two "Larsfals"; but, whatever may be its fate, last night's performance amply justified the Metropolitan director's faith in the work's unusual merits. "Julien" is not a "Louise," neither is a dreary imitation of Debussy nor a perfunctory degradation of Richard Wagner. M. Charpentier stands on his own legs and says what he has to say, in a way he alone would say it.

The Opera's Story.

The story of the opera, if story it can be called, was given at length in last Sunday's Tribune. It is an allegorical series of tableaux depicting the disintegration of a poet's soul, through disappointment, doubt, spiritual pride, a sensuality. Julien is the same poet who figures in "Louise," and the action opens in his room in the Villa Medici, in Rome. Here he is living in happiness with Louise, his soul aflame with the vision of Beauty with which he is to regenerate suffering, sinning humanity. He falls asleep, and Louise regarding him laments the fact that he is daily becoming more and more enamored of his world but adds:

"What matter, if his genius

Makes him immortal!

My future?

His work will tell of it!

"That is enough for me!"

With this brief scene reality ends, and the rest of the opera, which is Julien's dream, begins.

Julien sets out to redeem the world. His spirit faints a moment at the sight of the band of Poets who have failed, but with Louise at his side, as the symbol of the Beauty that he seeks, he passes on. At the Temple of Beauty the High Priest warns him of the temptations which beset him, but as he persists he is finally crowned by Louise, now become the Spirit of Beauty, who warns him to beware of pride and to love without ceasing.

The next act, laid in a wooded country, finds Julien already doubting in his mind. Louise, who enters, laments the fact

with her and her family, but Julien refuses her and passes on. The third act is on the Breton coast, and here the Poet, pursued by the phantoms of unbelief vainly seeks refuge. The grandmother begs him to believe in something beyond himself, but Julien, listening to the voices of the lost, with their curses and

Lower and lower he sinks, until, a human wreck, he emerges into a riotous crowd on the Place Blanche before the Moulin Rouge. Here he is accosted by a girl of the streets, in whom he recognizes the spirit of his Louise, but who has sunk with his sinking. She drunkenly sings of the pleasure of carnality. For a moment he is roused by a vision of the Temple of Beauty and of the mission to which he has been false—then he sinks in a drunken stupor at the feet of the lost girl.

Such is the libretto, a veritable apotheosis of pessimism, to which M. Charpentier has composed his music. Let it be said at once that the composer is a true poet, his lines are beautiful in themselves, his ideas gracefully expressed—but then—*en bono?* Even if we grant the practicality of such a subject for operatic treatment, what has M. Charpentier accomplished? At most we have an opening scene, a scene rich with promise and suggestion, resolving itself to the phantasmagoria of a dream. The final scene is one of utter bestiality—but that effect has it had upon the Poet, who all the time is sleeping in the Villa Medici, watched over by his faithful "Louise"? It is scarcely probable that M. Charpentier painted his last scene simply as a realistic study of Montmartre. He began his libretto in a spirit of missionary zeal, and surely an epilogue is needed to resolve the final discord and to give unity and meaning to the idea. Yet the antics of the absinthe-soaked Poet and the cackling laugh of the drunken prostitute are the sounds we carry away with us. It all looks suspiciously much as M. Charpentier had begun a scene with the zeal of a humanitarian fanatic and ended with precious little interest in anything at all!

A Dramatic Last Act.

Let it be said at once that the failure of the composer to give unity to the effect of the dream upon the Poet robs the work of any ethical significance, the very scene of bestiality with which the opera closes, and which is so satisfactory as the culmination of the composer's symbolism, is yet the only act possessing a shred of dramatic interest. This scene, horrible as it is, has in it, the less, action, color, dramatic contrast, and in its twisted, perverted fashion, lyric ecstasy. This scene, in the slang phrase, "gets over." The audience is interested, stirred, horrified; it realizes that at least drama has been enacted upon the stage; it may protest against that particular type of drama, but its emotions have reached none the less.

Charpentier's Fallacy.

It is here that the whole fallacy of M. Charpentier's scheme becomes suddenly apparent. Up to this point he has been giving us a series of philosophical discussions, practically the whole period being devoted to the intellectual ratiocinating of the hero, Julien, a sort of twentieth century Hamlet, a Hamlet sensual and continent, sings and sings and sings—because his heart is overflowing with emotion, but because his brain is torn with doubt. The world flouts him, and he wonders why. The Chorus of Lost Poets rings in his brain, and his brain reacts. But not once is there a moment of honest emotional fulfillment. When Ambroise Thomas wrote his "Hamlet" he took good care to omit the philosophy and to leave in the melo-drama. Verdi found "Othello" a fit subject for his genius, because "Othello" is a drama of primal passion, not of intellectual subtleties. It is true that Wagner, at times approached the danger line; here the sheer emotional drive of his music suddenly obliterates all else—whores for the words sung by the lovers in the immortal second act of "Tristan"? Wagners may lurk in the shadows, but Wagner surges supreme through the orchestral storm!

But Charpentier has set out to do what no one has ever succeeded in doing, and has failed. Even if it were possible to understand each word it is doubtful whether any audience would find itself interested in the downward wabbings of this æsthetic hero. High as may have been the composer's ideal, it was an ideal unsuited to the stage, however stated it may be for a treatise or a novel. In a word, he has violated the primal law of the theatre—instead of giving us aught through emotion he has striven to give us emotion through thought.

Yet Charpentier knows well his theatre, he proved in "Louise," and as he moves again in the last act of "Julien," he is masterly in his handling of the poet crowds, in the excitement of the risian fête, in the final horrible encounter between Julien and the *fille des rues*. He knows his Montmartre, its world

of students and models, of salouette, and coquettes of the flotsam and jetsam of life. Here he is at home. Here he feels life intensely, vitally. Here instinctively we feel are his sympathies, this child of twentieth century Bohemia; here among the people who gave him only the other day his Academician's sword. Why, we ask, has he striven to grow wings and to fly into the thin air of the ideal? Surely that air is not for him—who loves so well the smell of the Paris streets, who has felt the poetry of their cries. It is not the noblest life that he has sung, but it is life, and he has sung it well. Valm and evanescent, and utterly unreal is he in his suit of borrowed wings—and just a little ridiculous.

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The Music.

But whatever we may think of his dramatic conception, we cannot but be grateful to him as a musician. "Julien" has not the melodic freshness of "Louise"; indeed, many of its best themes are taken bodily out of the earlier work, and its whole first act is but a development of a composition written when he was a student in Rome—"La Vie de Poète." Yet it is a work which in orchestral power, in choral mastery and in the interweaving of haunting rhythms, is worthy of high praise. His handling of the choruses in fact is marvellous. Here, as elsewhere, his instinctive feeling for the crowd breaks forth, and modern Paris surges upon us, turgid, blatant, vulgar; yet tragic, vital and compelling. Who of us could hear that band blowing out its music behind the scenes on the Place Blanche, and not realize that this was life? Who of us in this day of the tango did not feel that crowd's rhythm in his blood?

Charpentier speaks in an idiom of his own. While Massenet was writing rose water melodies and dreaming of the days of paint and powder; while Debussy was inventing a new scale in order to express a life that never existed or could exist; while a whole crew of slavish imitators were vying with one another in the school of these two masters, Charpentier was writing in the only idiom he knew—the idiom of democracy. It is an idiom that is not truly beautiful; it will never lead us to the heights on which dwell Beethoven and Bach, but it is at least honest and alive. Perhaps it is the sincerest expression of modern France which has come to us in recent years.

The Performance.

But of the performance itself, with the possible exception of Mr. Caruso, only praise can be spoken. The stupendous choral difficulties were ably met and overcome by Signor Setti, and in the first act the massed choruses sang with a precision, a perfection of intonation, a resonance of tone which was phenomenal. Signor Polaceo, from his conductor's stand, held the ensemble together with splendid mastery, and led his musicians through the mazes of the score as if he had known the opera all his life. The drilling of the crowds, their posing, the brilliance of the costuming, all spoke volumes for the stage management of Jules Speck and the taste of Edward Siedle, while Mr. Gatti's scenery, painted by Paquecreau, showed not a little imaginative spirit, and the various changes were run off smoothly.

The chief protagonist of the opera is, of course, Julien, whom Enrico Caruso, of the golden voice was chosen to impersonate. Mr. Caruso, admirable artist as he is, is scarcely the figure to give verisimilitude to a poet aflame with an idealistic mission. The great tenor's virtues are not those of the imagination, and Julien is a part which would have tried the powers of a Jean de Reszke. But Mr. Caruso tried his best, and no doubt the audience drew the impression that something or other was troubling—but whether it was his head, his heart or his stomach was not always apparent. He sang the music with intelligence, though he was not in as good voice as at the dress rehearsal. Certainly, he deserves credit for his willingness to enter into a field strange to his temperament.

Miss Geraldine Farrar impersonated the five characters of Louise. La Blante, La Jeune Fille, L'Aïeulle and La Fille. In the former she was very much herself. In the second, as charming as any poet could have wished; in the third, again herself; in the fourth, for the first time in her life an old woman—it is of the fifth that we must speak. It was sordid, hestial realism, her girl of the streets; a figure out of Zola, with the laugh of one of Baudelaire's "Femmes Dammées." It was a far cry from Manon, a further one from the Goose-Girl; but it was as well sustained as either, a figure as powerful as it was horrible.

Of the other characters first honors went to Mr. Gilly in the three parts of L'Hierophante, Le Paysan and Le Mage. In the latter role he sang a waltz song which ought to become popular on Broadway, and sang it as Broadway will not sing it. The minor parts were all well taken. The audience, a noble one, displayed not a little enthusiasm, and after each

act was brought out a new list of those to whom the knowledge of the first performance in America the complete cast will be a delight. It was as follows:

Julien	Enrico Caruso
Louise	Geraldine Farrar
La Blante	Marie Matfeld
La Jeune Fille	Sophie Braslau
La Fille	Marie Duchene
L'Hierophante	Lila Robeson
Le Paysan	Dinh Gilly
Le Mage	Paulo Ananian
La Paysanne	Albert Reiss
Les Filles du Réve et Chimères	Lambert Murphy
Un Casseur de Pierres	Angelo Fada
Une Voix de l'Abîme	Pietro Audino
Un Camarade	Vincenzo Reschiglian
L'Acolyte	Julius Bayer
L'Officiant	Louise Cox, Vera Curills and Rosina Van Dyck
Une Voix de l'Abîme	
Un Ouvrier	
Un Bucheron	
Gardons de Café	
Julius Bayer	
Trois Fées	
Van Dyck	

Caruso and Farrar Triumph in Leading Roles of Sequel to "Louise."

"Julien"—At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Julien	Enrico Caruso
Louise	Geraldine Farrar
A Young Peasant Girl	
The Grandmother	
A Street Girl	
High Priest	Dinh Gilly
A Peasant	
A Fiddler	

"Julien, or, A Poet's Life," a lyric poem in a prologue, four acts and eight tableaux, the book and the music by Gustave Charpentier, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in this country. A great audience assembled and soon found itself lost in wonder and speculation as to the meaning of the strange and tragic satire placed before it. A long, sombre, pathetic creation, demanding on the part of the auditor the tenderest sympathy for things commonly treated with indifference and calling for an imagination the peer of the poet's own, "Julien" makes no bid for the triumphs of popularity, but asks the respect of serious devotees of art.

Utilizing all the apparatus of the opera, this is not opera at all, but a bold, brilliant and pitiless arraignment of a world which despises and maltreats its artistic children, and at the same time it strikes at pride and ambition. Spectacular in the finest sense, poetic in the artistic sense of the word, musical in a vague yet sensitive medium of utterance, "Julien" is first of all not an entertainment and the furthest possible thing from an evening's amusement. It is a sermon in prose poetry, a homily in action, a mystery play of modern life.

The book of this opera is much more important than the music. The story may be summarized briefly as Charpentier's picture of a poet aflame with eagerness to uplift the ideals of a gross world and destroyed by his own pride. Not seeking to serve but to conquer, he falls a victim to the world's scorn.

The hero is Julien, who carried off Louise in the opera named after her. The two are living in Rome in the Villa de Medici in a room from whose windows one sees the dome of St. Peter's. The poet soliloquizes over his dreams and ambitions. He yearns to write with his heart's blood, to defy perfect beauty. "My beautiful enchanted dream, when wilt thou see thy day, make eternal the joy of living, which intoxicates me?"

This is the keynote of the drama. He lies down and sleeps. Louise comes and stands beside him. "He has gone to his land of dreams. What does he do there? Does he forget Louise beside some dream maiden? No matter. I shall live in his work." This is an outline of her thought. And then she tragically exclaims: "Etre Muse! Destin divin! Sort redoutable!"

The prologue ends and the dream of Julien, his recurrent dream of his fevered nights, is set forth. This is Charpentier's stinging answer to Julien's question and with it goes a bitter reply to the conjecture of the faithful Louise. What a Muse she comes to be! Surely Charpentier knew that the Muses were perforce three times three, because they must serve the offices of the Graces, the Furies and the Fates.

Hector Berlioz celebrated in music the life of an artist. His "Symphonie Fantastique" begins with beautiful dreams and ambitions, takes the artist to the heart of nature in the fields, marches him to the scaffold and faces him at last with the obscene riot of the Walpurgisnacht. And his artist too had a muse, Henrietta Smithson, against whom this symphony was designed to be a vengeful diatribe. Later Berlioz penned a sequel, "Lelio, or the Return to Life."

Charpentier shows us also dreams and ambitions, a scene in the fields and a Walpurgisnacht in the Montmartre of Paris. But there is a more ambitious purpose in the opera than in the symphonies, and it is conveyed to us with the aid of theatrical graphics cunningly planned. The first act of this strange tragedy following the prologue begins the dream of

Julien. It shows us the Holy Mount, whose summit, mysterious, aloof, incredible, sits the temple of beauty. Dream maidens, dripping with wet flowers, run among the rocks, and then slowly climbing the steep ascent come worshippers of Beauty, dream pilgrims, lovers, and at last Julien, with Louise clasped in his arms. They chant the ecstasy of love. The second scene shows us a place half way up the mount. A voice from the abyss sings of lost dreams. Chimeras waving mystic veils sing of lying dreams. Hapless poets stretch their arms toward the mount and pray for the resurrection of dead hopes. Julien suddenly knows that it is his mission to help his brothers.

He will lay his soul upon the altar of beauty and love. Louise rapturously echoes, "Lo!" The scene changes to the great hall of the temple of Beauty. Worshippers, the High Priest, dream maidens, the Hapless Poets, all are there. Julien is there, with Louise still in his arms. The Priest questions and warns the poet. Will he sacrifice everything for the ideal? Alas! he will never realize it. But he remains determined.

The frightened Louise takes refuge with the dream maidens. From that hour she is one. There is much ceremony. This perhaps is Charpentier reflecting upon the mummeries of Shikaneder in "Die Zauberflöte." The two scenes are strangely similar, yet pointedly different. Julien becomes a praying neophyte before the altar of Beauty. Presently, behold, Beauty herself glows above the altar in a wondrous light. Julien gazes at her enraptured, and, marvel of marvels, she is Louise! Through the scene appear a Bell Ringer and an Acolyte. They scorn the whole ceremony and proclaim the Priest a pretender. These hollow voices of the mocking world return in the bitter final episode of the dream. Charpentier calls this first act "Enthusiasm."

The second, the pastoral, is called "Doubt." The place is a smiling countryside before a peasant cottage. Julien sleeps on a mound. He has wandered far; he is weary; and a dream haunts him, a dream within a dream. Peasants work and sing. The old woman who lives in the cot declares that Julien's soul is vexed by the dream. Her child strangely resembles his lost Louise. She asks "Is he perchance unhappy?" Julien awakes and hears the chorus, coming from all the land, even as the cries of Paris came to him in the earlier opera. "All pain, all sorrow," he murmurs, "from the cradle to the grave." Here he had sought for peace, but even here came the wails of misery. The old peasant offers kind words. The girl caresses him with her eyes.

But doubt, implacable doubt, tortures him. The illusions of life are gone; will the illusion of his lovely dream survive? Presently he is alone in the moonlight and the girl woos him timidly. She looks like his lost love. Her name, too, is Louise. But he turns from her. He cannot dally with light love, and he has nothing else now to offer.

The old peasant reappears and says, "My door is open, but no love affairs outside here." Julien's dreaming mind tells him that this same voice in the Holy Temple warned him of lightly treating beauty. Yes, out of such stuff as dreams are made of the peasant is born of the priest and sings with the same voice. Again comes the warning to beware of pride, of ambition.

The third act is called "Impotence." Flying clouds and a storm swept sea make a background for another cottage and a church. Voices, voices, always voices, come from secret places to Julien's ears, and now he demands of them their reason for once, long ago, deluding him with a splendid dream which has been proved a hideous lie. The cottage holds an old woman, a grandmother. She caresses Julien and begs him to remain.

Strange persistence of dream faces! Even this venerable mother of men looks with the eyes and sings with the voice of Louise. "Who are those?" she asks as halting figures creep upon the highway. "Hapless poets," answers Julien. He prays before a shrine. The old woman bids him beware of pride. That is his reef; his reason is his pbison. The thought of the priest again! "Who told you that?" asks Julien. A moment later in his impotence he raves and curses God.

Last stage of all, intoxication. A deserted space in the outer boulevards of the soul of the world, Paris. At the rear all is blackness. Julien rushes in as it pursued by the Furies. He falls into a seat and hears voices of merrymakers. Then there comes to him from the Cabaret of the Muses a boid grissette. "Drink! Love! forget!" she says. She looks with the eyes and sings with the voice of Louise. With the degradation of the poet comes the degradation of the Muse. A goddess of the gutter is now created in the bedraggled image of her who once shone in the splendor of the temple of Beauty far way on the mystic mount.

While she speaks the vanished Chimeras faintly loom in the background and sing of mists of oblivion. "Who am I?" asks the grissette. "I am a muse who blows bagpipe tunes. I am Beauty, who makes the Beast. You weep. Lost illusions? Take a drink!" The face strikes down into the black depths of Julien's soul. "Infernal ghost, what do you wish? Whence come you?" If Louise were not dead he would think this was she. Presently she goes into the cabaret. Julien bows his head and confesses that in all that he has done he has been governed by the will to conquer, by sheer pride. And

that not be well?

At last the Walpurgisnacht! Dream maidens, chimeras, dream pilgrims, worshippers of beauty now find their counterparts in the drunken rout of a Montmartre carnival revel. With frenzied shrieks of incarnate frenzy they dance in shameless indecency and wallow in indescribable degradation. Dressed in an orgy of colors they caper to a foul melody of the sewer.

At the rear one sees a show booth. It is the "Theatre of the Ideal," and before it a showman calls invitations to enter and see the ennobling play, the worship of the true, the ideal, the beautiful. Is it—yes, without doubt—it is in mystic symbolism the voice of the High Priest bawling a vile parody of his lofty speech in the hall of the temple. Even the *Bell Ringer* and the *Acolyte* reappear and speak their minds. *Julien* plunges into the whirlpool. "You men, beasts that you are, let us all live like wild beasts!" The orgy grows madder. The crowd screams: "Down with the Ideal!" Men rush to tear apart the theatre. Then there is a sudden darkness, and in the heart of it once more glows the dim light of the temple hall. The *Grisette* laughs horribly as she watches the agonized expression of her new lover. Pierced with a thousand daggers his soul sees the vision of aspiration that glorified his youth. In despair he turns back to the *Grisette*. Still she laughs horribly. He falls dead at her feet. The grisly tragedy is ended.

A tragedy indeed as Charpentier conceived it and as he developed it; but what of those who sit in silent observation of it? What impression can this strange fantasia of dream life make? It is potent to weave a strong spell for a reader; but does it sound a clear dramatic note? Is it for the theatre and an audience? That it makes extraordinary demands upon the attention, the understanding and the sympathy of the auditor is undeniable. Few dramatists can venture upon such demands and hope that a careless public will meet them. And after all the thing is loosely made, for it is almost impossible to learn from the text what is dream and what reality. We have to fall back upon the author's statement that all following the prologue is dream.

More discouraging still must be regarded the sustained atmosphere of gloom. Not till the bacchanale of the last scene is there any interruption of the deep depression which follows *Julien* from even his ascent of the Holy Mount down again into the bottomless pit of his wretchedness. The pictures are triumphs of theatrical invention. They are as eloquent in their way as those of Maeterlinck in "Pelleas and Melisande." But all is remote, almost inaccessible, from beyond the chasm in front of the footlights.

The music is even less tangible than the poem. *Julien* wanders through the drama uttering his thoughts in a musical declamation which has fitness and dignity, but which leaves almost nothing for the hearer to carry away as a definite memory. There are moments of lofty beauty, as in the close of the first scene of the first act at the passage beginning, "Me voil, voil mon ame," and again in the exquisitely lovely scene with the peasant girl, sung with consummate art by Mr. Caruso. The treatment of the choral parts in the early scenes is masterly, and in the calls of the voices which come to *Julien's* ears before the peasant cot one finds the hand which penned the cries of Paris in "Louise."

But until the Montmartre revel the music is continually slow in movement, indefinite in rhythm, monotonous and heavy. The blare of the cabaret dance by a coarse cornet comes like a reviving blast of cool air, merely because it has the charm of a clear cut rhythm.

For those who bow their musical souls before the altar of the representative theme much serious matter will be found in this score, and indeed any tyro can appreciate the cunning repetition and transformation of certain motives from "Louise." But representative themes do not confer greatness upon an operatic score by their mere presence. They must have pregnant meaning, and united they must produce a dramatic entity.

He will be an enthusiast indeed who can discover here a musical craft which has given to the world another score of perfect structure. Of the suitability of the music to the scene in almost every episode there can be no question and there are bits of eloquent utterance. But the lyric explication of the gloomy drama is not inspired. The book overtops the music in originality, significance and purely external beauty.

Without question much of the heaviness of this score is due to its lack of spontaneity. The music loving public is entitled to know that most of the music is not new. The facts in regard to it were well brought out in a lecture on the opera delivered by Kurt Schindler on Wednesday afternoon. Since Mr. Schindler first publicly recounted these facts (already known to some other students of music) he is entitled to the credit.

Charpentier composed in the course of his residence in Rome a work called "La Vie du Poete," which is described as a symphony drama, or again as a concert opera. It is in four movements for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, and the words are Charpentier's own. This work, produced at the Grand Opera in 1892, is the basis of "Julien." The vocal score of the opera heard last evening contains nearly 300 pages, of which considerably more than one-half are taken bodily from

"La Vie du Poete." Some ten or a dozen pages are from "Louise" and some others are cut. The rest is new, and what is new is not important.

In "La Vie du Poete" the first part corresponded to the first act of the opera, and like it was called "Enthusiasm." The second was "Doubt" and the third "Impotence." The fourth part was the Montmartre episode, and a French critic wrote of it that here the composer had reproduced all the echoes of Montmartre, its wild laughter, its grimaces, the cries of its abandoned women with a spirit and mastery surely musical. This same commentator spoke fervently of the splendor of the choruses of the first part, of the great charm and poetic color of the second and of the grandeur and solidity of the ensembles in the third part. He says in conclusion that it is a work peculiarly personal, the creation of an artist of race and temperament.

All of this is interesting chiefly because it proves that Charpentier was brought to the composition of this so-called "sequel" to "Louise" not by the irresistible force of creative thoughts welling up within him but by the desire to provide an expectant public with a new stage spectacle. It is for this reason above all others that the opera takes no commanding position, that it passes before the mind as an interesting, ambitious and imaginative effort, but an effort and nothing more. As a bold confrontation of the public by the artist it challenges a certain admiration. Since the public, however, is a rather callous creature, it may answer yet again with the pregnant remark, "It would have signified much more to confront me with a masterpiece."

The production will without doubt be long remembered as one of the most admirable of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's direction. Believing, as he justifiably did, that this opera ought to have a hearing, he slighted it in no particular. The scenes are noteworthy achievements of the scene painter's art. The costuming, mechanical devices, groupings, lighting and action—all of which call for the complete technical resources of the modern stage—are adequate and most beautiful. The musical interpretation, confided to the skill and intelligence of Maestro Giorgio Polacco, is ideal. Here indeed all things are brought into harmony.

Without question *Julien* is one of the most difficult roles offered to a tenor at any period of opera. Mr. Caruso deserves hearty praise for what he has accomplished with it. The part is out of his territory. It is a profoundly reflective study, and it would be hard to find any singer who could quite meet its demands. Mr. Caruso sings it with beauty of tone and with sympathy. He acts it with sincerity and with devotion. But it would be idle to say that he realizes all its possibilities. To fill the role a tenor should be an actor of great imagination, of extraordinary skill in the nuances of face, gesture and pose, of inborn understanding of the niceties of French diction.

Miss Farrar succeeds better with *Louise* and her consecutive reappearances, perhaps because they require less subtlety. She is least convincing as a grandmother and most so as the *Grisette*. In this last guise she makes the wreck of the ideal something really terrible. She has added to her gamut of expression a laugh which she might have learned somewhere in the regions of Dante's "Inferno." Much praise has been awarded to Miss Farrar's acting when she was merely erratic. In this episode she is an artist to her finger tips. If she had any great music to sing, something special might be said of her vocal art. But her triumph in this opera is in the scale she sweeps from the sweet *Louise* and the gentle peasant to the really grisly *Grisette*.

These two carry the burden of the opera on their shoulders. Mr. Gilly was the *High Priest* in his several avatars. Mr. Ananian and Mr. Reiss were the scoffers in temple and street. But what the minor singers had to do was not prominent. The chorus had been well drilled, and the small parts were well done. The excellent orchestra of the opera house played its share of the work with beauty of tone and elasticity of style.

"Julien" an Allegorical Opera.

Fourteen years ago the Opéra Comique, in Paris, produced an opera which achieved immediate success—Charpentier's "Louise." Its composer was a pupil of Massenet, and he had previously won considerable fame by two works written during the time when he enjoyed the advantages of the Prix de Rome—the orchestral suite "Impressions d'Italie" and the "symphonic drama" entitled "La Vie du Poete," for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, which was produced at the Opéra and much applauded. But it was not till his "Louise" was brought out that other European opera houses opened their gates to him. New York waited till 1908, when Oscar Hammerstein staged "Louise," with a star cast, including Mary Garden, Bressler-Gianoli, Zeppilli, Trentini, Dalmores, and Gilbert. Together with Massenet's "Thais," which had preceded it by a few months, and the cast of which included Maurice Renaud, as well as Mary Garden, it established the supremacy of French opera at the Manhattan.

Shortly after the successful premiere of "Louise" rumors began to appear in the Paris journals that Charpentier was at work on a sequel to that opera in

which some of the principal characters would reappear. Year after year the report was kept going, until skeptics began to joke about this "sequel" and class it with Boito's mythical "Nero." On June 4, 1913, however, "Julien" was actually produced in Paris. It proved to be a sequel to "Louise," in so far as the two principal characters in it reappear—*Louise*, the Parisian sewing girl of Montmartre, and *Julien*, the poet of Bohemian proclivities, with whom she runs away because her parents refuse their consent to their marriage. In other respects there is little connection between the two operas. In truth, "Julien" is rather an elaboration of his early work already referred to, "La Vie du Poete."

The new opera—which last night had its first performance outside of Paris—is as completely the composer's work as the operas of Wagner. That is, Charpentier not only wrote the music, but conceived the plot and penned the libretto, which is described on the title-page as a "lyric poem in a prologue, four acts, and eight tableaux." The English version is by Martha Leonard. The story is allegorical; in Charpentier's own words, "it might be called the dream of a poet's life." By thus making it a dream the poet cleverly escapes censure for his double poetic license in making a poet a recipient of the Prix de Rome, and representing him, in the opening scene, as an occupant of the Villa Medici, together with a woman.

The woman is *Louise*, who is seen sleeping on a couch in a dimly lighted alcove. *Julien* enters, goes to the window to wave farewell to his noisy comrades, kisses *Louise*, goes to his table, takes up a leaf which he apostrophizes as his twenty years' dream of faith, love, joy, and beauty, throws himself into an armchair and falls asleep. *Louise* awakes, finds him asleep, and exclaims: "He dreams! Of his glory? Of his work? Of me, perchance? What is to be my fate? To be his muse? O heavenly, fearful fate!"

The rest of the opera, in four acts and eight scenes, may be looked on as visualization of *Julien's* dreams—not a new idea, but seldom before carried out so elaborately.

"Enthusiasm" is the name of the first act; the first tableau is on the Holy Mount, crowned by the Temple of Beauty. Dream Maidens appear on the path, followed by Worshippers of Beauty, and lovers, among them *Louise* and *Julien*. Scene changes to the Dark Valley, half way up the Holy Mount. From the gloomy depth arise agonized voices of Hapless Poets. *Julien's* pity is aroused; he resolves to help them. In the third scene, in the Temple of Beauty, *Julien* is acclaimed as the one destined to reveal the wondrous power of supreme beauty. *Louise* is seen as the incarnation of that beauty.

Act II. "Doubt." *Julien* is asleep by the roadside, disappointed in his efforts to convert the world to a belief in his ideals. Hungarian peasants find him and chant their songs of the earth and humble toil. Among them is a young girl who has the face of *Louise*—her third incarnation. She invites him to remain, but he repulses her and passes on.

Act III. Wild landscape in Brittany, *Julien's* native soil. His old grandmother tries to win him back to the church; but she is merely another incarnation of *Louise*. There is a struggle between her kindly endeavor and the brutal blasphemy of the unseen choir of Hapless Poets for the possession of his soul.

Act IV. "Intoxication." Having lost his ideals, the poet sinks lower and lower. In front of a tavern in Montmartre he is accosted by a streetwalker, in whom he recognizes the features of *Louise*. The scene changes to the Moulin Rouge, in the Place Blanche, where a noisy crowd is indulging in the merriments of a fair. The characters of the preceding scenes reappear parodistically attired, among them *Louise*. Following the example of *Julien*, she rails at ideals, and sings the praises of bestiality. The crowd joins in, and finally, angered by the words of the showman, wrecks his movable theatre. After a moment of darkness a phantom vision of the Temple of Beauty arises in the background. *Julien* and *Louise*, intoxicated, come out of the cabaret. She drops on a bench, laughing horribly, and *Julien* sinks at her feet.

It is scarcely worth while to discuss such a libretto seriously. The text of a good operatic plot is that it should explain itself, at least in its main details, to the eye as it is presented on the stage. "Julien" has no such plot. It

is merely a phantasmagoria of disconnected scenes the purport of which can only be made out by repeated reading of the libretto—a boresome task. In part, the story of the poet's aspiration and his fall may be autobiographic; in part, it is an echo of the story of Beethoven's fantastic symphony entitled, "A Episode in the Life of an Artist," which has been described as "a very nightmare of passion." In this the artist begins to love with ideals and ends, under the influence of drugs, by imagining himself the murderer of his beloved and witnessing his own execution.

Although, as poetry, the text of "Julien" has far more merit than most of the librettos of the Rossini-Donizetti period, it is equally undramatic. The music, too, is for the most part more like acted oratorio than a real opera. As "Boris Godounoff," the best things in it are the choruses, and these were admirably sung last night. There is one vocal melody worth remembering—motive of five notes that is omnipresent in the third and fourth acts, but even this melody owes most of its charm to the marvellous use Charpentier makes of it orchestrally, presenting it in a kaleidoscopic variety of forms and colors.

There are in this music hints of Wagner's operas, particularly "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," and of the composer's own "Louise"; but these are trifles not worth considering compared with the wholesale borrowings from his "La Vie du Poete." Kurt Schindler, on comparing the score, found that Charpentier had taken a hundred pages of his earlier work and transferred them almost unchanged to "Julien." It is, therefore, practically earlier work than "Louise"; yet somehow it is far inferior to it, or to his "Impressions of Italy" in the matter of invention. If "Julien" should live—which is not likely—it will owe its success chiefly to his cleverness in reproducing musical sounds of street life and mobs.

By far the most important and interesting part of the Metropolitan production of "Julien" is the scenery, a part which, up to the present, has not been considered as the climax of an operatic work. Of this scenery, and the mise-en-scène, little but good can be written. The eye is carried from one superb set to another, from the aiguille on which the temple of beauty, to the "valley accurst" from where despairing souls in glittering raiment and gauzy vells, in the distance this same temple which is inaccessible to them. The culmination of the first act is the interior of the temple, ablaze with light, and decorated by Coryphaeans in golden costumes, "dream-maidens, worshippers of Beauty, augurs, sages, lovers, the chosen poets, and others who seem to have 'nothing to do with the case,' as Koko in the 'Alakado' used to sing. Across this background *Julien* and *Louise* drift periodically.

After the first act the work has no cohesion. A Slovanian Farm shows very fine backdrop of hill and dale and cultivated fields, the principal characters, apart from *Julien*, being contained in very handsome peasant dress. The third scene is on the coast of Brittany, with a tempest going on. The cloud effects might well have been better last night. There was a great deal of lightning of an unconvincing variety and considerable noise, of a thunderous kind, and there was more than a suggestion musically of Wagner's "Lohengrin." This is the shortest act of all. The next is divided into three scenes, the first and last in a corner of an outer boulevard, the second the Place Blanche on a carnival night. The first is as dismal as the second is brilliant, but in both cases the sordid element has been fully kept in evidence.

The cast, headed by Mr. Caruso as *Julien*, Miss Farrar, disclosed many familiar names, among others those of Mr. Gilly, Mme. Duchêne, and Reiss. To say that this cast was altogether successful would be stretching a point. Miss Farrar, except at the beginning and end, has little to do beside standing around in a variety of attitudes and in costume more or less becoming. In the Prologue she has something of a scene to herself and looks pretty as she watches over the sleep of *Julien*, a sleep which is responsible for what follows. In the last act she plays the part of a street girl with much gusto and appreciation of its possibilities—a marvel of realism. As far as there was anything singable, she sang well, and she made a lovely

To add color of her voice emphasized and heightened the prevailing note of passionate intensity that runs through most of these songs, and her interpretation of them was profoundly impressive, of moving, emotional power. Such a critical vehemence, as she gave to Mary Turner Salter's "Cry of Rachel" is seldom to be heard, nor so intensely to be felt. The happy irony of Liszt's "Drei Zigeuner" was admirably produced. Hugo Wolf's "Freud" made so deep an impression that he had to repeat it. On the other hand the more purely lyrical feeling of a "Auf eine Wanderung" was less successfully shown forth, and there are fancy and humor in "Der Tambour" that he did not quite reach. She gave something, if not all, of the poetical fragrance of Strauss's "Traumdurch die Limmerei." z z z

Mr. Metzger's last group was made up of three songs of Mahler's and Wolf's "Reich." Her accompaniments were excellently played by Conrad. Her

The orchestra under the direction of M. Adolph Rothmeyer played the overture to Weber's "Oberon," three short dances of Gillet and Meyerbeer's "Torchlight Procession."

The orchestral part of the programme consisted of Bizet's "Arlésienne" suite (No. 1), Debussy's "Après-midi d'un Fiancé", Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture and a strange coincidence—Liszt's "Les Préludes".

She recovered very soon and ended her recital.

The orchestra covered itself with glo at both performances, first under M Hertz's authoritative bâton, and later

The demonstrations of sorrow and the weeping of those who try to represent the hard and bold men of early California days at the opera are unspeakably funny to any one who knows the West. Puccini's music, the libretto, and the atmosphere on the stage at the Metropolitan have been well described by a witty listener as being "as Italian as spaghetti."

Mr. Stransky's orchestral programme began with Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite and ended with Rossini's "William Tell" overture. Two other numbers were Debussy's "D'Après-Midi d'un Faun" and Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture. All of these were admirably played; but the climax of the concert was the "Préludes" of Liszt, which aroused a storm of applause which would not abate until Mr. Stransky, after returning to the stage repeatedly, made the orchestra rise and bow. "Les Préludes" is the most popular of the Liszt symphonic poems; but one must hear Stransky conduct it to realize what a truly inspired and classical—or rather romantic—work it is. He reads it like an orator—with effects of broadening out and a multitude of shadings and nuances that add wonderfully to its effectiveness.

One of the greatest Liszt apostles and interpreters New York has had was Dr. Leopold Damrosch, a personal friend of the great pianist-composer. His son Walter has not followed in his footsteps, but occasionally he puts a Liszt piece in his programme. He did so yesterday at Aeolian Hall, the piece being the same as that played by the Philharmonic. Schumann's D minor symphony was also played, and the audience was particularly pleased with Strauss's "Kaiserwalzer." The soloist was Frieda Hempel, who gave much pleasure by her artistic singing of arias from Mozart's "Entführung" and Bellini's "I Puritani." She was recalled a dozen times.

The largest audience of the day heard Melba and Kuhelik at the Hippodrome. At the Metropolitan and the Century Opera House the usual popular concerts were given last night, and at the Belasco Theatre there was a concert by Isabel Hanser and the Saslavsky Quartet.

MARCH 3, 1914 ORFEO ED EURIDICE AT METROPOLITAN

Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" had its first performance of the current season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The occasion served to give Mme. Homer her second appearance of the winter and to allow her to present once more the impersonation in which she has gained her greatest success. This impersonation might easily be made the subject of serious discussion if anything were to be gained by it. Mme. Homer excites admiration for what she accomplishes, which is much indeed, and yet the representation of Orfeo by a woman raises questions in some minds.

It ought to be remembered, however, that the role was written for the famous male soprano, Gaetano Guadagni, who was one of the operatic idols of Europe in his day, and that Gluck rewrote the part for the Parisian production for the high tenor Legros. What was more, the composer was false to some of his own doctrines in that he introduced for this singer ornamental passages and other features out of keeping with the character.

Except for the fact that Guadagni was a man, his delivery of the music could not have been radically different from that of a woman. He was originally a contralto, studied the finish of his art with the great Gizelle and acting under no less a master than Garrick, who took the deepest interest in forming him. Burney tells us that in 1769 he had anticipated the methods of to-day's contraltos by transforming himself into a soprano. The author says his voice was not as good in its new state. His principal effects were in unaccompanied passages and in diminuendi of Pachelbel's delicacy.

On the other hand, he was a man of fine figure, of handsome and mobile countenance and of great grace in gesture and attitude. His style of singing was generally very "delicate, polished and refined." Perhaps after all when a woman sings Orfeo we come nearer to hearing the part as Gluck originally conceived it than we would if it were handed over to a tenor. Certainly we would have some difficulty in deciding whether we would prefer a male contralto or soprano to a woman.

Since the conventions of the modern stage so often ask us to accept women in male parts and since we are willing to do so despite the want of illusion, there is something to be said in favor of hearing Gluck's music with the quality of one the nearest possible in our day to that in which we conceived it.

That Mme. Homer sings this music with splendid dignity of style and with feeling has often been noted. She never sang it better than she did last night. Especially broad and dramatic was her delivery of the interpreted "Divinites du Styx." Her plastic pose and gesture again added to the beauty of her impersonation.

The other members of the cast were the same as heretofore. Mme. Gadski as Euridice, Miss Sparkes as Amore and Miss Case as the Happy Shade were all worthy of praise. The choruses were well done and the dances were effective. Mr. Toscanini conducted and his intelligence and sympathy pervaded the entire performance.

MARCH 4, 1914 MR. GODOWSKY'S RECITAL.

Last Appearance of the Pianist Before His Return to Europe.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave his first piano recital in New York this season yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall—his first, and, as is announced, also his last, because of his immediate departure for Europe. Aeolian Hall is far better adapted to his style than the larger auditorium of Carnegie Hall, where he has hitherto played, as his

performance was more enjoyed than any he has given before in New York. His tone sounded richer, fuller and warmer than before; and his playing gained correspondingly in concentration of expression, and approached nearer to emotional warmth than it has sometimes done. And yet Mr. Godowsky was said to be suffering from the strain of an arduous journey from Philadelphia in a snow-bound train; a circumstance that made little effect upon his playing.

His technique, after a few slips in the beginning, seemed never more brilliant, more crystalline clear, more secure and mazing in the most mazing difficulties than ever before; and since he first reappeared in New York last season never so completely justified the enormous reputation he has gained by it in Europe.

He did not yesterday fire his listeners with burning passion or uplifting eloquence, even in the noble variations of the last movement of Beethoven's E major sonata, Op. 109, which stood first on his programme. Passion and eloquence are not the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Godowsky's playing, even at its best. But there were beautiful repose and clarity in the variations, vivacity in the first two movements, and through it all a beautifully polished style that had an inner warmth.

His Chopin etude, Chopin was finely played; the Darcaville with capturing grace and vigor, the F sharp minor polonaise with power and energy, beneath which smouldered something of its sullen fire. There was special charm in his reading of the G flat Impromptu, because of the appropriateness of its tempo, often over driven by pianists, and its introspective spirit which avoided an exterior brilliancy not becoming to it.

Mr. Godowsky could not be expected to keep clear of the virtuoso arrangements that so easily arouse admiration because of their ingenuity and their difficulty. His modernizing of Rameau's minuet and Scarlatti's A major allegro is comprehensible. His "Studies on Chopin's Etudes" are much less so, however wonderful they are. They have the decadent flavor of Alexandrian art. Why make versions of the etude on black keys inverted? Why arrange others for the left hand alone, changing, retouching, and "improving" Chopin's harmonies? They are better played with two hands; and whether or not Chopin might have written them with other harmonies had he lived to-day, he was a great harmonist, a great master, and entitled to be left uninkered. Mr. Godowsky's playing of these things was little less than marvelous; but musical art is a different kind of a marvel. Marvellous also was his playing of Liszt's diabolically and ironically clever "Mephisto Waltz"; the "Waldeshaushen," and "Gnomes Reigen" etudes might both have had a little more poetic grace.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Bach's Brandenburg Concerto for Violin and Two Flutes Played.

One of the most interesting features of the Kneisel Quartet's programmes in recent seasons has been the inclusion in them of a number of J. S. Bach's concertos for several instruments. Mr. Kneisel added another to the list at the fifth concert of the organization in Aeolian Hall last evening—the concerto in G major for principal violin and two flutes, with accompaniment of a small string orchestra and piano. Such compositions are wholly in place in the Kneisel Quartet's concerts, for they are in reality chamber music, and do not correspond in their nature with modern concertos for a solo instrument, with the accompaniment of a full orchestra.

This concerto is one of Bach's so-called Brandenburg concertos, composed when he was in the service of a German princeling for the instrumental forces available for him at that court. They are for various combinations of instruments, and several of them are not infrequently played in modern orchestral concerts, generally with certain arrangements necessary for modern instrumental players. This one is too nearly a chamber composition for such use. For his performance Mr. Kneisel found it necessary to complete the part for the pianoforte. In Bach's score, this, as in all compositions of the period, is represented by a figured bass part only, for the harpsichord, at that time an invariable member of the orchestra. This the performer himself was expected to fill out, probably extemporaneously, in accordance with the general character of the composition. It appeared that no modern filling out of this part had been published, as is the case with many compositions of the "figured bass period," which scholars have arranged for present-day use. Whence it may be conjectured that performances of this concerto, at least so correct and so truly according to the intentions of the composer, have not been numerous.

To hear it was a delightful experience. The music has the unmistakable vigor, charm, and vitality of Bach, and the final figure especially has an overflowing animation and melodic grace. The tonal effect of the two flutes with the solo violin, which form the "concertino," now alone and now projected against the background of strings, is of a unique and poetical beauty. Mr. Kneisel was assisted by Messrs. William Kincaid and G. Roscoe Possell, flutes, who played with admirable tone, precision of rhythm, and finish of execution, and with a right feeling for the ensemble effect. Mr. Clarence Adler played the piano part discreetly, and with the quartet in the string parts were associated Messrs. Schulz, Kovarik, Gardner, Breeskin, Jacobson, and Manoly. The audience showed a high appreciation of the work, and the principals were several times recalled.

The rest of the programme contained Schubert's posthumous D minor quartet and Brahms's string sextet in E flat, Op. 18. Both have been played by Mr. Kneisel before, but the sextet not for many seasons. It is music of full-blooded melodic quality, without any of the austerity that marks many of Brahms's youthful compositions, among which it belongs, and it delights the ear especially through the richness and fullness of tone which Brahms drew from the six instruments and through numerous passages in which he has divided them into two groups with contrasting effects.

KNEISEL QUARTET IN BACH CONCERTO Fifth Subscription Concert at Aeolian Hall Produces Delightful Music.

By R. E. KNEISEL.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its fifth subscription concert of this season at Aeolian Hall last night. The most interesting feature of its programme, because it was at once the oldest and newest of its numbers, was a concerto for solo violin, with two flutes added to the customary accompanying orchestra of Bach's day. This orchestra always included a part, never written out, but left largely to the ingenuity of the player on the harpsichord, and this part, written out in full in deference to modern pianoforte performers, was played by Mr. Clarence Adler, who (as on an earlier occasion) showed most admirable taste and discrimination in treating his part as it ought to be treated, and not striving for a dominant position in the music. The concerto is in G major and not familiar pabulum to the consumers of the classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Kneisel brought it forward at the first concert of the Society of the Friends of Music last December. It was probably as interesting then as it was last night, but it was heard with more dignity and respect on the second occasion. The better the music as true art the less does it gain by being listened to among halfway sympathetic listeners sitting on riddled chairs in an uncongenial room. The better it is the more ought to be appreciated that "angelic wedlock" between performers and listeners of which Weber once spoke very beautifully, and which is essential to the performance and enjoyment of chamber music—*musica di camera*, music so beautiful that intimacy is necessary to its performance and its understanding as well as its appreciation.

Last night nothing was wanting for its perfect enjoyment. The music was transcendently admirable, the work of the players beyond criticism, and the listeners (as we have often said before), the fine flower of our musical public. Mr. Kneisel prepared the work for performance last summer. Thinking it necessary (which we do not) to forego the assistance of the harpsichord, he used the pianoforte, and in its part had the help of Bach himself, who arranged the same concerto for harpsichord and orchestra. The arrangement offered an opportunity which it would have been foolish to neglect, inasmuch as it suggested many ideas for the filling out of parts so frequently skeletonized by the composer; but it remains to the credit of Mr. Kneisel that he succeeded in keeping so well balanced and euphonious a body of tone, that one can but believe that it was thus the music sounded to the ears of the connoisseurs who listened to it in the salons of the Grand Duke of Brandenburg, for whom Bach wrote nearly all of his purely orchestral music.

As for the performance, it was what might have been expected from Mr. Kneisel—a model of style and taste, from a musical point of view and an æsthetic delight. His helpers were William Kincaid and G. Possell (flutes), M. Adler (piano-forte), Samuel Gardner, Elias Breeskin and Sascha Jacobson (violins), and Ludwig Manoly (double bass). The other numbers of the programme were Schubert's posthumous Quartet in D minor (one of the never dimmed gems in the Kneisel treasury, and Brahms's Sextet in B flat for strings, Op. 18, in which the quartet had the help of Josef Kovarik, viola, and Ludwig Manoly, double bass.

MR. GODOWSKY'S CONCERT.
Leopold Godowsky, the eminent pianist, gave his farewell recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His programme comprised Beethoven's E major sonata, opus 109; a minuet by Rameau, a concert allegro by Scarlatti with "adaptation" by the pianist, a group of Chopin pieces, several of the same master's etudes as rearranged in new studies by Mr. Godowsky and numbers by Henselt and Liszt. The Chopin arrangements were that of the G flat etude, opus 10, No. 5, and three others transcribed for left hand alone. These left hand preparations of Mr. Godowsky are well known to pianists and to most students of the piano as remarkable pieces of technical invention, and Mr. Godowsky, who is a virtuoso of great accomplishments, can play them skillfully.

Such recitals as this pianist gives have much to interest those whose acquaintance with piano playing is more than

superficial. At the same time the music lover must continue to wish that an artist whose technical equipment is so great could bring to the performance of a work like Beethoven's E major sonata more richness of tone and wealth of imagination.

There were fine moments in the performance, as in the cantabile, but most of it was noteworthy principally for clarity and accuracy. That Mr. Godowsky's playing preserved these qualities was particularly to his credit yesterday because he succeeded in reaching this city in time for the recital only after a long and exhaustive journey of some dozen or more hours from Philadelphia.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The programme of the fifth concert of the Kneisel Quartet at Aeolian Hall last evening contained three numbers, of which only one was a quartet, and this the familiar one in D minor of Schubert. This composition, which includes the matchless variations on "Death and the Maiden," belongs to what may be called with precision popular chamber music because its appeal to the uninitiated ear is as swift and irresistible as that which it makes to this most profound student of artistic structure and organization.

Before it the audience heard the fourth of Bach's Brandenburg concertos and after it the great B flat string sextet of Brahms. The Brandenburg concertos serve well either as chamber music or as orchestral pieces, but they are at their best when presented on the comparatively small scale according to which their creator conceived them. This scale may be designated as small when contrasted with the orchestral plans of the present time, albeit the band of the Margrave of Brandenburg was not

poorly equipped. But the compositions properly occupy a position perhaps midway between what is now accepted as orchestral and that which may strictly be called chamber music.

As given last night the concerto was heard in an arrangement made by Mr. Kneisel for the required principal violin, two flutes (also solo instruments) and support of piano, three violins and double bass. In its original form the accompaniment was made for the body of strings in the Brandenburg orchestra. The assisting players were William Kincaid and Roscoe Possell, flutes; Clarence Adler, piano; Samuel Gardner, Elias Breeskin and Sascha Jacobson, violins, and Ludwig Manoly, double bass. The three violinists are all pupils of Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Gardner being the only graduate of the three.

In the Brahms sextet the quartet required the assistance of more seasoned players and therefore Leo Schulz, cello, and Josef Kovarik, viola, were brought to the stage. It is hardly needful to add that the concert was a good one. Mr. Kneisel is exacting in the matter of rehearsals and the musicians associated with him last evening were equal to the tasks allotted to them.

FIRST 'EVENING SUN' CONCERT A TRIUMPH

The first concert in THE EVENING SUN'S music festival was a huge success and 7,000 persons paid admission and took seats at Madison Square Garden to hear Mlle. Lucrezia Bori, the Russian Symphony Orchestra and the Brooklyn Choral Union. The satisfaction of the 7,000 was evidenced by their ready and continued applause. They did not want Mlle. Bori to stop at all. She was gracious and repeated parts of the arias on her programme, but even then the crowd was not satisfied until the Metropolitan's Spanish soprano had returned to the platform and bowed and bowed again.

While the crowd was coming into the Garden Julius Hopp, the organizer of the Wage Earners Theatre League, said that he had not expected any very great crowd on the opening night. But before the orchestra began its first number Mr. Hopp admitted his mistake. Aside from the advance sale there was a long line at the Madison avenue entrance to the Garden, waiting to buy tickets, most of the buyers holding in their hands THE EVENING SUN coupons which enabled them to get tickets at the extremely low price of 25 cents.

Thoughtful Ones Benefit.

These late comers filed into the Garden as fast as they could get their tickets, but meanwhile those who had bought their tickets in advance at one of the offices named in THE EVENING SUN were enjoying the beginning of the programme.

All doubts of the nervous as to getting into and out of the Garden without crush or danger were stilled by the almost perfect arrangements last night. All the entrances of the Garden were used—an entrance for each part of the house—and at no time was there any inconvenience to the audience. It is expected that at least 10,000 persons will be in the garden on Saturday and Sunday nights, but with the system shown last night there need be no fear of crushes.

The big amphitheatre wore new clothes for the occasion last night. The ceiling was decked in green, with white bands marking the steel beams. The same colors were run around the galleries and boxes, and marked off the orchestra platform. This platform was on the Twenty-seventh street side of the building, erected over the boxes and arena seats, instead of in the middle of the arena. Every one of the 7,000 in last

either his seat was on the arena floor, the boxes or arena seats, in the balcony or up in the gallery.

Colridge Taylor Cantata.

The programme began with "The Ath of Minthaha" from Colridge-Taylor's cantata "Hiawatha," sung by the Brooklyn Choral Union under the direction of T. Bath Glasson. The orchestra accompanied the choral society. The solos of the cantata were given to Marie Stoddart, soprano, and James Finley, basso. The number was sung without cuts and made up the first section of the programme. It was received with much favor.

At the beginning of the second section of the programme was the overture to Thomas's "Mignon," which the orchestra followed with the large movement from Borok's "New World" symphony. Then came three shorter numbers, Jacrnfelt's "Aeludum, the ballet music from Glinz's "Life for the Czar," and the Dance of the Fairy Dolls from Tschalkowsky's "Rutacker" suite. In the last named one, Rossini played the celesta.

When Mlle. Bori appeared and bowed each section in turn the applause was so great that it was necessary to wait a minute or two before beginning her first number, which was the bird song from "L'Amore del Tre Rei." Mlle. Bori did not seem in the least confused by the bligness of the amphitheatre and her voice at all times fully carried to every part of the arena. It was one of the largest crowds that the soprano of "L'Amore del Tre Rei" has sung before in America, and there was no doubt that she made new friends with every phrase.

This part of the programme ended with another orchestra number, Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody.

Mme. Bori's Second Triumph.

Mlle. Bori's second number, which formed the third part of the programme, was Mimi's aria from the first act of "La Boheme." Again she had to wait, but for longer time, for the applause to end. She sang once more, an aria from Puceri's "Manon Lescaut" being the selection, and again the applause at her appearance and at the end of the number was repeated.

Between the soprano's last two numbers the orchestra played the Dance of the Hours from "Gioconda," and for the wrap-up of the programme it played Tschalkowsky's Marche Slav.

The Brooklyn Choral Union had a mishap, which probably was not known to many in the audience. The organization comprises 600 men and women, of whom 100 had been counted on to take part last night. When Mr. Glasson took his place at the conductor's stand he raised his baton for the orchestra to begin there were only 350 of these in sight of him. The diminished union went on and sang its number, and as it sang the 150 tardy members filed in. They had been delayed by stormbound traffic conditions in their native borough.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra will play again at the concert to-night and at all the other concerts of the festival. Washington Irving High School Chorus will do the choral work to-night. The soloists will be Miss Sophie Brasas, the Metropolitan Opera Company soprano, and Miss Valentine Crespi, an Italian violinist.

BEETHOVEN MUSIC GREATLY PLAYED

In the natural order of things the climax of the Symphony Society's Beethoven festival should be reached Saturday evening when the ninth symphony is to be performed; but those who attended Saturday evening's concert must have felt that homage to the great master could attain no more eloquent exposition than that made by Josef Hofmann's interpretation of the E flat piano concerto.

The programme comprised three numbers, the overture to "Coriolan," the ninth symphony and the concerto, which were fortunately placed at the end. The concert thus proceeded in an artistic crescendo. The overture, to be candid, was played badly. Its performance was rude, exaggerated in accent and coarse in tone. The symphony went much better. There were a few questionable nuances in Mr. Damrosch's reading, but on the whole he treated the work with dignity and with spirit.

Mr. Damrosch has recently lapsed into old habits of conducting which he abandoned years ago, and it is a pity, for they attract attention from merits of sound and taste. The conductor permits himself too much freedom of bodily movement and at times conveys the impression that he is fighting in self-control. This was noticeable in the case in the symphony last evening. The scherzo, which Mr. Damrosch conducted less gracefully than the other movements was played the best.

Mr. Hofmann's performance of the "Emperor" concerto was the greatest yet heard. The SUN's reviewer ever heard. It was adequate, moving, uplifting. It was opulent with beauty, noble in style, and potent in feeling. It was not what other concertgoers were taught to regard as typical Beethoven playing, and it is to be hoped that the pianists who were practically forbidden to admit grace of manner or glowiness of color to the E flat concerto they be accused of emasculating it. Hofmann demonstrated last evening

every tint known to the pianist's palette and put every one of them in the right place.

It will be understood from this that it was not a dry performance. It was glowingly poetic, but while it radiated feeling it was mainly feeling, the emotion of a master. The piano sang always, but never effeminately. The perfect adaptation of the technique of a supreme virtuoso to the interpretation of great music was a source of unceasing delight. What exquisite sensitiveness in the delicate scale of accents, what profound appreciation in the combination of infinite gradings of force with infinite variety of color! What symmetry in the punctuation of phrases and what range of artistic vision in their subordination to the general plan!

It would exhaust the vocabulary of enthusiasm to praise in detail this grand and touching performance. Mr. Hofmann has before this shown himself to be an executive musician of the largest intelligence and the most creative imagination, and he has not now to make himself known as a Beethoven player of the highest rank, but on no previous occasion has he accomplished anything in which all the essential elements of commanding authority were so splendidly conjoined as in last evening's performance. Those who had the good fortune to receive this fine inspiration of a master pianist will cherish it in their memories for life.

AS the Beethoven Festival moves on to its near end, public interest in the great master and his music grows and deepens.

Last night at Aeolian Hall there was another very large and attentive audience, gathered together by the magic of the Seventh (sometimes called "dancing") Symphony, and by the appeal of the well-known piano concerto in E flat.

The symphony, with its beguiling rhythms and changing moods, as usual, gave much pleasure, though here and there it was rendered rather roughly by the orchestra. In the main, however, Walter Damrosch and his followers did full justice to the work, one of the most beautiful of the immortal nine symphonic wonders the world owes to Beethoven.

The second part of the evening was devoted to an admirable interpretation of the concerto by Josef Hofmann, who played with virility and authority.

A spirited and impressive reading of the "Coriolanus" overture completed a very enjoyable concert.

MARCH 6, 1914 PHILHARMONIC CONCERT. Mme. Metzger Appears in Place of Mme. Matzenauer, Soloist.

Changes were made necessary in the programme of last night's concert of the Philharmonic Society because of the illness of Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, which prevented her from appearing as the soloist, as had been announced. In her stead Mme. Ottilie Metzger sang, the German contralto who appeared last Sunday with the society. She sang the scene and aria, "Gerechter Gott," from Wagner's "Rienzi," and the "Samson, reberchant sa presence" from Saint-Saens's "Samson, et Dalila."

It was remarked when she sang the other day with the orchestra in Carnegie Hall that she did not produce nearly so favorable an impression as when she sang alone in a song recital in Aeolian Hall; nor did she last evening. There were the great power and compass of her voice; the remarkable fullness and richness of her lower tones; the dramatic accent. But she sang often out of tune, and there were faults of taste and of style in her delivery of both airs. The one from "Rienzi" can be more than suspected of a tendency toward bombast, and Mme. Metzger did very little to allay this suspicion. There was more to enjoy in her singing of the French air.

Heinrich Noren's "Kaleidoscope" variations were not quite new to New York, for the Boston Symphony played them once some seasons ago; but they were given for the first time at these concerts. They again gave pleasure on account of their melodious quality, their ingenuity, and their frank expression, without attempt at seeking novelty. They cannot be accounted strongly original, but they are an interesting work, deserving a repetition. The most notable portion of the composition is the last variation, "To a famous contemporary," on two themes from Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben," ending with a double figure; and it is not notable merely as the subject of a lawsuit for infringement of copyright on the borrowed themes, but because of the fine skill with which these themes are used and the modicum of real imagination in their treatment.

Mr. Stransky might well have infused a little more vivacity and life into this music by a more vigorous and imaginative conducting of it. And he might have obtained a more impressive performance of the prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal," with which he began the concert. He ended it with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, played in memory of Mrs. George R. Sheldon, who died in the midst of her tireless activity on behalf of the Philharmonic Society. It was fitting that there should be a special and a dignified commemoration of her.

Yesterday's Philharmonic.

One may bear Mr. Stransky a grudge for being so fond of Richard Strauss and his imitators, but one cannot help admiring the superlative virtuosity with which he and his Philharmonic musicians play this music. A particularly brilliant instance occurred last night, when Noren's "Kaleidoscope" had its first performance by this orchestra. It is an extremely difficult work, which was first made known here by the Boston orchestra. In the final variation, in particular, Noren's contrapuntal art indulges in a wild carnival of exuberance by combining with his own theme others borrowed from Richard Strauss and ending with a double fugue. Only a trained musician can know entirely what it means to play such complicated music with the dash, ease, and vivacity displayed by the Philharmonic and its great leader. The audience responded with a tribute of applause that made the players get up and bow with the conductor. The tribute was the more remarkable because the intrinsic musical value of the "Kaleidoscope" is not great. If performed by an ordinary orchestra, under a mere time beater, it would fall flat.

The other orchestral numbers were the "Parsifal" prelude, which seemed shorter than usual and less impressive because of the faster pace, and Beethoven's fifth symphony, played in memory of Mrs. George R. Sheldon, who did so much to make the Philharmonic what it is now—second to no orchestra in America. It was a superb performance from every point of view; one which, like Mahler's readings, made it possible for even the most blasé concert-goer to enjoy this much-played music as if it were new.

Margarete Matzenauer being ill, her place was taken by Ottilie Metzger, who, unfortunately, was not in good voice, particularly in her first number, Adriano's air from "Rienzi," much of which she sang flat. She was better in her second number, the "Samson reberchant" from the popular Saint-Saens opera. Toward the end of this, indeed, she uttered tones of a superb contralto quality, such as even a busy critic is not often privileged to hear.

Philharmonic Plays the New "Kaleidoscope"

At the Philharmonic Society concert last night Mr. Stransky on her men introduced a new work, "Kaleidoscope," by Heinrich Norden, termed in the title an "Original Theme and Variations for Orchestra." It contains nine short movements, praeambulum, Elegiac Dance, scherzo, "In a Cathedral," Pastorale, funeral march, Slavic dance, "To a Famous Contemporary" and a double fugue on the original theme and on the theme of the eighth movement.

"To a Famous Contemporary" contains two themes from Richard Strauss' "Heldenleben," the Hero theme and the theme of the Antagonists. This interpolation was the cause of a lawsuit by the publishers of the music of Strauss, in which Mr. Norden was successful, the court deciding that the themes, or motifs, were not melodies and not capable of being copyrighted. "Kaleidoscope" has been skillfully put together. The orchestration is good, and there is much to interest in the treatment of the themes. But it is hardly a work of great consequence or seriousness.

The real climax of the concert was the performance of Beethoven's symphony No. 5 in memory of the late Mrs. George R. Sheldon, who was one of the orchestra's warmest supporters. It was a production of much merit, and Mr. Stransky and his men were heartily applauded. The soloist was Mme. Ottilie Metzger, who took the place of Mme. Margarete Matzenauer whose illness necessitated her cancelling the engagement. An aria from Wagner's "Rienzi" and another from Saint-Saens' "Samson et Dalila" were sung in excellent voice with dramatic effect. This was her third local appearance within a week.

The Philharmonic Society's concert last night at Carnegie Hall was unusually well attended. Owing to Mme. Matzenauer's indisposition Mme. Ottilie Metzger was the assisting artist, singing an air from "Rienzi" and the great contralto air from "Samson et Dalila." She was in fairly good voice and gave her first number with much spirit. Mr. Stransky's two chief orchestral numbers were Noren's interesting "Kaleidoscope" theme and variations and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the latter being given in memory of Mrs. George R. Sheldon, who died last year, and who was one of the society's most enthusiastic supporters. The band, under Mr. Stransky's baton

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Gave a most spirited performance of the Noren number, a performance which was warmly applauded.
During the afternoon Miss Emilia Conti gave a well attended song recital in the Little Theatre and displayed a voice of pleasing quality, except when she forced it to stridency. Her diction was unusually clear and she sang her French and Italian songs with much interpretive power and intelligence. Kurt Schindler played her accompaniments with rare taste and discretion.

MISS CONTI'S RECITAL. Unfamiliar and Interesting Songs Given in the Little Theatre.

Fortified by a long and distinguished list of patronesses, Miss Emilia Conti made her first appearance as a singer in New York yesterday afternoon in the Little Theatre. The most interesting thing about her recital was the programme, which showed extensive research and fastidious choice in unfamiliar vocal music, from Lully and Handel to Poldowski, Sgambati and Mr. Kurt Schindler, including also Borodine and Moussorgsky. Miss Conti's intelligence and taste in the interpretation of these songs could give pleasure, but the pleasure was akin to pain because of the medium through which it came.

Miss Conti's voice is of limited range and still more limited color, of very moderate beauty in its quality, and of even less than moderate beauty in its higher tones, and elsewhere on certain vowel sounds. There are excellences in her diction and enunciation which assist in the effect of her performance. She appeared to less advantage in her first group of old songs than she did later. These were by Lully, Handel, Scarlatti, Porpora, and Paradies. Her second group made somewhat smaller demands upon some of the technical effects in which she is weakest. It consisted of five settings of Verlaine's verses by one Poldowski. This is a pseudonym for Lady Dean Paul, and she is a daughter of Henri Wieniawski. Though a Pole by descent and an Englishwoman by adoption, she is wholly a Parisian in her music. These songs are quite in the modern French style, and are in themselves charming and expressive, with enough originality of substance to entitle them to serious consideration.

Mr. Kurt Schindler played her accompaniments with rare taste and skill.

MME. CONTI GIVES RECITAL. Young Italian Soprano Heard in New York for First Time.

Mme. Emilia Conti, a young Italian soprano, made her first appearance in New York yesterday afternoon at a recital in the Little Theatre. Songs in French and Italian were heard, and in the French part the young singer made the best impression. She has not been gifted with a voice of great power or range, nor is its quality of exceptional beauty. What pleased most was her manner of presenting the atmospheric quality of the French songs, which if not perfect was at least commendable.

The first group contained Lully's "Air de Venus," Handel's "Air de Suzanne," "Le Violette," by Scarlatti; Porpora's "Canzone Pastorale" and "M'ha Preso Alla Sua Ragna," by Paradies. Some of the best singing of the afternoon was heard in Poldowski's "Spleen" and "Cortège."

Minor Concerts of a Day.

Mme. Emilia Conti gave a song recital at the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon, singing songs chiefly in French, even when they were from the treasuries of Handel and Scarlatti. She also introduced some unimportant Debussian novelties by Poldowski. Mme. Conti sang with some charm of voice and style, but would probably have more success in private entertainments.

Mercedes Padrosa, a Spanish pianist, essayed a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. The best that can be said for her is that her playing showed enough talent to make it worth her while to go into retirement and study for several more years before attempting to play in public again.

Miss Padrosa Plays Here for First Time.

Miss Mercedes Padrosa, a Spanish pianiste, was heard for the first time here in recital in Aeolian Hall last night. Her programme was a difficult one and she showed herself equal to many of its exactions. Her touch is powerful, in fact it was altogether too strong at times. Her chief fault lies in her lack of experience and mature understanding of the music she plays.

Schumann's papillons and Brahms' variations on a theme of Paganini made up her first group. While the Schumann number was played with considerable credit and the variations were finished without taxing her technical powers to their fullest extent, on the whole there was a lack of musical judgment that made itself felt. Five numbers from Chopin followed, the nocturne in C minor, the mazurka in B minor, an etude, a valse and the polonaise in E flat. The third part of the programme included a barcarole by Alio, Serrano's Spanish Lota, "La Filieuse," by Mendelssohn, and the Liszt Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6.

Opera Artists Sing to Aid Needy Fellows

Two performances of opera kept singers and audiences busy all afternoon and evening at the Metropolitan yesterday. In the afternoon was given the annual performance for the benefit of the Metropolitan Opera Company Emergency Fund. The artists gave their services toward accumulating a fund for needy artists.

An act each was presented from four operas, namely, "Faust," "Hansel und Gretel," "Aida" and "Pagliacci." Most applause was aroused by the opening act of "Pagliacci," in which Miss Bori, Messrs. Caruso and Amato sang. Other artists concerned included Miss Destinn, Mme. Ober, Misses Sparkes, Braslau, Mines, Van Dyck and Matfield, Messrs. Jörn, Martin, Gilly, Rothler, Polacco and Hageman.

At night "Die Walküre" was repeated with the familiar cast. Mme. Gadski, as Brunnhilde, was in good voice, Mme. Fremstad, as Sieglinde, was superb, while Mme. Homer was impressively shrewish Fricka. Mr. Berger, as Siegmund; Mr. Well, as Hunding; and Mr. Ruysdael, as Hunding, all were excellent, and Mr. Hertz conducted a dramatic performance. The audience was quite enthusiastic.

MARCH 7, 1914 'JULIEN' AGAIN SUNG AT METROPOLITAN Big Audience at Second Performance of French Composer's Work.

Gustave Charpentier's "Julien," which on Thursday of last week received its first production on any stage outside of Paris, was repeated last night, and the Metropolitan Opera House held one of the largest audiences in its history. The conjunction of the name of Enrico Caruso with that of a work which, whatever be its shortcomings, has by the very nature of its subject an appeal lacking in the usual work of the lyric stage was certain to prove potent during the premier performances. To the service of music Mr. Charpentier has joined that of symbolistic philosophy, and if such a marriage has proved a *mésalliance* it has none the less caused widespread public interest. Yet Mr. Charpentier had his authority. Wagner's "Parsifal" was written in a symbolic vein, and even Mozart's "Magic Flute" has been asserted to possess mystic Masonic meanings. With aid of supreme musical genius the difficulty of such subjects may be overcome, but if Gustave Charpentier is a genius, he is in "Julien" neither a Wagner nor a Mozart; and both his music and his symbolism lack the austerity of treatment which would mark the man upon whose brow was the imprint of the spiritual creator. It is in the last act, when his music riots amid carnal rejoicings, that the genius which shone forth in "Louise" blazes out again. *Tribune*

Yet, especially in the second act, in the scene in Slavonia, there is much beautiful and characteristic music; much music of haunting charm—only here the composer is not original. He has gone to the folk-songs of Slavic lands, songs whose sadness has expressed with exquisite pathos the weakness and doubt of the people from whose hearts they sprang. This scene is denominated "Doubt." All who know and love the literature and music of the Slav know what this word means among these peasant peoples. France, the land of enthusiasm, of glory, has never doubted long, and it was but natural that the composer should in this scene have turned his thoughts eastward. Here he did well, and the choruses of laborers and reapers have in them a poetry that the rest of the opera lacks.

The choruses in the first act are difficult and resounding, but the music, like the scene itself, seems too often hollow and even cheap, a mere outburst of garish color. The true Palace of Beauty is surely not the dream of a Coney Island barker, and yet in "Julien" this appears to be the conception both of the composer and the scene painter. The Breton scene is informed with a deeper sincerity, yet from a dramatic viewpoint it is probably the weakest of all. The last act, horrible and pessimistic almost beyond belief, will yet determine the popular success of the opera. The audience leaves the theatre with the macabre dance rhythms and the street girls' hellish laughter as the final

notes, and leaves with an impression that is ineffaceable.

Again was evident Mr. Gatti-Casazza's sincere intention to make the most of the opera. The chorus sang with splendid resonance of tone and impeccable intonation. Mr. Polacco led the orchestra with superb spirit and the stage pictures were admirably managed. Mr. Caruso was in better voice than at the first performance, and showed signs of comprehending the incomprehensible hero. Miss Farrar was not in as good voice, but her sweetness in the first three scenes and her terrible realism in the last make her impersonations things to be long remembered. Mr. Gilly was in his triple role the fine artist that he ever is. The audience displayed not a little enthusiasm and called the artists tino and again before the curtain after each act.

Charpentier's opera "Julien" had its second performance last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was heard by an audience nearly as large as the one assembled at the initial performance, and the interest manifested was strong in approval, though not that of any great enthusiasm. The applause given after each act though plentiful was discriminating. It was in accord with the more or less striking episodes as had been featured in each part through the achievement of stage pictures or the work of singers and orchestra. The interest aroused was evidently momentary, rather than uniform. After the first act Mr. Polacco, the conductor, appeared before the curtain with the chief singers. Stage Manager Speck and Chorus Master Seiff. As a veritable triumph in the art of stage production, the presentation again gives cause for words of highest praise to Mr. Gatti-Casazza for its general management. *Sun*

Among other features to be noted is first of all, Mr. Caruso's fine impersonation of Julien. This may have lacked something in the variety of significant dramatic action, but in singing it was always superb. He has not been in better voice this season than last night.

Miss Farrar won fresh laurels for herself by the fine portrayal of her five roles as beginning with Louise and ending with the Griselette. The discharge of the minor vocal parts and the work of the chorus were again on a level of high excellence. In the handling of the score Mr. Polacco repeated his skillful interpretation of its musical content, and the orchestra played excellently.

MME. OBER THE STAR OF FOURTH CONCERT Berlin Mezzo-Soprano Wel. comed by 7,000 in "Evening Sun" Carnival.

Mme. Margaret Ober, the mezzo-soprano from Berlin, was enthusiastically received last night by more than 7,000 persons, who defied the miserable weather to attend the fourth concert of the Carnival of Music arranged by THE EVENING SUN and the Wage Earners' Theatre League. Mme. Ober sang first an aria from "Samson and Delilah," accompanied by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. Arias from "Don Carlos" and "La Favorita" were productive of long continued applause, to which Mme. Ober graciously responded with an aria from "Aida." *Sun*

The selections by the Russian Symphony Orchestra aroused enthusiasm even greater than has welcomed its work in the previous concerts. Although all the selections were the signal for outbursts of applause, an old favorite brought the listeners to their feet. It was Dvorak's "Humoresque," and was played as an encore to "Dance of the Dwarfs," one of the two movements from the suite, "Nai and Anita." The other was the Cradle Song.

Other numbers were Symphony No. 6 "Pathétique" by Tchaikowsky, entr'acte to the opera "Oreste," bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah," and the familiar Strauss waltz movement, "The Beautiful Blue Danube." The last also created unusual appreciation on the part of the audience, which showed a preference for the more familiar selections.

An attractive children's programme has been arranged by Modest Altschuler, conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, for Saturday afternoon. Maximilian Pilzer, concert master of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, will be the soloist and a chorus of 1,500 school children will sing under the direction of Dr. Frank R. Rix, director of music in the public schools.

The orchestral and solo pieces include Weber's "Jubel" overture, the andante movement from Beethoven's fifth symphony, part of Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite, the dream music from "Hansel and Gretel," Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" and the "Meditation" from Massenet's "Thais." The children will sing the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser," Schubert's "Who Is Sylvia?" Moore's "Minstrel Boy," Faure's "In Dreams I've Heard the Seraphs," the "Star Spangled Banner" and Kellar's "American Hymn."

JULIA CULP DELIGHTS MANY. March 7, 1914 Large Audience at Dutch Lieder Singer in Little Theatre.

Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder singer, gave a "first intimate song recital," as the programme styled it, yesterday afternoon in the Little Theatre. She was assisted by Coenraad V. Bos as accompanist and pianist.

The programme was well adapted in selection and it was evidently planned to be in accord with the one as announced for a similar recital which is to be given by Mme. Culp later on. It contained two sets of songs by Schubert, six songs of Schumann and Mozart's sonata for piano in C major.

The instrumental feature came as the third number in the list and followed the group of Schumann songs. Here Mr. Bos proved himself an addition in furnishing the pleasure of the afternoon by his delightful playing of the Mozart music and he received much applause.

Among Mme. Culp's songs were many that she had frequently sung here, but this fact only enhanced the enjoyment of hearing her sing them again. The first set, by Schubert, comprised "Der Jüngling und der Tod," "Die Post," "An die Nachtigall," "Die Forelle" and "Du liebst mich nicht," and in what served as a final group were the same master's "Die Liebe hat gelogen," "Fischerweise," "Nacht und Traume," "Lachen und Weinen" and "Rastlose Liebe." The songs of Schumann were "Wer machte dich so krank," "Alte Laute," "Der Nussbaum," "Die Kartenlegerin," "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Lied eines Schmiedes."

The appreciation of Mme. Culp's beautiful singing of these songs was warmly manifested by her listeners, and she could have granted many repetitions had she chosen to disturb the artistic unity of the programme. Some of the songs especially liked were Schubert's "An die Nachtigall" and "Du liebst mich nicht" and Schumann's "Der Nussbaum." They were delivered, as was each song she sang, with great beauty of voice, exquisite tonal tinting and a wealth of poetic sentiment.

MARCH 8, 1914 MR. PADEREWSKI'S RECITAL.

Carnegie Hall Crowded to Hear the Pianist on His Return.

Mr. Paderewski, returned from his stormy Western tour, showed no signs that his physical powers or his artistic serenity, poise and concentration had been disturbed in the least at the recital that he gave yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the charitable organization for whose benefit the recital was given must have benefited largely—the Ladies' Auxiliary in the tuberculosis work.

Mr. Paderewski has not for long played more beautifully; with a more exalted fervor, a more magnificent and triumphant sweep of energy, a tenderer and more fragrant lyric charm, with more intense and poignant expression. The magic of his tone has rarely wrought greater wonders. Some may have found that in certain passages, as in Schumann's Fantasia, he pushed the tone of his instruments to the very limits of musical beauty; but it was not an obsession; and there was an infinite gradation in his dynamics between this and the veriest whisper of sound, an amazing variety in the color and quality of his tone, that were to his listeners a bewilderment of beauty.

In the interpretation of his programme Mr. Paderewski rarely failed to identify himself with the spirit of his music. Some may have thought the tempo of Bach's G minor organ fugue, in Liszt's transcription, too rapid for the character of the piece. Do such transcriptions take on a different character when they are transferred from the organ to the nimble-fingered piano? The structural symmetry of the piece was not lost, however, in Mr. Paderewski's performance.

It is not necessary to consider at length the beauties of his playing of most of his programme, for most of it was familiar to even the youngest admirers of Mr. Paderewski; the tender poetry that he discovered in Beethoven's sonata "like a fantasy," Op. 27, No. 1; the rich imagination, passion and poetry in Schumann's Fantasia in C, whose bigness tempted him to a more pianistic utterance; or the exquisite and characteristic morbidity of his Chopin, with the ferocity of the B-flat minor Scherzo—another temptation.

He closed with Liszt's Eighth Hungarian Rhapsody, one of the less well known, but one of the wildest and most capricious gypsy improvisations. Mr. Paderewski was generous, as he always is. He played Schumann's "Aufschwung" after the Fantasia, and when the printed list was completed and the throng of enthusiasts gathered at his feet, he played successfully a Barcarole of Rubinstein's, Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, two delicately chiseled little pieces by Couperin, Chopin's C sharp minor Etude, one of Liszt's arrangements of Schubert's waltzes called "Soirées de Vienne," and Chopin's Etude in G flat. And there were few traces of weariness or flagging powers when he finished the last piece.

LAST BEETHOVEN CONCERT.

The Ninth Symphony Ends Festival Series.

The Beethoven Festival of the New York Symphony Society culminated last evening, as Beethoven festivals usually culminate, with a performance of the

Ninth Symphony. To provide for the concert to the larger stage of Carnegie Hall. There was an audience both large and enthusiastic. It heard a performance of the symphony abounding in fire and energy but lacking something in finish and precision of ensemble so far as the orchestral portions were concerned. The choral parts in the last movement were sung by a chorus from the Oratorio Society, and, on the whole, well sung. There was sufficient body and elasticity of tone; the singers did not display so transparently as if often done their struggles with the high "tessitura" of the music; many of the entrances were made with unusual accuracy and security.

The solo singers were successful in coping with the special difficulties allotted to them. Mr. Middleton, bass, is to be commended for his good enunciation of the words of the recitative introducing the vocal passages of the last movement. Mme. Jeannette Jomelli, Miss Christine Miller, Mr. Reed Miller were the others, and they achieved a creditable performance.

The programme began with selections from the opera of "Fidelio," the Leonore overture No. 3; the air "Abscheu-licher" sung with dramatic power by Mme. Jomelli, and the quartet "Mir ist so wunderbar," also excellently sung.

MARCH 9, 1914 ANCIENT PARIS TRIO.

The Trio de Lutece, a new chamber music organization, gave its second concert yesterday afternoon at the Belasco Theatre. The soloist was to have been Mme. Gerville-Reache, but that former Opera House had yielded to the stress of weather and was indisposed. Her place was taken and agreeably occupied by Oscar Seagle, a barytone, who has been heard several times in the course of the current season with much pleasure. *Sun*

Except for the rearrangement caused by the change of singer the programme was carried out as planned. The first number was a suite of "Pièces en Concert" by Rameau, played by the trio consisting of Barrere, flute; Kefer, cello, and Messrs. Salzedo, harp, and the closing number Salzedo's suite entitled "Dolly," brought the Faure's suite again together. The character of the Faure suite may be gathered from the titles of the movements—"Berceuse," "Miaou," "Le Jardin de Dolly," "Kitty Valse," "Tendresse" and "Le Pa Espagnole." The three members of the trio were heard in turn in solos between the two ensemble numbers. The entertainment provided by this organization is uncommon, dainty and charming. It ought to have vogue, especially in salons.

TRIO GIVES FRENCH MUSIC. NEW AND OLD

French music, both old and new, was heard last night in the Belasco Theatre at the second concert of the newly organized Trio de Lutece, which is composed of Mr. George Barrere, flutist; Mr. Carlos Salzedo, harpist, and Mr. Paul Kefer, cellist.

There were two ensemble numbers, the first of which was a suite of five little pieces by Rameau, "La Pantomime," "La Timide," "L'Indiscrète," "La Cupide" and "Tambourins." These antique works have great charm, and pleased even more than Faure's "Dolly," a half humorous collection of musical bits, in which the trio was heard later. In both works the playing was highly polished.

A solo was contributed by each member of the organization. Mr. Kefer was heard in Vincent d'Indy's "Lied," Saint-Saëns' Harp "Fantasie," was played by Mr. Salzedo, and Mr. Barrere repeated Hue's "Fantasie" for flute, which he performed recently at a concert of the Symphony Society.

In place of Mme. Gerville-Reache, who was announced as soloist, and who was unable to appear on account of illness, Mr. Oscar Seagle, barytone, was heard. As a singer of French songs he has few superiors and in the old French works which he used as encores he made a deep impression.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The Philharmonic Society gave another of its regular Sunday concerts yesterday afternoon. The orchestral numbers were Goldmark's "Spring" overture, Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," Tchaikowsky's "Pathétique" symphony and his "Marche Slave." The solo performer was Leo Schulz, the first cellist of the orchestra, who played the andante from Molique's cello concerto and Popper's "Elfenfant." *Sun*

This was a popular programme well arranged to entertain a Sunday afternoon audience and yet composed of good music. Those who frequent concert rooms have to find some stimulus for their appetites now before sitting down to the "Pathétique" symphony, but for those whose concert pleasures are not too numerous the work continues to be tremendously stirring and interesting. It has the advantage of being almost self-playing. It would require extraordinary ingenuity on the part of a conductor to achieve a failure with it.

The cello playing of Mr. Schulz was an element of real value in the concert. Mr. Schulz is one of the most satisfactory performers on the instrument, and yesterday he was heard to advantage. His playing of the Molique andante was a combination of good tone, musicianly style and good taste. The Popper music also went well and the soloist was rewarded with abundant applause.

Selections New to America Heard at Chamber Concert.

Italian chamber music was heard last evening at the concert of the Society of Italian Music, in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, in which the Italian pianist, Mr. Aldo Randegger; Mr. Alexander Saslavsky, violinist, and Paul Kefer, cellist, took part.

Most of the works performed were new. The performance was a novel one in that Italian music, outside of the opera, is not commonly heard here. Renato Brogi's sonata in E minor was the opening number, and the other concerted numbers were Giuseppe Luccetta's "Scena Villereccia" and Giulia Ricordi's trio in A.

Mr. Kefer played Arcangelo Corelli's sonata in D minor for violoncello, Mr. Saslavsky played a sonata by Pietro Nardini, a violinello sonata by Arcangelo Corelli, movements from trios by Giuseppe Luccetta, Giulio Ricordi, and a group of compositions by Nicola Van Westerhout. Mr. Randegger was the organizer of the concert, which had about it a certain propagandist element in favor of the Italian chamber music presented. This music was generally worth while, and its performance at the hands of the three artists was always interesting and agreeable.

At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre last night a programme of Italian music was given by a trio consisting of G. Aldo Randegger, pianist, Alexander Saslavsky, violinist, and Paul Kefer, cellist. The numbers were a trio by Renato Brogi, a violin sonata by Pietro Nardini, a violoncello sonata by Arcangelo Corelli, movements from trios by Giuseppe Luccetta, Giulio Ricordi, and a group of compositions by Nicola Van Westerhout. Mr. Randegger was the organizer of the concert, which had about it a certain propagandist element in favor of the Italian chamber music presented. This music was generally worth while, and its performance at the hands of the three artists was always interesting and agreeable.

Mr. Flesch Wins Concert Audience

Mr. Carl Flesch, the Hungarian violinist, who is making his first stay in this country, was heard as soloist at the Sunday concert of the Metropolitan Opera Company last evening.

His playing was clear and in recital here was much more than friends, although it was his first appearance in this city. He has been here two months since his arrival, and a large audience applauded him in recognition.

It is interesting to note that violinists who appear at the Metropolitan on Sunday nights often play in a popular vein, with a too frequent use of the tremolo, and other tricks that catch the ear of the audience rather than who offers somewhat of the usual concert style.

Mr. Flesch's playing was characterized by a fine sense of rhythm, but there was no room for the most extraordinary display of his technique. His tone, his work, his style and his musicianship were demonstrated well in his interpretations of Paganini's D major concerto, with a cadenza of his own making; the Schumann-Wagner "Ave Marie," and the Schumann-Kreutzer "Andante and Allegro." He gave excellent encores.

Mr. Dinah Gilis, who had been announced to appear, wrenched his ankle yesterday necessitating the substitution of Mr. Adamo Didur. His selections included the "Pavane" and "Mephisto Waltz" arranged for piano. Other soloists were Miss Sophie Braslau, who sang an aria from Tchaikowsky's "Jascha," and Mr. Riccardo Muth, who sang an aria from "La Traviata" and "Pavane."

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman played Smetana's "The Patriotic Bride," Saint-Saëns' ballet music "Henry VIII," and the "Swedish Dance," No. 5.

FLONZALEY QUARTET PLAYS

Gives Its Last Concert of New York Season in Aeolian Hall, 1914

The Flonzaley Quartet finished its New York season with its third concert last evening in Aeolian Hall, and also the tenth year of its existence, though not as a publicly performing organization. As is known, this quartet was founded by Mr. E. J. de Coppel, first as a private undertaking; and only after some years' experience and practice together did it venture upon a public career. It has gained a substantial reputation not only in New York, but in other cities in America, and in Europe; a reputation deserved by the subtly refined finish, the grace and elegance, the spirit and vitality of its playing, its genuinely serious aims and high purposes.

These things were in evidence in its performance last evening, and recognized by its listeners. The programme began with Dvorak's quartet in C major, Op. 61, a work like many other of his earlier ones rather fallen out of public notice in these days. To many last evening, no doubt, it was unknown. It was played in a way to give it its full value in euphony, fluent charm, the plausible utilization of ideas not in themselves of great importance. Dvorak's facility, with some of its fatal quality, is in evidence in this quartet; but it is not without its moments of a deeper beauty, as in the slow movement, and it is all unmistakable Dvorak. Mr. d'Archembault, cellist of the quartet, played Bach's solo suite for cello in C major with skill and fine feeling, and

ended with Beethoven's quartet in minor, second of the set dedicated to Count Razumovsky, in which the characteristic qualities, the perfect ensemble, purity of tone, and intonation of the four players were again shown. They had a definite and well digested reading of the work, which they carried out with an unflinching precision of touch. In the reading grace and vivacity were prominent.

"AIDA" AGAIN NAT. CENTURY

Opera at Season's Opening Repeated Before Big Audience.

"Aida," which was the opening opera of the Century Opera Company season, and which all in all marked the high water mark of the company's achievement, was repeated last night at the Century. The cast was little changed from the opening performance of the season, except that Miss Enrica Clay last night sang "Aida." Miss Clay, who was heard last spring with the Zuro Opera Company, on the Bowery, and who then appeared under the name of Enrica Clay Dillon, sang with plentiful tone, but with a method of voice production which at times brought forth unpleasant results.

Morgan Kingston's fine voice was again effective as Rhadames, but he was about as wooden a soldier as ever stepped upon an opera stage.

Miss Howard's costumes and her dramatic poses were more effective than her singing, but Mr. Kreidler's resonant tones gave pleasure as Amonasro. Mr. Szendrei built up the climaxes with telling effect, and the performance as a whole, outside of the Aida, was nearly as effective as that of the September premier. One of the largest audiences that has recently attended the Century showed marked enthusiasm.

Musical Art Choir in Spring Concert

THE spirit of May took possession

of Carnegie Hall last evening, when, on a flower-bedecked stage, the Musical Art Society gave its annual Spring concert. Following the usual custom, the greater portion of the programme was devoted to unaccompanied compositions.

The exception was a group of four Gypsy songs by Brahms. The other divisions consisted of ancient and modern motets for mixed voices, hymns, madrigals and folk songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, and an instrumental selection for small orchestra.

The variety contained in such a list gave the seventy-five choristers ample opportunities for demonstrating their ability. Palestrina's "Laudate Dominum" for eight voices was sung with noble style and reverent spirit. An "Ave Maria" by Bruchner was profoundly impressive because of its flowing melody and comforting combinations.

Hans Hasler, a sixteenth century composer, contributed a charming love song, with a delightful rhythm, and an ingratiating dance song for five voices, by Gastoldi, was presented in a manner that reflected credit on both singers and conductor.

The quaint charm of Bantock's arrangement of the Scotch lilt, "Oh, Can Ye Sew Cushions?" was appreciably and pleasingly interpreted, and Brahms' group of gypsy songs were sung with fine color and expression.

An orchestra of about twenty, selected from the ranks of the New York Symphony Society, gave an artistic and admirable reading of the Mozart D major Divertimenti.

A Concert of Negro Music.

The annual concert of negro music given at Carnegie Hall last evening ought to be one of the fixtures of the New York musical season. It must frankly be stated, however, that this year's concert was a disappointment, in so far as the Clef Club, with its unique and remarkable orchestra, comprising nine pianos, banjos, guitars, mandolins, violins, cellos, etc., did not take part. Instead there appeared a negro symphony orchestra conducted by James Reese Europe, who has made such a reputation as a composer and leader of dance music. It may be that Mr. Europe will make a serviceable instrument out of this symphony orchestra, but last night the work of the wind instruments sadly marred the general effect of the concert, notably when it endeavored to play Coleridge-Taylor's "Steal Away," a composition wholly beyond its powers. When it came to the delightful dance music of Messrs. Europe, Tyers, Dixon, and Thompson, the orchestra shone, and it was hard, indeed, for most people in the audience to resist the impulse to dance.

A bright particular star of the concert was Harry T. Burleigh, the solo baritone of St. George's Church, a composer

of music devoted to the old-fashioned negro melodies, a number of which he has well arranged both for chorus and for solo singing. He was in admirable voice last night, and never appeared to better advantage, notably in his singing of his own charming song, "Why Adam Sinned." Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson, whose music runs to the popular, captured the audience by his rendering of his own songs, "Lil' Gal" and "Roll dem Cotton Bales." But the best musician of all those who took part in this concert is Will Marion Cook, who shows the effect of his study abroad at Berlin and elsewhere. His is a high order of genuine musical talent, as Bispham and many well-known singers and glee club leaders have discovered. He takes the negro "spirituals" and develops them most effectively without in the least spoiling their native charm. His modern songs, of which two were sung last night, the "Ghost Ship" and the now familiar "Rain Song," are compositions of great merit because they, too, retain the characteristic race feeling and method. He is pointing the proper way for the younger generation of negro composers. He also deserved praise for his leading and accompanying of the group of Afro-American Folk Song Singers, who rendered his songs excellently.

An interesting novelty was an unaccompanied duet by Felix Weir, violinist, and Leonard Jeter, a cellist of obvious ability, who played their own harmonization of several plantation melodies and Foster's "Old Folks at Home." It is greatly to be hoped that next year's concert will be marked by the return of the Clef Club, but whether this is possible or not, this entertainment deserves a widespread support. It was regrettable that there were many vacant seats in the parquet last night. The contribution of negro singers and writers to American music has been a notable one, and every effort made to develop this great talent of the race deserves the widest support from all interested in musical art. There are few as musically interesting entertainments in the course of a New York season.

A REAL CARUSO NIGHT.

"Manon Lescaut" Heard Once Again by a Large Audience.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was sung again at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was very large and the usual atmosphere of a Caruso night prevailed. The attention paid the presentation of the work was keen from the start; indeed it seemed to manifest itself in very fair proportion to that shown in so large measure on nights during the present season when the idolized tenor has been heard in the opera's somewhat more pretentious and popular French cousin, Massenet's "Manon." The members in the cast were the same as at previous performances, and it must be said that they all united in an unusually fine degree of unanimity in utilizing the opportunities afforded by the piece for the presenting of its many dramatic human episodes.

Miss Bori as Manon both in singing and acting gave again her charming impersonation of the young and beautiful heroine. Mr. Caruso's voice was in excellent condition, as it usually is these days, and he sang the music of Debussy with opulent beauty of tone and style. The elegant finish of his work in the first act was especially noteworthy and it aroused much enthusiasm. There were many recalls after the act. The third singer of importance was Mr. Scotti as Lescaut, who carried the role in his authoritative style. Mr. Polacco conducted.

A concert of negro music was given at Carnegie Hall last evening for the benefit of the Music School Settlement for Colored People. The entertainment consisted wholly of music composed and executed by negroes. This was what the programme said and except in one instance the facts bore it out. Felix Weir, violinist, and Leonard Jeter, cellist, played some of their own harmonizations of negro melodies and prefaced them with an arrangement of Foster's "Old Folks at Home." This was a pretty tribute to a man who strove to idealize the negro soul and contributed to the music of this country things which will live always.

There was choral singing by the Settlement School chorus, conducted by Harry T. Burleigh, and by the Afro-American Folk Song Singers, conducted by Will Marion Cook. The music sung was part "spirituals" arranged by Burleigh, Cook and others, and partly modern negro part songs, showing the results of musical culture. Some of these part songs were interesting and well made. But possibly the audience found great pleasure in listening to the arrangement of the old "spirituals," which even in the arranged state refused to part with the

clearly marked character.

There was also the Negro Symphony Orchestra, which played numbers by James Reese Europe, Coleridge-Taylor, Tyers, Cook and others. Europe, Tyers and Cook conducted their own music. Perhaps some of the more sophisticated listeners got their keenest pleasure from the solo singing contributed by Rosamond Johnson, who wrote that clever song, "Lil' Gal," to the words of Paul Dunbar, the negro poet, by Abbie Mitchell, and by Harry Burleigh.

This popular baritone of St. George's Church sang some of his own arrangements of spirituals and of course had to supply numerous additional numbers, including that wonderful song about Adam's "mummy" to guide him, a song which Mr. Burleigh sings with inimitable art. It is an excellent thing for the pupils of the settlement to contemplate the performances of this artist. A thorough musician, a singer of well grounded technique and real temperament, a composer of genuine and uncommon talent, Mr. Burleigh is an ornament to his race. Let it be added that in Coleridge-Taylor the negroes had a composer of something like genius and that Rosamond Johnson and Will Marion Cook make music which will not quickly be crowded off Broadway by anything produced by the white folk. The concert given last evening reflected credit on all concerned in its arrangement and its execution. Whether any high development will be the result of musical education among the more ambitious colored people cannot of course be foretold; but some old fashioned music lovers will hope that the negroes will not be led astray into weak imitations of foreign music, since they have such a special and lovely field of their own.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

Perhaps in the course of time the Thursday matinee will become an established custom at the Metropolitan Opera House. There was another yesterday, and Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," with Gertrude Farrar as Cio-Cio-San, was the attraction which brought together an audience of considerable size. Miss Farrar sang her music with good voice and looked as charming as usual. Mr. Martinfort made to develop this great talent of the race deserves the widest support from all interested in musical art. There are few as musically interesting entertainments in the course of a New York season.

In the evening Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" had its second performance of the season. It was given some time ago and also once in Brooklyn. The performance of last evening was in the same hands as early in the season. There were three prima donnas in the cast, Frieda Hempel as Olympia, Frances Alda as Giulietta and Lucrezia Bori as Antonia. Carl Jörn as Hoffmann, Mr. Didur as Coppélius, Mr. Rothier as Dappertutto and also as Dr. Miracle were the other principals entrusted with important parts. Mr. de Segurola as Spalanzani and Schlemiel and Mr. Reiss as the two servants added strength to the cast, and the tireless Polacco again conducted.

The audience was one of moderate proportions, but its applause betokened a generous enjoyment. The performance as a whole was commendable, but it must be conceded that the production of Offenbach's last work is not one of the triumphs of the house. For some reason, not quite clear the various roles do not bring out the best art of the capable singers who give so much earnest effort to their interpretation. Miss Bori is most at home of all in the depressing role of Antonia. Mme. Alda's wig caused much discussion. It was said that old Venice had discovered the new style of colored hair. But there is nothing new in a tinted Venus. More important was the fact that Mme. Alda sang the barcarolles well.

MISS ALDA SINGS IN WIG OF BLUE

Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was only the second performance of the season, though the first one occurred during the first few weeks, but then, French opera is not a strong point of the company, despite the artistic productions of both "Manon" and "Julien." Yet the Metropolitan's attempt to give interest in an opera made memorable to American audiences by the name of Maurice Renaud, Charles Dalmoré, Charles Glibert, Lina Cavalieri and Ali Zippilli is a worthy and not altogether unsuccessful venture. No one in the operatic world of to-day can take the place of Maurice Renaud in the triple role of Coppélius, Dappertutto and Miracle, but Adamo Didur gives an admirable bit of character acting as the Alsatian Jew, and Leon Rothier sang the Mirror Song effectively, and made of the Jewish doctor a figure macabre enough for any taste. Miss Bori is always charming as Antonia. Mr. Jörn's Hoffmann is scarcely the poet, nor is his French diction that spoken in Tours, Miss Hempel's Doll was amusing, as she sang the music charmingly. But now we come to the important event of the evening—to Mme. Frances Alda or rather Mrs. Frances Alda's wig. Mme. Frances Alda is a very handsome young woman, which considering the beauty of Giulietta, stuck in the

Young Women
of Society Play
in Orchestra

Mme. Gluck's beautiful, velvety quality of tone was displayed to advantage in Charpentier's "Dennis le Jour" from "Louis," Rachmaninoff's "Peasant Song," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of the Shepherd Lehl," an aria from "The Czar's Bride," also by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Tottenet's "The Red, Red Rose."

The Symphony Club's strings are all women and Mr. David Mannes is the conductor. Several members of the Symphony Society filled in the wood and brass section, the result being a real symphony orchestra capable of playing with credit the overture to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. Vivaldi's concerto in A minor for strings and orchestra and obligati also was played, with Misses Gertrude Field, Mildred Woolworth, Melinda Rockwood and Edith Otis as principals. Mr. Mannes has succeeded in training his musicians to play together with good effect, both as regards tone and ensemble.

Chapman's "Julien" was performed for the third time at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. That the singular product of the writer's imagination makes a real impression is indisputable. But it is not perhaps so easy to define the character of that impression as to perceive its reality. One simple child of nature who had probably always believed that an opera was a small body of words entirely surrounded by music was pained and even annoyed because some daily newspaper commentators devoted so much more space to the dramatic poem than to the melodic setting of it.

But whether we should be glad about this is again another story. Most of us are pretty tired of watching the hanky panky tricks of the jugglers who caper along the path hewn by Wagner. We are ready to throw up our hats and hurrahs when some one comes forward and makes free and unhampered music after the manner of Montemezzoli in "L'Amore del Tre Re." The strong things in "Julien" are not the theme patterns. The best of these developments is the transformation of the beauty theme into a ribald

As for Miss Farrar, she is a vision of loveliness in most of her scenes and impersonates her kaleidoscopic role with much ability. Her development of the fading muse of *Julien* is admirable and there is a touch of real tragedy in her almost shocking embodiment of the grisette. No other singer has a prominent role, but the minor roles are all important and it is well that they are in competent hands.

The listener in the Little Theatre gathered unto himself all the potency of Mme. Culp's gracious personal charm, the perfection of her diction, the infinite gradations of her dynamics, the rich stores of her tone color, the wonderful flexibility of her utterance and the broad lines of her phrasing. It is a pity that more concerts are not advertised as "intimate" and given in small places. There is room for suspicion that in too many instances a very poor kind of rivalry induces musicians to appear in the largest hall in town and fill up the unsold seats with hastily invited guests, for whom there is an unpoetic designation.

Six Hugo Wolf songs formed the second group and in some of these the singer exhibited her command of archness and humor in a most winsome manner. She sang "Mausfallen spruchlein" in a manner simply incomparable. And her delivery of the lines:

"Lasst mir ihn ja nicht schlafen unterm

YSAYE FOR A BENEFIT.
h. 5. 500 - March 24-14
Distinguished Violinist Appears to
Help Barnard College.

Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, gave a recital last evening in Carnegie Hall. He was assisted by Camille Decreus pianist, and Frank Sealy organist. The occasion was made to serve as a Barnard benefit for the Quarter Century Building fund, and it was under the auspices of the Wigs and Cuts, a dramatic association of Barnard College. In a printed leaflet, with the title "Barnard College," which was handed out with the house programmes by Barnard students in caps and gowns, it was said among other statements, that now after nearly twenty-five years of service in the education of women Barnard College "faces the alternative of obtaining more buildings and a greatly increased endowment fund or of refusing admission to many able and ambitious students who are eager to enter. The present buildings

The programme was excellently arranged so as to afford pleasure, while giving ample opportunity for a display of the qualities of the distinguished violinist. The chief numbers were Beethoven's Sonata in C minor and Saint-Saens's concerto in B minor, No. 3. Among some shorter numbers in which Mr. Ysaye was heard were Vitali's Chaconne, with organ accompaniment, and Viieuxtemps's "Ballade and Polonaise." His playing was on a high level of style and it called forth much applause. Mr. Decresus not only played the piano accompaniments but also a group of solos

The last of the four Friday afternoon concerts given by the Philharmonic Society in its regular subscription series this season without a preceding one on Thursday evening took place yesterday at Carnegie Hall. The musical offerings were taken from the works of "romantic composers," as the subject of the occasion was styled on the programme. Each selection was well chosen and in itself bore in a direct and advantageous light upon the purpose in hand. The solo performer, as at the society's concert of last Sunday, was again Leo Schulz, the first cellist of the orchestra, and he played the concerto in A minor, opus 123, of Schumann. The orchestral numbers were Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz,"

the nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and for the second part of the programme Schubert's seventh symphony in C major. The orchestra played the shorter pieces on the whole with excellent finish and good tone. In the reading of the symphony Mr. Stransky and his men showed clear understanding and the performance aroused quite a good deal of interest.

Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening without any of the preliminary explanations which the composer found it essential to embody in "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried." But in these days a presentation of the last act of the fourfold tragedy by itself is not greatly to be deprecated. The audiences which attend such performances may fairly be divided into two classes—those who know the "Ring" and those who do not know and do not care. The latter do not get much joy out of "Götterdämmerung," anyhow. The others do, even when they hear it dissociated from its predecessors.

The cast last evening brought forward one new allotment, that of *Hagen*, to Basil Ruysdael, who sang the role for the first time with great credit. In make-up, position and action he made a consistent picture of the sinister Nibelung. He sang the music well and showed genuine intelligence in his treatment of the declamation. Mme. Ober returned to the role of *Waltraute*, which Mme. Homer sang at the previous performance. Otherwise the cast was the usual one. Mme. Fremstad's large impersonation of *Brunnhilde* once more aroused enthusiasm.

Two mishaps came near halting "Goetterdaemmerung" at the Metropolitan last night.

Mme. Premstad, who was singing the rôle of Brunhilde, stepped on her dress in the first act and wrenched her ankle, and behind the scenes in the later part of the opera Mme. Ober fainted, but soon recovered.

Dr. Marafioti bandaged Mme. Fremstad's ankle, and the artist concluded the performance, although not without pain. She gave an unusually interesting interpretation of this rôle, one of the best in her repertoire.

A feature of novelty about the performance was the rôle of Hagen, which was sung by Mr. Basil Ruysdael for the first time in his career. Considering this fact it was a tremendously promising interpretation, intelligent in the extreme, dramatically portrayed and very well sung. Mme. Ober's Waltraute was superb, Mr. Berger's Siegfried was satisfying, while Messrs. Fornia and Alten, Miss Sparkes, Messrs. and Well filled remaining parts. Mr. Hertz conducted a splendid performance while the playing of the orchestra and the singing of the chorus were remarkable features.

The series of Symphony Concerts for Young People was brought to a close yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall with a concert illustrative of the history of the dance. It is not to be wondered at, in the present state of the public mind, adult as well as juvenile, concerning dancing, that the audience should have been one of the largest ever known at these concerts. The exposition covered a long stretch of history—ancient Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Indian, dances

The Indian dances, more pantomimes than dances, were executed by the Ahm-ah-sueq, otherwise Floating Cloud, a Chippewa Indian lady of Eastern education, evidently familiar with the rites of her ancestors, which she performed in costume with great vivacity. The music was evidently an arrangement harmonized for Caucasian ears of Indian tunes. A gavotte and a minuet were danced by members of the ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the eighteenth century costume charmingly and picturesquely, to music by Bach and Mozart; and the minuet by Bach and Beethoven were played as music not danced; and so was Strauss's Kaiser Waltz. Mr. Victor Kolar conducted the music for dancing, Mr. Damsch the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle showed the current styles in the "half and half," the "maxixe," the "Castle tango," and the one-step. They were as delightfully and sinuously graceful in these as the music to which they were danced was vulgar and empty. In the music of their dances, at least, the poor old eighteenth, and even the benighted nineteenth, centuries, had a great advantage over the twentieth. Much of their dance music was music not merely of talent but of genius.

New York operagoers witnessed the debut of an American singer yesterday afternoon at the Century Opera House, when Miss Marguerite Sullivan essayed the difficult rôle of Amneris in Verdi's "Aida." Miss Sullivan appeared for the first time on the stage in a promila donna's rôle, and had never before sung with the Century Company. Miss Sullivan sang the dramatic passages of Amneris in a precision that won enthusiasm. Miss Sullivan has a beautiful contralto voice.

Miss Sullivan is 21 years old, and is from Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland friends occupied boxes as did her parents.

Sapirstein, Sinzig, ^{Sun} Letz and
McCormack Also Interest
Their Audiences.

Sunday was once upon a time a day of rest, when the people went forth into the highways and the fields and endeavored to follow the advice of Solomon and contemplate the lilies, and possibly also the ants. But the concert managers found it all out and set their traps for the people and now the holy Sabbath is despoiled by concert givers from the zenith of the sun nearly to the midst of the night. Yesterday there were no less than seven concerts. To-day there will be one. On Tuesday and Wednesday there will be none. Doubtless the concert managers are prophets and wisdom will end with them, but to the wayfarer their distribution of things looks like folly.

In the afternoon of yesterday Elman, Russian by birth, and violinist by occupation, played in Carnegie Hall before a considerable concourse of people. A sonata in F minor by Beethoven and a concerto by Bruch, this time not the G, but the D minor, were his chief offerings, though doubtless many of those in the concourse regarded Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasia" as of equal value. Mr. Elman was in fine fettle and plying with all his brilliancy of tone and technique. Furthermore his interpretative power seems to be broadening and there begins to be ground for hope that he will not be a mere virtuoso.

In the Princess Theatre David Sapirstein, pianist, brought to a conclusion the series of four recitals upon which he entered a month ago. Mr. Sapirstein's most serious essay was the "Carnival" of Schumann. This is a work which few pianists can play even tolerably and only two or three adequately. Furthermore it is not for the general public, for the reason that Schumann filled it with ideas referring to his friends, his life and his writings. Mr. Sapirstein's performance of this and the other music on his programme was entirely honorable. His series of recitals has shown that he is an industrious student and that he has made real progress.

At Rumford Hall Ferdinand Singiz, pianist who has been long in retirement emerged with a concert of infrequent heard music, in which Eudora van Horn soprano, assisted him. Mr. Singiz has always been a competent performer of the keyboard, but his deliverances have customarily wanted that peculiar sensativeness in variety of tone which is persistently called "color," much to the grief and even dismay of honest gentlemen who dislike figurative speech in the domain of critical comment. There was much sincerity of purpose in Mr. Singiz's concert and his own "Slumber Song" had to be repeated in response to much applause. In the evening Hans Leto, the second violinist of the Kristian Quart gave

MR. LETZ'S RECITAL.

Violinist of the Kneisel Quartet
Plays in the Little Theatre.

Something more than four years ago, Mr. Hans Letz gave a violin recital in New York in which he showed an admirable equipment in technique and musical understanding, though it was evident that he had not then arrived at the full maturity of his powers. Last evening he gave another one, in the Little Theatre, of which a different account may be rendered. In the meantime Mr. Letz has been concert master of the Chicago Orchestra, and then second violin of the Kneisel Quartet, which position he still holds. These experiences have contributed much to Mr. Letz's artistic advancement, and he has grown greatly in his art. His style has matured and mellowed; his playing has gained in color and variety of expression, in masculine energy, in finesse and finish. He showed before a remarkably fine technique, vigorous and elastic bowing, almost unerring accuracy of stopping, and a style that clearly revealed in many ways the most thorough grounding.

Mr. Letz was thus able to give an extremely interesting and enjoyable interpretation of the short but meaty programme that he had set for his recital. Brahms's sonata for piano and violin in A, the adagio and fugue from Bach's G minor solo sonata, the romanza from Joachim's Hungarian concerto, and Max Bruch's Scotch Fantasia, were the numbers. To these he added Jónó Hubay's brilliant display piece called "Zephyr." Mr. S. Chotzloff played the piano part in Brahms's sonata, and the accompaniments to the other pieces with quite unusual sympathy and precision. The audience was fairly numerous, and found frequent occasion for warm applause, which at the close amounted to real enthusiasm.

At the Hippodrome also in the evening John McCormack, the popular Irish tenor, gave a delightful concert, aided by Donald McLeath, violinist, and Vincent O'Brien at the piano. Mr. McCormack's most ambitious number was "Waft Her, Angels," from Handel's "Jephtha." He sang also songs by Schumann, Hue, Scott and Wilson, as well as old Irish songs, and concluded with airs from "Mignon" and "Tosca." The entertainment furnished a plentiful display of those beautiful qualities of voice and enunciation which endear Mr. McCormack to concertgoers. The two opera houses completed the list of seven concerts.

BUSY DAY AT CONCERTS Large Audiences Attend Sunday's Four Recitals.

The Sunday concert world was filled to overflowing yesterday, and despite the spring weather the audiences were uniformly good. *March 16, 1914*

In the afternoon Carnegie Hall saw Mischa Elman's farewell recital, and the young violinist drew the largest audience he has received this season. The virtues which are his were never more evident—his rich, large tone, his impeccable intonation, his breadth of style, his feats of technical dexterity. Perhaps there were times when the suspicion arose, as it has often arisen, that these virtues have become exaggerated at the expense of the more poetic qualities, but his audience never fails to respond. He played yesterday, among other numbers, the Beethoven sonata in F major, the Bruch concerto in D minor and the Wieniawski "Faust Fanalisse."

David Sapirstein gave the last of his four recitals also during the afternoon, and the little Princess Theatre held a goodly gathering. Mr. Sapirstein is one of the sincerest and best endowed of the younger pianists, and his playing of Schumann's "Carnival" tested successfully his excellent technical endowment. In addition, he played a group of Chopin numbers and Liszt's "Reminiscences of Don Juan."

Tiny Rumford Hall was the scene of still another offering, when Ferdinand Sinzig, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Eudora von Horn, soprano, appeared before an audience of moderate size. Mr. Sinzig is a talented artist and one possessed of a fine musicianship. His numbers consisted of compositions by Brahms, Mozart, Bach, Debussy, Ravel and others.

Every good son and daughter of Erin makes it a point to get to John McCormack's annual song recital, and last night the Hippodrome hung out the "S. R. O." sign. Mr. McCormack's art as a singer of Irish ballads is unquestioned, and what he lacks in tonal beauty he makes up in interpretative delicacy and feeling, and those who insist on clear English diction will find it at Mr. McCormack's recitals. He was at his best last night, as ever, in his Irish numbers, but he sang as well songs by Handel, Hue, Thomas and Puccini. The audience overflowed the auditorium, and many hundred seats were placed upon the platform.

Hans Letz, the second violin of the Kneisel Quartet, gave a recital in the evening at the Little Theatre, playing Brahms's sonata in A major, Bach's adagio and fugue, a romanza of Joachim and Bruch's "Scotch Fantaisie." Mr. Letz's tone was firm, his technical facility admirable and his interpretative powers those to be expected from a member of our splendid Kneisels. He was accompanied at the piano by S. Chotzloff.

OPERA ORCHESTRA PLAYS.

Most of the music at the Sunday concert of the Century Opera Company, in the Century Opera House, last night was furnished by the orchestra. Under the direction of Mr. Carlo Nicotia it was heard in Tschalkowsky's Slav march, the Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann," the incidental music of Mendelssohn to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," La-combe's "Aubade Printanniere," the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Auber's overture "Masaniello."

The entire first scene of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was sung, with Misses Bertha Shalek, Florence Coughlan and Cordelia Latham, and Messrs. Albert Parr and Louis D'Angelo. Other soloists were Miss Marguerite Sullivan, a soprano new to that house; Miss Lena Mason and Mr. Louis Kreidler.

The audience that filled the Century Opera House last night was assisted by Mrs. Eudora von Horn, who sang songs by Paladine, Hue, Borodin, and Vidal.

MME. CARRENO PLAYS

AT THE METROPOLITAN

March 16, 1914
At last night's concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, Mme. Teresa Carreno, pianist, was the artist from without the operatic staff.

Mme. Carreno always has been an enthusiastic supporter of the music of Edward MacDowell, who was one of her pupils, and last night she made her strongest appeal in MacDowell's B minor Concerto. The famous Venezuelan pianist has played this many times and her performance was excellent, as was to be expected. Her other selections were Schubert's Impromptu opus 90 No. 3 and Schubert's "March Militaire." Much applause followed each number.

Of the soloists from the operatic forces the most pleasure was given by Mme. Louise Homer, contralto. In the aria "Che faro senza Euridice," from Gluck's "Orfeo," and the page's aria, "Noble Signor," from Meyerbeer's "Les Hugenots," she made a decidedly strong impression.

Both Mme. Rita Fornia and Mr. Carl Schegel, who were the other soloists, were received enthusiastically. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman, played Weber's overture "Euryanthe," Chamrier's "Rhapsodie Espana" and Delibes' "Cortège de Bacchus."

ENJOYABLE PIANO RECITAL.

March 16, 1914
Mr. David Sapirstein yesterday gave the last of his four piano recitals in the Princess Theatre. The most important number was Schumann's Carnival, which has been played by several distinguished pianists recently. Mr. Sapirstein's conception was interesting. All of his interpretations have been carefully thought out. He has an ear for tone color and uses it effectively. The audiences grew during the series, and that of yesterday practically filled the theatre.

Mr. Sapirstein played a group from Chopin, including eight preludes, the "Ballade" in G minor, "Berceuse" and the "Mazurka" in B flat major. His final number was Liszt's "Reminiscences of Don Juan."

"TIEFLAND" GIVEN AT CENTURY OPERA

Eugen d'Albert's opera "Tiefland" was produced at the Century Opera House last evening. The work was first heard in this city at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 23, 1908, under the joint management of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Andreas Dippel. The original play on which the work is founded is Angel Gulmer's "Terra Balxa," and it was introduced to this public as "Marta of the Lowland," in which Bertha Kalisch impersonated the heroine. The chief performers in the Metropolitan production were Emmy Destinn as Marta, Erik Schmedes as Pedro and Fritz Feinhals as Sebastian. The work was not successful.

There is much fine dramatic force in the story and the music has some solid merits. But as a whole the opera wants those elements which appeal most powerfully to the typical theatregoer. The story has a moderate amount of action, but there is a plentiful supply of contending passions. The personages are mountain peasants and they are simple, direct and almost harsh in their utterances.

The plot is perhaps not as well known to present day operagoers as to those of a few years ago, when memories of the play were fresher. But it may be recalled that the action hinges on the illicit love of Sebastian for his handmaiden Marta, whom he has compelled to his will and whom he drives into a marriage to Pedro to cloak his iniquity. There arises a battle between the two for the possession of the woman, who is in the end carried off bodily by Pedro because he loves her in spite of all.

If the larger episodes in this work were treated in broad, sweeping lines of lyric expression the drama would be one of tremendous power. But whether Eugen d'Albert did not possess the musical invention to create such scenes or whether he failed to find matter for them in the book, the fact remains that the situations in the play develop themselves by methods belonging to the spoken drama rather than to the opera. That there is no small amount of musical intelligence in the score has already been hinted, but the skill, the devotion and the sincerity of the composer could not fashion matter to supply the want of the eloquence of real lyric speech.

The production at the Century last evening had most of the merits and defects of the productions which had preceded it. There was the same regrettable failure to attain the chief aim of the institution, namely, a demonstration that English text is far better than foreign tongues. Last

night the English, as usual, was either bad in itself or unsuitable to its purpose, as when a poor, ignorant mountain peasant spoke of a light's being "extinguished." When the English was not unsatisfactory it was badly enunciated.

The English of this or any other book used at the Century will not be improved by blustering invitations to the people who criticize them to come and make better ones. Such invitations should be addressed to the entire audience, since a considerable proportion of those who have not newspaper columns to make public their ideas employ much bitter language than the reviewers in speaking of the stuff projected over the footlights either in fragments or in crushed masses.

As to the question of enunciation that has been discussed here very often, and in due time will be discussed again. For the present it may be sufficient to say that the most accomplished singers in the world could not deliver some of the lines confided to the hard working people of the Century. In last evening's presentation there were evidences of preparation. The orchestra played much better than it usually does and the scenery and stage pictures were commendable.

Miss Ewell was fairly successful as Marta, although her voice sounded tired, and Mr. Bergman sang Pedro creditably, and in certain passages even excellently. Mr. Kreidler was only respectable as Sebastian. Miss La Palma was commendable as Nuri. Mr. Szendrei conducted, and, as heretofore, showed that he knew his business. The audience was one of good size and its applause was generous.

"Tiefland" in English.

The performance of Eugen d'Albert's "Tiefland" last night must be classed with the best achievements, so far, of the Century Opera Company. It had evidently been rehearsed with special care, the result being an ensemble which atoned to some extent for the lack of stars. Alfred Szendrei conducted with authority and a full comprehension of the meaning of the music, and the playing by the orchestra was often surprisingly good. Most of the principals enunciated the text distinctly, which has not been the case in most of the operas presented heretofore. Miss Ewell impersonated the part of the unhappy Marta in a way to win sympathy. Mr. Kreidler's ideas of acting the part of Sebastian were crude, but his singing was on a higher plane. While Mr. Bergman scored some good points as Pedro, and Beatrice La Palma did the same as Nuri.

While this was the first performance here of d'Albert's opera in English, it was produced at the Metropolitan in German on November 23, 1908. It had a strong cast, but for some reason or other it did not draw, and was sung only four times. Perhaps it will have better luck in English, the libretto being far above the average in merit. Musically it cannot be called a masterpiece, but there are many interesting details in the orchestral score, not a few of them strikingly suggestive of Puccini and Wagner, particularly "Parsifal." The picturesque scenery used last night was the same as that seen at the Metropolitan production of "Tiefland." There was a large audience, which evidently liked the opera. In Germany it is very popular.

"MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS."

Production at the Century of D'Albert's Opera in English.

Sebastiano Louis Kreidler
Tommaso Alfred Kaufman
Muroccio Louis D'Angelo
Marta Miss Ewell
Pepa Florence Coughlan
Rosalia Louise Hausmann
Nuri Cordelia Latham
Pedro Beatrice La Palma
Conductor, Alfred Szendrei.

The Century Opera Company made another rather venturesome experiment last evening when it produced for the first time "Marta of the Lowlands," an English version of Eugen d'Albert's opera, "Tiefland." One reason why the experiment was venturesome is that the opera in its original form was given in the season of 1908-9 at the Metropolitan Opera House and failed to win the approval of its audiences. It was given four times in that season, and never again. Yet it was heard in an admirable performance presented by an excellent cast; it had the prestige of a great and recent success in Germany, and adaptations of the Spanish drama on which it is based had been previously heard in New York.

In "Marta of the Lowlands" the composer has hardly succeeded in making the music an essential part of the drama; it seems rather superimposed upon it. In not a few passages it is irrelevant to what goes on upon the stage; in others the musical declam-

tion is superfluous, and the spoken word would count for as much. The orchestral part is largely made up of a number of themecses that are not so much developed as repeated and juxtaposed, with an effect often fragmentary. Nor is there great originality in the personal utterance of the composer in this music. The voices of some of d'Albert's predecessors and contemporaries are heard in it frequently. There are passages that justify themselves. The introduction and the opening measures of prologue upon the mountain top convey the impression of the time and the place and give an atmosphere. The orchestral interlude that connects the prologue with the first act has color and vividness. Some of the frankly melodious passages for the voice are effective, especially the impassioned duet between Marta and Pedro in the last act, the dance song of Sebastiano in that act, the concerted pieces for the trio of maidens, and the choruses are, many of them, spirited.

The drama that this music is to illustrate is rather a depressing "problem play," in which villainy and ingenious innocence are brought to a struggle, with the victory for innocence. The opera is not a very favorable specimen for performance in English. Much of the text is commonplace and unimaginative, and cannot well be otherwise in any translation, and the inevitable incongruity of singing such text is enhanced. It may also be said that certain passages are expounded with embarrassing frankness.

In this performance the English text was delivered by almost everybody with unusual distinctness and intelligibility, and in so far there was an approach toward an ideal of English operatic performance. The performance had features of excellence, chief of which were the impersonations of Sebastiano by Louis Kreider and of Marta by Lois Ewell. The ensemble was also in the main commendable. Mr. Zendei conducted with exceptional skill and command of his forces, and there have been few performances at the Century Opera in which the orchestra better understood or more successfully mastered the task.

The scenery was that used in the Metropolitan five years ago and was handsome. The really beautiful first set, however, fitted the smaller stage badly, and was disfigured by unintelligent lighting. A pause was wisely made between the prologue and the first act. Played as the composer directs, without a pause, they last together, an hour and a half, and the audience becomes indifferent to the fate of the inauspiciously wedded couple. There was a very considerable audience last evening which was not indifferent, but whose interest was apparently aroused and sustained by the opera.

"La Gioconda" Sung with Spirit at Repetition

March 19, 1914
Mr. Caruso's Singing of "Cielo e Mar"
Is Followed by Storm of Applause—Brilliant Audience.

One of the largest audience of the season heard and applauded a repetition of "La Gioconda" in the Metropolitan Opera House last night.

There were no features of novelty, but it was a spirited presentation and the principals were in high vocal fettle. Mr. Caruso was Enzo and his singing of "Cielo e Mar" was followed by a storm of applause and shouts of "bravo" from the more enthusiastic listeners.

In the title rôle Miss Destinn was admirable, while Mr. Amato's singing of Barnaba was highly dramatic. Mme. Homer as Laura, Mme. Duchene as La Cieca and Mr. De Segura as Alvise were satisfying. Mr. Toscanini conducted a brilliant performance.

March 20, 1914
AMERICAN MUSIC
BY BOSTON PLAYERS
Symphony by George Chadwick
and Tone Poem by Rubin Goldmark.

MR. PADEREWSKI SOLOIST
He Also Appears as Composer,
Playing His Own Piano
Concerto.

The final evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Carnegie Hall. The house was sold out and all the available standing room was occupied. This without doubt was

to be attributed to the fact that the solo performer was Ignace Paderewski, the great pianist. It may interest some of the hysterical people who have recently clamored for Mr. Paderewski's gore on fallacious grounds to know that he was associated on the programme with a Jew composer, that the audience contained a large percentage of Jews, and that they applauded with equal liberality the musician of their own people and the Polish pianist.

The orchestral numbers were George W. Chadwick's F major symphony and Rubin Goldmark's tone poem "Samson." Mr. Chadwick wrote his symphony, the third of his works in this form, some thirty years ago, and it is therefore not in the latest fashion. It shows an old foggy fondness for clearly marked tonalities, for fluent melodic thoughts, and for sharply defined rhythms. It turns not from its straight path because of simple cadences confronting its progressions, nor does it become a musical Don Quixote and attack harmonic windmills with almost fatal damage to itself.

In short it is plain, unaffected music, not of the epoch making kind, but pleasant to hear and interesting to follow. It is made with skill and instrumented with taste. It has not been heard here of late, and this is to be regretted. Mr. Chadwick is one of the older generation of American composers and his works should not be left to silence. The symphony was admirably played, of course, and received applause, but not as much as it deserved.

Rubin Goldmark lives in this town. He is a nephew of Carl Goldmark, the distinguished European composer. Some of the nephew's chamber music has been heard here, and it is good. His "Samson" was completed last summer in Colorado Springs, and it was heard last evening for the first time here. It is divided into three main parts, "Samson," "The Betrayal," and "The Temple." The work is built on fine musical ideas, and it is orchestrated with great technic, but as an appeal to the public it has one serious fault. It is too long.

The episodes are treated with too much detail. This impairs the musical continuity in some places, so that the intent listener becomes impatient because the poetic development is retarded. This defect can probably be remedied by condensation, provided, of course, the composer eventually comes to feel his music that way.

There is much wonderfully graphic writing in the work, especially in the long scene of the betrayal by Delilah and again in the splendid depiction of the moods of the temple and the blind Samson. It is just in the desire to be extremely graphic that the artist has (in the opinion of one observer) erred. His thoughts would strike home more surely if with his splendid technic he had been less Oriental in liberality of utterance. The composition was received with prolonged applause, to which the composer was obliged to bow from his box.

Mr. Paderewski figured also as composer, for he played his own piano concerto, which has already been played this season by Katherine Goodson. It is unnecessary again to comment on the charms of the concerto, and it need only be said that the great pianist was in excellent form last evening, and his tone had its most beautiful vocal quality. He will be heard again with the Boston Orchestra to-morrow afternoon, when he will play the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven.

SOPRANO AND BARYTONE.

Joint Concert of Namara-Toye and Royal Dadmun.

Mme. Namara-Toye, soprano, and Royal Dadmun, barytone, gave a joint recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. They were assisted respectively by Kurt Schindler and Edward Recklin, who played the accompaniments. The programme was comprised largely of songs by modern composers, there being many such names in the list. Mr. Dadmun was heard first in the airs Handel's "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," "Mistress Mine" of Quilter and "I Attempt From Love's Sickness to Fly," by Purcell. In these numbers the better qualities disclosed in Mr. Dadmun's singing found more adequate expression than in such songs as Schumann's "Wenn ich in deine Augen Sehe," and Strauss's "Der Morgen" or songs of lighter vein, which he sang later on. His voice, which is of a good and powerful quality, is rather a bass than barytone. His general display of it showed intelligence, a good legato and good enunciation.

Mme. Namara-Toye, who is by no means a stranger in local concert halls, had not been heard here before this season. Her first group of songs in the programme contained Pergolesi's "Se tu m'ami," Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour" and "Deux Bergerettes," by Weckerlin. Her treatment of these airs showed a gain in her singing over that of past seasons. In natural quality her voice is a good one, and as she used it yesterday it seemed to have gained in fullness and warmth. The emission of tones in her medium and lower registers was good, but in some of her head tones it was frequently faulty. They lacked in steadiness and color. In such songs as Debussy's "Extase," with an enunciation not always distinct, or Carpenter's "The Light That Flits on Baby's Eyes" there was a strong tendency to sentimentalize. But in the same composer's "When I Bring Colored Toys" or in Mr. Schindler's "La Colomba," one of the songs Mme. Namara-Toye had to repeat, the singer was at her best, as she sang

Dr. Muck Gives Two Thirds His Programme Over to Local Composers.

It is evident that the American composer is not going to be abandoned. Two-thirds of the programme of last night's Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall was devoted to the works of American musicians, and the huge audience heard the band under Dr. Muck's direction give these works a performance that it would be difficult to equal.

The two compositions were Chadwick's Third Symphony and Rubin Goldmark's tone poem, "Samson," the second of which was composed last year and was receiving its first presentation in New York.

Mr. Chadwick's symphony has been heard before. It was written thirty years ago, at a time when the composer himself said, "It was not yet criminal to write a tune or melody to resolve a discord." It is a modest, sincere, straightforward piece of music, which contains not a few genuine musical ideas, which are worked out pleasingly and never with a deviation from the path of beauty. If it is not a masterpiece, it is at least a finely conceived and finely executed composition and one which should hold its place in the symphonic world, not because it is written by an American, but because it is worthy of that place.

Mr. Goldmark's "Samson" proved also worthy of a position on a Boston Symphony programme, and placed the composer a step ahead of anything he had accomplished before. It was programme music only in the broader sense, for it stood upon its own musical legs without any need of a biblical prop. Its one great weakness was its length, its ideas being strung out when they had better have been condensed, with a consequent weakening of the force and unity of the structure. Yet, despite this, the ideas, the melodic invention, the originality of treatment, were there, and the composer showed himself a remarkable master of color and of orchestral effect. With some condensation "Samson" ought to prove one of the most remarkable pieces of serious music yet composed by an American. Mr. Goldmark is to be congratulated. Needless to say, Dr. Muck gave of the tone poem a worthy reading.

The assisting artist was Paderewski, who played his own interesting Concerto in A minor, with brilliancy of execution and richness of tone.

OLD COMPOSERS NOT DISTURBED

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its last concert of the season yesterday night at Carnegie Hall. It was mostly in F minor, by Chadwick and Goldmark. It began with the symphonic lucubration of the Chadwick.

On the whole, I am inclined to think this is one of the most remarkable symphonies ever written. It is the only one of which it could justly be said that, with the addition of a few words, and the suppression of the more exalted and high-falutin' passages, it might be turned into a most successful comic opera. The dances are there already in appropriate triviality. Mr. Chadwick seems to have suspected this himself. He relieves the monotony of his lighter, lower and easier wingings, but ponderous imitations of the solemn, well-proportioned Parthenon style of Brahms, or of the solemn stateliness of Handel. Now he is lofty; now he is gay. Now he rises to the upper ether of the academical of Bemón Hill; now he sinks into the chaste sentimentalism of well-behaved feminine Brookline.

He is austere, and then relenting. He is intellectual, and then demagogic. Surely such music is irresistible, if only those accursed geniuses had not written better stuff. In another aspect, Mr. Chadwick's symphony had the fault to be found in the works of all pretentious amateurs. It started well, but sustained nothing. It wandered from style to style, from disconnected idea to disconnected idea, like the mind of a child, having no amalgam to bind into it persuasive coherency.

As far as rhetoric and reason were concerned, Rubin Goldmark's symphonic poem, "Samson," had much greater value. It was mediocre, but it was industriously elaborated and evidently the work of a serious student of composition. It followed the lines usual in a symphonic poem, lines so usual that they have become conventional. It was well received, and the composer bowed from his box. At the same time, Saint-Saëns has exhausted Samson and ourselves—with

the subject. But as I have already written a "Queen of Sheba," the nephew was forced also to be scriptural, out of pious loyalty.

M. Paderewski played his own concerto, amid customary plaudits. All dead composers were permitted last night to decompose in peace.

PLEASING JOINT RECITAL.

Mme. Namara-Toye and Mr. Royal Dadmun Sing in Aeolian Hall.

There was special interest in the joint recital of Mme. Namara-Toye, soprano, and Mr. Royal Dadmun, barytone, in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, in the singing of Mr. John Alden Carpenter's songs, "When I Bring You Colored Toys" and "The Light That Flits on Baby's Eyes," from poems of Rabindranath Tagore. It is of interest to see the trend of musical composition in this country toward everything that is French. Most of the songs are French imitations, but Mr. Carpenter seems to have found a medium for saying something of his own, and his songs, while suggestive of the French, are unusually original.

Mme. Namara-Toye was in good voice, and if she did not reach great heights at least gave pleasure in her French selections, including Debussy's "Extase," Messager's "La Maison Grise," "Spleen," by Poldowski, and "Oiseau bleu," by Debussy. Another novel contribution was "Pierrot," by Dagmar Rubner, head of the music department of Columbia University.

March 20, 1914
Mr. Dadmun, a barytone with a light voice of pleasing quality, was heard in a group of old English songs and later sang German, French and Russian works. Mr. Kurt Schindler played the accompaniments for Mme. Namara-Toye with skill, adding greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

"TOSCA" IS REPEATED AT METROPOLITAN

March 20, 1914
Rendering of Splendid Opera by
Cast of Famous Singers
1914 Nears Perfection March 20

"Tosca" was repeated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The cast included Miss Geraldine Farrar, M. Riccardo Martin, M. Scotti and Paul Ananian. M. Polacco conducted. As the consensus of opinion of keen judges throughout the operatic world runs to the effect that Miss Geraldine Farrar is a handsome and vivacious Tosca; as all argument concerning Antonio Scotti's Scarpia is otiose; as Riccardo Martin shone as a star in the song, "Stars Were Shining," and as there is no Armenian baritone like Ananian between Smyrna and Mt. Ararat, with the possible exceptions of Balizian or Ramjambanian, the stopper may be put in the pot of vinegar.

"Rosenkavalier," with its customary cast, including Mme. Frieda Hempel, Mme. Margarete Ober and Otto F. K. Goritz, was given at reduced rates and enhanced artistic values in the afternoon. Dr. Alfred Hertz conducted.

Mr. Leonhardt Sings Well in Role of Faninal

According to the custom of the last month, there were two performances of opera in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, "Der Rosenkavalier" being repeated in the afternoon and "Tosca" at night.

There was only one new feature about the cast of Dr. Richard Strauss' clever "music with comedy," and it was that Mr. Robert Leonhardt appeared for the first time in the rôle of Faninal, a part usually taken by Mr. Hermann Weil. Mr. Leonhardt was quite disappointing in his interpretation, giving the part little distinction and causing little illusion as to the character of this humplious burger who has acquired fortune and wishes social prominence. He sang acceptably, however.

Miss Hempel and Mme. Ober again "walked away" with vocal and histrionic honors, while Mr. Goritz was an admirable Baron Ochs. Miss Case, Mmes. Mattfeld and Fornia, Messrs. Ahnhouse and Reiss filled their usual rôles. Mr. Hertz conducted excellently.

The performance of Mr. Puccini's "Tosca" in the evening, with Miss Geraldine Farrar in the title rôle and Messrs. Martin and Scotti as Mario and Scarpia, brought out another large audience. The principals were in fine form and Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti excelled histrionically as well as vocally in the second act. Mr. Martin shared in the numerous curtain calls after the act. Mr. Polacco conducted.

"BUTTERFLY" HEARD AGAIN.

March 21, 1914
Riccardo Martin as Pinkerton. Singing Especially Well.
"Madama Butterfly" was performed

March 22. 1914
THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Paderewski Again the Sololst—The
Last Concert of Its Series.

The orchestra also rose to its most splendid achievement in the performance of Tschaiakowsky's fourth symphony, with which the concert opened. The performance splendid, sonorous, and in places "pizzicato ostinato" of the scherzo, taken at a very rapid pace, of wonderful decision and glittering brilliancy. In Liszt's "Hoffner Serenade," three of those eight movements were played, Mr. Muck, the concert master, gave an excellent performance of the violin solo. Much enthusiasm was aroused by the playing of Tschaiakowsky's symphony that Dr. Muck had the orchestra so to receive the applause for itself. It was altogether a notable evening of the Boston orchestra series.

MR. BAUER'S RECITAL

3rd Appearance of the Pianist in
Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Bauer played with all the extraordinary feeling for style that enables him so completely to identify himself with music of so many different schools and manners and to reproduce its essential quality and character so unerringly and with the distinction, the deep insight, the musical beauty of expression and the perfection of mechanism that make his performance an unalloyed delight. His playing of Chopin's Sonata was especially notable. It is a work teeming with ideas treading upon their heels so fast that it is easy to lose the sense of form and of coherency in listening to it. Such a reading as this subtly orders its proportions, so composes "the whole, that it takes on the aspect of unity and it gains a new sequence of beauty."

MR. YSA YE, AT HIS BEST.

amous Belgian a Guest Soloist at
Metropolitan Concert.

he orchestra, under the direction of Richard Hageman, played Grieg's rture, "In Autumn;" the ballet music wedding march from Rubinstein's rramors" and Elgar's march, "Pomp Circumstance."

CONCERTS OF A DAY.
N. Y. Sun - March 23. 14
Philharmonic Society Recales End
of Its Sunday Series.

In the evening Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given in the Hippodrome under the direction of Tali Esen Morgan. The forces assembled for this concert consisted of the New York Festival Chorus, an orchestra, Florence Hinkle, soprano; Mary Jordan, contralto; Dan Beddoe, tenor; Gwilym Miles, baritone, and Clarence Reynolds, organist. The chorus was a large one and made a handsome picture on the Hippodrome stage with the women all in white and the men in conventional black. The presentation of the oratorio was generally effective, and the audience, not a great one, apparently enjoyed it.

Æolian Hall was occupied in the evening by the joint concerts of Marie Narelle, soprano, and Evan Mylott, contralto. The two singers began the entertainment with a duet, "Abschied der Vogel," by Hildach, and closed it with the "Qui se homo" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Between these duets they took turns singing groups of solo numbers. Both singers showed that they had enjoyed long and honorable experience in the field of song and that they had begun their careers possessed of some short comings of which experience had not rid them. Good voices both had and some intelligence, but no large ability to weave a potent spell.

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Less interest than might have been expected was shown in the Metropolitan Opera concert last night, when even the great name of Ysaye did not quite fill the house. So much the worse for those who might but did not go to the opera house to hear the Belgian violinist.

For Ysaye, whose charm changes and grows or lessens in sympathy with his moods, played very finely, and of course poetically.

He gave his hearers very generous measure. Not one, but two, concertos—the first (and less impressive) Viotti's in A minor, the second Wieniawski's in D minor. And then, as an encore, he threw in, after he had played the Viotti number, an arrangement of the familiar but at no time vulgar "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger."

Neither of the concertos can truthfully be called inspiring, though both are agreeable and of gracious quality. In the Viotti concerto Mr. Ysaye introduced a cadenza of his own making. He was warmly and repeatedly applauded after each of his contributions to the concert.

The singers of the evening were Anna Case and Paul Aithouse. Miss Case sang the particularly trying and florid air, "Charmant Oiseau," from Felicien David's "La Perle du Bresil," and the unwearying "De-puis le Jour" air from "Louise." Mr. Aithouse added Mario's song, "E Lucean le Stelle," from "Tosca."

Under the direction of Mr. Hageman the orchestra played Grieg's "In Autumn" overture, two ballet movements and the "Wedding Procession" from "Ferdmors," and Elgar's always effective "Pomp and Circumstance" march.

At the Century O. House last night, an audience of fair size enjoyed a mixed programme of vocal and instrumental selections, interpreted by a number of well-known soloists and the Century Orchestra. As usual, the keynote to the concert was variety.

Paderewski Again.

The greatest of living musicians, Ignace Jan Paderewski, was again the soloist at the Carnegie Hall concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Saturday afternoon, the last of the season. It opened with the fourth Tchaikovsky symphony, of which the orchestra gave a brilliant performance. Although it was less emotional than those we are accustomed to here, it stirred the audience to great applause, especially after the scherzo, in which the pizzicato ostinato transforms the whole band into a huge guitar. Liszt's "Haffner" serenade also was well done except that the concert master played the leading violin part with an unpleasantly acrid tone now and then.

The climax of the concert came at the end, with Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, which Paderewski played with delightful clarity, tonal variety, dynamic shading, and phrasing. It was a joy to note how Dr. Muck adapted himself to Paderewski's reading, feeling every note with him, making not only every period but every semi-colon, dash, and comma, so to speak, where the pianist made it. Yet at the conclusion, when the audience burst out into demonstrative applause, Dr. Muck and his players joined in, modestly leaving all the honors to the pianist. Then, however, they stampeded for the doors, so as not to miss the five o'clock train to Boston, after a week's absence. The stage was thus left to Mr. Paderewski, and no one could say that the Boston Orchestra's rule against encores was broken. Four he added: the Wagner-Liszt "Isolde's Love-Death," a Mendelssohn song without words, a Chopin prelude, and a mazurka which died away in bars that revealed the whole tragedy of Poland. Of special beauty also was the playing of the "Tristan and Isolde" number. Paderewski made his noble piano not only sing, but produce effects of etherealized harmonies floating heavenwards, almost more ravishing than the original orchestral colors.

Harold Bauer's Recital.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Paderewski and the Boston Symphony Orchestra combined to draw music-lovers to Carnegie Hall, Saturday afternoon, Harold Bauer's pianoforte recital filled Aeolian Hall with appreciative listeners to his masterly rendering of an interesting programme. The Mozart fantasia was played with lightness and grace, and the Chopin Sonata in B minor, which followed, was given with such splendid execution and dramatic effect, particularly the concluding Presto, that he was recalled several times. Schumann's Papillons were given with loving, poetic touches; and the Toccata with such sureness and spirit as to make one oblivious of its technical difficulties. Mr. Bauer's hearers evidently wanted more of Schumann; but he went on with the two Brahms numbers, a ballade, and the Capriccio in B minor, which was very daintily and beautifully played and then responded to the repeated demands for encore. The playing of the concluding number, a prelude, choral, and fugue by César Franck, was interrupted by the insistent ringing of a telephone in the room back of the stage. Mr. Bauer stopped after beginning the choral, with a despairing gesture and strode off the stage, slamming the door, and leaving his audience to imagine how he dealt with the person to blame for the interruption. When he returned he asked leave to play the composition again from the beginning; but, although it was brilliantly done, it was plain that the spirit with which he had first begun was gone. As was to be expected there were crowds after the recital closed who pressed toward the platform and clamored for more, and Mr. Bauer kindly returned twice and granted their desire.

Sunday Concerts.

One of the largest audiences of the season attended the final Sunday concert of the Philharmonic, and no wonder, for the programme was one to conjure with. Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite is at the same time so popular and so good that it alone might have filled the house, and the same is true of Liszt's "Lament and Triumph of Tasso" and Dvorák's "New World" symphony, the slow movement of

which has probably the most soulful melody ever penned, a melody which it may be worth recording—brought tears to the eyes of a critic of thirty-three years standing near the close of a most exhausting season. To be sure, this same movement might have been played in a way to vex the spirit. Let us thank heaven for our Philharmonic and its great conductor, who avert such calamities! Yesterday's concert made one feel sorry that the Philharmonic season, busy as it has been, is nearly over. It will close on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon with a Wagner programme, Wagner having proved once more, as the figures show, the most popular composer in the concert hall as well as in the opera house. More than a hundred Wagner numbers have been on this season's Philharmonic programmes!

Ysaya was the soloist last night at the Metropolitan, where a large audience applauded him in concertos of Viotti and Wieniawski, which he ennobled by his playing. The singers were Miss Case and Mr. Althouse. The Century Opera House had its usual popular entertainment, in Aeolian Hall Marie Narelle and Eva Mylott gave a joint recital. At the Hippodrome Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was sung last night by the New York Festival Chorus, under the direction of Tali Esen Morgan. The soloists—Florence Hinkle, Mary Jordan, Dan Beddor, and Gwilym Miles sang satisfactorily; the chorus at least looked well. Mr. Morgan introduced an innovation in the form of scattering his forces for the angels' numbers. For that in the first part of the work, he had a sextet in one of the upper boxes; later on, thirty-two of the women of the chorus marched off the stage and up to a box on the other side, from which they in turn represented the angels. Taken altogether, it was a commonplace performance of this dramatic work.

WAGNER AT THE OPERA.

W. S. Sullivan March 24/24
Monday Evening Subscribers Hear
"Die Walkuere" Well Sung.

"Die Walkuere" Well Sung.

The Monday evening subscribers at the Metropolitan Opera House have not been called upon frequently in the course of the

present season to "sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock." This rhythmic conceit of the inimitable Gilbert might be applied without much violence to the condition of a distinctively social assemblage in the presence of a tragic Wagnerian music drama. Last evening, however, "Die Walkure" was offered and the darkened auditorium was occupied by an audience which numbered only a moderate number outside the subscribers.

There was nothing new in the performance, since the cast was composed of singers in familiar roles. Herman Will returned to the part of *Wotan*, which was in the hands of Carl Braun until his return to Europe. It is by no means improbable that Mr. Will's impersonation of the troubled god has its admirers. Mme. Gadski as *Brunnhilde*, Mme. Fremstad as *Sieglinde* and Mme. Homer as *Fricka* constituted a strong trio of woman singers, and the honors of the evening went to them. Mr. Berger's *Siegmund* is interesting and intelligent, though not musically stirring, and Mr. Ruysdael's *Undung* is good. Mr. Hertz conducted as usual and the playing of the orchestra was also one of the principal delights of the performance.

FLOTOW'S "MARTHA"
AT CENTURY OPERA

Flotow's "Martha" was produced at the Century Opera House last evening. The once adored work was last given at the Metropolitan Opera House (in Italian) on March 30, 1908, with Bessie Abbott as *Marta*, Mme. Homer as *Nancy*, Mr. Bonci as *Lionello* and Mr. Plancan as *Plunketto*. Since that, however, there has been another performance which musical annalists must not forget. It took place at the Irving Place theatre on February 20, 1911. On this occasion the *Martha* was Mabel Dunning, *Nancy*, Theresa Kennedy; *Lionel*, Werner Alberti, and *Plunkett*, Emil Fischer, once the great *Wotan* and *Hans Sachs* of the Metropolitan, and still singing though past 70 years of age.

"Martha" invites many happy memories, for the title role was one of the parts in which Adeline Patt's matchless voice, brilliant singing and bewitching personality were most delightfully displayed. In three years Marcelia Sembrin succeeded Patt and vitalized the old opera into new life. But the work is not in demand now. It belongs to a type which fails to give enough substance to satisfy the appetite of the typical operagoer. It ought nevertheless to find a good

home in its old age at the Century Opera House. Last night's performance demonstrated several things, one of them being the great advantage of a small auditorium in the enjoyment of such a composition. Those who are acquainted with this opera know that its music is on the whole simple, albeit there are some florid passages in it. But the floridity is of a naive sort and makes an illusion only when sung with sparkle of style and gaiety of spirit. On the other hand the popular numbers, such as the duet for *Lionel* and *Plunkett* in the second scene, the world famous "Last Rose of Summer" later in the opera, *Lionel's* great solo ("M'appari" in Italian) and some of the ensembles, are couched in the kind of melodic accents the older generations placed in their hearts beside the tunes of Balfe.

The smallness of the Century proved to be especially favorable to the story. It is a pleasure to say that most of the text carried through the house and there was no trouble in following the opera. The performance had plenty of spirit, although there were times when the singers failed to mark the line which divides opera from Broadway musical comedy. But these few lapses may be forgiven, as but a few uncertainties in the music. On the whole the representation was commendable, largely because the work itself did not overtax the resources of the company.

Miss Ewell sang *Bertha's* music fairly well, but was not quite happy in the comedy. *Bertha Schalk* was an excellent *Nancy*. Mr. Kreidler wore the earmarks of the evening as *Plunkett*, for he found the role congenial, both histrionically and musically. Mr. Harold sang *Lionel's* melodies smoothly and in places with expressive style, but his tones were frequently wanting in freedom. The mounting of the opera was good and the choruses were tolerably sung. The orchestra played roughly and with poor tone.

RECITAL OF ORGAN MUSIC.

Mr. Yon of St. Francis Xavier Heard in Aeolian Hall.

Pietro A. Yon, organist, gave a recital of compositions written for the organ last evening in Aeolian Hall. Coming near the close of the music season filled to overflowing with musical entertainments of other denomination, the occasion certainly had something of a novel feature for local concert halls, and it proved to be one of real interest.

Mr. Yon is a young musician who through study has won prizes of first distinction in Rome, and when called to his present position as organist of St. Francis Xavier Church in this city he was filling that of first substitute organist of St. Peter's.

His programme was made up largely of modern Italian and French music, but it began with two classic German pieces, the prelude and fugue in A minor and "Aria" of Bach. The other numbers in the list were two by Ravanello, "Christus Resurrexit" and "Fregliera"; a second sonata by De la Tombello, a "Rhapsody on Spanish Themes," by Gligout; two pieces by Bossi, "Fatemi la Grazia" and a scherzo in G minor; "Amica Stella Naufragi" ("The Storm") of Renzi, and two compositions by Mr. Yon himself, "Christus in Slilly" and a concert study.

Mr. Yon's performance showed him to be a performer of striking ability, as he played with a dexterity of technical resource, diversity of style and good taste. His work was much applauded.

MISS GOODSON'S RECITAL.

English Pianist Plays a Programme of Request Numbers.

Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, gave her second recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. Her programme was a rather long one and made up in part of request numbers. She played first under the title of "Vier Klavierstücke," opus 119, the B minor, E minor and C major intermezzi and the E flat rhapsody of Brahms, and following these Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata.

A list of Chopin selections which had been mostly selected by piano students contained the C major nocturne, opus 37, No. 2; two études, three waltzes and the A flat polonaise, opus 63. In the closing group were Grieg's G minor ballade, opus 24; an "Etude Arabesque," opus 23, No. 2, of Hinton; Moszkowski's "Etincelles" and the tarentelle "Venezia e Napoli," by Liszt.

Miss Goodson in her playing again disclosed the fine technical and musical qualities that have won recognition for her as holding an enviable position among the better pianists of the present time. At that she did was marked by refinement and taste. One of the impressions gained from her general work last evening led to the possible fact that she would have been heard to better advantage in a smaller auditorium, as her tone is not of the fullest resonance in carrying power, nor is her individual style expression. But the features in her performance providing a sustained and artistic enjoyment were uppermost and she fully earned the approval she received from a good sized audience.

ENGLISH PIANIST HEARD IN RECITAL

Katharine Goodson Plays Brahms

Seriously and Husband's
Etude Speedily.

Brahms, in the gray mood of the four pianoforte pieces that make up his opus 119, took the place at the head of Miss Katharine Goodson's recital programme at Carnegie Hall last night, that most often falls to Bach, in one of his reincarnations. The tradition that puts upon the shoulders of one of the small group of recognized classic masters the burden of establishing the key and level of a pianist's list is a reasonable one, and when Brahms is chosen instead of the patriarch from whom most subsequent composers have derived, there can be no quarrel with the programme maker.

As though to justify her selection, Miss Goodson played the three intermezzi and Vienna musician with a clarity and in the E flat rhapsody by the Hamburg-cisiveness that conveyed in good measure the sure and confident utterance of the composer, while preserving also the more delicate degrees of his expression, and respecting, withal, the man's precious and characteristic reticence. Brahms was a composer who kept his own counsel; he was rarely found telling all that was in his mind. Neither in these wonderful intermezzi, every one differing in its way from the others, nor in the broad and vigorous rhapsody, with its striking contrasts, does Brahms fling wide the secret doors of his creative mind. So Miss Goodson was content to leave some of the and she earned thereby the gratitude of musician's outgivings in partial shadow, many hearers.

Who, nowadays, can say aught that has not often been said before, in essaying Beethoven's C-sharp minor sonata, the so-called "Moonlight" sonata? Not, it may be admitted at once, Miss Katharine Goodson. Yet it may be urged that nothing new, in the interpretation of this music, is required, so long as the pianist brings to the task an honest personal love and enjoyment of it. This quality was happily in evidence last evening, and even those to whom every measure of the piece was familiar may well have rekindled their enthusiasm, as they listened to this just and balanced performance, abrim with energy but tempered to a well knit design.

In her Chopin group, Miss Goodson evoked admiration, without summoning up quite the colorful visions that ought to emanate from such music. The final division, which began with Grieg's F minor ballade, and ended with Moszkowski and Liszt, included the "Etude Aeolique," Opus 29, No. 2, of Arthur Hinton, who is a well known English composer and the husband of Miss Goodson. Mr. Hinton's name has already figured on New York programmes this season, in larger works than the fleet and shifty étude of last night. It won a demand for repetition from the good sized and enthusiastic audience, and Miss Goodson showed her pleasure by playing it with amazing lightness and speed.

MISS GOODSON'S RECITAL.

The English Pianist Appears in Carnegie Hall.

Miss Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, who has several times been heard this season in New York concerts, gave a piano recital last evening which attracted an audience of considerable numbers to Carnegie Hall. She played a varied programme, in which numerically Chopin was given the most important place, with seven numbers, including some of the most familiar and most frequently played of his compositions. Miss Goodson also offered four of Brahms's piano pieces, Op. 119, which pianists seldom put on their programmes, several of which are rather too intimate in their character for public performance in a large hall, though they are of exquisite poetical beauty and suggestiveness. She also played Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata (foolishly tagged with the nickname of "Moonlight") and pieces by Grieg, Hinton, Moszkowski, and Liszt.

Miss Goodson played these with brilliant technique and musical insight. Her style has rhythmic incisiveness and clear articulation, as has often been made evident in her previous appearances here, and her performances are always interesting and significant. Last evening she gave great pleasure to a discriminating and attentive audience.

MR. MACMILLAN'S CONCERT.

Francis Macmillan, violinist, gave a recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. His assistants were Samuel Chotzinoff as accompanist and Frank Sealey at the organ. Mr. Macmillan, who by birth is an American, was last heard here some few years ago and during the more recent seasons before that time he had infrequently made several local appearances. As his work here from time to time received critical comment it was found to contain the elements of fine natural gifts, together with the acquirements obtained

from good study and through, after a long artistic growth which had been expected from him at the time of his debut here did not seem to be undergoing full accomplishment.

His programme last evening was not one to arouse much interest for, save the first number, it offered little to the hearer that was of more solid value or inspires to be found outside of the hackneyed path. The opening number was Haendel's sonata in E major. This was followed by Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," the Vitali Chaconne with organ accompaniment and a group of less important pieces.

Mr. Macmillan's general work was disappointing. His tone was of beautiful quality, he showed a vigorous style and much poetic feeling, though the latter easily became that of exaggerated sentiment. His playing showed to best advantage in the Haendel sonata. In the Lalo music impure intonation, lack of technical incisiveness and polish in delivery were defects frequently detrimental to an enjoyment of his performance.

Francis Macmillan Gives a Good Account of Himself.

Audiences like that of last evening at Carnegie Hall, where Francis Macmillan gave a violin recital of dignified character, suggest the frequent excess of supply of music in New York over the demand. Mr. Macmillan is no stranger in local concert rooms, though he has been absent for some little time, and if he has not yet attained the loftiest levels of his art, he has often proved his worthiness to be taken seriously. His programme was last night was sufficiently attractive to win attention, one would have said, but it was reasonably obvious, in looking at the considerable gathering in the big hall, that resort had been taken to methods more familiar than profitable to obtain many of the auditors.

This is no reflection upon Mr. Macmillan's powers, or upon what he played; the truth is, and most concertgoers know it already, that very few musical affairs, outside of those in subscription series, can draw any considerable monetary support. The ticket-buying public in this city is relatively small, except for the kings and queens of the musical art, and if too many candidates enter the field, their respective apportionments must dwindle.

Returning to the occasion in hand Mr. Macmillan gave of his best, and what he offered was warmly received. The Handel Sonata in E major, which opened the programme, was most effective in its slow movement. Since this American violinist, like most other artists of to-day, is most at home in music of our own time, it was not surprising that the "Symphonie Espagnole" of Pierre Lalo enlisted his best efforts. Mr. Macmillan's work here was competent throughout, and now and again it showed a sensitiveness to shades of musical expression that helped to win deserved applause. In this composition the second and third movements were, as usual, omitted, leaving the first, the fourth and the final and effective rondo. The violinist's tone was pure, and his phrasing intelligent. He has developed along fortunate lines.

The organ accompaniment to the Seventeenth Century chaconne of Giovanni Battista Vitali, famous as an early master of the Cremona school, was not happy, though Mr. Sealey, who played it, made the most of it. A group of four lighter pieces ended the list. Mention should be made of the excellent pianoforte accompaniments of Samuel Chotzinoff.

UNIVERSITY QUARTET PLEASES AT CONCERT

Mr. Arthur Whiting and the University Quartet, an organization that makes a specialty of singing the best music at colleges, treated this city to one of its programmes in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The combination of a mixed quartet with a piano accompaniment is unusual for concert purposes in a city where much music is heard, although in churches and on the concert platforms of smaller cities it is well known.

The singers, who are those who were heard last year, are Mrs. Charles Rabold, soprano; Mrs. Anna Taylor-Jones, contralto; Mrs. William Wheeler, tenor, and Mr. Edmund A. Jahn, bass. While the voices are not superlatively fine, the quartet gives real pleasure through its excellence of ensemble, the blending of the voices, the carefully worked out interpretations and the interesting contents of its programmes.

Brahms was the leading composer represented. His Zigeunerlieder (gypsy songs), "Der Abend," "Die Schwärmer," "Jägerlied" and "O Shöne Nacht" were sung in an interesting and finished way.

Mr. Whiting presented a group of his own piano pieces, including a ballade in D minor, a study in A minor, an idylle in D flat major and a prelude in D flat major, and afterward played the accompaniment to his own arrangement of a cycle of old Scottish melodies, which were presented in the same simple and charming style as the group of Irish songs which were part of last year's programme.

MR. KRONOLD'S RECITAL.

In Carnegie Chamber Music Hall last night an interesting violoncello recital was given by Mr. Hans Kronold. The programme was international, although

from good study and through, after a long artistic growth which had been expected from him at the time of his debut here did not seem to be undergoing full accomplishment.

Under the heading of Russian music came Gliere's "Albumblatt," Rebkow's "Finex du Soir" and "Declaration d'Amour" and short numbers by Alenoff and Arensky. Popper's Scotch fantasia was played as Scotch music, French music included Debussy's "Printemps" and "En Bateau," and works by Dupont and Duhois, and as a closing section under "American Compositions" came a group of five little works by Mr. Kronold himself. It was an interesting programme well played.

'L'AMORE MEDICO' HAS COMEDY SPIRIT

Wolf-Ferrari's Opera, Based on
Moliere's Fanciful Tale, Sung
for First Time in America.

A CHARMING PERFORMANCE

Perfection of Ensemble in Singing,
Action, and Orchestra Playing at
Metropolitan—Bori, Alten, Cristalli.

Arnoldo.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
Lucinda.....Lucresia Bori
Chitandro.....Italo Cristalli
Lisetta.....Liella Alten
Dr. Messers.....Leon Roemer
Dr. Deston.....Andrea de Scuro
Dr. Macrolon.....Robert Leonard
Dr. Bahis.....Angelo Bale
En Notario.....Paolo Ananlan
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

Another new opera was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in America, Hermann Wolf Ferrari's "L'Amore Medico." It is the fifth new production of the season at the opera house, and will be the last one. Its first performance had been set for last Friday, but had to be postponed because of the illness of two of the principal singers in the cast, Messrs. Cristalli and Pini-Corsi. "L'Amore Medico," being a short opera in two acts, was given in conjunction with Mr. Victor Herbert's "Madelaine."

The reception of the new opera was not that of an unmistakable success. The audience was not large—the absence of distinguished names in the cast may have accounted in part at least for that. It was evidently amused by some of the more obvious humorous strokes; but there may be doubt whether a knowledge of what was said and done on the stage was sufficiently general to bring complete understanding of the situation. There was, no doubt, the feeling also, whether or not it was formulated, that such a work loses much in an opera house of the size of the Metropolitan, and that something of its essence evaporates in getting over the footlights the greatest reaches of the audience.

There was energetic applause after the first act, confined to a few sections of the house, and the chief singers were called out a number of times. So they were at the close of the second act, but politely, with the resolution of a first-night audience to be polite.

Style of "Le Donne Curiose."

"L'Amore Medico" is the latest operatic composition of Wolf Ferrari, and was first given to the world in Dresden on Dec. 14 last. It is the fourth of the composer's operas to be heard here. Its style is that of his "Le Donne Curiose," produced in New York two seasons ago, and "Il Segreto di Suzanna," and not all that of "I Gioielli della Madonna," in which the composer attempted the invasion of a field not, apparently, his own. In "Le Donne Curiose," "Il Segreto di Suzanna," and "L'Amore Medico" he is a master; in this style he apparently stands alone in the ranks of modern composers. It is an attempt to revive the light and mirthful comedy in music which at one time had a rightful and undisputed place in what is called "grand opera," but which the strenuous and more elaborate ideals of present-day composers have left in neglect.

The new opera is based, as was explained in THE TIMES last week, on the "comedy ballet" of Moliere entitled "L'Amour Medecin," a slight and fugitive piece of the great French dramatist with a satirical purpose which has lost most of its point to-day, but the gay and merry story, extravagant and far-fetched as it is, is still amusing. The Italian librettist, Enrico Golisciani, has made a skilful adaptation of the original for operatic use, following Moliere's outlines closely, but with a certain freedom in respect of details, emphasizing and elaborating some and compressing others as they seemed to him more or less suitable for operatic treatment.

The story could not well be slighter. It is of Lucinda, daughter of Arnolfo—Moliere's typical bourgeois, Sganarelle, in the original—pinning with an ailment whose nature the father cannot or, at least, will not divine, though Lisetta, her maid, has diagnosed it plainly enough as her yearning for a husband, her lover. But Arnolfo, who treats her as still a little girl and tries to amuse her with such will hear nothing of her marriage. Lisetta devises a scheme, in the execution of which she puts Lucinda to bed and reports her in extremis.

[illegible]

Work of a Consummate Craftsman. The skill and resource with which Wolf Ferrari has made this very light and fanciful tale into an opera is delightful, enchanting. It is the work of a consummate craftsman, one who commands a certain range of musical gifts and accomplishments as apparently none of his fellow composers to-day command them. The path he has followed in this opera, as in "Le Donne Curiose," as pointed out a score of years ago by the *London Times*, is that of a craftsman's expedients extend much further back in musical history. Of the younger generation of composers Wolf-Ferrari seems to be almost the only one who follows it with sincerity and conviction, with the piercing touch that betokens a natural inclination toward this mode of expression as well as the highest dexterity in its pursuit, the means he has chosen for

purpose. There is in this score an abundance of triads, halfward and diatonic harmony; there is a certain simplicity of outward appearance that masks what is sometimes a truly second-rate knowledge and spertness; an art that conceals art, there is gossamer lightness of texture, of substance that befits the subject and the method. It may be said that the score does not show an overflowing gift of melodic invention; that some of its invention is not strongly original or strikingly individual. Some may remark the likeness that one of the most frequently recurring themes bears to a setting of the traditional setting of Benjamin's lyric, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and that another bears to a portion of the Swiss "Ranz des vaches" that Rossini used in "William Tell." But the first is not likely to be more than a coincidence, and of the second it may be said that it is more or less common property. Such resemblances are for the "reminiscence enter," and it is more important to observe what use the composer has made of his material.

The originality of Wolf-Ferrari's little work is not fictionally more in the treatment and in the fascinating and charming results he has obtained than his specific melodic invention. Nor that treatment more scholastic or technical ingenuity. It is rather a quickening and vivifying touch that makes his music live and sparkle, smile and invite to sympathy.

Blooming and Graceful.

The music of "L'Amore Mezzo" is purged with the spirit of comedy. It is the mirth and verve of Nohé's the piece. There are spots in it that are slow, in which the movement is only halted; but they are spots, and for the most part it is buoyant, rapid and cheerful. It abounds in fleeting touches of wit, humorous characterization and platitudinous gaiety. The spirit of the rococo period of Louis XIV. breathes through

Much might be said in analysis of the thematic structure of the music. There is a constant preoccupation with thematic work, though Wolf Ferrari is far from following the procedure of Wagner with "leading motives" and the weaving of a broad and gorgeously colored tapestry from their figures. There may be discovered a subtle and adept working out of thematic allusion, as in the development of the theme sung by the young lover from the tune of the lullaby with which Arnolfo soothes his down-up daughter. And with what delicate and polished art is the theme of that lullaby elaborated with contrapuntal devices after its first plain state-

There is an extended overture, based on melodies occurring in the opera, a fine foreshadowing of the spirit and outline of the action to follow, an excellent piece of gallery or breathless music and aerial lightness, after the slow introduction. There is an interlude played as an introduction to the second act, which is a finely conceived development of the love song of "L'italandro"; as masterly in its composition as it is graceful and insinuating in its effect.

As for the orchestration, it is in some ways the finest and most skillful of any written by Wolf. Ferrari has made known before. It is a somewhat richer score than that of "*Le Donne Curiose*," and in the climaxes and most boisterous outbursts the composer has used a fuller complement of orchestral colors. In many passages it is of shimmering delicacy and subtlety. There are many passages that have the effect of chamber music in their delicately textured quality. Skillful, yet continuous use is made of the celesta. Much that is written for the wood wind shows a penetrating mastery of its possibilities. One of the salient features of the score is the frequent use of repeated or "ostinato" figures in the accompaniment, a device that will be remembered as continually reappearing in two other operas recently given at the Metropolitan—*Eoris*, Godunow, and *L'Amore e la Morte*. It is made to count for much in this, with a very different purpose.

Wolff-Ferrari has written for the piece with acumen and freedom, and is one to whom the human voice is all a precious and predominating factor in the lyric drama. His writing is vocal, careful, and alive. Of set pieces and just the few, such as the lullaby of Immo and the love song that Ciriandro sings behind the garden wall, of a different sort is Arnolfo's soliloquy about his daughter's suffering, joined with Lichinda's pensive misgivings on love, cast in the form of arioso with a delicate and melodious orchestral accompaniment. There is much of such music that is effectively supported by the orchestra.

He holds also the use of vocal

THE HISTORY OF THE
OF VIOLET

Canada in pleading for a husband for the young girl against her father's protests is a brilliant specimen of this sort of writing. The four solemn quacks in consultation, or rather dispute, are idly represented in a quartet, and how its spirit changes with the entrance of Lisetta and their sudden access of interest in her pleasing person! The music accompanies with much skill, with true dramatic instinct, the love-making of Lucia and Alcindro in the guise of a doctor, on one side of the room, while Arnolfo and Lisetta play chess together on the other. There are brilliant and sparkling choruses, full of the bustle, excitement, and gaiety of the scene. That at the opening of the opera is unusually expressive, and the chorus and dance at the end is one of the most felicitous passages of the work.

In truth, one of the significant merits of Wolf-Ferrari as a dramatic composer—he has shown it before in opera—is his power of characterizing his personages through music, of giving the dramatic spirit of a scene, of shifting the mood between tenderness, pensiveness, amorous longing, mirth and mischief-making; and in this opera, of denoting the comic element and the satirical touches.

Toscanini's Masterly Work.

The performance of this piece is one of the masterly achievements of Mr. Toscanini. He has in the cast none of the greatest or most famous members of the company, but the precision, finish and perfect understanding of the style that have been infused into all the participants is something that Mr. Toscanini can secure as few others can. The orchestral performance is a marvel of perfect chiseling, vivacity, delicacy and flexibility, especially in the mastery of passages of difficult and perplexing rhythms.

Miss Bada added another to her notable successes as Lucinda. (Charming in appearance, she sang the music beautifully, and her impersonation quite captured the spirit of the part. Miss Altou also pleased with her vicious action as Lisette, and Mr. Pini-Corsi was in his element as Arnolfo. Mr. Cristalli was agreeable in appearance and contributed something of the distinction and ardor that belong to Clitandro. But his singing was atrocious. He was in poor voice and never succeeded in establishing permanent relations between his voice and the pitch of the orchestra. The four doctors were amusingly presented by Messrs. Rothler, de Seguroola, Leonhardt, and Bada.

Handsome settings were provided for both the scenes of the opera, that of the first, the park outside of Arnolfo's château, being especially pretty.

"L'AMORE MEDICO"
SUNG IN ITALIAN
PINI-CORSI AND BORI
IN PRINCIPAL ROLES

Piece Given at Metropolitan for
the First Time in the Tongue
in Which It Was Written.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's latest opera, "L'Amore Medico," was sung for the first time in America last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and with its production Signor Gatti-Casazza completed the list of novelties which at the opening of the season he had announced for presentation. Signor Wolf-Ferrari has only recently come into his own, either in Europe or in this country, but with *Italo Montemezzi* he is now recognized as a figure of vital import in the operative world. Despite his one unfortunate descent among the fleshpots of the Veristants, he had in "*Le Donne Curiose*" and in "*Il Segreto de Susanna*" proclaimed his faith in the eternal principles of beauty, had shown that even in the twentieth century form, grace, elegance and suavity still possessed a potent appeal. It is a cause for gratitude that in "*L'Amore Medico*" he has returned to this faith. There are a dozen Italians who might have written "*I Gioielli della Madonna*"; there is but one who could write "*L'Amore Medico*."

It is a significant commentary on modern Italian taste that both "Le Donne Curiose" and "L'Amore Medico" were to be presented in Germany and in America before they were given in their native land; and that both of these works were to be given for the first time in their original language in New York. "L'Amore Medico" was first sung in Dresden on December 4 last, under the baton of Ernst von Schuch—but it was sung in German. Last night it was given for the first time in the language for which it was written—in Italian. So New York can really lay to its soul the unction of another première.

The Molière Play.

"L'Amore Medico" is founded on Molière's comedy, "L'Amour Médecin." The three acts of the French original being condensed for operatic purposes into two. The librettist is Enrico Golisciani, and in his adaptation he has proved himself a worthy coadjutor, preserving the spirit of the original and at the same time producing a text which is both clear and eminently singable. Molière's comedy was first produced at Versailles on Sep-

tenue in 1732, and at the Palais Royal on the 22d of the same month. On both these occasions Molère himself played Sganarelle, and for the comedy Laill composed incidental music. Of this music no trace has been discovered, though it is probable that a search through the archives of the Paris Opéra might bring it to light. Of it, however, Molère in his introduction to the play speaks in the warmest terms.

"One thing I must say," writes the great dramatist: "I wish that all such works could always be seen with all the accessories with which they are represented before the King. This would greatly enhance the pleasure to be derived from them; and the airs and symphonies of the incomparable M. Lulli, added to the beauty of the voices and the agility of the dancers, give them charms which they can hardly do without."

The airs of "the incomparable M. Lullu" have vanished; but if Molière could have been present last night at the Metropolitan he surely would have become reconciled in the knowledge that another Italian had loved and understood his spirit. That spirit informs the music of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, music as pure in design, as graceful in outline, as perfumed, as evanescent, as if it had been written and sung to La Vallière among the box-bordered alleys of old Versailles.

The Story.

The story of the opera is simple. Arnolfo, in the play "Scannarello," has a daughter, Lucinda, whom he loves, but whom he selfishly wishes to keep for himself. Lucinda appears to be ill, and her father tries with toys and pettings to console her, but in vain. He asks her what she wants, and at length, at his wife's end, asks if it is a husband. To his consternation she answers "Yes," whereupon he flies into a fury and leaves. Lucinda then hears her lover's voice singing outside the garden, and with her maid, Lisetta, concocts a plan whereby she may be united to him.

Lisetta rushes to Arnolfo and tells him that his daughter has suddenly been taken ill, and Arnolfo in despair sends for four doctors. The doctors arrive, and a satiric scene ensues, in which they disagree with one another as to the cause of Lucinda's malady and finish by almost coming to blows, being, however, finally appeased by Arnolfo giving each his fee. Arnolfo is now at his wits' end, whereupon Lisetta introduces Clitandro, disguised as another physician. Clitandro persuades Arnolfo that his daughter's trouble is mental and that he can cure her by humoring her whim of marriage.

A marriage, which Arnolfo believes is a mock one, is then arranged between the so-called physician and Lucinda. But the ceremony is in reality valid, and the curtain falls with Arnolfo's discovery of the deception and the voices of the happy pair coming to him from outside.

The Music.

To this simple comedy of intrigue, comedy which, indeed, seems to cry aloud for musical treatment, Signor Wolf-Ferrari has written a score which in its suggestiveness and characteristic coloring is wellnigh faultless. The recitative through which the story is expounded is carried buoyantly along on a sparkling, crystalline orchestral river upon which the sunlight of the composer's imagination plays in a thousand illuminating facets. What the words express the music first echoes, and then colors so that between story and music there is a continual play and interplay of ideas and subtle compliments. The orchestral web, which at first hearing appears so simple, is in reality complicated to a degree; interwoven and embroidered with the most delicate tracery, each moment bursting into new flowers of fancy, incrusting with gems that sparkle enchantingly for a moment and then are gone, yet with all this ornamentation, never for a second obscuring the meaning of the whole or halting the action of the comedy.

It is in this love for and mastery of orchestral ornamentation that Signor Wolf-Ferrari shows himself distinctively a modern. It is true that for his primal inspiration he has gone back to Mozart and the Italian masters of *opéra bouffé*. He has been accused of plagiarism, of having taken from Donizetti and Rossini, of having read as his musical Bible "*Le Nozze di Figaro*"—which, after all is a very good Bible to read from—and to a certain extent this criticism is justified. True melodic creation is nowadays practically impossible, and even the great masters from whom Signor Wolf-Ferrari is alleged to have stolen his ideas were in this respect far from guiltless. When they heard a tune they too took it, changed it, ornamented it, and lo! it became theirs. It all depended on the manner in which they recreated the crude original. Rossini, for instance, in "*Wilhelm Tell*" introduced the *Ranz der Vaches*, and the same theme is repeated in "*L'Amore Medico*"; it was original in

have proved of peculiar satisfaction to the Metropolitan's able director. Perhaps from the very home of the Veritists to arise their destroyers.

The Performance.

With the exception of one artist, Mr. Galli-Casazza presented a cast and an ensemble which was thrice admirable. Signor Cristallini is scarcely equal to the demands of a leading member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and he was certainly not a *Clitandro* whose passing will be mourned. Neither in voice nor in action was he in the picture. Let him rest with this—he doubtless did his best—and, to be fair, he was last night still afflicted with his recent cold. But Miss Bori's *Lucinda*, Mr. Pini-Corsi's *Arnolfo*, and Miss Alten's *Lisetta* were altogether delightful; and Mmes. Rothier, Segurolo, Leonhardt and Bada as the four doctors, preposterous enough to have warmed the heart of Moliere himself. Miss Bori's growth in artistic stature has been constant since her opening performance of *Manon* Liscant nearly two years ago, and last night she added to her credit another triumph. Her *Lucinda* was a figure ravishing in its youth, its grace, its elfish comedy, its poetic charm—in short the enactment of a finished comedienne. Her singing was characterized with a fine sense of nuance and of legato, and the exquisite music of her entrance she gave as few living singers could have given it.

Mr. Pini-Corsi, fat and more than forty, was in his element as the deceived father, a figure of fun if there ever was one, and an artist who could sing the music in the style it should be sung, despite the fact that his voice has vanished with his vanished youth. Miss Alten was a vivacious figure as *Lucinda*'s maid, and the chorus sung with spirit and effect.

The direction of the opera was in the hands of Arturo Toscanini. It is painful to think what might happen to the complicated score under the baton of any but a master, but with Mr. Toscanini it burst into flower. The alkale audience listened to the opera with close attention, and after each act called the artists before the curtain a number of times. As the new work is in only two acts, it was followed by Victor Herbert's "Madeleine." The cast of "L'Amore Medico" was as follows:

Arnolfo.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
Lucinda.....Lucrezia Bori
Clitandro.....Italo Cristallini
Lisetta.....Bella Alten
Dr. Thomas.....Leon Rothier
Dr. Desfontaines.....Andrea de Segurolo
Dr. Macrotton.....Robert Leonhardt
Dr. Bahis.....Angelo Bada
Dr. Notaro.....Paolo Ananlian

"L'Amore Medico"—At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Arnolfo.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
Lucinda.....Lucrezia Bori
Clitandro.....Italo Cristallini
Lisetta.....Bella Alten
Dr. Thomas.....Leon Rothier
Dr. Desfontaines.....Andrea de Segurolo
Dr. Macrotton.....Robert Leonhardt
Dr. Bahis.....Angelo Bada
Dr. Notaro.....Paolo Ananlian

"L'Amore Medico," a musical comedy in two acts, the book by Enrico Gollisciani, after Moliere and the music by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in this country. The work being insufficient to occupy the entire evening Victor Herbert's "Madeleine" succeeded it. This arrangement was convenient for that considerable number of persons who desire to depart before the final curtain, but was inconvenient for those who are reluctant to arrive early in a theatre.

Although described as a musical comedy this new work is correctly entered in the ancient and honorable Italian fraternity of opera buffa. It is a reconstruction of Moliere's comedy ballet, for which Lully made music and which was produced before the King at Versailles in mid-September, 1663. The French themselves have made at least two experiments at translating this comedy ballet into opera. The first was that of Berton, which was disclosed at the Theatre Franca's in Nice in April, 1867. The second had text by Charles Monselet and music by Ferdinand Poise, and was given at the Opera Comique, Paris, on December 20, 1880. It followed the comedy closely in construction and had some pleasing if not highly distinguished music.

The temptation to enter upon a long and learned essay on the comedies of Moliere, the fixed type of character represented by *Sganarelle* and the peculiar union of music and play found in the comedy ballet must be resisted. Nevertheless a few words of reminder are essential to a brief review of Wolf-Ferrari's charming little work.

To Gratify King's Taste.

To gratify the taste of Louis XIV., who though there was no tango was infatuated with dancing and loved to figure in court ballets, Moliere undertook the creation of works of this type. The older court ballets were stilted and heavy, dealing with mythologic stories, Venus, Minerva, the Graces, satyrs and other kindred folk. Moliere devised comedies in such a way that they were consistent little plays, but permitted the introduction of dances and songs growing easily out of the action and quite as easily dissociated from it. "Marriage Force," for instance, is a one act comedy, but as arranged for ballet became three acts.

Lully was Moliere's collaborator in preparing comedy ballets for the insatiable Louis. Since these comedy ballets contained airs resembling the "airs de cour" of the time, choruses, dances and processions, the only link wanting to complete the chain of operatic apparatus was recitative, and this entered the organism when Moliere, Lully and the poet Quinault created the singular tragedy ballet "Psyche," a compound of opera and heroic dancing.

Subsequently Quinault became Lully's librettist and with his stately declamation, which Lully set as orchestrated recitative, provided the finishing element in French grand opera. Since, then, the comedy ballet stood so close to confessional opera the transformation made by later composers like Poise was not strained, and the same thing is true of the reconstruction accomplished by Gollisciani and Wolf-Ferrari.

Dramatic Parts Retained.

They have retained all the dramatic incidents of the original and have communicated them to us through the medium of song and instrumentally accompanied action. The dance is retired except in the close of the second act, where it takes a natural place as a feature of the wedding festivities. The characters of the original comedy remain, though *Sganarelle*'s name is changed to *Arnolfo*. This was done doubtless purposely to free the old man from association with so many other characters of Moliere. Those who are familiar with the work of the French dramatist know that *Sganarelle* is a convenient name for all the middle aged or old men who are outwitted by others. Dr. Partolo, Beckmesser and Don Pasquale, for example, would all have been *Sganarelle* if Moliere has written the comedies, and customarily he would have enacted the roles himself.

In the opera *Sganarelle*, now *Arnolfo*, is an old and doting father who does not wish his daughter to be taken away from him by a lover. Of course she has seen a youth and is sick with love. The father tries in vain to comfort her. Petting, new clothes, toys, trinkets, all are in vain. Then that time honored character the resourceful maid, this time *Lisetta* by name, tells the father that what the girl wants is a husband. Father rages and serving maid storms. In father's absence lover sings languishingly behind garden wall. Daughter *Lucinda* distracted. *Lisetta* cries, "To bed! I have a plan." Father returns and is told that daughter is dangerously ill. Great excitement. Send for all the doctors. Four arrive. End of Act I.

Satire on Doctors.

In Act II, doctors consult and disagree. Here we must bear in mind Moliere's distrust of doctors. He satirized them whenever he had a chance. The King once said to him, "How do you get on with your own doctor?" He answered, "Sire, he visits me; we talk together; he prescribes medicines; I do not take them; and I get well."

The four doctors quarrel. They take their fees and depart. Father realizes that he is no better off than before. *Lisetta* says, "Let me bring the right doctor." Enter lover disguised as doctor. Sick girl picks up suddenly. Doctor tells father she is victim of hallucination, to wit, that she must be married. Simple enough. Let's pretend to marry her, well, to the doctor, since he is on the spot. Father delighted. Wedding. The married couple departs. Father—the outwitted *Sganarelle*—learns that it is no joke. End of opera.

Out of this slight material Wolf-Ferrari has made an opera buffa of real beauty, of airy and playful humor, of ingenious workmanship. Whether the opera will furnish enough high lights to excite the general admiration of the public cannot be asserted with any degree of certainty. Fortunately the chronicler need not concern himself about this. His duty is complete when he has set forth the characteristics of the work and invited music lovers to the dainty feast provided by the composer.

The score is largely developed from delineative themes, but these are not numerous, not used laboriously, nor worked into a complete musical web. There is much freely written music and the entire opera strikes the attentive listener as being written with consummate ease and mastery of material. There is a fundamental four cornered theme representative of *Arnolfo*, the father, and his agency in the action of the story. Delightfully contrasted with this is a theme in triple rhythm representing the opposing agency, that of the young *Clitandro*'s love. This latter theme is a derivative, though not a close imitation of the other.

Has Languishing Theme.

The heroine, *Lucinda*, has a languishing theme which expresses well her love sickness, her sentimental melancholy. The

music sung by the chorus, which at the rising of the curtain is bewailing the affliction of *Lucinda*, is utilized later in a suggestive manner, though its treatment is not made obtrusive. The composer employs his themes sometimes as the roots of extended musical proclamations, which become complete numbers in themselves.

Nothing could be more delightful than his management of this method in the delicious scherzando scene which follows the attempt of *Arnolfo* to soothe his daughter by singing to her a lullaby. The cradle song is created from the *Arnolfo* theme with captivating florid cadences in the manner of the troubadour music. Then servants enter with toys and trinkets, including a music box. A spirited counterpoint embroiders the *Arnolfo* theme, which is enchanting as sung by the music box, imitated in the orchestra by piccolo, celesta and harp. The fluency, grace, apparent improvisation and opalescent instrumental tinting of this scene proclaim Wolf-Ferrari a master of construction.

But the attractions of the work do not consist wholly in skilful designs. There are numerous lovely passages for the voices. The serenade of *Clitandro* behind the scenes in Act I, expands into a graceful trio. The entrance air of *Lucinda* is full of melody. The riotous ensemble near the end of the act is a capital piece of work and brimming with comic spirit. The quartet of the doctors in the second act is a masterpiece of humor and the addition of the voice of *Lisetta* gives a quintet of almost equal value.

The dialogue leading up to the entrance of *Lucinda* in Act II, is excellently made, and the ensuing scene, in which *Arnolfo*, *Lisetta*, *Clitandro* and the heroine figure, is cleverly constructed so as to reach its climax in a really beautiful quartet. Further dialogue leads to a second quartet, this time swift and merry, to contrast with the more serious character of the first. The movement of the music from this to the end of the act is inspiring, and the finale is written with exuberant gaiety.

It is indisputable that there are no themes which will impress themselves upon the hearer as of the first magnitude, but their fitness for their purposes and their admirable contrasts in character, together with the readiness with which they lend themselves to the composer's method of building an operatic score, are perfect.

Display of Good Singing.

The vocal writing is facile, fecund in opportunities for the display of good singing and grateful to the ear. Furthermore Wolf-Ferrari has accomplished excellent results in the department of musical characterization, which is one of the essential ingredients of opera buffa. The orchestration is masterly throughout. There are few fortes in the score, and these are made discreetly. The clarity of the orchestral song is paired with its infinite variety of combinations, all having clear purpose and making their points directly.

Every lover of finish in art will get much joy from this work. It has perhaps two or three dull movements and some reminiscent phrases, but how many operas have not? To create a work so replete with communicative glee, with rollicking merriment, which never sinks to vulgarity, with melody which, if not ravishing, is certainly lovely and always aristocratic, is to have placed the connoisseur under a debt of gratitude. Those who felt that Wolf-Ferrari was not himself in "The Jewels of the Madonna" will recognize here the bounteous gifts which enriched the stage with "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Le Donne Curiose."

The work has been produced in the admirable manner which we now expect as a matter of course at the Metropolitan Opera House. The material part of the representation offers two handsome and well planned scenes and rich costuming. The action has been well arranged and moves with celerity and unction. The musical interpretation, confided to Arturo Toscanini, is ideal. Operagoers do not need to be told that Mr. Toscanini is a master of delicate touch and that scores calling for exquisite clarity and refinement of delivery become as sparkling crystal in his hands. Nothing of beauty or grace or humor escapes in the interpretation of "L'Amore Medico."

The singers are all fully equal to the tasks assigned to them. The best roles in the opera are the comic ones, *Arnolfo* and *Lisetta*. Mr. Pini-Corsi impersonated the father with the art of an experienced buffo and without burlesquing it in the least. Miss Alten's *Lisetta* is the best thing she has done in many long moons, for she sang it well and acted it with ebullient vivacity.

Miss Bori was most charming as *Lucinda* and by the beauty of her tones, the freedom and grace of her delivery and the elegance of her style again gave joy to all who know good singing. Mr. Cristallini was commendable as *Clitandro*, while as the four doctors Messrs. Rothier, De Segurolo, Bada and Leonhardt were excellent. The chorus furnished the other element of merit to a well rounded performance.

The new opera was followed by Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," which was presented with the regular cast.

"ENOCH ARDEN" GIVEN.

Max Heinrich Recites Tennyson's Poem to Strauss's Music.

Mr. Max Heinrich, for long years known and admired as a baritone singer, as one of the most artistic interpreters of German "Lieder," gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" with the incidental music for piano of Richard

Struss. The music was played with taste and skill by Mrs. John R. MacArthur; such a performance needs an unusually perfect understanding between speaker and pianist, less easy to arrive at than that between a singer and his accompanist; and this understanding had been reached.

Strauss's "melodrama"—so the Germans call this form of art, and there is no less equivocal English expression—has been heard not a few times before in New York; neither the form nor this specimen of it can be said to have taken deep root in the public esteem, though the audience at this performance was large. The union of the spoken word and the musical accompaniment is disturbing to most ears, whether or not because it is unaccustomed. The specific merits of Tennyson's poem need not be discussed here, but some find it over-sentimental to the point of mawkishness; nor does Strauss's music, pleasing and effective in many respects—hardly more—diminish this impression.

Mr. Heinrich read the poem with intelligence and at points with dramatic power, with the right adjustment of cadence to fit his delivery as far as might be to the music. This was to be expected of one whose declamation in song has so much to be admired. It must be said, however, that his pronunciation of English is not wholly pure or without accent.

FORNIA IN "PAGLIACCI"

Heard in Part at Metropolitan for First Time in City.

There was only one novel item of interest at the two performances yesterday at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Rita Forna sang Nedda in the evening production of "Pagliacci" for the first time in New York, and sang it exceedingly well. Mme. Forna has really one of the best voices in the opera company, and when she gets the opportunity displays it in good dramatic fashion. Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato, Mr. Reschiglian and Mr. Bada were the other members of the cast, and Mr. Hageman conducted with authority. "Hänsel und Gretel" preceded the Leoncavallo opera. "La Bohème" was given in the afternoon at popular prices. Mr. Martin, who took the place of Mr. Cristallini, sang Rodolfo very effectively, and Miss Sparkes showed how Musetta would have acted had she been the erring daughter of an English country clergyman. Miss Farrah, Mr. Gilly, Mr. Rothier, Mr. Pini-Corsi and Mr. Ananlian were also in the cast.

THE PHILHARMONIC gave the first of its last pair of concerts yesterday evening at Carnegie Hall, under the conductorship of Josef Stransky, who has been very busy all this season.

As a farewell offering Mr. Stransky gave a programme exclusively made up of selections from the Wagnerian operas and music-dramas. The plan was wise, for in his interpretations of some, if not all those works, the Philharmonic director has made a distinctively favorable impression.

The first part of the scheme included the "Flying Dutchman" overture, "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" from "Goetterdaemmerung," the "Prelude and Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." In its rendering of "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" the orchestra was at its best.

The second part of the programme opened with the "Good Friday's Spell" music from "Parsifal," continued with the overture to "Rienzi," the "Siegfried Idyl" and the Prelude to third act of "Lohengrin," and ended with the "Ride of the Walkyres."

A large and sympathetic audience heard these works performed and gave Mr. Stransky evidence of their approval in the shape of warm applause.

This afternoon the same programme will be played to close the season.

Violin Recital by Miss Jacobs

ONE of the brilliant musical events of the season was the violin recital given by Miss Helen DeWitt Jacobs at the Academy of Music Music Hall in Brooklyn last night. The affair brought out a fashionable audience that thoroughly enjoyed the varied and splendid programme given. Miss Jacobs was assisted by Frank X. Doyle, the popular tenor, who also won individual honors for his splendid singing.

Miss Jacobs gave selections by Handel, Gluck, Kuzdo, Kramer and Sarasate. Mr. Doyle rendered several high-class numbers, which included "Thy Beaming Eyes," "Mother o' Mine," "Dear Winds That Kiss the Roses" and "Dry Those Tears." Both of the artists received many encores.

Miss Marjorie Jacobs was the accompanist.

Loss of False Nose Nearly Halts Opera

It happens sometimes that an opera singer loses his head, but it is a far more rare occasion that one loses his nose, as Mr. Albert Reiss did last night in a performance of "Hansel und Gretel" at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Reiss was singing the rôle of the Witch, and in the Gingerbread Hut scene his nose slipped its moorings and went sailing through the air, propelled by a gesture on the part of Mr. Reiss. The incident did not put Mr. Reiss out as much as it put Mme. Alten out. She was singing Gretel, and when she saw the Witch's nose do a hurdle she completely lost her composure and laughed so hard that she could scarcely sing. She also played the rôle of the good Samaritan, however, for she picked up the loosened part of Mr. Reiss' face and handed it to him, whereupon he turned his back to the audience and adjusted the nose, and then Gretel pushed him into the oven and burned him up with a loud explosion.

It was a jolly "Hansel und Gretel" all the way through, with Mr. Goritz as Peter, Mme. Mattfeld as Hansel, while Misses Cox, Curtis and Robersons filled other parts. Mr. Hertz conducted a very good performance.

This was followed by "Il Pagliacci," in which Mr. Caruso again awoke thunders of applause by his singing of "Ridi Pagliaccio," and Mr. Amato was no less successful in his stirring delivery of the prologue.

Mme. Fornia sang Nedda for the first time here, a rôle which she has sung in other cities, and she did surprisingly well, singing the Ballatella effectively, although she was not so happy in the duet with Silvio—nor for that matter was Mr. Reschiglian, who sang Silvio. There were a lot of flowers for Mme. Fornia. Mr. Hageman conducted well.

That is not all of the day's opera happenings, for in the afternoon "La Bohème" was sung, but Mr. Cristalli did not fill the part of Rodolfo as originally announced, since he was again indisposed with grip and Mr. Martin took his place. Miss Farrar was an admirable Mimì, and other rôles of importance were sung by Messrs. Gilly, Rothier and Pini-Corsi. There was a new Musetta in the cast, this rôle being taken by Miss Sparkes, who sang her waltz song with considerable brilliancy, and Mr. Polacco conducted. There were quite large audiences at both performances and applause was plentiful.

March 28, 1914 PHILHARMONIC'S LAST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT

The Philharmonic Society gave its last Friday subscription concert yesterday at Carnegie Hall. This terminated a long season during which there has been every sign of steady improvement. The programme was entirely Wagnerian and comprised practically the cream of the excerpts usually played at concerts. These were the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," the prelude and the Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde," the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the good Friday spell from "Parsifal" and the overture to "Rienzi." "The Meistersinger" prelude was impressively done and Mr. Strasky was warmly felicitated at the end of the concert.

THE RUSSIAN CHOIR.

The Russian Cathedral Choir, under the direction of Choirmaster Govokhoff of Moscow, gave a concert last evening at Aeolian Hall. The programme was made up as in the case of the previous concerts of the organization of church compositions by Russian masters who have distinguished themselves in that style. The Lord's Prayer, in the form of the customary chant, opened the programme and this was followed by "Noble Joseph," a Servian chant. Then followed Bortnyansky's "I Behold Thy Richly Adorned Dwelling Place." Bortnyansky, the father of modern Russian church music, was represented again in the second part of the programme with his "O, Come, Let Us Bless Joseph."

Rimsky-Korsakov, Archangelsky and other noted masters also had places on the programme. The characteristics so often ascribed in this place were again observed last evening. The choir is a remarkable body of singers and delivers the music in a manner quite out of the ordinary style. The strengthening of the one by the addition of new Moscow voices this season has gone far to improve the general effect. Last evening the boys occasionally showed some slight uncertainties in pitch and this, it must be admitted, is unusual. Doubtless because it was so late in the season and there have been so many concerts the auditorium was not crowded, though the audience was of good size.

TRIO GIVES CONCERT.

In Carnegie Chamber Music Hall last night an entertaining concert by the Hulsmann Trio, composed of Misses Helen and Constance Hulsmann, both pianists, and

Mme. Marie Hulsmann, soprano, was heard by an appreciative audience. Among the selections which were presented by Miss Helen Hulsmann were numbers by Bach, Beethoven, MacDowell, Chopin, Paderewski, Lane, Liszt, Rachmaninoff and Strauss, and her sister was heard in works by Bach, Debussy and Dennee. Most of Mme. Hulsmann's songs were by Tosti though Brahms and Schubert also were represented. As a closing number Hawley's "The Sweetest Flower that Blows" was sung by the three musicians as a trio.

WAGNER AT THE OPERA. Frieda Hempel Sings "Eva" for the First Time Here.

Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before a very large and apparently well pleased audience. There was one new item in the performance, namely, the impersonation of Eva by Frieda Hempel. This soprano is not new to the rôle except in so far as this city is concerned, and it is quite likely that she will be heard in it often in the future. It was a delightful impersonation, realizing in most particulars the purposes of the composer.

Mme. Hempel's singing was marked by freshness, fullness of tone and by an ease of enunciation which went far toward giving the illusion of spontaneous utterance, an illusion quite essential to giving the true dramatic value to Wagner's dialogue. Her treatment of the text was admirable. The enunciation was clear, the accents carefully distributed and the voice color applied with intelligence. Also she gave to the part girlish manner and much personal charm. On the whole, she was an Eva as praiseworthy as she was charming.

Mme. Homer returned to the rôle of Magdalene, which was sung earlier in the season by Marie Mattfeld. Mme. Homer's impersonation has lost none of its merits. The other members of the cast had all been heard before and comment on their doings would be only unnecessary repetition of things already said often. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

GIVES HARP-ZITHER RECITAL.

Mme. Kitty Berger, who plays an instrument not generally used in concert work, the harp-zither, gave a musicale at Delmonico's yesterday, appearing with other artists. Her selections, which she played with charming simplicity, were Halvey's "Call Me Thine Own," the Barcarolle from the "Tales of Hoffmann," by Offenbach; an aria from "La Belle Hélène" of the same composer, some volkslieder and four of her own compositions. Her instrument is well suited for use in small halls such as that occupied yesterday.

Mr. Hans Merx sang a group of German lieder by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms and Hindach, Mrs. Reba Cornett Emory sang "Dupuis le Jour" from "Louise" and Mrs. Sherwood Hard was heard in an aria from "La Gioconda." Mr. William C. Carl, organist, and Mr. Douglas J. Wood, reader also took part in the programme.

March 30, 1914 LAST PEOPLE'S CONCERT.

Mr. Arens and His Orchestra Bring Their Season to an End.

With a concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Franz X. Arens, closed its season. The four concerts which these players have given at low prices have been of sufficient interest to attract large audiences, and the programmes, although avowedly of an educational nature, have not been lacking in entertaining features. Mr. Arens' readings have been sane and at the same time spirited, and the playing of the men has been creditable.

The orchestral numbers yesterday were Weber's overture "Oberon," the Liszt symphonic poem "Tasso," the two intermezzos from Mr. Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna," one of which had to be repeated; Grieg's "Spring" for string orchestra, and Mr. Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy."

The soloist was Mme. G. L. Lambert, an American soprano, once associated with the Opera in Paris, but now retired from active professional singing. Her numbers, "Elsa's Dream" from Wagner's "Lohengrin," and "Depuis le Jour" from Mr. Charpentier's "Louise," both sung with the orchestra, were cause for much applause.

Mme. Lambert Appears as Soloist in Wagner and Charpentier.

The final concert of the People's Symphony Society took place at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and Conductor Franz Arens provided a programme stimulating to the imagination if not altogether ennobling in its execution. Weber's "Oberon" overture opened the programme, and after it Mme. C. L. Lambert sang "Elsa's Dream." Liszt's "Tasso" followed, and then the soprano sang "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise." The two intermezzos from "The Jewels of the Madonna," Grieg's "Spring" and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy" were the remaining numbers on the programme.

So it seems that at the outset the auditor had opportunity to invite his fancy to roam amid fairy scenes and return to

different sort of person from the dream maidens of Charpentier. Next it was open to one to speculate with Walter Savage Landor on the question of Leonora's love for Tasso. Did she really love him as a woman should? Let us hope so, to the end that we may respect her. Alas! Leonora was 42 at the time. Can we blame her if she was not turbulently shaken by a poet's fine frenzy?

Or was Tasso really insane? Dr. Canabes delved into this and printed Tasso's own account of his symptoms as given to Dr. Gloriano Mercuriale. Dr. Itothe probed the matter, and Dr. Roncoroni also. The latter said Tasso was perhaps not insane in the accepted sense of the term, but he certainly was deranged. Many have written verse and many have written music about Tasso, and if you stay at the Tramontano Hotel in Sorrento you may walk where he did. But after all, none of these matters affect Liszt's music. That may be madness, but there is method, much method, in it, and Mr. Arens set this forth in a long programme note telling important things about themes and kindred items. How the orchestra played it signifies not, for the audience found joy just as it did in a vigorous assault on Weber's overture.

When Mme. Lambert came forward to sing about the vision of the knight of Elsa there was room for speculation as to which of the keys heard in the orchestra she would select. With noble independence she chose one of her own, and then to prove that she was no slave of mere musical formalism she soon left and took another. Before the number was finished it was thoroughly modernized and sounded not unlike one of the dreams of Arnold Schoenberg. Mme. Lambert displayed a good voice and some knowledge of style, but if she came from across the seas just to sing in New York she must be very fond of travel.

Franz X. Arens conducted yesterday afternoon the last of the season's People's Symphony Concerts at Carnegie Hall. As usual, there was a large audience which greatly enjoyed his interpretations of well-chosen pieces, including the "Oberon" overture, "Tasso," two intermezzos from "The Jewels of the Madonna," Grieg's "Spring," and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy." It is a pleasure to witness the success of an enterprise which provides excellent performances of popular and good music at a merely nominal price. Long may Mr. Arens and his band flourish! Yesterday's soloist was Mme. L. G. Lambert, who made a good impression.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night, Alma Gluck gave much pleasure to a large audience by her lovely voice and her rare vocal art. It is to be hoped she may soon return to the operatic fold. Jörn and Gilly also sang. At the Century Opera House another big audience enjoyed a programme of great variety.

HULSMANN TRIO IS HEARD Classic Concert Given by Mother and Little Daughters.

A concert of vocal and piano selections was given yesterday at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall by the Hulsmann Trio, consisting of Mme. Marie Hulsmann and her daughters, Helen and Constance. Helen, who is thirteen, played a number of pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt and others. Her sister, who is seven, played six pieces by Dennee, Bach, Debussy, Tschendorf, Heller and Spanuth. Both received their musical instruction under the direction of Miss Antoinette Ward, of the Van Dyck Studios. Mme. Hulsmann was accompanied in her singing by her daughters, and the entire trio took part in the final number, "The Sweetest Flower that Grows."

Schumann-Heink and Paderewski.

There was a great ovation for Ernestine Schumann-Heink in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon. The great contralto, who was prompted by the cordial welcome accorded her throughout this country to become an American citizen, had not been heard in this city for more than a year, and her admirers were eagerly awaiting her appearance. After singing Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" with opulent voice, she thrilled the audience with Schubert's "Death and the Maiden." This was followed by Brahms's "Sapphic Ode," Loewe's "Das Erkennen," an appearance of Mme. Clementine De Vere "Mutter an der Wiege." Max Reger's "Waldeinsamkeit" was the last number of the programme, but several others had to be added, it is needless to say. Another singer who was applauded was Mme. Aldack, the tone quality of each section who contributed a welcome Paderewski rapidly becoming impeccable, particularly "My Sweetest Darling." Her similarly the treble and tenor sections, and ing of several Massenet airs would have been more agreeable if her high tones had been less loud and shrill.

Beethoven's Great Mass.

The performance of Beethoven's colossal Solemn Mass, given Saturday night in Carnegie Hall, by the Oratorio Society, was notable for two reasons—the excellence of the performance and the re-appearance of Mme. Clementine De Vere. Under Mr. Koemmenich the Society has steadily progressed onward and upward, and it now sings with well-seasoned authority. There is no uncertainty of at-singer who was applauded was Mme. Aldack, the tone quality of each section who contributed a welcome Paderewski rapidly becoming impeccable, particularly "My Sweetest Darling." Her similarly the treble and tenor sections, and ing of several Massenet airs would have been more agreeable if her high tones had been less loud and shrill. The second part of the programme was contributed by Paderewski, who, as usual, can give satisfying interpretations electrified his audience. Caruso has often complained of how difficult it is for one

of his fame always to live up to expectations. Paderewski is in the same boat and he never disappoints. His playing of the "Moonlight" sonata on this occasion was in the true Beethoven style. One detail he brought out more eloquently than ever: the accented dissonances in the first movement—dissonances which, like the clashing semitones in Schubert's song when the Erlking seizes the terrified child—were bold innovations in those days of classic serenity. Equally soulful was his playing of Schumann's "Des Ahends" and "Aufschwung," to which he added "Waltzka," and a polonaise he proved himself once more the most poetic interpreter of Chopin; and after his playing of the sixth rhapsody, a pianist who had often heard Liszt declared that that wizard of the piano himself did not reveal in that piece such an entrancing wealth and variety of tone colors as Paderewski does. The rhapsody was one of four extras that followed the programme, amid the usual demonstrations of enthusiasm. The others were a prelude and a valse by Chopin, and Schumann's "Nachtstück." It was Paderewski's last appearance here this season, alas!

Mme. Gluck Sings Songs in Seven Tongues

Group of Folk Songs One of Her Numbers at Concert in Metropolitan Opera House.

Mme. Alma Gluck, one-time star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was last night starred as the guest soloist at the Sunday concert in the opera house. A novel number in which she appeared was a group of seven folk songs from the Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, German, Scotch, French and American.

"Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," as sung by Mme. Gluck was a delight to hear, and the other selections she sang with such a simplicity of style and beauty of tone that the audience found it difficult to applaud her enough. It is charming to hear the unpretentious songs as Mme. Gluck presents them. She also was heard in the Bel raggio lusignier aria from Rossini's "Semiramide."

From the forces of the Metropolitan's singers those heard last night were Mr. Dinh Gilly, barytone, who presented arias from Donizetti's "La Favorita" and Verdi's "La Traviata," and Mr. Karl Jörn, tenor, who was heard in the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and the Celeste Aida from Verdi's "Aida."

Under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman the orchestra played Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Capriccio Espagnol" so well that the audience insisted on getting an encore, applauding for several minutes. The encore was not forthcoming, and finally the applause died out. Other orchestral numbers were Mendelssohn's overture "Fingal's Cave," the ballet music from Saint-Saëns' "Henry VIII," and Mr. Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy."

Metropolitan Concert.

At the Metropolitan Opera House concert last night the soloists were Alma Gluck, Carl Jörn and Dinh Gilly. Mme. Gluck was heard in an aria from "Semiramide" and a group of folk-songs. They were from the Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, German, Scotch, French, and American. Under the latter head she sang "My Old Kentucky Home." Mr. Jörn's numbers were the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" and "Celeste Aida." Mr. Gilly sang an aria from "La Favorita" and "Di Provenza" from "La Traviata." The orchestra, under the direction of Richard Hageman, gave Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," ballet music to "Henry VIII," by Saint-Saëns, Rimsky-Korsakow's "Capriccio Espagnol," and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy."

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make almost superhuman demands upon the singers.

Mr. Koemmenich was also very successful in his choice of soloists. Mme. Metzger is a fine artist, with a beautiful voice; Mr. Reed Miller's voice is good, his musicianship and intelligence far above the average, and Mr. Witherspoon has never sung better than on this occasion. Without having "grateful" vocal parts these singers made one long to hear more of them.

Miss Stanley's illness gave Mme. DeVere Sapio the opportunity to demonstrate how great an artist she is. She had to take the difficult work at short notice, but there was no indication of uncertainty or wavering. Her voice was vibrant, and when called upon to do so, rang out above choir and orchestra, while in the pianissimo passages the quality was exquisitely lovely.

Mr. Saslowsky shared in the honors. He played the obligato in the Sanctus, with a beautiful, appealing tone. If his brothers in the Symphony Orchestra had been at all times as discreet as he, there would be nothing to condemn, but the brass choir drowned the singers at the beginning of the Gloria, and often other sections strove for unwarranted prominence. Mr. Sealy at the organ was the tower of strength and safety he always has been.

For the next concert of the Society, Georg Schumann's "Ruth" will be repeated. The Mass was an achievement. "Ruth" will be a delight, and for next season's concerts let us hope Mr. Koemmenich will find works like it.

"L'AMORE MEDICO" SUNG SECOND TIME

Crimanno Wolf-Ferrari's latest opera, "L'Amore Medico," which was produced for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday night of last week, was sung again last night. A characteristic Monday audience was present and appeared to enjoy to the fullest the beauties of this delightful work.

Opera bouffas of the type of both of last night's works, "L'Amore Medico" being followed by the same composer's exquisite little "Il Segreto di Susanna," should be sung in a more intimate auditorium than that of the Metropolitan. Many of the subtle delicacies of the orchestration are lost in the great spaces of our Broadway house of song, and the perfect enjoyment of the comedy is possible only to those in close conjunction to the stage; yet, if there is to be in New York no theatre devoted to the lighter works of the masters, Mr. Gatti-Casazza is to be commended for giving us these works even under the handicap placed upon them.

Mr. Toscanini has devoted his genius to the production of the new work, and the result has been what might have been expected. The orchestra's part reaches perfection in precision, in delicacy of shading and in richness of tone. Surely Signor Wolf-Ferrari owes a debt of gratitude to his countryman! Miss Bori's Lucinda equals, if it does not surpass anything she has yet accomplished—even her Flora and her Norina, while Mr. Pini Corsi's Arnolfo, and Mme. Otten's Lisetta are among the best enactments of these well schooled artists. Mr. Cristallini was in better voice than at his previous appearance and showed knowledge at best of the style in which the music should be sung.

In "Il Segreto di Susanna" Mme. Alda made her first appearance as the Countess, and gave proof of her skill as a comedienne, as well as that of a singer. Mr. Scotti's Count Gil is as finished a bit of high comedy as the Metropolitan stage has seen, and Mr. Bada's Sante is as comic a servant as such a play could wish for. Mr. Polacco understood and brought out the vivacious soul of the little work, the orchestra sparkling like vintage champagne. May "Il Segreto" long remain in the repertory!

Two Wolf-Ferrari Operas.

Richard Strauss would not allow any other work to be given on the same evening with his "Salome," although its duration is only half that of most other operas. There was a reason for this: he did not wish to share the royalties with any other composer. Wolf-Ferrari would hardly be able to enforce his wishes if he were as commercially minded as Strauss. He could not have prevented Mr. Gatti-Casazza from following up his new opera at the Metropolitan last week with Victor Herbert's "Madeleine." Last

night, however, he had everything his own way, "L'Amore Medico" being followed by his amusing "Il Segreto di Susanna," in which Mme. Alda and Mr. Scotti were the principal characters. Neither of these operas is inspired, but they are vastly better than the "Donne Curlose," the absence of which from this year's repertory is a relief. "L'Amore Medico" has served to display the fascinating art of Lucrezia Bori and Bella Alten. It is an amusing trifle and musically not without merit, at least in craftsmanship.

April 6, 1914

CLARA BUTT AND HUSBAND HEARD Both Appear in Carnegie Hall. He for the First Time Here.

Clara Butt, the well known English contralto, whose return to America last season proved that her admirers are almost as numerous here as they are in her native country, appeared again yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

Upon her appearance a year ago she was billed with her husband, Kennerley Rumford, baritone. Mr. Rumford did not then appear, as he was suffering from a cold. He did appear yesterday and proved to be a very good looking man of an athletic figure, with remarkably clear diction, and some slight interpretative powers. His voice, however, was negligible, and he frequently sang out of tune. But the large audience seemed to like his group of ballads, and several of these he repeated.

Mme. Butt showed the same virtues and the same defects as at her last appearance. Her natural voice is a noble one, of tremendous range and power and often of a luscious quality, but her lack of artistic feeling caused what was often disaster.

She exaggerated both her upper and her lower registers, so that her voice's timbre changed continually. Her lower tones are those almost of a baritone, and of these she made the most, much to some of her hearers' delight, though certainly not to the joy of the judicious. She sang, among other things, Verdi's "O Don Patale," the "Recit et Air de Lia" from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" and a group of old Irish songs.

ZOELLNER QUARTETS CONCERT.

Among the many string quartet concerts of the season, the two Aeolian Hall appearances of the Zoellner Quartet, the last of which took place last night, have aroused considerable interest. This organization, made up of Miss Antoinette and Messrs. Adandus, Joseph, Sr., and Joseph, Jr., Zoellner presents programmes of serious chamber music and has developed an ensemble that is highly creditable. The tone is unusually good. The interpretation of the music is such as to give enjoyment to large audiences. There was last night an occasional spot where the intonation was not perfect, but nevertheless the playing was on the whole very good.

Beethoven's quartet, opus 18, No. 3, was played with commendable results, the andante movement being perhaps the best of the four. Following this came two movements from Cesar Franck's D major quartet, the Scherzo and the Larghetto. The third and last number was Ernst von Dohnanyi's Quartet in D flat major, opus 15.

Mr. Caruso Sings "Aida" to Packed House

Hundreds Turned Away and Even the
"Free List" Is Suspended for
the Night.

Just for good measure, the Metropolitan last night gave an extra—outside of the subscription—performance of "Aida." The audience was one of the biggest of the season and hundreds of would-be standees were turned away.

Those who hoped by hook or crook to get free admission to the auditorium were greeted by a big sign,

"Free List Positively Suspended."

at the Broadway door, and if they attempted to beat their way past the guarded portals by way of the office of the press representative, Mr. William J. Guard, they found an inscription on his blackboard which read:—

"Nothing Doing Questa Sera."

The same tale was told in two other languages, so that there really was no reason to hang around.

As to the performance itself, it was only the second time this season that Mr. Caruso had sung the rôle of Radamès here, and he was proud in new costumes. He designed most of them, and they were exceedingly effective and artistic, particularly the one worn in the scene of Thebes and its Hundred Gates. Furthermore, he was in wonderful voice.

Miss Bestinn sang the title rôle gloriously. Mme. Homer was excellent as Amneris and Mr. Amato was a dramatic King of the Ethiopians. Mr. Rossi, as the King, and Mr. Rothier, as the High Priest, were acceptable. Mr. Toscanini conducted as only he can.

Miss Neuhaus' Recital.
In Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Miss Estelle Neuhaus gave a piano recital. The audience was liberal in its applause. The pianist did not play with great power or put a great deal of variety into her dynamics or tonal effects, but there was much that gave pleasure in her quick, refined style of interpreting the works of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt.

Beethoven's Sonata opus 57 was her opening number and from Liszt she played the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12. The Chopin selections included the Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise, four Hungarian Csardas, Hungarian Gypsy Chant and the D flat major Nocturne. Part of the proceeds of the recital went to the children's department of the State Charities Aid Association.

"Die Walkuere" Sung at the Metropolitan

It was not a very large nor overenthusiastic audience that assembled at the Metropolitan last night to hear "Die Walkuere" repeated. Perhaps the drizzle outside had something to do with dampening the opera longing of those who might have come and the ardor of those who did.

Yet it was a very good performance. Mme. Fremstad as Siegmund, Mme. Gadske as Brunnhilde, Mme. Ober as Fricka, Mr. Berger as Siegmund, Mr. Well as Wotan and Mr. Ruysdael as Hunding completed the list of principals.

FREMSTAD HEARD IN A FINAL ROLE

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Mme. Olive Fremstad made one of her final appearances last night at the Metropolitan Opera House in the part of Siegmund in "Die Walkuere."

It has been decided by those who are responsible and have every right to decide such matters that Madame Fremstad is not to be engaged for next year. There is no reason to challenge such a resolution. Events alone can prove and seal its wisdom. At the same time the artistic services of this artist have been long, worthy and of serious import, and as one sat in one's stall yesterday it was impossible to forget them.

The first time the present reviewer had occasion to hear Madame Fremstad was as Venus in "Tannhaeuser," in the first year of the management of Heinrich Conried. He had seen her name in Lavignac's book on Wagner as one of the singers who some years before had sung in "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. There seemed something striking in the very name itself. It differed from others—Olive Fremstad. The impression she made then on the present reviewer on the very first occasion on which he heard her was vivid and lasting. Nothing that happened since has effaced it.

She had grasped, or some one had enabled her to grasp, the fact that Venus was one of the dominating influences in Wagner's drama. There was also something in her, an irradiant artistic force, an emphasis and a warmth of personality, which gave point to the wavering of Tannhaeuser between Elisabeth as the Christian idea of love, and Venus as the pagan, though far from ignoble, ideal of love. No one who heard her then could have failed to predict for her a remarkable future. The voice might be referred to technically as a mezzo-contralto of great poetry and expressiveness. Such a description Mme. Olive Fremstad always detested.

Muchly Mooted Question.

The insistence of the writer in that view of her voice and Madame Fremstad's vigorous repudiation of it, when the time came to repudiate it, have often brought both to the verge of violent discussion. Mme. Olive Fremstad has contended for some time that she is a dramatic soprano. Her argument seemed to be this: "I can reach the notes which Wagner has written in the dramatic parts, therefore I should sing those rôles."

She forgot that beautiful and persuasive color in a voice is more important than range, and that visible effort and struggle are poor substitutes on the opera stage for inherent endowment. The next part in which she treated general and appreciative attention was Siegmund in "Die Walkuere." This was a masterpiece, one of the few perfect interpretations we have seen. But she was never content until she sang Brunnhilde, which was not her part in the same opera. She did not do it well, not half as well as Siegmund. By no one could persuade her of such an unpleasant truth, and those who tried to make her angry. She had been Siegmund. She wanted to be Brunnhilde. "That which thou hast not is happiness."

Now comes the question of her acting. There are those who maintain that her acting is not spontaneous and that she can only do that which clever teachers have taught her. Some unreasonable and extravagant admirers elect to believe that she can create anything, anywhere; that her Carmen is as good as her Kundry. The truth lies between these extremes.

Almost a Travesty.

Her very presence, even in "Lohengrin" in which her Elsa is almost a travesty in its maturity and its questionable singing, had yet a vein of personal sequence and mental appeal. There was a massive dignity about her "Goethe daemmerung," but it was only, one supposed, after careful indoctrination that she made the most of these parts, their dramatic aspects.

It is hard, however, to dogmatize these matters. Mme. Olive Fremstad is a woman of mystery. She rarely talks in the newspapers. She makes few visits. She has adopted toward the public a toward her comrades a certain morose. She may have taught herself much of this attributed to others. When we come to her singing of the heavy dramatic parts we are on clearer grounds. Whatever may have been the dramatic virtue of some of her assumptions of parts beyond the natural range and scheme of her voice, purely vocal deficiencies were sufficiently apparent. In the end the stress she has put on her voice has worked to its detriment and seriously impaired her power of attracting audiences. No one could be mistaken when he says that Olive Fremstad's career at the Metropolitan has been strikingly impressive, and that such success and artistic prosperity as she has earned are due to natural gift, ambition that spared neither her own feelings nor any one else's, and to dogged, sullen industry, and to her presence often so telling in its statuesque beauty and tranquil grace of movement.

Her Kundry an Example.

Though she has not conciliated herself, as others, such as Marcella Sebrich, the love and affections of audiences, those strangely personal things her Venus, her Siegmund, and her representation of three aspects of womanhood as Kundry in "Parsifal," will be remembered among us as models as examples.

This is not to be said of her Isolde which was a splendid failure.

Others who were seen last night were Madame Gadske as Brunnhilde, M. I. dolf Berger as Siegmund, Mr. Br. Ruysdael as Hunding and Mr. Herman Well as Wotan.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM.

A Concert of Music Based on Russian, Negro and British Folk Song

The second concert of the Schola Cantorum under Mr. Kurt Schindler's direction last evening in Carnegie Hall was one of the most interesting that has been given by this organization in its programme and one of the most successful in performance. It was devoted to folk song of several races, and employed at a basis for artistic music and the illustrations it furnished to this employment were in many cases of unusual musical beauty and originality, and sometimes gave, indeed, new musical sensation.

The races whose musical utterances had thus been appropriated were Russian, negro and British. Of the Russians Modeste Moussargski took a first place in this programme. "Joshua" was performed by the Schola Cantorum two seasons ago. Since then more familiarity has been gained with his music style through the performances of his opera "Bo the Goudouff." "Joshua" is not a Jewish Russian in its note, but Jewish and its Oriental character is intensely impressed on the music.

But in the opera "Khovantchina" Moussargski again builds upon a foundation of Russian folk song. The overture, depicting the dawn light upon the golden cupolas of Moscow and the scene called "The Plaint of the People" have effects that show kinship with "Boris Goudouff," and the same powerful and original use of native folk song elements. On the other hand "Fertian Dance" from the same opera shows again his complicity.

Other Russian pieces were Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko" for orchestra which had been heard here before. Clever, but hardly more, in its original coloring and its use of the Russian dance called "Hopaki," a plaintive chorus of villagers from Rodchik, "Prince Igor," and arrangements of A. T. Rubtsov of a dance song and a well-known Volga boatman's song. This last was repeated, as was the final chorus of the impressionist

In "Coleridge-Taylor's" setting of "The Slave Singing at Midnight," a setting of Longfellow's verses, there is apparently not the use of an actual folk song, but rather the employment of the idiom of that song in artistic development, with rich resources in orchestral accompaniment. The music is deeply emotional and impassioned, and is, in fact, among the strongest productions of a composer who often fell into somewhat cloying sweetness.

H. T. Burleigh managed the two negro "spirituals" that followed, "Deep River" and "Dig My Grave," especially for the Schola Cantorum, with a harmony in four part writing that is truly in place, because it enhances the significance and spirit of the times, and makes of them beautiful choruses. There was an evident desire on the part of the audience to applaud Mr. Burleigh in person, but he did not appear.

There were specimens of the interesting things done currently by English composers, by Balfour Gardner and Percy Aldridge Grainger. Mr. Balfour's setting of John Masfield's "News from Whydah," has a touch of vivid and creative imagination not very common in music of this day. He uses a lavish orchestral apparatus to help his efforts, but they do not depend upon that; the jaunty tilt of questioning and the ghastly picturing of the answer are contained in the music itself.

Mr. Grainger makes adventurous experiments in strange combinations. His setting of "Molly on the Shore," an Irish reel, ingeniously combined with "Temple Hill," has some very pretty and characteristic effects, obtained from the simple material of a "string four-song," which in Mr. Grainger's curious speech means a string orchestra. He has gone much further afield in his setting of "Father and Daughter," a ballad of the Faroe Islands, of a familiar traditional kind, which is for five men's single voices, double mixed chorus, strings, brass, and a mandolin and guitar band. The tune is traditional, and the composer has used the two divisions of voices to give the effect of a refrain, and the gradual joining of the two, in a "piling up effect," as he calls it, that is striking. And here, too, the unusual choice of means justified itself by the results.

Of the singing of the chorus much praise may be spoken. It was in several respects better than it has been at previous concerts of the society: not only in fullness and volume but in quality and balance as well. Likewise there was a greater mastery of the music, a greater precision in attack and in nuance, except that Mr. Grainger's last piece (the "Father and Daughter") was not quite so fortunate in its treatment as the rest of the programme. Miss Mary Jordan sang the contralto part in "Joshua," and Mr. Royal Daddum the baritone part in "The Planet of the People," both acceptably.

SCHOLA CANTORUM IN VARIED CONCERT FOLK SONG INTERESTING

Melodies of the People Alternated With Productions of Eminent Composers.

The second subscription concert of the Schola Cantorum at Carnegie Hall last evening was an entertainment filled with interest and variety. Kurt Schindler, conductor of the organization, showed no little skill in selecting and arranging his materials, albeit there was no close connection between successive numbers in some cases. The first part of the programme was devoted to Russian music of several sorts. There were Rimsky-Korsakov's orchestral sketch, "Sadko," Moussorgsky's cantata "Joshua," the instrumental prelude to his opera "Khovantchina" and a chorus from Borodine's "Prince Igor," made out of a folk song.

A dance song, "In the Fields," arranged by Rubetz, followed, and then came the Persian dances and a short scene for barytone and chorus from "Khovantchina." The Russian music came to its end with Rubetz's arrangement of the Volga boatmen's song, commonly known here as, "Ay, ouchnem."

The second part of the programme consisted of numbers based on negro and British folk songs. Coleridge-Taylor's "Slave Singing at Midnight" was followed by H. T. Burleigh's arrangement of the two negro spirituals, "Deep River" and "Dig My Grave." Balfour Gardner's "News from Whydah" and Percy Grainger's "Molly on the Shore" and "Father and Daughter," the former for orchestra and the latter for five men's voices, double chorus, strings, brass, mandolin and guitar band, finished the concert.

There was material in this list for a long essay, but it is not necessary. Perhaps the greatest novelty was Mr. Grainger's arrangement of the dance song from the Faroe Islands, but the audience undoubtedly gained as much pleasure from some of the imposing Russian music. The more people in this town hear of the music of the Russians the better they will understand the genius of a really splendid people. Moussorgsky's prelude, introducing again his imitation of the Kremlin bells, but with less barbaric power than it has in "Boris Godunov," and the majestic utterance of the final chorus in the brief scene from "Khovantchina" served to illustrate the greatness of that dramatic music which has raised itself on the firm foundation of national feeling and national manner of song.

On the other hand the folk music again served to show the wonderful wealth of Russia in this product of the soil. No

music is more deeply rooted in the life of the people, and poignant regret must be felt by every one who realizes that education, slowly spreading among the villages and country places, is sending the folk song into obscurity.

Fortunately the Government took precautions toward preserving much of it by appointing a commission of distinguished musical masters to collect and write it down. Let us hope that we shall not in all cases have to hear the music in the sophisticated forms of highly finished arrangements, which, admirably made as they are, sometimes depart from the character of the people. The asterisk to the manner of the people. The same thing might be said of arrangements of negro folk songs, but in those heard last evening good musicianship and sensitive racial instincts of Mr. Burleigh have worked together to bring about beautiful results.

Mr. Schindler has developed a chorus which sings with an excellent body of tone, with spirit, with precision and with generally good style. There is life in everything it does and much of the approval bestowed by last evening's audience belonged to it. Mary Jordan sang the solo part in "Joshua" and Royal Daddum that in the excerpt from "Khovantchina." Both singers discharged their duties creditably. The Symphony Society Orchestra provided the instrumental support and played the orchestral numbers.

Russian Music a Feature of April 2 Choral Concert

At the concert of the Schola Cantorum under the direction of Mr. Kurt Schindler, one of the most interesting programmes of choral music that has been heard in this city was presented last night in Carnegie Hall.

The folk songs of the Russians have a strange and usually a sad strain in them. To Americans they convey the idea of a downtrodden people singing to keep up its spirits, but unable to forget its troubles. Such a song is "The Song of the Volga Boatmen," with which Mr. Schindler ended the first half of his programme, which was devoted to the folk songs and the less interesting Oriental side of the Russian music. The arrangement used last night was by A. T. Rubetz. It was sung unaccompanied. The music started softly with men's voices, came to a thrilling climax and gradually died away. It was admirably sung and had to be repeated.

Of the other Russian pieces the most effective was another, a capella folk song of a somewhat brighter character, "In the Fields," arranged by Rubetz. It also was repeated.

Moussorgsky had a prominent place in the evening's entertainment. His cantata, "Joshua," for chorus, contralto solo and orchestra, with Miss Mary Jordan as soloist and the orchestra of the Symphony Society, was sung, and from his opera, "Khovantchina," was heard the chorus "The Planet of the People," with Mr. Royal Daddum, barytone, as soloist. Two of Moussorgsky's orchestral numbers, the overture and some Persian dances, were played. Other Russian numbers were Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," a musical tableau for orchestra, and the chorus of the villagers from Borodine's opera, "Prince Igor."

The second half of the programme included works of two negro composers, Coleridge-Taylor's "The Slave Singing at Midnight," and two spirituals arranged by H. T. Burleigh, "Deep River" and "Dig My Grave." It also included modern English works, Balfour Gardner's chorus, "News from Whydah," and Percy Aldridge Grainger's "Molly on the Shore" for string orchestra and "Father and Daughter" were heard in the last number. A society of mandolin, guitar and banjo players, called the "Serenaders," accompanied the singers.

It was a concert full of interest from beginning to end.

Those who attended the concert of Kurt Schindler's Schola Cantorum last night, at Carnegie Hall, were presented with a programme not very different in size from a Shakespeare folio. It appeared, among other things, to be a guide to the "Kremlin's pavement, white with serpentine and sphenite," the Volga River and the rest of Russia.

As one of its items was a poem in forty-two verses, I shall postpone the perusal of the folio to the magnificent leisure of the Midsummer holidays. One-half of the programme was devoted to Russian music; the other half to negro composers and modern English ballads, based on folk songs, and all to Schindler.

The words Schola Cantorum mean College of Singers. Kurt Schindler, in order to mystify the middle classes, a favorite diversion of Balzac's, expresses himself in Latin. The Schola consisted last night of soloists, chorus, New York Symphonists, society, audience and Kurt Schindler.

The concert started with eight volleys of artillery from the fort of Russian music, without which Fifth avenue and

its adjacent parts cannot live nowadays.

It used to be appendicitis, automobiles, bridge or a graceful interest in woman suffrage. Now it is Russian music. "Boris Godunoff" started it. Russian music being fashionable, Kurt Schindler was in the van of the promulgators of Russian music. At the same time, negro music was beginning to show its head above the sea, and welter of mere commonplace. That could not escape Kurt Schindler. Hence the name of our esteemed and accomplished friend, Clarence Burleigh, with his "Two Negro Minstrels," a pupil of Anton Dvorak. These were "Deep River, Lord," and "Dig My Grave Long and Narrow."

Later the concert switched to the Faroe Islands, Ireland, Whydah and so on. It was the most geographical of concerts. Kurt Schindler is the Newton of music. To adopt Wordsworth's stirring line:

He voyages through strange seas of thought alone.

FOLK SONG SPIRIT SHOWN AT CONCERT MUSIC OF MANY NATIONS HEARD

Melodies of Russian Peasants in Contrast with Those of American Negroes.

By H. E. KREBIEL.

A concert like that given by the Schola Cantorum last Wednesday evening deserved to be heard from the first note to the last, notwithstanding that the programme (like all of those arranged by Mr. Kurt Schindler) was of inordinate length. The most interesting as well as most promising tendency of music, instrumental as well as vocal, just now has been toward the exposition of racial and national characteristics. Folksong and folkdance have supplied the element of vitality which seemed in danger of disappearing when the venerable forms which had served the classical masters threatened to become empty formularies. It was in its illustration of how effectively the spirit of the music created by the folk can animate the artistic forms that the value of the concert lay.

Mr. Schindler chose his material for the first part of his programme from works resting on the history and folklore of Russians, and for the second part went to the folksongs created by the former black slaves of the United States, and the folksongs and dances of Great Britain and, in one instance, the Faroe Islands. This last number was presented in the somewhat fantastic and extravagant dress given it by Percy Aldridge Grainger, who is seeking methods of expression which are as novel as anything that is attempting by the revolutionaries of Germany and France.

In both fields there was interesting variety. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko" (neither unknown nor familiar to local lists) was a bit of delineative music designed to tell the tale of a minstrel, who, thrown into the sea, like another Arion or Jonah, was not saved by a dolphin or a whale, but found himself among the wedding guests of Oceanus and the daughter of the sea king. There his music set all the company, and even the fishes, to dancing until Oceanus raised a storm, which wrecked all the vessels in the neighborhood. Built on an undulating figure suggestive of watery motion, the composition is pleasing, but that is all, like so much of the ballet music of the Russian composers. It's only association with folksong came from its employment of the Russian dance called hopak.

In Moussorgsky's cantata, "Joshua," which had been previously heard at a concert of the McDowell chorus in March 1911, a work of strong character and striking beauty, there was an illustration of a species of folksong which has grown up in Russia, though it does not belong to the Russian people. Except in the case of this composition and an orchestral rhapsody by Zolotarev, which Mr. Altschuler introduced to our concert rooms several years ago, the folksong of the Russian Jews has never been heard here. Of the two themes which are fundamental in "Joshua," one is sung by the Jews in the Yiddish jargon while the other is a synagogal melody. In cantata and rhapsody this unfamiliar body of song is shown to have elements of real effectiveness. A second composition by Moussorgsky was the overture to the opera "Khovantchina," which does not deal with myth or fair tale, but with history—the political struggle of two fanatical religious sects. This struggle there is no suggestion in the overture, which is another descriptive piece in which sunrise in Moscow is depicted. A vocal fragment, which was performed later in the evening, proved to be utterly commonplace down to its final

prayer, and in neither of the numbers was there a suggestion of the great dramatic genius who composed "Boris Godunov," though in the overture there appeared some sounds which seemed like a faint echo of the splendid clangor of the bells of the Kremlin in the opera which has been so triumphantly successful at the Metropolitan Opera House. A chorus from Borodine's "Prince Igor" belonged to the pieces heard at the concert in March, 1911, and the remaining Russian numbers were a very pretty Persian dance from "Khovantchina" and arrangements for unaccompanied voices by A. T. Rubetz of a dance song, "In the Fields," and the most familiar of all Russian folksongs, "Ay, ouchnem," to which Madame Lineff gave a first hearing in New York about twelve years ago, and which has been heard in a variety of forms—vocal solo, chorus, orchestral fantasy, symphonic poem, as well as from tinkling balalaikas—ever since. A word about this fine specimen of folksong may not be out of place. It was announced on the programme as a "Song of the Volga boatmen" and it has become a habit of the newspaper writers always to associate it with the Volga rim. But though originally a barge-man's song, created to regulate the movements of the men who with broad straps across their breasts towed boats against the river's current, it has for a long time done the duty of a sailor's "chanty" for laborers who perform their tasks in common. It is a laborer's song and no longer specifically a barge-man's. It is doubtless of great antiquity. At any rate, the meaning of one of its lines has been lost. In Mr. Sigmund Spaeth's translation the line is rendered "Curly birches drawing man," but the literal rendering is "we untwist the curly birch," the meaning of which is a subject for speculation. Mr. Rubetz, a teacher at the Conservatory at St. Petersburg, preserved in his arrangement an effect which was not heard in any of the other transcriptions which we have heard. By putting a pause between the two syllables of the word "ouchnem," he produced the effect of a sudden emission of the breath, after a violinist effort—an effect which emphasized the appropriateness of the song for the purpose to which it is applied. Though it may once have been peculiarly a song of the burlaki of the Volga, it is now general, and when the Russians wish to celebrate "Mother Volga" they do it in another song, which is almost as popular—a robber song of the seventeenth century—"Down the Volga."

Coleridge-Taylor's setting for chorus and orchestra of Longfellow's "The Slave Singing at Midnight," while a fine specimen of the composer's skill, was in no respect illustrative of Afro-American music. It was good, well written English music, without a trace of African idioms. Those were found in arrangements made by Harry T. Burleigh of two slave "spirituals," "Deep River" and "Dig My Grave." The former, first printed in the book of the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, is a tune of deep pathos. Coleridge-Taylor, who made a wondrously fine rhapsody for pianoforte out of it, said that it was "the most beautiful and touching melody of the whole series" of twenty-four which he published, about ten years ago. Mr. Burleigh apparently took some hints for his *capella* vocal arrangement, and there were suggestions of one elaboration in the harmonic treatment. But the song aroused the greatest delight in the hearers, who tried hard to secure a repetition of it as well as "Dig My Grave." This song, to which The Tribune directed attention in its articles on "Afro-American Folksongs," printed last summer, comes from the Bahamas.

It is tripartite in form, a peculiarity to which Mr. Burleigh drew attention by repeating each of its three melodies. The first of these was Schumannesque or Beethovenian in dignity and breadth—in fact, it strongly resembles the theme of the final march in Schumann's Fantasia in C—while the other two are characteristically ingenious in the sentiment of the words and the spirit of the music. It evoked even greater enthusiasm than did "Deep River," and made complete demonstration that folksongs of the former slaves were as fit material for artistic treatment as the beautiful songs of the Russian people.

In the concluding subdivision of the programme there was a stirring setting, quite in the spirit of the old English ballads, but with what might be called modern English brass ornaments, of John Masfield's "News from Whydah," by Balfour Gardner. The wildest application of those ornaments was found, however, in the setting by Mr. Grainger of a Faroe ballad, "Father and Daughter," which the arranger found in a collection of Faroe folk songs, published in 1908. Originally it is a simple thing of two

melodic phrases, one given to the narrative, the other to the *amplified* (refrain). Mr. Grainger, whose treatment of folk-dances was introduced to us by Dr. Frank Danvosch at the Christmas concert of the Musical Art Society this season, and who won renewed admiration on Wednesday with his setting for what he affectingly calls a "string four-some" of an Irish reel ("Molly on the Shore") began quite simply with five men singing the stanza and the chorus answering with the *om-quid*; but gradually all the voices were blended, and an orchestra of strings, brass, mandolins and guitars, joining in the melody, all the characteristics of the originally simple ballad were lost in a noise like the crack of a drum.

An error of Mr. Schindler's in the notes on the programme ought to be corrected. Coleridge-Taylor's father was a negro, a physician, born in Sierra Leone; his mother was English. Mr. Schindler got the nationalities of the two turned about. **"DIE ZAUBERFLOETE" SUNG** by **Mozart's Work Given by the Metropolitan Company.**

Amid all the tumult and the shouting of the operatic world there are at times brief intervals of calm. One of these intervals occurred last night, when Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" was sung at the Metropolitan. *April 3, 1914*

The cast was, with few exceptions, as usual. Mr. Witherspoon took Mr. Braun's place as Sarastro, and Mr. Well that of the late Putnam Griswold as the Sprecher. Neither singer equalled his predecessor, but both were fairly successful.

Miss Destinn was Pamina, Miss Hempel queen of the Night, Mr. Jörn as Tamino, Mr. Goritz as Papageno, Mme. Alten as Papagena and Mr. Reiss as Monostrosos. Mr. Hertz has done nothing better at the Metropolitan than his conducting of this music. In it he displays a delicacy which has not always been one of his chief virtues.

THREE OPERAS IN A DAY.

April 4, 1914
Humperdinck, Leoncavallo and Gluck Provide Operatic Delights.

It was a busy day at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. There were two performances at which three operas were performed. In the afternoon the now familiar combination of "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci" was presented. Just what prompted the offering of this double bill at a matinee can hardly be conjectured. Doubtless the children who had revelled in the fairy story of the babes in the wood were disappointed when they found the circus in the beginning of the other work speedily resolving itself into a tragedy, but on the other hand the grownups may have enjoyed a certain satisfaction after seeing a witch thrust into an oven in observing a much more shocking and realistic tragedy.

The record at any rate requires note of these facts, to wit, that Humperdinck's opera was given with the usual cast, that Mr. Jörn was *Canio*, Mr. Gilly *Tonio* and Mme. Fornia *Hedda* in "Pagliacci," which was conducted by Richard Hagemann. Humperdinck's opera was conducted by Hans Morgestern. In the evening Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" was sung with Mme. Homer as *Orfeo*. Mme. Rappold made her first appearance of the season, singing *Euridice*. The other two members of the cast were the same as usual and Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Mme. Rappold Sings Again at Metropolitan

No less than three operas were sung in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, there being a children's performance of "Hänsel und Gretel," followed by "Pagliacci" in the afternoon, while at night "Orfeo ed Euridice" was given.

It was in the last opera that the day's single novel feature appeared, for Mme. Rappold, who, in private life, is now Mme. Rudolf Berger, wife of the tenor of the Metropolitan, was heard for the first time this season. She sang *Euridice* satisfactorily and was quite picturesque. Mme. Homer, as *Orfeo*, was ideal for the rôle. Miss Case sang the music of the Happy Spirit very well, while Miss Sparkes was good as *Cupid*. Mr. Toscanini conducted with exquisite refinement and brought out all the beauty of this score.

At the double bill in the afternoon there were many children, and they seemed to enjoy the merit of "Hänsel und Gretel," and the drama of "Pagliacci." In the first opera the chief rôles were taken by Mmes. Mattfeld and Alten, Messrs. Reiss and Leonhardt, with Mr. Morgestern conducting. In "Pagliacci," Mme. Fornia, Messrs. Jörn and Gilly filled the important parts, and Mr. Hagemann was the conductor. There was a large audience at night.

THREE OPERAS IN ONE DAY.

"Hänsel und Gretel," "I Pagliacci" and "Orfeo" Sung at Metropolitan.

At the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday there were two performances, at which three operas were presented. In the afternoon there was a children's matinee, at which "Hänsel und Gretel," and "I Pagliacci" were given, and in the evening Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Mmes. Homer and Rappold and the Misses Sparkes and Case, Mme. Rappold appearing for the first time this season as *Euridice*. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

In the afternoon the cast for "Hänsel und Gretel" was the usual one, except that Robert Leonhardt was the father in place of Otto Goritz, though not for the first time. "I Pagliacci" brought forward the unusual combination of Mme. Fornia as *Hedda*, Carl Jörn as *Canio*, and Dinah Gilly as *Tonio*. Hans Morgestern conducted the former and Mr. Polacco the latter.

April 5, 1914

New Songs by Mr. Kernochan Heard in Recital

Twelve of His Compositions, Eight for Soprano, Show Real Freshness of Idea.

If songs may be considered as a sort of foundation for the building of a national music, the prospects in this country are by no means unpleasant. There are at present a number of young composers who are making the lists of American songs rich, and among these is Mr. Marshall Kernochan. At the Musicians' Club last night a recital of his songs was given by Mme. Nina Dimitrieff, soprano, and Messrs. George Harris, Jr., tenor, and Frederick Gunther, barytone, with Mr. Sydney Dalton at the piano.

Twelve of Mr. Kernochan's songs, eight for soprano, two for tenor and two for barytone, constituted the programme, and in no one of them does the composer fail to show a freshness of idea and invention, clear cut and graceful in their execution. While Mr. Kernochan indicates a proper respect for form, he does not appear to be hampered by it in his work. The melodies were in a few instances almost fragile and the accompaniment sometimes supplemental to the idea of the poetry rather than complementary to the dainty airs.

"Wanting Is—What?" and "A Child's Song," by Mme. Dimitrieff; the "Smuggler's Song," by Mr. Gunther, and "A Serenade at the Villa," sung by Mr. Harris, were the most exemplary of Mr. Kernochan's style, illustrating to the satisfaction of the audience the composer's versatility. If there was sameness in any of the numbers it occurred in the songs for Mme. Dimitrieff. She was a trifle uncertain in her attack at times, but her audience overlooked this in favor of the ultimate results she achieved.

Mr. Harris is not noted for the volume of his voice nor its wealth of color, but his singing is a revelation of the singer's art. The reverse might be said of Mr. Gunther, whose sonorous tones gave a rollicking spirit to the "Smuggler's Song" and dignity to "Unconquered."

MISS DESTINN IN CONCERT.

It is seldom that Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is heard in concert, and it was a real treat to lovers of good singing to hear her yesterday afternoon in a concert in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel given under the direction of Mr. Gaetano Scognamiglio. Most of the numbers were of a religious nature appropriate to Palm Sunday. Among them were Gounod's "Ave Maria" and Massenet's "Marie Madeleine," and as an encore an aria from "La Tosca." Miss Destinn seldom has been heard to better advantage.

Other artists to appear were Mr. Dinah Gilly, barytone, of the Metropolitan, who sang two selections from Faure, including "Les Rameaux" ("The Palms"); Mr. Gino Nastrozzi, violinist, of the Metropolitan, who played Handel's "Largo," Mr. Scognamiglio, cellist, and Miss Mildred Billing, harpist, and Mr. William C. Carl, organist. The Salzedo Harp Ensemble played two short numbers by Nasseimans and there was another concerted number, Fhome's Adagio Religioso for violin, cello, harmonium and piano.

Mr. John McCormack, Irish tenor, who seems to be able to fill a hall of any size whenever he desires to sing here, was the principal soloist at the Sunday concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night.

As usual most of his songs were those of his native land, although he first sang an aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." "In Faneid's Grove," arranged by Hughes; "The Next Market Day," also arranged by Hughes, and Robinson's "The Snowy Breasted Pearl" and many

others of old Irish songs were included in his programme. His almost faultless execution, so clear that no one could doubt that English can be sung at least by some singers, was as noteworthy as the clearness of his voice and the sympathetic treatment of his songs.

A singer new to the Metropolitan was Miss Nedda Humphrey, a Southern girl, from Huntsville, Ala. She was heard in two operatic arias, "Pace Pace mio Dio," from Verdi's "Forza del Destino" and "Vissi d'Arte" from "La Tosca." There were some good things apparent in her voice and method, but on the whole she did not display an artistic maturity sufficient for big things. Perhaps nervousness kept her from doing her best.

There was one other soloist, Mme. Marie Duchene, contralto, who pleased in her singing of an aria from "Le Prophète," by Meyerbeer, and another from Massenet's "Herodiade."

An interesting orchestral number was an Indian rhapsody composed on motives from the songs and dances of the Ute Indians, of Colorado by Miersch. Mr. Adolf Rothmeyer conducted the orchestra.

Ticket speculators who had saved their tickets until the last moment for a premium were forced to move down the street, and a block or two distant from the opera house tickets were being offered in the street for as little as ten cents soon after the concert was begun.

Final Recital by Hofmann.

Except for a joint recital with Mischa Elman on April 17, Mr. Hofmann made his final appearance for this season, at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, before an appreciative audience of goodly size. Mr. Hofmann rewarded their enthusiasm by a generous allowance of encores, and still better, by playing his whole programme with wonderful beauty of tone and a keen appreciation of the musical value of each composition. Once more he proved himself to be among the very few pianists who stand in the front rank of their profession.

Mr. Hofmann's programme was a model in point of length, two hours and ten minutes, including seven encores and the intermissions. It was also most interesting as to substance. The first group was classical. Beethoven's Sonata Opus 31, No. 2, his Rondo a Capriccio, the Saint-Saëns arrangement of Beethoven's "Chorus of Dervishes," and the Gluck-Sgambati Melody in D minor from "Orfeo." The encore to this group was a Beethoven Bagatelle. Mr. Hofmann's playing of the enormously difficult chorus of dervishes was a marvel of technical ease, while the lovely melody of Gluck was even more beautiful under his fingers than when it is played by the orchestra. Its simplicity fits it absolutely to Mr. Hofmann's warmth and richness of tone. The sonata also was beautiful in conception and execution, and he made even the usually tiresome Rondo ("Fury over the lost penny"), entertaining.

In the second group of Chopin numbers it is difficult to say which was the most perfect, the Barcarolle, the Nocturne in F major, the Fantasie in F Minor, or the two waltzes, one of which was added as an encore. Mr. Hofmann plays Chopin's music as only a Pole can do it. At the end he added not only the waltz, but one of the less-known mazurkas.

Three other Polish names appeared in the last group, Paderewski, Moszkowski, and Hofmann himself. Besides these same as that of the opening week. Mr. Thomas Chalmers was *Tonio*.

Mr. Henry Taylor's pleasing voice was heard for the first time this season in "Il Trovatore," of which the tower and prison scenes were heard, and Mr. Thomas Chalmers was the Count di Luna. Miss La Palme was heard in "Faust" to better advantage than in most of her appearances. The selections from "Faust" and "La Gioconda" were directed by Mr. Josef Pasternack, and Mr. Carlo Nicotia conducted the others. The final week of the Century Opera Company will begin next Thursday with its first presentation of Victor Herbert's "Natoma," which was sung here three years ago by the Chicago Opera Company.

"LA TRAVIATA" AT THE OPERA.

April 7, 1914
Mme. Hempel and Mr. Amato Heard by Large Audience.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Verdi's "La Traviata" was sung before an audience large enough to give evidence that the old work is still potent to weave a spell. The size of the audience and its liberal applause served also to demonstrate the growth of Frieda Hempel in public favor. When this soprano first came to New York her singing was a disappointment and for a considerable time it looked as if there was little probability of her gaining any permanent foothold.

The present season has worked a great change. Mme. Hempel returned in better physical condition and this helped her in more ways than one. It not only made her voice better, but it gave her confidence and courage, which seemed wanting last winter. The result was that she was able to do herself justice in "Der Rosenkavalier," and her success in the Strauss opera enabled her to bring still more assurance to her other rôles.

Last night she was in good voice and she sang *Violetta* very well. Her coloratura in the first act had fluency and firmness. She sang "Semper libera" with plenty of dash and spirit, and her high E flat in the last measure had unusually good quality. Her delivery of the lyric music in the later scenes was smooth, full toned and well phrased. On the whole she is now a very interesting representative of the lady of the camellias.

Her principal associates were Mr. Cristalli as *Alfredo* and Mr. Amato as *Germeto*. The young tenor was in better voice than in the recent performance of "L'Amore Medico" and was at least acceptable. Mr. Amato's *Germeto* was quite up to its usual level, which is one of much merit. Mr. Polacco conducted and accomplished his mission with discretion. It is perhaps no great achievement to conduct "La Traviata," but those familiar with the work know that it is frequently misconducted and with most unhappy results.

April 8, 1914

Scenes from Four Operas at the Century

Miss La Palme Takes Leading Role in

Selections from 'Faust,' 'Trovatore,'

'Pagliacci' and 'Gioconda.'

Selections from four favorite operas are offered at the Century Opera House this week.

Last night at the first performance, while there was only one principal soprano, Miss Beatrice La Palme, who sang the lead in all the operas, there were three tenors singing with her in the three different operas. Mr. Orville Harrold sang the title part in "Faust," Mr. Morgan Kingston was *Canio* in "I Pagliacci" and Mr. Henry Taylor took the part of *Manrico* in "Il Trovatore." The other opera, "La Gioconda," was represented only by the ballet, "The Dance of the Hours," in which the whole ballet corps figured.

The Garden Scene from "Faust" revealed Mr. Harrold in good voice and his portrayal of the title rôle was vastly better than that heard at the first performance of the opera. Mr. Alfred Kaufman was *Mephistopheles* and Miss Kathleen Howard, *Siebel*. The first act of "I Pagliacci" offered nothing new, the cast being the same as that of the opening week. Mr. Thomas Chalmers was *Tonio*.

Mr. Henry Taylor's pleasing voice was heard for the first time this season in "Il Trovatore," of which the tower and prison scenes were heard, and Mr. Thomas Chalmers was the Count di Luna. Miss La Palme was heard in "Faust" to better advantage than in most of her appearances. The selections from "Faust" and "La Gioconda" were directed by Mr. Josef Pasternack, and Mr. Carlo Nicotia conducted the others.

The final week of the Century Opera Company will begin next Thursday with its first presentation of Victor Herbert's "Natoma," which was sung here three years ago by the Chicago Opera Company.

KNEISEL QUARTET AND BEETHOVEN CHICAGO NOVELTY FAILS TO INTEREST

End of the Chamber Music Concerts—What Beethoven Thought of Publishers.

By H. E. KNEISEL.

The Kneisel quartet brought the season of chamber music to an end in Aeolian Hall last night with a concert of selected

to which we have been accustomed since Mr. Kniesel and his associates won the hearts of lovers of pure music here more than twenty years ago. Knowing, reformed, keenly appreciative in the reception of new music which does not come up to the standard of beauty revealed in the presence of the masterpieces which do. Mr. Kniesel tested his connoisseurs only in a single number last night—a Scherzo from a quartet in C minor by Adolph Brune, a German musician who came to America about twenty-five years ago, and is now pursuing his profession as teacher, composer and critic in Chicago.

The music was received in a kindly spirit but the time spent on it seemed time lost. There are stories of great musicians who, on leaving one of their new compositions for the first time with their physical instead of their mental ears, were made happy by the recognition of the fact that the music sounded well. The first impression made by Mr. Brune's music was that it did not sound well, because it had not been set well for the instruments; the next that it lacked melodic as well as harmonic charm, and always that it wanted spontaneity and was the product of labor rather than inspiration. Some of this effect was probably due to the circumstance that it followed that exquisite piece of part-writing, Glazounow's interlude in an antique mode which exhales the old spirit found in much of the Russian folk songs.

These two short pieces separated what we should like the world to believe is Beethoven's greatest quartet, that in B flat major hearing the opus number 130, and Brahms's pianoforte quartet in G minor, Op. 25, in which latter number our masterly chamber musicians had the help of another master in this, as well as other fields, Mr. Harold Bauer. It would be a waste of time to enumerate the special excellences of the two performances. Mr. Kniesel and his artists gave of their best, and in the Cavatina the listeners enjoyed the loftiest and serene flight into the upper ether of art that the season has vouchsafed us. Mr. Bauer's delightful sense of heauty—heauty of tone, of rhythm, of sympathetic co-operation with his associates—maintained the standard set in the Beethoven quartet, and so there was an evening of pure enjoyment, with only the trifling alloy introduced by the novelty.

Let that suffice for the performance; Mr. Kniesel's patrons know what the few words signify. But there is something to be said about Beethoven's Quartet, for which this seems a fitting time. There is much interesting information about the history of the B-flat Quartet which will not be known to English readers in general until the last volume of the English version of Thayer's monumental biography of the composer is published. Mr. Thayer collected a vast mass of material for this volume which he did not live to put into literary shape. That task has been accomplished by a writer for The Tribune.

Mr. Thayer was himself a member of the editorial staff of this journal some sixty years ago, and there would seem to be some propriety in his English editor and continuator giving out some of the fruits of a common gleaning in the journal so singularly and intimately connected with the history of Beethoven's life.

The great contributions which Beethoven made to music in the year 1825 were the quartet in A minor (Op. 132) and B flat (Op. 130), which were composed in this order, but the second, being published before its companion received the earlier opus number. The B flat quartet was the third of the three works of its kind composed at the invitation of Prince Galitzin, an enthusiastic and accomplished Russian amateur. It was begun early in the year and on August 29 Beethoven wrote to his nephew that it would be completely finished in ten or twelve days. Though more than half promised to the publisher, Schlesinger, of Paris, who got its companion in A minor, it was sold to Artaria, of Vienna, and in January, 1826, Holz (Beethoven's factotum) writes: "The Quartet will be printed at once; thus the third quartet will appear before the first two." This was the cases and accounts for the incorrect numbering of the Galitzin quartets. It had its first public performance in March, 1826. The fruge in B flat, Op. 133, originally formed the finale of the work, but was put aside after the first performance and the present finale, which was composed in Gneixendorf on the estate of his brother, whither Beethoven had taken his nephew after his attempt at suicide, to keep him out of the hands of the police.

After securing the A minor quartet and an assurance that he should also have that in B flat (he had offered to deposit 80 ducats with a Viennese hanker against its completion and delivery and Beethoven had accepted his offer), Schlesinger said that he would purchase the first of the three from Schott & Sons, who had bought it, so as to have the entire set for a complete edition of Beetho-

ven's works, which he had in contemplation. Nephew Karl, in reporting this fact to Beethoven, expressed his belief that the Schott & Sons would sell for fear that if they did not Schlesinger would reprint the work in Paris without permission. Schlesinger made a strenuous effort to get the autograph score of the A minor quartet, but had to content himself with a copy. Holz represented to Beethoven that the autograph would be an asset for Karl in the future, and Karl was of the same opinion; he supported Holz's statement with the argument that such capitalien grew more valuable with age and that he was sure Schlesinger would get 30 ducats for the manuscript. Beethoven expressed indifference as to which publisher got the works so long as he was promptly paid. In urging haste upon Holz, who had undertaken to look after the copying of the B flat quartet, he wrote:

It is immaterial which bullhound licks and gnaws my brains, since it must needs be so, only see that the answer be not delayed too long. The hellhound in L. (Leipsic) can wait and meanwhile entertain himself with mephistopheles (the editor of the *Musik. L. Zeit.*) in Auerbach's cellar; he will soon be plucked by the ears by Belzebub, the chief of the devils.

The Leipsic "hell-hound" thus consigned to the devil was Peters, Beethoven, it may be added, showed as little regard for his publishers in his dealings with them as in his remarks about them. The things for which the "hell-hound" was to wait had been paid for long before. Peters never got them, though he did get his money back eventually.

When the year 1826 opened Beethoven was looking forward with no little eagerness to the first performance of the B flat quartet—his *Leibquartet* (own particular, or favorite quartet), as he calls it in a conversation book. Schuppanzigh and his fellows had taken it in hand. They found the concluding fugue extremely troublesome, but the Cavatina entranced them at once. Schuppanzigh entered a protest against a single change being made in it. The performance took place on March 21, 1826. The second and fourth movements had to be repeated, but the fugue proved a *crux*, as, no doubt, the players expected it would.

Some of Beethoven's friends argued that it had not been understood and that the objections to it would vanish with repeated hearings of others, plainly a majority, asked that a new movement be written to take its place. This was done when Beethoven got into the country. The fugue was arranged for pianoforte by Halm at Beethoven's request, but Beethoven, dissatisfied with it, made another, and Artaria had to pay both men to get his property.

There is another anecdote which associates the Quartet with the last of the five quartets which brought Beethoven's labors to an end. After the production in March other performances were planned, but none seems to have taken place. Schuppanzigh was indisposed to venture upon a repetition, but Böhm and Maxseder, who also headed quartets, were eager to play it. Maxseder, with his companions, gave quartet parties at the house of Dembscher, an agent of the Austrian War Department, and wanted to play the quartet there. Dembscher, however, had neglected to subscribe for Schuppanzigh's concert and had said that he would have it played at own house since it was easy for him to get manuscripts from Beethoven for that purpose. He applied to Beethoven for the new quartet, but the composer refused to let him have it. A short time afterward Holz (so he related to Beethoven) told Dembscher in the presence of other persons, that Beethoven would not let him have any more music because he had not attended Schuppanzigh's concert. Dembscher stammered in confusion and begged Holz to find some means to restore him to Beethoven's good graces. Holz said the first step should be to send Schuppanzigh 50 florins, the price of the subscription. Dembscher laughingly asked "Must it be?" (Muss es sein?) When Holz related this incident to Beethoven he, too, laughed, and instantly wrote down a canon on the words "It must be. Yes, yes, it must be. Out with the purse. It must be?"

Out of this joke, in the late fall of the year, grew the finale of the last of the five quartets—that in F major, op. 135—to which Beethoven gave the superscription "The difficult resolution." The current story that the mottoes "Must it be?" and "It must be" had their origin in a scene frequently repeated when Beethoven's housekeeper came for her weekly allowance was spread by Schindler, who went so far as to falsify a page of one of the conversation books to bolster up his statement after he had put it into print. The true story is that just related.

WOLF-FERRARI WORK SUNG

Bori Scores in "L'Amore Medico"; Alda, in "Il Segreto." The double bill of the Wolf-Ferrari operas, "L'Amore Medico," and "Il Segreto di Susanna," was repeated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and an audience of moderate size appeared abundantly interested.

A further hearing of the two operas enhanced the belief that while both are possessed of great charm, "Il Segreto" is more spontaneous and original melodically. Yet it is surely a delight to know that a composer of to-day is able to turn his thoughts and fancies toward the pathways of simple beauty; to forget that Strauss had gone beyond Wagner, and Debussy beyond both.

Miss Bari was again charming, both dramatically and vocally as Susanna; and Mme. Alter, as Lisetta. Mr. Pini Corsi as Arnolfo is a characterization in the true buffo tradition, and Mr. Cristalli did his best with Clitandro. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

"Il Segreto" was revealed by Mme. Alda, an attractive countess; Mr. Scotti, a distinguished count; and Mr. Bada, an amusing Sante. Mr. Polacco conducted.

Owing to the indisposition of Miss Geraldine Farrar, the rôle of "Manon" will be sung to-night at the Metropolitan by Mme. Frances Alda.

WOLF-FERRARI AT THE OPERA.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Wolf-Ferrari was again the contributor of a programme of two operas, "L'Amore Medico" and "The Secret of Suzanne." The audience was one of good size, though the house was not crowded, and there were evidences that those present enjoyed the music. The casts of the two operas were the same as heretofore. The performance of the new work, "L'Amore Medico," disclosed nothing new. The bubbling, simple merriment of the comedy was set forth with spirit and gaiety. Miss Bori as Lucinda, Miss Alten as Lisetta and Mr. Pini-Corsi as Arnolfo again shared the honors. Mr. Toscanini's conducting once more showed the value of the master hand.

The little one act "Secret of Suzanne" afforded Mme. Alda opportunities to display her best qualities in the rôle of the Countess. Mr. Scotti retains his original part, the Count, to which he brings his fine skill as an actor, his distinction of vocal style and his admirable diction. Mr. Polacco conducted the work with ability.

Double Bill at the Metropolitan

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

LENT and the Lenten penances have had little effect on the attendance at the Metropolitan lately. There was a large house at the last performance of "Julien" on Wednesday, and again last night, when a "double bill," made up of two delicate Wolf-Ferrari operas, was presented.

The works were "L'Amore Medico" and "Il Serreto di Susanna." The former was very daintily interpreted by Lucrezia Bori, and with the conventional humor of opera buffa by Pini-Corsi, de Segurrola, Roitner, Bada and Leonhard.

Under the direction of Maestro Toscanini all the pleasing features of the score were brought out tastefully.

In "Il Segreto," which was performed under the conductorship of Maestro Polacco, the parts of the Count and Countess Gil were sung and played with skill and humor by Antonio Scotti and Frances Alda.

And this reminds me that Mme. Alda will to-morrow be the Manon in Massenet's opera of that name, instead of Geraldine Farrar, who seems to be indisposed.

To-morrow afternoon, I may add, Olive Fremstad will appear as Kundry—possibly for the last time here in that complex rôle—at the promised special performance of "Parsifal." Rudolf Berger will, for the first time in this country, interpret the title rôle, and Hermann Weil will be the Amfortas.

"Parsifal" and "Manon."

The Easter week performance of "Parsifal" always draws the largest audience, partly because of the Good Friday music. Yesterday there was a bigger crowd than ever—a real Caruso audience, with every seat taken and the "standees" five deep. There was corresponding enthusiasm, too, which found its expression after the second act, when the singers were recalled many times. Mme. Fremstad made her last appearance as Kundry, and there was a special ovation for her. Mr. Berger made his first appearance as Parsifal, a part which he acted and sang according to the present Bayreuth standards, which are not in all respects those of Richard Wagner. The other parts were in fine

millar hands, and Mr. Hertz conducted with zeal and devotion.

In the evening, in "Manon," Mr. Caruso did his best to make amends for the unfortunate absence of Miss Farrar, whose place was taken by Mme. Alda. Mr. Toscanini again brought out all the subtle beauties of Massenet's opera. It pays to produce good French operas with a good cast, and a good conductor; but it does not pay to produce poor French operas with good casts, or good French operas with inadequate casts and inferior conductors. That is the lesson of the season.

FREMSTAD GETS OVATION.

22 Curtain Calls at "Parsifal" for Singer Who Is to Leave Metropolitan

The first public recognition of the fact that Olive Fremstad, unless an unlooked-for change comes in the situation, will not sing at the Metropolitan Opera House next season came at yesterday afternoon's special performance of "Parsifal," in which she sang Kundry, when, after the second act, the audience made an unusual demonstration in her favor. There were fifteen curtain calls at the conclusion of the act, which were shared by Rudolf Berger, who was making his first appearance here in the rôle of Parsifal. At this point it was realized on the stage that the audience was calling for Mme. Fremstad, and when she appeared alone the applause became wildly enthusiastic.

She was recalled five times, and then the main curtain was lowered over the smaller one, before which the artists appear when acknowledging applause. But even at this stage the audience would not remain quiet, and the curtain had to be raised once more to allow her to come out twice again at the insistence of her admirers. It was one of the largest audiences that has ever attended this opera.

Except for the first appearance of Mr. Berger, the cast was not an unusual one, comprising Mmes. Braslau, Sparkes, Mattfeld, Alten, Curtis, Bubank, Fornia, and Van Dyck, and Messrs. Weil, Schlegel, Witherspoon, Goritz, Beyer, Reiss, and Murphy. Mr. Hertz conducted.

In the evening Massenet's "Manon" was sung, with Mme. Frances Alda replacing Miss Farrar in the title rôle, owing to the latter's illness. The cast included Mmes. Sparkes, Maubourg, Duchene, and Savage, and Messrs. Caruso, Gilly, Rothier, Reiss, de Segurrola, Amann, Itschelien, and Begue. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

"PARSIFAL" GIVEN FOR GOOD FRIDAY

Mme. Fremstad Made Recipient of Special Demonstration by Audience.

"Wagner told me in 1877," writes Wilhelm Tappert, "that in the '50s when in Zurich, he took possession of a charming new house and that, inspired by the beautiful spring weather, he wrote out the sketch that very day of the Good Friday music." A letter to Tichatschek defines the year as 1857. This music, fifty-seven years old, was heard once more yesterday afternoon when the customary Good Friday matinee of "Parsifal" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The freshness, beauty, poetic imagination and noble vitality of this truly inspired part of Wagner's last score must continue to impress hearers with every repetition. The feelings with which it and the rest of the work are heard in the opera houses of Europe which have just received the drama into their repertoires may well be imagined. But the effect of "Parsifal" and its marvellous Good Friday spell are not heightened in this city by a sudden emergence from the seclusion of Bayreuth.

Thanks to the vandalism, if it may so be called, of the late Heinrich Conried, who laid violent hands on the treasure of Wahnfried, we have been hearing the drama for eleven years. In a certain sense, therefore, it has been a particular and intimate possession of New York. That it has been cherished worthily every observer of musical doings well knows.

It has been heard over and over by audiences intent and reverent. It has been interpreted again and again by artists inspired with the true spirit of their tasks. Little is left to be said, then, except that yesterday's representation brought a repetition of enactments and acceptance seen often and yet never dulled by familiarity.

The "Parsifal" audience is the finest tribute the work can gain. Whatever defects critical examination has found in Wagner's last drama, it has created for itself a special public, a special atmosphere, a special place in religious and art life. And in New York, where it is not an item in a music festival nor a shrine for tourist travel, it has achieved this splendid distinction more beautifully and more definitely than in Bayreuth.

In yesterday's performance, the last for this season, there were features of special interest. One was the first appearance here of Rudolf Berger in the title rôle, in which he showed intelligence and sym-

pathy. The other was the last appearance of Mme. Fremstad as *Kundry*, a role in which she has reached the highest level of artistic achievement. If she does not reappear in this city next season she will leave behind her memories most beautiful. Yesterday's audience took occasion to make a special demonstration in her favor at the end of the second act. After numerous recalls with Mr. Berger she was compelled to appear eight times alone. The enthusiasm was extraordinary.

In the evening Massenet's "Manon" was given to a large audience. Miss Farrar was to have sung *Manon*, but she was indisposed and Mme. Alda took her place. She had not sung the role for five years and it had been impossible for her to have a rehearsal. In these conditions she acquitted herself with credit. Mr. Caruso was the *Des Grieux*, and as he was in good voice he gave his hearers much pleasure. Mr. Gilly was a good *escout*. M. Toscanini conducted.

April 13, 1914

MR. ELMAN IN CONCERT.

At the last Sunday night concert but one of the Metropolitan Opera season last night, Mr. Muscha Elman, violinist, was soloist. He always has been popular at these concerts and the large audience and the large number of encores demanded of him testified that his hold was not lessening. In the first movement of the Tchaikowsky concerto, Cottenet's "Chauson Meditation" and Wieniawski's Polonaise in A minor, as well as in his many encores, he played in his well known "Sunday night" style, which is full of life and buoyancy, if not quite as high artistically as his playing in some of his recitals. That the audience was highly elated was to be noted in the applause that followed each number.

The singers who took part were Miss Sophie Braslau, who contributed "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from "Samson et Dalilah" and songs by Brahms and Schubert, playing her own accompaniments on her encores; Mr. Dinu Gilly, who sang an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade" and some songs, and Miss Louise Cox, who was heard in an aria from "La Bohème." The orchestra, which was under the direction of Mr. Adolf Rothmeyer, played "A Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, by Mendelssohn; Saint-Saëns' "Le Rouet d'Amphion" and "The Tide of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre."

LAST CONCERT AT CENTURY.

Scenes from "Il Trovatore" and "Faust" Best Part of Performance. Two operatic scenes made up the best part of the concert of the Century Opera Company last evening—the last of the season. From "Il Trovatore" the tower and prison scenes were presented by Misses Beatrice La Palme and Kathleen Howard and Messrs. Henry Taylor and Louis D'Angelo. The garden scene from "Faust" also was heard, with Misses La Palme and Howard and Messrs. Walter Wheatley and Alfred Kaufman as principals. Mr. Louis Kreidler sang the prologue from "I Pagliacci," and Miss La Palme and Mr. D'Angelo also contributed numbers.

Orchestral selections were the Bacchanale from "Samson et Dalilah," the two Intermezzi from Wolf Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" and "The Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda."

April 14, 1914

"NATOMA" TO END CENTURY SEASON SUCCESS OF POPULAR EXPERIMENT IN DOUBT

Plan to Increase Number of Cheap Seats Next Fall Will Prove Real Test of Scheme.

By H. E. KREMBEL.

The opera company which has been giving performances of opera in English at the Century Opera House daily (except Sundays) since the 15th day of last September began its last week for this season last night. When the curtain closes next Saturday evening there will remain as a debit for the account with the public a month of representations and the unfulfilled promise of a dozen works which were named in the prospectus. In lieu of these the public must needs be content with the production of "Natoma," which opera was brought forward as the final offering of the operatic year. Under different conditions than those now prevailing it might be questioned if "Natoma" is an equitable offset against "Mignon," "Kings' Children," "Tannhäuser," "Traviata," "Salome," "Tristram and Yseult," "The Rhinegold," "The Valkyrie,"

"Sigurd," "The Two of the Gods" and "The Huguenots," which are the operas that have fallen by the wayside; but as matters have gone of late in the beautiful theatre in Central Park West, financially as well as artistically, the outcome may be set down as fortunate for all concerned. It would have been the height of folly for the company to have attempted the grandiose Wagnerian list, especially after the representations which the works constituting it have received at the aristocratic institution in Broadway. With this deprecating conclusion, however, there must be coupled a cheerful expression of the fact that the people of the theatre in Central Park West have made a brave showing by bringing forward twenty-five operas and giving each of them from eight to sixteen performances.

The merits of those performances have been discussed, adequately and impartially, we think, in this journal during the last seven months, certainly in a spirit of goodwill toward the ideals for which the new institution is striving.

There does not appear, however, to have been a convincing answer to all of the questions which the experiment raised when it had an auspicious beginning last September, some of which were propounded in the critical column of this journal in reviewing the first performance of "Aida." Let the question of the use of the vernacular be passed over now with the simple statement that only two operas which were composed to English words were performed, and that a partial confession of the disadvantage of translations may be read in the fact that the management has promised to make a trial with new versions next season.

One of the questions which was to be tested was whether or not opera as an artistic entertainment is so admired and desired by the multitude that it will be supported by that multitude for its own sake. Another was whether or not serious opera ("grand opera" as it is popularly called regardless of its form or contents) could live without the help of fad and fashion. Another whether or not performances, necessarily mediocre, though never so creditable to the performers, would be accepted by the public because they did not cost so much as performances in which the glamour of great names and social pomp and consoled with great perfection in the representations. For a time it seemed as if these questions were about to be answered in the affirmative, but later the tide turned, and if the financial outcome of the first season were to be accepted as a criterion a negative answer must be chronicled. For the generous and public-spirited backers of the enterprise will have a large deficit to pay notwithstanding the statements which have been made to the contrary. If the decision of the owners of the Century Opera House to remodel the audience room so as to increase the number of cheap seats is to receive its only reasonable interpretation, however, it means that while they have been disappointed in their expectation of support from patrons willing to pay the higher prices of the moderate schedule they have been encouraged to believe that next season there will be a large increase in the class for which thy purpose to make larger provision.

"Natoma" has been so successfully exploited that it would seem to have been accepted by Mr. Herbert's admirers as the finest exfoliation and ripest fruit of American operatic genius and the culmination of 100 years of endeavor by American composers. It would be a pity if any considerable number of connoisseurs should hold that view. That it is absurd as a dramatic picture of Spanish life of the period in which it is supposed to play, and that its text, especially its lyrics, are the merest doggerel, was sufficiently pointed out when the opera had its first production in Philadelphia and at the Metropolitan Opera House. Nothing more need be said on that score. It may be remarked with propriety, however, that the music appears in a better light since the production of Mr. Herbert's "Maddeline" than it did before. Its themes are more interesting, its orchestration has more charm, the fabric holds together better. It does not disclose that the composer has yet found an individual voice that falls into the idioms of Wagner and Leoncavallo, but he is not so far from initiation of them as he is of Strauss and his worst in the later opera. And there is not only appositeness, but beauty in his use of local color, more effective in the case of the Indian element than the Spanish. But "Natoma" does not meet any lofty requirements of the art for it has life and picturesqueness in its second act which makes appeal to those who exact nothing more than a pleasurable irritation of the organs of sight and hearing. Even that amazing song:

Who dares the bronco wild defy?
Who looks the mustang in the eye?
Fearless and bold
Their master behold!

Aie.
See where he bull upon his knees

short when he was in the saddle
Wild at his heels
Pierce, y he does!

Aie.
wasn't demanded a second time, largely we fancy, because it admirably served Mr. Chalmers. Mr. Chalmers, indeed, came near carrying off the bulk of the honors of the evening, sharing them chiefly with Miss Helen Stanley, who disclosed a most creditable degree of ability in both action and song. Miss Lena Mason, a winsome Barbara in appearance, sang with grace and considerable charm, but betrayed inexperience in action. Mr. Harold, as the Lieutenant, scarcely makes as much of his part as his performances in other operas had led his hearers to expect, though he, too, won a round of his applause for the banal apostrophe to Columbus and Columbia. Little in the way of praise, more than a compliment for his enunciation, can be said of Mr. Gilbert Wilson, or the others in the cast, except Mr. Kaufmann (Father Peralta). The attendance was much smaller than might have been expected.

"NATOMA" PRODUCED AT CENTURY OPERA PERFORMANCE IS PRAISED

Helen Stanley Appears as Indian Girl, With Considerable Success.

Victor Herbert's opera "Natoma" was introduced into the repertory of the Century Opera House last evening. The work has had vicissitudes. It was offered to Mr. Gatti-Casazza and one act was given a private trial with orchestra in the Metropolitan Opera House. But the impresario could not then see his way to it. Andreas Dippel, however, had more freedom of action, and he accepted it and produced it in Philadelphia on February 25, 1911. It was first heard in this city at the Metropolitan on February 23 of the same season.

It is needless to say that this is not a translated opera. The text was written in English by Joseph Redding and the theme was chosen from the various subjects suggested by the range of nationalities found in these United States. An American opera, sung by Americans, should be at home in an American opera house devoted to the production of opera for the larger audience which cannot or will not pay the high prices needed to support an institution such as the Metropolitan. Mr. Herbert's work was heard last evening by a large audience and was most cordially received.

It would profit in no way to enter again upon an extended examination of this American opera. The impressions received at its previous hearings have not been altered. It is a work which has many merits, real and important, and yet which as a whole falls short of triumphant success. The love episodes are the weakest matter in the play. They begin by being childish dramatically, and thus furnish no incentive to the fancy of the composer.

The juxtaposition of Indian and Spanish color in the score produces no striking results of contrast. The Indian music is by far the best subject matter. Mr. Herbert approached this part of his task seriously, and in some places, he has made that elusive effect called "atmosphere." The dagger dance may or may not be a real thing, but it is one of the most dramatic and at the same time operatic incidents in the work.

But after all is said, the most satisfying music is that of the last act. Here the composer had an opportunity to spread his wings for extended flight, to make an act which should rest upon the development of one grand idea in a consistent piece of musical elaboration. He made good use of this opportunity. The act is symmetrical and coherent. It possesses dramatic and musical form.

Admirable also is the orchestral intermezzo between the second and third acts. This is built of the three themes directly associated with *Natoma* herself, the first referring to her nobility and her misfortune in love, the second the *Natoma* theme proper, and the third that illustrative of her fate as connected with her disappearing race. The brilliant part of the orchestration of the opera might have impressed itself anew upon the listener if it had been better treated. But the disjointed parts were emphasized by the rude attacks of the Centurions. Indeed it may as well be said at this point that most of the time the orchestra was too loud and all the time it was rough.

Nevertheless this production was more to the credit of the institution than several others of which altogether too much has been said in the course of the season. The cast was more even and the performance more in the nature of ensemble work. Lena Mason, who was the representative of *Barbara*, the white heroine of the opera, was greatly overburdened with her task, but the others in the principal roles were

made her first appearance at the Century, singing *Natoma*. It was evident that she had carefully prepared herself, and her impersonation was one of distinction. She sang well and enunciated excellently. Her acting was commendable, if not important. Thomas Calmer sang pleasantly in the role of *Alvarado*, and Orville Harrold, who is the Caruso of the Century, distributed high notes generously through the music of *Lieut. Paul Merrill M. Harrold's* singing, however, is now not of a kind to excite the emotions of connoisseurs. Frank Preisch of the Chicago opera company sang his original part, *Jose Castro*, the halfbreed, and danced the dagger dance with Miss Stanley. The chorus succeeded fairly well with its arduous duties and Mr. Zendrel conducted with understanding.

An enumeration of the individual merits of this production, however, does not give a correct view of its character. Its chief claim to commendation should be sought in its general cohesiveness and the spirit of earnestness which pervaded it. As said before, it was one of the best of the season at the popular opera house and it fortunately will end the series leaving a pleasant memory.

PAVLOWA'S LAST WEEK.

Anna Pavlova began last night at the Manhattan Opera House the second last week of her engagement there. The Russian dancer has been welcomed back to the city with an enthusiasm that is shown to few ballerinas. Large audiences greeted all her appearances in the last week and there was a gathering last night large enough to indicate that it will be difficult to get seats for the farewell performances.

Adhering to the amended programme Mlle. Pavlova last night gave "Amarilla," which now moves much more smoothly than it did at the first performance. The hesitation waltz done by her corps de ballet in court costume is a graceful novelty and the charm and freshness of her youthful dancers is a novel feature in ballets. The young Russian and English girls that she has brought with her are all unusually lovely and graceful.

The dancers also have introduced into the divertissement a Polish dance called "Obertass," which is new here. It is like a mazurka, but at one point the men dancers suddenly stoop and touch the floor with one elbow.

It is Mlle. Pavlova who, of course, remains the chief attraction. Her dancing as the deserted gypsy last night was exquisitely poetic and beautiful. Then the advanced essay in dancing described as "Les Preludes" also was on the long programme. There will be different programmes each night this week.

Double Bill Wins Applause at Metropolitan

"Hansel and Gretel" was the feature of a double bill at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was followed by "Pagliacci," and both operas were applauded by a large and brilliant audience.

For that part of the fashionable world which did not go directly from dinner to the feast of the Easter season hereafter and dances the Opera House, with the opening of its last week but one, formed a preface for later diversions.

SENORITA ANITUA'S CONCERT. Mexican Contralto From Buenos Ayres Opera Heard.

Senorita Fanny Anitua, a Spanish-Mexican contralto, assisted by Mme. Marta Valencia, violinist, gave a recital last evening in the Astor Gallery at the Waldorf-Astoria. The occasion served for the first hearing here of Senorita Anitua, who has been singing in opera at Buenos Ayres and is about to return to Milan, Italy, where she is a member of the forces at La Scala. A fact of special interest in connection with this young singer is that during the presidency of Porfirio Diaz she was sent abroad by him to be educated at the expense of the Mexican Government, it being the custom in that country thus to aid the endeavors of certain selected and talented aspirants of artistic ambition.

The programme while somewhat light in character was wholly interesting and offered several novelties. Senorita Anitua's selections comprised airs by Denza, Mascagni, Bizet and Tosti's "Ultima Canzone," a group of songs by American composers, three Spanish songs, "Perjura" by Lerdo de Tejada, "La Golondrina" by Ytuarte, "La Nina Pancha" of Valverde, Gounod's "Ave Maria" with violin obligato and an aria from Rossini's "La Cenerentola."

Her singing disclosed a voice of quite remarkable compass and power, its range comprising both that of contralto and mezzo, but with some middle notes of uneven quality. This defect was too often noticeable, as was also a harshness of tone produced by a seeming desire to display its tremendous breadth. Her style also lacked finish. Otherwise Senorita Anitua's work commended attention, not only through uncommon qualities of voice but because of the fine dramatic feeling it contained.

Mme. Valencia is also a Mexican by birth and is the holder of a gold medal won at the Conservatory at Brussels. Her numbers in the list were a Spanish dance by Rebfiel, "Non pin mesta" by Paganini-Thompson and Sarasate's "Zapateado."

MISS CHEATHAM'S RECITAL.

Miss Kitty Cheatham, widely known as an entertainer of children, was heard yesterday afternoon at her Easter recital in the Lyceum Theatre by an audience made up almost entirely of adults. Her songs and stories, though most of them were intended for the young, proved to be highly diverting to their elders. The programmes which Miss Cheatham presents are always interesting.

Opening with an Easter parable (old Swedish Saga), she devoted the first part of her recital to songs pertaining to spring. Schumann's "The Nightingale's Song," Nevin's "The Woodpecker" and a new song by Mary Livingston Chase, called "Old Miss Rain," were among the numbers.

Next came a series of songs by Mozart, Tchaikovsky, German, Hermann, Ploy Artlett and Mona Macleod illustrating the important episodes in the lives of children, with many interpolated stories. Old negro songs and some old French songs, with harp accompaniment played by Mr. Carlos Salzedo, John Carpenter's "Dance" and, by request, some traditional nursery rhymes completed her quaint recital.

NATOMA AT THE CENTURY.

Herbert and Redding's Opera the Last Production of the Season.

April 14. Helen Stanley, soprano; Lena Mason, mezzo-soprano; Paul Merrill, tenor; Orville Harold, baritone; Gilbert Wilson, bass; Alfred Kaufman, conductor. The Century Opera House, New York, presented the last production of the season, "Natoma," music by Victor Herbert, libretto by Joseph D. Redding. It was the first American opera that has been given at the Century Theatre, and the only one, except "The Bohemian Girl," whose libretto was originally written in English. It did not appear from last year's audience that the public interest in Mr. Herbert's opera was very strong; the audience was a small one and only occasionally roused to polite applause.

And yet Mr. Herbert's opera is said to have had a large number of performances in the West, a sign of popular interest. In New York it has had few. It was first given here on Feb. 28, 1914, by the Chicago Opera Company, and was heard then three times. The performance then was a fine one, with the best members of the Chicago forces in the cast. Last evening a creditable performance was given. The work is difficult, presenting some unusual problems. An extra period of preparation had been allotted to the production, and there were plentiful signs of the care and attention and labor that Mr. Szenkel had put into the preparation. If the orchestra were a better lot of players and the chorus a better lot of singers they would have made the signs still plainer.

"Natoma" is a work that has pleasant qualities, and that in certain respects does credit to Mr. Herbert's musicianship and ambition. What success it has is due to Mr. Herbert, and has been made in spite of the libretto, which is a singularly weak and conventional effort. The prose in which much of it is written is bald and commonplace; the lyrics are in the most hopelessly conventional operatic style of the bad old kind; constructed on Valtre's theory that what is too foolish to be spoken is appropriate to be sung. Improbability is the most typical operatic kind is at the basis of the whole action. The audience is asked to believe much at which reason balks, and is practically asked to surrender all sense of reality in an opera of realistic intention.

Mr. Herbert, in his determination to make a "grand opera," left nothing undone, and made heavy demands upon his eclectic and very docile muse. There is plenty of opportunity for gay and highly colored music of the Spanish kind which he utilized fully; but the stress is laid upon the use he has made of Indian motives. These are derived from native sources in part; though the only real Indian music that has been quoted in full is the so-called "war song" and the "hawk song," sung by Natoma.

The Indian music, the attempt to utilize it as artistic material, gives now as it did on a first hearing, a sense of monotony. It is for the most part difficult and intractable material, heavy and unappealing. Some of it has the suggestion of Irish or Scotch tunes—though without their beauty—because of frequent appearance of the pentatonic or five-note scale and of the "scotch snap." Mr. Herbert has been so fortunate in the Spanish tunes he has written, though some of these are so little that there is a strong flavor of the opera about them, and some of the lyrics belong unmistakably to the sentimental side of that school of art.

Mr. Herbert has often written cleverly for the orchestra. The prelude to the third act is incomparably the finest thing in the opera; and in it the composer has not only made the most skillful use of his Indian material, but has his most skillful and impressive writing for the orchestra. The church-chorus in the last act is finely sonorous and appropriate.

The principal singers showed competency and understanding of their parts. Miss Helen Stanley was a picturesque and appealing figure, lithe and pliant, as Natorina, and sang well. Harold's voice sounded light and little power; its quality has much to be pleasing, and he made as much of the part of Lieut. Merrill as its conventional outline would admit. Miss Lena Mason was attractive as Barbara, the dash of acid in her voice.

Great Army of Singers in Bill of Lyric Excerpts.

Every seat and every available inch of standing room in the Metropolitan Opera House were occupied last evening. The magnet, which drew the assemblage was what is called for want of a more elegant title a "mixed bill." It consisted of the first act of "La Traviata," the second act of "Madama Butterfly," the first act of "Lohengrin" and the first act of "La Bohème." This in itself would hardly have sufficed to crowd the house, but the array of singers was most exciting. Four leading sopranos were heard; namely, Mmes. Hempel as Violetta, Farrar as Cio-Cio-San, Gadske as Elsa and Alda as Mimì. U. S. Sun April 15-1914

Of principal barytones there were Mr. Scotti as Sharpless, Mr. Weil as Turpin and Mr. Gilly as Marcello. Mme. Homer, prima donna contralto, was observed as Ortrud. Mr. Witherspoon was present as King Henry and Mr. de Segura as Colline. The conductors were Messrs. Toscanini, Polacco and Hertz. And there were also some tenors; to wit, Italo Cristalli as Alfredo, Carl Joern as Lohengrin and Enrico Caruso as Rodolfo.

"Such an opportunity may not occur again," remarks Bunthorne when he puts him "up to be raffled for." As a sweeping sale of operatic goods the performance of last evening could not easily be equalled. Programmes of the kind do not call for critical consideration. They have no real artistic value. But as exhibits they rate very high in the market. There was much applause. And for once the audience did not go home before the end. Mr. Caruso and Mme. Alda sang the final notes.

MISS ALTONA'S CONCERT

Sun April 12-1914 Song Recital by a Soprano From a Near Western Town.

Marie Altona, a soprano, said to be the daughter of a journalist in the near West, and credited with having studied for some years in Europe, gave a recital of songs yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was sufficiently varied in scope and ambitious in range of styles to meet the requirements of a singer of the first rank. It comprised numbers by Pergolesi, Bach and Gluck, Schumann, Bossi, Puccini and others.

Making records of concerts of this type is one of the painful duties which confront the chroniclers of the musical season's activities. Miss Altona may have had a voice before she began to study. She disclosed very little yesterday, and that little was so cramped and strangled that its emission was accompanied by a tremolo of appalling proportions, and its feebleness was quite discouraging. With such a damaged instrument no one could produce any effect.

There are altogether too many such exhibitions in the course of a musical season. The plain truth behind almost every one of them is a long story of wicked deception of the misguided young woman or man who is led to believe that there is a future for him or her in the world of art. It is a pity that those who persuade these poor creatures to continue studying cannot be caught and punished as they deserve to be. Conscience apparently has no stings for these people whose cruelty is disclosed only when the inevitable public fiasco takes place.

April 16, 1914 Mr. Berger Sings Title Role in "Tannhaeuser"

"Tannhaeuser," for the last time this season at the Metropolitan, had for its novelty the fact that it was the first time in his career that Mr. Rudolf Berger appeared in the title rôle. As in other operas in his repertoire, he sang barytone rôles before he became a tenor. With further appearances in the part he probably will improve, for his interpretation last night was lacking in either poetic or dramatic virtues. His voice, while brilliant at times, was without nuance, and his entire conception of the rôle was the most disappointing of any he thus far has offered here.

It was the season's farewell of Mr. Herman Weil, who sang Wolfram, for he will start for Germany on Monday night on board the Kronprinzessin Cecilie. Mme. Fremstad, as Venus, was not in good voice, although her acting was interesting. Mme. Gadske sang Elisabeth brilliantly. Mr. Witherspoon's singing of the Landgrave left much to be desired.

Mr. Hertz conducted with customary zeal and interest. While the playing of the orchestra and the work of the chorus were commendable features, the whole performance lacked distinction and charm. An audience of good numbers applauded generously and called the principals out after each act.

New Dance by Pavlowa.

"La Fille Mal Gardée," given for the first time in New York at the Manhattan Opera House yesterday afternoon by Anna Pavlowa and her company of dancers, proved to be nearly another "Coppelia." The two-act ballet is rich in laughable situations, and Gerthel's sprightly music gives opportunity to Mlle. Pavlowa and her associates for some novel dancing.

ing. Next to the great danseuse herself, Mr. Cecchetti won the honors of the performance. His was a low comedy rôle, that of the mother. He looked and acted the rôle, but his nimble dancing belied his simulated and actual years. Mr. Cecchetti, who is deemed supreme in Russia as a ballet comedian, is sixty-five years old.

Of chief interest among the diversissements which followed "La Fille Mal Gardée," were, of course, Mlle. Pavlowa's "Swan" and her entrancing "Gavotte." Last evening the Pavlowa troupe appeared in the Bakst "Orientale," "The Invitation to the Dance," and diversissements. Mr. Cecchetti will have further opportunity this evening to show his youthful agility, since he will dance the part of the Colonel in "La Hâte de Cavalerie," "Pavla," which gives full scope to Mlle. Pavlowa's powers as a ballerina, will be the companion piece with "La Hâte de Cavalerie" to-night, and the two ballets will be followed by diversissements. "Amarilla," the new gypsy ballet, will be given at the Pavlowa farewell Saturday night.

"TANNHAEUSER" AT METROPOLITAN SUPERIOR TO "LOHENGRIN"

Madame Gadske as Elisabeth and Madame Fremstad as Venus Do Excellent Work.

Richard Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" was performed for the last time this season last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It belongs, as the art critics say, to his second early period, the same that includes "Lohengrin." Of the two "Lohengrin" has achieved and sustained the greater popularity.

If I may put aside the musical element of the two works and consider them in their literary and poetical aspect, "Tannhaeuser" is incomparably the stronger work. Its passions run deeper. Its tragedy is more real. Elsa is so wavering and faltering a character that we have little or no sympathy with her. Lohengrin is as stiff and unreal as Aeneas or the fight in which he lays low an opponent who had no chance of victory. The strongest person in "Lohengrin" is Ortrud, the political woman.

"Tannhaeuser," on the other hand, is finely drawn. He is a man with the fiery impulses of a man. His errors are those of a high-strung, impulsive and imaginative temperament. His disasters have the dignity of Hellenic tragedy, because there is no admixture of meanness of spirit in them. He falls, but as a stately tree. Were he not possessed of these qualities it would be difficult to understand how the proud and fiery-hearted Venus and the wise and saintly Elisabeth could be in love with him.

Those who were heard in this exalted work last night were M. Rudolf Berger as Tannhaeuser, Madame Gadske as Elisabeth, Madame Olive Fremstad as Venus and Herman Weil as Wolfram. Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted.

NEW SOPRANO HEARD.

Mme. Jansen-Wyllie Charms Audience by Wonderful Range.

A singer new to this city—Mme. Louise Jansen-Wyllie, soprano—was heard at the Waldorf-Astoria last night in an interesting programme of rather remarkable range, from Brahms to lighter English songs. Madame Jansen-Wyllie is widely known and much admired in Germany and the West.

She sang the opening aria from "Tosca" with great brilliancy and German lieder with feeling and understating. In the group of five English songs that closed her programme her enunciation was the subject of special praise. Madame Jansen-Wyllie was assisted by Miss Jessica De La Mater, elocutionist. The concert hall was crowded.

"Aida" Sung Again at Metropolitan.

"Aida" was repeated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The cast consisted of Madame Destinn, Madame Ober, M. Caruso and M. Gilly. There was a vast house. M. Toscanini conducted. "Aida" will not be given again this season.

April 18-1914 Josef Hofmann and Mischa Elman Appear Together in Carnegie Hall.

Josef Hofmann and Mischa Elman were brought together by their common manager yesterday afternoon for a joint recital, as other artists with a common manager have been not infrequently of late. They played in Carnegie Hall, which was well filled, and there was enthusiasm, especially when there was any prospect of extracting "encores" by applause. This was successful seven

times. The significant feature of the concert, however, the playing of the two artists together in Cesar Franck's violin sonata in A, and Beethoven's violin sonata dedicated to Kreutzer appeared to be somewhat less esteemed.

Unhappily there must be some invidious comparison in discussing such a concert, for it was made plain that, on this occasion at least, Mr. Elman's artistic level stood below that of Mr. Hofmann's. It was plain in the performance of Franck's sonata, in which Mr. Hofmann's part was conceived in a more musical, more sincere, and more nobly artistic spirit. He might, it is true, have felt the sentiment of the first movement with a little more warmth, but it was overestimated by Mr. Elman, and there were exaggerations in his interpretation of much of the sonata. He found a truer expression for the fantasy of the "recluse" of the third movement, and there was much brilliancy and clear the way the pair played the last movement in canon. Mr. Elman was more satisfactory in his views of at least the first movement of the Kreutzer sonata.

Mr. Hofmann played three pieces by Liszt as his contribution to the solo numbers. The "Funeral March," which very seldom occupies the attention of pianists in public, was worth hearing if only for the wonderful variety of tonal color that he put into it. The "Consolation" in D minor is also a rare item on concert programmes. The "Gnomes" is played, but not often with such scintillating and delicate brilliancy, and in this Mr. Hofmann's memory, for a fraction of a second, played him false, as it so rarely does. He corrected it, however, as quick as a flash—quicker than most flashes; and the incident was highly unimportant, except as showing that Mr. Hofmann, too, is, after all, human. There was much applause for him and he added Chopin's F sharp nocturne and A flat waltz and Liszt's transcription of Paganini's "Campanella."

Mr. Elman's pieces were all transcribed piano music except Bazzini's "La Ronde des Lutins," which he took at a very rapid pace; a pace so rapid, indeed, that even his transcendent technique was barely equal to it. Then he added four more pieces, of which at least Beethoven's minuet in G and Schumann's "Vogel, als Prophet" were also transcribed from the piano. It may be said that Schumann's fanciful little piece was shockingly maltreated in the process. Mr. Elman's vitality and his energetic and elastic bowing, his big tone and his extraordinary technical dexterity were evidently much admired. But it was not one of his fortunate days from a purely musical point of view.

Farewell Concert of the Two Artists Tended by a Large Audience.

The joint appearance of Josef Hofmann, the pianist, and Mischa Elman, the violinist, at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was a magnet which drew a great audience. It was a dual farewell, neither artist will be heard again in the season now rapidly approaching its end. The arrangement of the concert was of the typical sandwich variety now fashionable at such entertainments—two sonatas with solo pieces between them.

As most philosophers and all quick lunch gourmets know, a sandwich is a logical development of civilization. The exterior is but a conventional garb, within which is hidden the real personality. Therefore it is the middle which defines the nature of the sandwich, sets it apart from all other sandwiches and thrones it in the royal splendor of its own personality.

So, too, in the sandwich concert it is usually the middle portion which decides the real character of the entertainment. Yesterday it was a club sandwich, in which the solid meat was provided by Mr. Hofmann and the trimmings by Mr. Elman. Especially in the "Funeral March" of Liszt did the pianist play with such a wealth and variety of color effects that even experts sat up in amazement. He played also Liszt's "Consolation" and "Guomoneigan."

Mr. Elman had four solo numbers and the more he played the more he indulged in bits of sensationalism to excite his audience. He succeeded brilliantly, for the hearers called him back to the stage several times. The sonatas at the beginning and end of the programme have served as the outsides of the sandwich on several similar occasions, even in the concert season. They were Cesar Franck's in A major and Beethoven's "Kreutzer." The ensemble in the first was better than that in the second, and the third and fourth movements were excellently played.

WOLF-FERRARI AT THE OPERA.

"L'Amore Medico" and "Il Segreto di Suzanna" Last Time.

The final performance for the season of Wolf-Ferrari's opera buffa "L'Amore Medico" took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was followed, as on some previous occasions, by the same composer's one act opera "Il Segreto di Suzanna." For those who have had some doubts as to the popular success of the new opera buffa it is a pleasure to record that the auditorium was crowded to its utmost capacity. There was plenty of applause to show that those present enjoyed the performance greatly. The cast was the same as at previous performances. Miss Bori repeated her delightful impersonation of the young heroine and Mr. Pini-Corsi was again amusing as Arnolfo. Miss Allen's acting and singing again gave pleasure in the rôle of Lisetta. The one act operetta had also a pleasing performance with its usual cast.

98 GREAT ARTISTS IN JOINT RECITAL Hofmann and Elman Play Sonatas and Solos at Carnegie Hall.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.
Josef Hofmann and Mischa Elman, who have been among the most successful virtuosi coming to us from abroad this season, united in a farewell to the local public at a recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Both have gone from ocean to ocean in their triumphal marches and both have had all they could do to fill the engagements which were booked for them before they came from their European homes. Mr. Hofmann will now seek rest at his country place in South Carolina and then go to his home in Switzerland. Mr. Elman will give a few more concerts on the Pacific Coast and then cross the Pacific, going to Honolulu and the cities of Australia and New Zealand. Both, no doubt, will return next season to the country which has been more than generous to them for several years.

Joint recitals by artists of the calibre of Messrs. Hofmann and Elman are not always occasions of delight. The stronger the individuality of the men the less likely are they to bring forth a perfect or even a satisfying ensemble. Messrs. Hofmann and Elman succeeded in giving greater pleasure than any of those who preceded them in the experiment this season, though there were times when the usual defect showed itself; for Mr. Hofmann played always with the fine, manly taste and contrivance which characterizes all of his performances, while Mr. Elman at times indulged his unfortunate tendency to oversentimentalize, and with his exaggerated use of the vibrato brought the instrumental voices out of focus. César Franck's splendidly sweet and sane sonata was thus endangered at its outset, but by the time the third movement was reached a finer spirit manifested itself and the recitative, fantasia and finale (with its delightful canonic flight and pursuit), was played with great finish and charm.

Franck's dignified composition opened the recital and Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata ended it. Between them each of the performers played a group of solos, which each was obliged to supplement with a second group. Here the widely different artistic nature of the men disclosed itself. Mr. Hofmann had played three pieces by Liszt—the "Funeral March," "Consolation," in D flat, and "Gnomes"—challenging not only the greatest admiration but even amazement by his display of technical skill, command of color effects and poetical interpretations. Then came the inevitable clamor from the insatiable women in the audience. Mr. Hofmann responded three times, twice with pieces of dignity and beauty (Nocturne and Waltz, by Chopin), the last time with Liszt's "Campanella." This was his only use of a transcription, but the original violin piece by Paganini is seldom, if ever, heard nowadays, and the multitude knew it only in the scintillant pianoforte paraphrase.

Mr. Elman's pieces, on the other hand, were nearly all transcriptions—a Mendelssohn "Song without words," rewritten by Kreisler; the familiar Gavotte from one of Bach's solo sonatas, arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by Schumann; a love song by Sammartini, arranged by the player, finally Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins." This is the regular list to which four more transcriptions were added, two of them a Beethoven minuet and Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet." Trickery, frivolous stuff are most of the pieces of this kind, tending to debase popular taste, which already has become so flippant that good, solid violin music is accepted only with toleration and applauded, if at all, only in the hope of looking at the glittering trifles for which it is deplorable to think, so fine a musician as Mr. Kreisler set the fashion. There was much tinsel, too, in Mr. Elman's playing, which he filled more and more with catchpenny effects as he added piece after piece to his list. He perverted the Bach Gavotte both in tempo and rhythm, and sought only to bewilder with the fairy rondo by Bazzini. By the time he had exploded all his fireworks two hours had passed, and many who would doubtless have been glad to hear the Beethoven sonata were compelled to leave for their homes with their wish ungratified. The audience was splendid in numbers.

Caruso and "Aida" Pack Metropolitan Opera House April 17, 1914 Hundreds Turned Away When Verdi's Immortal Work Is Sung Again.

Caruso and "Aida." That magic combination again packed the Metropolitan Opera House last night and hundreds were turned away unsatisfied. It seems as though, as one man remarked, they could give Verdi's opera every night for a week and still not satisfy the demand to hear it. It is a certainty it could be done if Mr. Caruso could be Radames every night in the week. But tenors are only human after all.

It was a brilliant performance. Mr. Caruso sang the "Celeste Aida" beautifully. Miss Destinn distinguished herself in the Nile scene. Mme. Ober was a stunning Amneris, and Mr. Gilly a dramatic Amonasro.

Double Portion of Wolf-Ferrari Music Enjoyed

By H. E. KREHBIEL.
"L'Amore Medico" and "Il Segreto di Susanna" Are Heard at the
Metropolitan.

Another double portion of Mr. Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's music was enjoyed at the Metropolitan last night, "L'Amore Medico" and "Il Segreto di Susanna" being sung by the usual case. In the closing opera, Mme. Alda, as the Countess, wore a new lavender dress, all flounces and wide spreading skirt. This interested the women particularly, who said it was an improvement over her gown. She sang very well, while Mr. Scotti, as the Count, was admirable, and Mr. Polacco conducted.

In "L'Amore Medico" Miss Bori carried off the honors, supported by Mme. Alten Messrs. Pini-Corsi, Cristalli, De Segurole and Rothier, while Mr. Toscanini conducted with exquisite care. Many well known men and women were in the audience.

CENTURY OPERA CLOSING.

Double Sextet Sing "Lucia" Number
April 20 at Final Concert. 1914

The closing performance of the Century Opera Company's season was given last night at the Century Opera House in the shape of a Sunday night concert. The programme consisted of fifteen numbers and at the end all the principals, the chorus and the ballet came on the stage and sang "Auld Lang Syne." With a few exceptions, most of the principal artists of the company were heard during the evening.

The last number on the regular programme was the sextet from "Lucia," sung by a double sextet of singers. Those who appeared during the evening were Lena Mason, Alfred Kaufman, Jean Theslof, Bertha Shalek, Thomas Chalmers, Kathleen Howard, Helen Stanley, Jayne Herbert, Mary Jordan, Mary Carson, Orville Harrold, Ivy Scott, Henry Taylor, Louis D'Angelo, William Schuster, Samuel Adams, Frank Mansfield, Lenore Beck, and Louise Haussmann. The conductors were Alfred Szendel, Carlo Nicosia, and Josef Pasternack, with Edward Collins assisting at the piano.

ITALIAN SYMPHONY.

April 20—1914
Florida Orchestra Heard in Interesting Concert at Aeolian Hall.

The Italian Symphony Orchestra, Pietro Floridia, conductor, put a second interesting concert to the credit of its first season of endeavor yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This organization is composed of players of Italian birth who are members of the large orchestras. It gave its first concert last fall before the opening of the season of these orchestras, and its members could come together yesterday because their organizations had disbanded for the summer. With such a unique opportunity to cultivate the more intimate phases of ensemble playing, it was not to be expected that the orchestra could successfully stand comparison with the best of our permanent orchestral organizations; nevertheless, it was far from being the usual "pick-up" orchestra recruited for one occasion, there being several good qualities in its playing which established an individuality for it.

The programme was devoted to Italian composers except for one number, Beethoven's Third Symphony, the

"Eroica," which was played by the Boccherini, whose memory has survived from the eighteenth century chiefly through the famous minuet. It was an agreeable specimen of eighteenth century music, which contained an unusual feature of instrumentation in that the violas and cellos were divided in two parts. Beethoven's symphony, which followed, was the least satisfactory number in its performance.

Nicola Laucella, a young flutist of the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted his own composition, a "symphonic picture" called "Sunday at the Village." It was a vigorous piece of writing, well orchestrated, and interesting enough in content to deserve a place on the programme. The last two numbers were an Andante-Barcarola by Luigi Mancinelli for muted strings and harp, and a Tarantella by Giuseppe Martucci. The former was melodious and pleasing, though with no more depth than the form in which the composer wrote called for, while the latter was a rapidly-moving composition, with perhaps a trifle too much complexity in themes and orchestration for a form which is derived from a folk dance, and should therefore be frank and with a self-evident rhythmic design.

ITALIAN SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES

April 20, 1914
A Zealous Band, Seeking to
Create a Love of Or-
chestral Music.

LAUCELLA'S NEW WORK HEARD FOR FIRST TIME

A Musical Delineation of a
Sunday in an Italian
Village.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.
The Italian Symphony Society, which practically opened the season of orchestral concerts on the first Sunday of last October, brought it to a close yesterday afternoon by a second concert in Aeolian Hall. As on the first occasion, Mr. Pietro Floridia conducted. There were evidences in plenty that neither the conductor nor his men are on terms of intimacy with the symphonic masterpieces, and a like unfamiliarity (or, if not that, a large spirit of national pride which it would be churlish to look upon intolerantly) was obvious in the enthusiastic reception given by a handsome audience to everything done. It is not likely that many of the men in the band are members of either of our established symphonic organizations. They are a busy folk, occupied day in and day out at the theatres, and in their sacrifice of time and labor to prove that the opera does not sum up all of the musical activities of Italy they are doing a praiseworthy thing. That they are embarrassed by a paucity of orchestral music composed by their countrymen would seem to be indicated by their programmes. Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony was played by them last October, and also the prelude to Wagner's "Meistersinger," and yesterday the chief number in Mr. Floridia's scheme was Beethoven's "Eroica." It would go ill with the orchestra if a comparison were to be instituted between its performances of such music and that to which the public is accustomed to hear from bands like those of Boston and the Philharmonic and Symphony societies; but under the circumstances the comparison is not called for. It is enough to give the artists credit for an earnest endeavor to do a commendable musical deed.

If the Italian Symphony Orchestra could find the time and spare the money to bring forward some of the symphonies and symphonic poems which have been composed in recent years by men of the "progressist" school in Italy (Zandonani and others) its concerts would have greater educational interest than they have had thus far, though it is doubtful if they would have given as much genuine pleasure to such ingenious music lovers as composed yesterday's audience. They were delighted with the Beethoven symphony, and went into raptures over what was set down in the list of pieces as a symphonic picture of Sunday in an Italian village composed by Nicola Laucella, who also conducted the performance. Mr. Laucella is a flutist in the Philharmonic Society's orchestra, and, though born in Italy, has been in America ever since he was thirteen years old. Before he came to join the Philharmonic he played for three years in the Pittsburgh Orchestra. He is therefore a pretty good American, though a modern cosmopolite in music. This fact was a little more obvious in his symphonic poem "Consalvo," which was performed in November, 1912, by the Philharmonic Society, than it was in the better wrought and more effective work played for the first time yesterday. In this he was more frankly an Italian.

most of the type of the modern opera writers. He was invited to a simpler and more tuneful style, indeed, by his choice of subject. The music with which he undertook to illustrate Leopardi's poem had to be largely introspective. The poem deals with the morbid thoughts and imaginings of a dying man, called back to a momentary happiness by the kiss of a woman who comes to him when he is already moribund, and whom he had loved without confessing the fact. The poetic elements in the new piece are the reveries of an old man in the streets of an Italian village. A quiet introduction depicts early morn in the empty streets, then follow the awakening of the community, the gathering of the villagers about the church, where the children play merrily until the sacred office begins within the fane; the talk of lovers, and finally the passing of the procession bearing the image of the patron saint. Much of Mr. Laucella's music is apposite and beautiful, especially the ecclesiastical episode, but it is unfortunate that in his dynamic climaxes he gives a proclamation which endangers the ear drums of his listeners to tunes which can only be described as vulgar and banal. That they greatly stirred the audience yesterday may be evidence of the truthfulness of Mr. Laucella's picture.

The concert began with an overture in D by Boccherini, who lives in the concert rooms of to-day chiefly by his dainty minuet for strings, a quartet or two and as many solo pieces for the violoncello. Compared with these pieces the overture had no great amount of melodic charm. Its most interesting feature for the connoisseur was its preservation of some of the formal elements of the classic concerto grosso of the Bach period. A slow movement in the style of a barcarolle for strings and harp, by Mancinelli, once conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, sounded particularly blameless when one read the announcement that it was written as an intermezzo for Cossa's tragedy, "Cleopatra." A transposition made by Martucci of his own pianoforte Tarantelle, Op. 44, brought the concert to a close. Nearly all the listeners seemed to be Italians of refinement, and their approval was expressed with great heartiness.

ITALIAN PLAYERS AT AEOLIAN HALL

April 20—1914
Symphonic Concert by Orches-
tral Musicians From the
Sunny Shores.

PERFORMANCE INTERESTS

New Composition by Young
Flutist of the Phil-
harmonic Society.

The Italian Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pietro Floridia, gave its second concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This organization essays to serve a double purpose, first, to bring together and exercise in their art orchestral performers of Italian birth or descent, and second, to produce the music of Italian composers. The objects are worthy ones and the musicians deserve encouragement.

The concert of yesterday afternoon presented five numbers, of which four were by Italians. The most important composition in the list was Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, in which the conductor and his men strove to demonstrate that Italians could not only understand and enjoy the music of the great German but also perform it in a manner deserving commendation.

The material in the orchestra is not of the finest quality, though there are several players of the first rank. Nevertheless there was shown in the presentation of the Beethoven symphony no small skill in orchestral routine. Mr. Floridia directed the composition with intelligence, albeit there might be some difference of opinion as to some of his tempi. But it can be said that the performance of the "Eroica" was quite as good as those usually offered by the minor orchestras of the city.

The Italian works on the list were Boccherini's overture in D, Nicola Laucella's symphonic picture, "Sunday at the Village"; a barcarole by Luigi Mancinelli and a tarantella by Martucci. The Boccherini overture is not new of course, and it served to give the audience a charming example of the classic Italian style. It was very well played.

Mr. Laucella is one of the flutists of the

...this symphony... produced by the Philharmonie in November, 1912. It would not be just to say that the composition heard yesterday for the first time reflects the finer qualities of Italian thought. The melodic materials indeed were characteristic and mirrored village life correctly, but the development was not made with that skill in the treatment of ideas or orchestration found in most of the contemporaneous musical product of Italy. Nevertheless there are some pages of effective instrumentation in Mr. Laucella's work, especially those in which he employed a solo violin and other strings divided into several parts.

Mr. Mancinelli, whose barcarole was heard, will be remembered by opera-goers as the principal Italian conductor at the Metropolitan in the days of Maurice Grau. The barcarole is one of a set of Intermezzi written for Cossia's tragedy "Ulcoptra." Arranged for strings and harp it is pretty and simple. It seems hardly necessary to speak of Giuseppe Martucci, one of the foremost masters of the present period in Italy and till his death in 1909 her leader in music outside the opera house. The tarantella heard yesterday was made originally for piano, but the composer himself arranged it for orchestra.

TENORS IN CONCERTS.

McCormack at Hippodrome and Burke at Aeolian Hall.

The Hippodrome was crowded last night when John McCormack, the popular Irish tenor, gave a concert. He had the assistance of Donald McBeath, violinist. Mr. McCormack sang from the platform at the top of the accommodation ladder of H. M. S. Pinafore, while the piano stood on the deck opposite the platform. But although strangely situated Mr. McCormack sang with his accustomed charm of style.

Though there are some defects in his tone production in the low register this tenor has qualities which fully justify his success. He sings English songs with an enunciation which makes every syllable intelligible and he phrases, nuances and colors with skill. His delivery of sentimental ballads is so exquisite in finish and so captivating in tonal variety and expressiveness that it commands the approval of thousands. He was in good voice last evening and his audience was enthusiastic.

At Aeolian Hall James Burke, another Irish tenor, gave a concert to a small audience. There should be enough Irish people in this town to support two tenors, but Mr. Burke is perhaps not yet so well known as Mr. McCormack. He sang operatic airs and simpler songs and generally in a manner worthy of commendation. He was assisted by Marie Lecca Brackman, soprano, and Bernard O'Donnell, organist.

Sunday Concerts.

There have been almost as many concerts on Sundays this season as on all other days combined. Even now, when the week-day entertainments have almost ceased, Sunday music flourishes rankly. Yesterday there were the usual two concerts in the opera houses, John McCormack and James Burke gave recitals, and the Italian Symphony Orchestra was heard in Aeolian Hall.

Pietro Florida is the conductor of this orchestra. It was started for the purpose of having Italian musicians play Italian music. At first there was some difficulty about getting enough first-class Italian players and some Germans were engaged, whereupon a war-party was formed which threatened the whole band with bombs and other amenities. Whether the Teutons were eliminated is not known, but yesterday's programme contained a decidedly German number, Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. The other numbers were a Boccherini overture, a barcarole by Mancinelli, a tarantella by Martucci, and "Sunday at the Village," a symphony poem by Nicola Laucella, one of the lute players of the Philharmonic Orchestra, a cleverly constructed and entertaining piece which deserved the applause it got. Mr. Florida had his players well in hand.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, in the evening, there was a Wagner-Verdi programme, with Destinn, Alda, Duchêne, Pistalli, and Amato as soloists. At the Century Opera House one of the features was the most popular number of "Lucia" sung by a double sextet. Nearly all the singers of the company were heard. Mr. McCormack once more filled the vast paces of the Hippodrome, and another tenor, James Burke, gave a good account of himself at Aeolian Hall.

BOHEME OPENS LAST WEEK
Puccini's "La Bohème," which is not a novelty, was the opera chosen to open the last week of the Metropolitan's season, and last night a good sized audience once more proved that Miss Geraldine Farrar's ami is still as potent in its appeal as

...Miss Farrar was in good voice last night, as was Mr. Martin as Rodolfo. Mr. Amato is a rather heavy Marcello, and Mr. Pini-Corsi a truly elephantine Schaunard.

Miss Alten was again her well worn Musetta, and Mr. Ananian amusing in the two roles of Benoit and Alcindoro. Mr. Polacco conducted with spirit.

Flowers for Mme. Alten Singing Adieu

Bunch of Red Roses Marks Her Farewell Curtain Call—Mr. Caruso Cheered in "Pagliacci."

Farewells were in order yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan when a special matinee double bill of "Haensel and Gretel" and "Pagliacci" was sung. It was the final appearance of Mme. Bella Alten, who sang Gretel and who is not to return to the Metropolitan next season. A bunch of red roses and a "goodby" gesture to her friends in the audience marked her last curtain call at the house where she has sung for years.

The other farewell was simply for the season, Miss Bori appearing for the last time in the rôle of Nedda. She starts for London in a few days and then goes to South America, where she is to sing this summer in opera.

For the rest, it was a usual routine performance, although the big audience made so great a fuss over Mr. Caruso, in the rôle of Canio in "Pagliacci," that it might have been interpreted as a farewell demonstration. He was applauded and cheered for his singing of "Ridi Pagliacci," which he sang with exquisite quality of voice. Mr. Gilly was a dramatic Tonio and was roundly applauded for his singing of the prologue, and Mr. Hageman conducted.

In "Haensel und Gretel" there were, in addition to Mme. Alten, Mmes. Matfeld and Robeson and Messrs. Reiss and Leonhardt, while Mr. Morgenstern conducted.

FAREWELLS AT THE OPERA.

Bella Alten and Lucetta Bori Heard for Last Time.

The last extra matinee of the season took place at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Once more the familiar double bill, "Haensel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," was presented, and for once it failed to test the capacity of the theatre. Perhaps it was another case of the pitcher going too often to the well. However, next season the operatic twins will come forward again with renewed charms and multitudes will again hasten to the opera house.

Humperdinck's fairy opera has held its own very well in this city, and while it hardly claims a position in the great attractions of the Metropolitan, it has its large number of lovers who would not willingly hear of its being retired. The performance of the work yesterday served to provide Bella Alten, the Gretel, with an opportunity to make her farewell bows, since she is not to be a member of the company next season.

Miss Alten, as has frequently been said in this place, is at her best as Gretel, and it has been her misfortune that she has not always been able to divest herself entirely of the personality of the part when she was engaged in delineating other characters. She received much applause yesterday and also a number of "floral tributes."

In "Pagliacci" there were two more farewells. Miss Bori and the bass drum made their final appearances, but for this season only. Mr. Caruso was intimately associated with the last appearance of the bass drum and he seemed to be deeply affected by the fact that no more this spring would he figure as a percussion virtuoso. Also of course he sang the music of Canio for the last time and with his never failing success.

Miss Bori was once more a lovely Nedda and sang charmingly. It seemed a pity that she could not say farewell in a more important rôle, but she was none the less an artist. Mr. Gilly sang Tonio and his delivery of the prologue was particularly good. Mr. Morgenstern conducted the first opera and Mr. Hagemann the second.

CONCERTS OF A DAY

Pianists, Reader and Violinist Heard in Aeolian Hall.

Estella Neuhaus, pianist, and J. Howe Clifford, reader, gave a joint entertainment in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. These two were heard on March 31 in the same place and cannot be said to have excited hopes that they would appear so soon again. Miss Neuhaus is a pianist of the honest, painstaking type, whose technic is sufficient unto the day thereof and who has some musical inclination. But there is nothing of brilliance or distinction in her performance. Mr.

Clifford's readings served to entertain an audience between the piano groups.

In the evening Ethel Leginska, pianist, and Marie Caslova, violinist, gave a concert in the same hall. The chief offering was a sonata in D minor by Christian Sinding. It is the composer's ninety-ninth work and bears the explanatory subtitle "In the Old Style." Sinding is a pleasing composer and has written some agreeable music. The sonata heard last evening of interest in the programme lay in the night easily have raised some questions of participation of the Trio de Lintl, which, among other things, played the music of the Greek "Hymn to Apollo," to which Mrs. Watts gave what she called a "Greek gymnastic" dance. The audience appeared interested in the proceedings.

For example, there was room for speculation as to what the composer meant by the "old style," for his music might have been written at any time since Mendelssohn, but surely not as far back as the period of Beethoven. Nor could it be regarded as a matter of significance what it was written, since it proved to be extremely slight texture, wanting melodic invention and ingenuity of development.

The two young women played it seriously, but they did not succeed in making it sound interesting. After the sonata each played solo numbers and the two together brought their concert to a close with Schubert's rondo in B minor, opus 20.

Miss Leginska Thrills Hearers

Miss Ethel Leginska, the young English pianist, was heard in a recital last night in Aeolian Hall. Her interpretations are not, as a rule, in accordance with the generally accepted, yet the personal note is never such as to disturb the average listener. In her methods there is an almost Paderewski-like impressiveness, a theatrical element which holds the audience in its spell. She plays with great assurance and if faults are not lacking they easily can be overlooked where there is youth and talent. A group of Chopin's pieces was her chief contribution to the evening's entertainment, three Etudes from opus 10, the prelude in D flat and the scherzo in B minor, opus 20.

Appearing with Miss Leginska was Marie Caslova, violinist, and together they played for the first time in America Sinding's Sonata in D minor, opus 99. Miss Caslova found difficulty in keeping her violin in tune and the two players did not seem to get together with smoothness. Schubert's Rondo in B minor was played jointly, and Miss Caslova played a group consisting of Saint-Saëns' "Havanaise" and three of Fritz Kreisler's arrangement of old violin works.

MISS NEUHAUS PLAYS.

Hungarian Pianist Gives Recital Aeolian Hall.

Miss Estella Neuhaus, Hungarian pianist, gave another recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday. Part of the proceeds will go to the Children's Department of the St. Charles Aid Association. As at her previous appearance her playing was characterized by technical exactness and seriousness of purpose, but somewhat lacking in emotional qualities.

Her selections were the first movement of Chopin's Sonata in B minor and the Polonaise in F sharp minor, Liszt's "St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds," Rubinstein's Barcarolle in A minor, the "Gardener's Love Song," by Cui; "Spinnlied," by Ysaïe; and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13." Two readings by Mr. Howe Clifford completed the programme.

ARTISTS DEFY WANE OF CONCERT SEASON

Leginska and Caslova Give Recital—Mrs. Watts Gives Dance to "Appollo's Hymn."

The concert season is dying hard. Last night saw an interesting recital in Aeolian Hall, when two young women, both of whom possess far more than usual ability, appeared jointly before a large and enthusiastic audience.

Both young women have been heard before this season. They were Ethel Leginska, pianist, and Marie Caslova, violinist. They opened the programme in Sinding's sonata in D minor, Op. 99, an interesting composition that was receiving its first presentation in America. The two artists showed an admirable ensemble spirit, and their tone was warm, though, in the case of Miss Caslova, small.

After the opening number Miss Leginska played a group of Chopin's Preludes, which she once more displayed her extraordinary powers. In her interpretations there was poetry, fire and imagination, and if she sentimentalized, for instance, the "Raindrop" Prelude, it never became mawkish or effeminate.

Miss Leginska is one of the most remarkable women pianists now before the public, yet in her playing there is generally that quality which in musical parlance might be designated "masculine." Miss Caslova followed with a group of short violin compositions, in which she

displayed a pure tone and unusual technical fluency.

In the afternoon Mrs. Roger Watts gave a lecture on "Perfect Balance in Movement" at the Booth Theatre. The musical programme lay in the participation of the Trio de Lintl, which, among other things, played the music of the Greek "Hymn to Apollo," to which Mrs. Watts gave what she called a "Greek gymnastic" dance. The audience appeared interested in the proceedings.

"TOSCA" THE LAST TIME.

Scotti Sing Farewell.

The climax of the farewell week at the Metropolitan Opera House was reached last evening. It was perhaps a little early, but there could be no question about what the public thought of it. The opera was "Tosca" and it was presented with the strongest cast possible at the present time. Moreover all three of the chief singers were heard for the last time this season. If that were not enough, no one could plan anything to surpass it.

The cast comprised Miss Farrar as the Roman singer, Mr. Caruso as Cavaradossi, the Roman artist, and Mr. Scotti as Scarpia, the Roman Minister of Police. All three of these singers have been heard very often in the same roles, but it seems as if a certain class of opera-goers would never weary of hearing them. "Tosca" and "La Bella Lingua Toscana" are in themselves a great combination, but still greater are the dauntless three, Farrar, Caruso and Scotti.

There is nothing new to be said about the three impersonations. Miss Farrar is a charming picture as Tosca, and she sings the music respectably; but the role is not one of her best, and when contemporaneous excitement about the young woman has died out, history will preserve the record that she was much better suited in several other parts. Last evening she was in particularly good voice and sang better than is her wont in this opera.

Mr. Caruso, on the other hand, is altogether at home as Cavaradossi. The character is within the scope of his histrionic powers and the music is such as he delivers with splendid brilliancy. Mr. Scotti's Scarpia remains incomparable. In the season now ending Mr. Scotti has had a season of rejuvenation. He has become slenderer and more youthful of figure, while his voice has been better than in several previous seasons. His polished art and authoritative style are always with him.

The audience last evening was one of great size. The familiar scenes were enacted around the box office before the performance, and many were unable to gain admission. Inside after each act there was a tumultuous demonstration and a disinterested spectator would have thought that the singers were wearied with almost incessant appearing before the curtain. But it is not known that singers have ever fainted from overexertion on such occasions. Mr. Polacco conducted.

RECORD OVATION FOR OPERA STARS

Miss Farrar and Caruso Are Recalled 45 Times at the Metropolitan.

AUDIENCE WON'T GO; CALLS FOR SPEECH

Scotti Again Triumphs as Scarpia in Bloody Puccini Opera "Tosca."

Remarkable scenes followed "Tosca" at the Opera House last night. Miss Farrar and Caruso were given the greatest ovation ever obtained by artists in this country. They were recalled forty-five times.

At the fortieth call the curtain was dropped. The audience continued to demand the singers. The asbestos curtain was lowered. But the audience refused to go home. It was the farewell night of Caruso and Miss Farrar for the season, and they were given a real hearty American send-off.

Both singers had gone to their dressing rooms, but the audience gathered down at the stage and began banging at anything that would make more noise than hand-clapping. Shouts were added to the din. Caruso came back in a dressing gown. Miss Farrar hurriedly rearranged her costume. After five more calls the audience demanded a speech.

Miss Farrar came forward and smilingly said: "Last year when I made a speech Caruso ran away and left me in the lurch. I thank you very, very much. Now it's Caruso's turn."

Caruso bowed and simply said, "Thank you."

Farewells were in order last night as was Scotti's last appearance, too. They sang their adieux well.

Caruso in particular was in voice, as if indeed breath of prodigy did not exist, and he acted with gusto. After the second act he received a number of floral pieces.

Miss Farrar's admirers showered flowers and applause upon her after each curtain. She seemed as happy as Caruso, if not as demonstrative.

But a "Tosca" without Antonio Scotti would be a "Hamlet" minus the Dane.

Tosca is Scarpia's opera par excellence when Scotti is Scarpia. Last night Scotti was as elegant, as subtle, as animal as of yore. He, too, received his triumph after the second curtain, a triumph that he well deserved. Mr. Polacco conducted with spirit, and Puccini's bloodiest opera went out in a blaze of glory.

There are some of us who wish it would stay out, at least for a season. But it probably won't. Mr. Scotti manages to make its presence bearable even to the hypercritical.

NEW SOPRANO HEARD HERE.

Mme. Helene Koelling Sings Songs by Many Composers.

In Aeolian Hall last night Mme. Helene Koelling, soprano, of the Montreal Opera company, gave her first recital in New York. The audience at times expressed approval freely, but generally showed little enthusiasm. One or two things, such as Richard Trunks' "Pan," which was repeated, drew the interest of the listeners.

Much of Mme. Koelling's best work was marred by a tendency to sing a trifle off the key, and an unevenness of tone. Her voice, although not large, is in the upper register at least is rather pleasing when used as she used it in most of her songs.

The programme began with songs in Italian, "Paradies," "Quel Ruscelletto," Mozart's "Deh Vieni non Tardar" and Puccini's "Sofia D'Orella." Then came songs of Hans Huber, Erich Wolff and Richard Trunk; the ball song from Delebes' "Lakme," songs by Brahms, Schubert, Dvorak, Strauss, Tschalkowsky and Schumann. A group in English, including "To a Hidden Violet," by M. H. Brown; "Pierrot," by Dagmar de C. Rubner, and "Happiness," by Genia Branscombe, completed the programme.

Miss "Martha" at the Century.

Flotow's "Martha" returned after a long absence to the operatic stage in New York last evening when it was produced at the Century, with a good cast. Lois Ewell was Lady Harriet—one wonders whether this leading soprano of the Century's forces must not be near to being overworked with continuous appearances. There was some indication last evening that she was showing the strain of the season's heavy demands upon her, but she sang in an agreeable manner. One drawback of the Century productions, which seems inevitable in view of the company's tremendous task in producing so many operas, in its first season, appears in the lack of finish in the dramatic work. Miss Ewell missed something in this department. The second season will undoubtedly see an improvement in this respect.

Orville Harrold, as Lionel, sang his music well, especially in the parts which gave him most opportunity. William Schuster was a good Sir Tristran, and Louis Kreidler as Plunkett added considerably to the dramatic entertainment of the evening. Frank Phillips was the Sheriff of Richmond, and Bertha Shalek was Nancy. Mr. Nicosia conducted, and it must be said against him that there were some uneven spots in the orchestra's work. The chorus was also at some fault, in contrast to its generally capable singing.

Miss Butts Sings at Final Concert

THE final concert of the season was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, before a large audience. The greater part of the organization has already left for its annual tour, and the orchestra was missing.

Miss Clara Butt was the especial feature, and it was her last time to sing before a New York audience this year. She was charming, and accorded a hearty reception. Mes. Marie Rappold, Frieda Hempel and Paul Althouse made up the list of artists for the occasion.

FIRST CONCERT OF SERIES.

April 29-1914

Under the auspices of the People's Music League, the Walter Earle's Theatre League, the Theatre Centre for Schools and the Globe the first of a series of concerts was given at Carnegie Hall last night. The audience was not large, and the concert was not of unusual excellence.

The principal part of the programme was furnished by the Flery Band, conducted by Mr. Taddeo di Girolamo, and the soloists were Mr. Alfred Inna, barytone; Miss Nellie Bryant, soprano, and Miss Valentin Crespi, violinist. These were well received, and encores were demanded.

Fine Concert by Kriens Club

THE Kriens Symphony Club, an orchestra of men and women musicians, gave an interesting concert at Aeolian Hall last evening. The club has been in existence only a short time and its aim is the development of native talent along the lines of the most improved European methods. The club, which includes five score instrumentalists, many of them finished musicians, promises to become one of the important orchestras of this city.

At last evening's concert a list of old and new classics was presented in a satisfactory manner. The audience was large and most enthusiastic.

OPERA AT THE GRAND.

Zuro Company Gives Two Good Performances on East Side.

A young woman who sat in an orchestra chair last night at the Grand Theatre, where the Zuro Opera Company was inaugurating its fourth season with a performance of "Carmen," remarked to her companion at the point in the first act where Don José stands gazing after Micaela, who has just given him his mother's letter, "I guess he yearns for her now"—which, though it may not have been strictly accurate in interpreting the dramatic emotion of the moment, showed that the young woman had the right spirit.

Her attitude was typical of the personal interest an audience takes in its operatic heroes and heroines when opera is presented on the east side, and that is why Grand Street flocked into the Grand Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening to see how Carmen and Lucia had been getting along since they last saw them. In the afternoon it saw a very respectable presentation of the Italianized woes of the unhappy Scotch heroine, Cecelia Zavaschi appeared in the title role of "Lucia," and won her hearers with a well-chooled voice, if not one of unusual beauty of quality. Angelo Antola was the Lord Enrico Ashton, and Filade Sinagra the Sir Edgardo di Ravenswood. Mr. Novarrini, in the smaller part of Raymond, did rather better than them, and the others were William Giuliani and Mlle. Hinz.

In the evening Alice Gentle, the most prominent member of the company, gave a performance of the title role of "Carmen" that was really excellent, judged by the highest standard. She was in her best voice, and it exhibited good quality and evenness throughout the trying vocal requirements of the rôle. Her characterization of the part, though it may not have risen to great heights, was at all times convincing and in good taste, the best performance, on the whole, that has been seen this season, the rôle not having been required of a singer in the Metropolitan.

The tenor was G. Agostini. He had his good moments, though he is afflicted with the unpleasant thing which comes into the voices of so many Italian tenors when they seek to get around the fact that they have not a good middle voice. Pietro Modesti, the Escamillo, had a big voice which he used vigorously, though not always happily, as far as intonation was concerned. The others were Messrs. Anzeloni, Di Giacomo, and Giuliani, and Mes. Charlebois, Haessler, and Hinz. Giovanni Leotti conducted in the afternoon and I. Del Castillo at night. They were both successful, though the orchestra and chorus they had to work with had no impressive merits. The total effect in both operas stamped the performances as good \$1.50 opera—which is all it pretended to be.

Mr. McCormack Sings Farewell; Gets Ovation

Irish Tenor's Admirers Fill Carnegie Hall Even to the Stage and Demand Many Encores.

Totally surrounded by friends, Mr. John McCormack sang his farewell to America for the season in Carnegie Hall last night. "Surrounded" is right, for the audience overflowed the auditorium, and part of

the time the Irish tenor turned his back to the footlights and sang to those seated on the stage.

I was a triumph for the singer. He had to repeat all his numbers or sing others in place of them, and after most of them he sang others.

The song for which he received probably the most applause was "I Hear You Calling Me," which is one of the greatest favorites with his audiences. He sang it with all his customary effectiveness, and it was demanded time and again. Another song for which he received many encores was "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," which he sang by request.

Assisting Mr. McCormack were Mr. Donald McBeath, violinist, and Mr. Vincent O'Brien, pianist. Each of them likewise received the approval of the audience for their work.

THE ZURO OPERA COMPANY.

The Zuro Opera Company blooms in the spring. Last year, when the great ones of upper Broadway had departed, the Zuro singers gave a season at the Thalia Theatre, which is down in the Bowery. This year the scene of the spring time opera is the Grand Theatre, which stands on a corner of Grand and Chrystie streets. The season began on Sunday, when two performances were given. It continued last evening with "Rigoletto," an opera which has stood the test of time and many seasons of cheap opera.

Sunday night's audience was large, but that of last evening was of comparatively modest size. Nevertheless those who were present seemed to enjoy the representation and to be intent on the working out of the curse of Montecarlo. Doubtless persons of exclusive requirements would not be thrilled by the performances at the Grand Theatre. The scenery is not new and elaborate, and the costumes are not dazzling. The orchestra is small, and so is the chorus, and the principals are not persons whose names and vocal records are disseminated throughout the civilized world.

Yet there are certain qualities of worth in the performances offered by the Messrs. Zuro. Their singers have had some experience. They know something about the traditions of the operas. They have assurance and earnestness. They present the works in a manner well known to travellers who have visited some of the obscure theatres in Italy. There is not

much refinement in these performances; but there is spirit. One does not fall asleep, albeit sometimes he might like to.

In "Rigoletto" last evening the star was undoubtedly Angelo Antola, who had the title rôle. A curious thin, high, barytone voice, a singular style of declamation, sometimes bordering on the buffo, a vast fondness for high tones and for weeping into a handkerchief could not smother a certain effectiveness which Mr. Antola obtained by fiery vigor and an unmistakable belief in what he was doing.

Filade Sinagra was a fairly good Duke, whose upper tones at any rate were agreeable to the ear, while Cecelia Zavaschi sang the music of Gilda generally in tune, though with little style. But despite individual defects the performance had a respectable ensemble and was quite worth the hearing. This evening the Castor and Pollux of opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," will be disclosed to-morrow evening "Aida."

POPULAR OPERA AT GRAND

Zuro Company Presents "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

The Zuro Grand Opera Company gave a very spirited performance of the Siamese Twins of opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," last night at the Grand Theatre. The Zuro Company, under its conductor, Signor Del Costello, was altogether at home in the field of the Italian Verists and realized that neither of last night's operas lent themselves to kid glove treatment. As a result both performances were as hot blooded as could well be wished for by any son of Sicily or Calabria, principals, chorus and orchestra vying with each other in this respect.

The most interesting performances of the evening were given by Mme. Andreani, an eighteen-year-old girl, whose Santuzza proved a real impersonation, and the Tonio of Angello Antola Signor Agostini sang Turiddu, and Canio; and Sofia Charlebois, Nedda.

ZUROS SING "AIDA"

TO BIG AUDIENCE

Italian Opera Company Gives a Spirited Performance at the Grand Theatre.

The Zuro Grand Opera Company, under the baton of Ignacio del Castillo, gave a spirited performance of "Aida" last night at the Grand Theatre, and a huge audience applauded it heartily.

Mme. Andreani was the Aida, and her pure, fresh voice gave much pleasure.

while Miss Urban, who was a member of the Metropolitan forces, sang, and sang well, "Amneris." On the programme she was down as Emma Careli.

A new tenor, Senor Cecotti, was the Radames, and he sang the music full-throatedly. The Amonastro of Alexander, Modesti was ample in volume of tone, if a little rough in its production. Once again great praise is due the artists for the vigor of the ensembles and the swiftness of movement.

The performance had pace, a virtue only too often lacking in more pretentious houses.

At the Grand the Messrs. Zuro are giving real popular opera, and opera which deserves such audiences as the one it drew last night.

'Traviata' Well Sung at Grand

IT was a genuine pleasure to hear the familiar airs of Verdi's "La Traviata" sung by the Zuro company last evening at the Grand Theatre.

The soprano dashed off the florid "A forò e lui" and "Sempre libre" with a brilliancy and assurance that were delightful.

The tenor lover was young, good looking and had a really satisfactory voice. As for the baritone father, he was sufficiently robust and dramatic to suit the most fastidious.

Altogether the performance was a well-knit, vigorous and satisfying one.

Considerable interest is felt in the appearance of the American soprano, Alice Gentle, as Carmen, this evening. Miss Gentle was to have been one of the features of the proposed Hammerstein season.

BLIND MEN'S CLUB

CONCERT SUCCESS

Edwin Grasse Plays Brilliantly and Other Artists Please Large Audience.

The Blind Men's Improvement Club of New York gave its annual benefit concert last night in Aeolian Hall, and a large audience assured a considerable addition to the club's treasury. Several of the artists who appeared were blind themselves.

The artistic ability of Edwin Grasse needs no heralding, and with the loss of external sight there has come to him a compensating internal vision, which has placed him in the front rank of American violinists. His playing last night of Couperin's "Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane" was masterly in its dash of execution, while the group of his own compositions displayed admirably his gift of melodic invention. His "Wellenspiel" is well known, but a new Norwegian dance showed most happily the composer's own joy of spirit.

William Resnikoff, a blind barytone, disclosed a voice of admirable quality, which was especially effective in a group of Russian folksongs. Louis Furman played Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 6, Guy Hunter gave a number of character songs and impersonations, Rollo F. Maitland played several selections on the organ, and Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould sang.

ZUROS GIVE "HUGUENOTS"

Miss Alice Gentle Scores a Triumph as the Page.

"Les Huguenots," in Italian, was sung last night at the Grand Theatre by the Zuro Opera Company, which put another acceptable production to its credit.

The most interesting feature of the performance was the appearance of Miss Alice Gentle as the Page. Why a singing actress of Miss Gentle's abilities should be compelled to languish in opera houses in the lower East Side was inexplicable to those who attended her "Carmen" last week. It was more than ever inexplicable last night.

Her Urbano was fully equal, both in voice and in action, to that of the soprano who sang it at the Metropolitan season before last. Miss Gentle possesses a voice of unusual strength and sensuous beauty, and she has a true flair for the stage. Her Page was temperamental in action and in song, and in figure and countenance altogether good to look on.

The rest of the cast was less distinguished, although Miss Andreani was a pleasing Valentina and Giuseppe Mauro a resonant-voiced Raoul.

Signor Del Castillo conducted. The audience was of fine proportions and enthusiasm.

Central Park. The Century Opera Company will give a "symphony night" programme, as follows:—"Star Spangled Banner"; overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Fifth Symphony, Beethoven; Spanish dances, Moszkowski; suite, "In Brittany" (new), "In Saint Malo," "Gavotte of Duchess Anne," "The Strand at Parame," "A Feast in Brittany," Christian Kreins; clarinet solo, concertino (Weber), Jan Williams; waltz, "Vienna Woods," Strauss; "Swedish Wedding March," Soderman; "America."

Concert in Central Park.

Nathan Franko will give a concert in the mall in Central Park this evening. The programme follows:—"The Star Spangled Banner," Marche Militaire, Tschalkowsky; overture, "Phélie," Massenet; gavotte, "Rosaire" (new), Jessel; fantasia, "The Jewels of the Madonna," Wolff-Ferrari; trumpet solo, Signora P. Capodiferro; overture, "Il Guarany," Gomez; Arabian Intermezzo, "Suleika" (new), Lindsay; fantasia, "Un Ballo in Maschera," Verdi; Scottish Rhapsody, "The Wedding of Shon McLean" (new), Bath; march, "The Serenade," Herbert, "America."

The Century Season Opens.

The opening of the Century Opera Company season, with Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" last evening, marked a real advance over the performances of last winter. In all respects the production was most agreeable, and most notably in the orchestra, the department which perhaps was chiefly to be criticised in the first season. An unusually large audience, which filled the house in spite of its greatly increased capacity, gave a rousing welcome to the new and old favorites alike.

Miss Lois Ewell, the Century's first soprano, sang Juliet, something for which those who heard the performance of this opera last winter returned thanks. Barring an apparent uncertainty in the first notes, Miss Ewell was altogether agreeable in her singing. Orville Harrold, as Romeo, was perhaps less happy in this rôle than his hearers might have expected him to be. Of those in the other parts, Thomas Chalmers, as Mercutio, and Henry Weldon, a new singer, as Friar Laurence, deserve especial commendation. Mr. Chalmers sang with assurance and presence from the first, and Mr. Weldon lent a confident and pleasing presence to the production. His voice has the quality of volume which so many hearers have missed at the uptown opera house. Alfred Kaufman, whom all will remember, was Capulet.

Agide Jacchia, a new conductor, served with the baton. It may be that the excellence of the orchestra is due to his leadership, or it may be due to a changed personnel among the players—whatever the cause, the change is one for which Century hearers may well be grateful. Heretofore there have been many rough spots in the orchestra's playing, but last night there were virtually none. Mr. Jacchia deserves much praise. The singing of the chorus, and the entire management of the production likewise registered praiseworthy advances over former performances.

The opera house interior itself has apparently been much benefited by the structural changes, designed primarily to increase the number of seats to be sold at moderate prices. The orchestra seats now extend well back under the first balcony, the semi-circular row of boxes there having been removed, except at the extreme right and left. The huge canopy still hangs above, placed there originally to aid the acoustic properties, which, last evening, seemed to be better, probably by reason of filling up the spaces where sound once was lost.

A new plan of alternating performances has been inaugurated, and this evening's production will be "Carmen," with Kathleen Howard as Carmen, and Morgan Kingston as Don José.

The Century Opera Company began its second season last night and signalized the opening of the music season in New York. The auspiciousness of the occasion was augmented by the fact that last night's receipts are to be donated to the Red Cross Fund, which will be used to care for the families of those who are actually upon the battlefield in the European war.

Sweet Charity had beekokned, and Messrs. Milton and Sargent Aborn more than willingly lent ear to her pleas.

"Romeo and Juliet" was capitally sung by Orville Harrold and Lois

Henry Weldon, an American actor, made his debut in the rôle of Friar Laurence. Elizabeth Campbell, Stella Riccardo, Hardy Williamson, Thomas Chalmers, Alfred Kaufman and Frank Phillips also sang principal rôles. The orchestra was conducted by Agide Jacchia, who just arrived from Italy.

Undoubtedly the Century is on a better footing than ever before. It showed a marked improvement and the results of better things in the chorus and orchestra. The audience of last evening was probably one of the best audiences that has appeared in the house, and was brilliant from every standpoint. There was an air about the house that marked it as the real opera opening.

This is especially true on account of the problematical condition of the season at the Metropolitan.

CENTURY KEEPS ITS BETTER OPERA VOW

Opens with "Romeo and Juliet," with Improved Chorus, Orchestra, and Ensemble.

WELDON WINS SUCCESS

His Voice of Great Volume and Sonorousness—Lois Ewell and Orville Harrold in Title Roles.

The Century Opera Company began last night the second season of its presentation of operas at popular prices at the Century Opera House with a performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." There was a large audience, presumably larger than any that has yet attended the playhouse, since there were few vacant seats visible, even though the capacity of the Century has been increased by a thousand seats during the Summer remodeling. The size of the audience may have been influenced by the fact that the performance had been organized in aid of the Red Cross relief work, with Mayor Mitchell and other officials present in honor of the special occasion.

As far as last night's performance affords a basis of judgment, the promises of betterment at the Century Opera House made last Spring at the end of the first season have been lived up to. In several important respects the company seems to have been made over for the better. This is most noticeably so in the case of the chorus, the orchestra, and the general ensemble. The chorus has apparently been reorganized, especially in the male section, and now sings with a good degree of precision, considerable life and vigor, and a volume of tone that has balance and carrying power. Formerly the chorus was one of the company's weakest points.

Another former weak spot, the orchestra, was last night without reproach; indeed, it had positive merit. While one felt last year as though a conductor was hampered in obtaining his desired effects from it, that feeling is no more present. It is now a fluid malleable unit in the conductor's hands and adds greatly to the enjoyment of the performance. There were a few little rough spots, as in the horns during the "balcony" scene for a moment or with the tone of the oboe during following scenes, but these will undoubtedly be eliminated after first-night tension has disappeared.

Just as grateful, perhaps more so in a certain sense, was the improvement in the general ensemble, the better handling of the stage crowds, the better lighting, and the more felicitous co-operation of the various forces that made up the performance. Where the discriminating observer might formerly have had a subconscious feeling of worry lest little things go wrong, he is now enabled to sit back in his seat comfortably with perfect confidence in the stage manager.

It is true, of course, that the production of "Romeo and Juliet" last night and that of "Carmen," which will be heard tonight, may have received a maximum of attention because weeks of rehearsal before the house opened have been available. However that may be, if the management has devised a way so that future productions will be made with as good effect as that of last night, the cause of opera at "popular prices" will be served with dignity and worth.

With the important exception of Henry Weldon as Friar Laurence, the cast was familiar as far as the principal rôles go. Lois Ewell was Juliet; Orville Harrold, Romeo; Thomas Chalmers, Mercutio, and Alfred Kaufman, Capulet. All of them were equal to performing their rôles with merit, and at times with higher distinction. Miss Ewell and Mr. Chalmers were especially effective. As for Henry Weldon, his success was perhaps more pronounced than has been the

case with some of the other new faces. His performance at the Century. His voice is one of great volume and sonority, and he has a stage presence that speaks of dignity and authority. He was a trifle nervous when he began, and at subsequent appearances will doubtless exhibit more reserve in legato than he displayed last night.

The new conductor, Agide Jacchia, showed that he will be a most valuable acquisition for the company. He is possessed of authority and force that hold and direct his charges, and his readings are vital and varied. A good share of the success of the performance is to be laid at his door.

The parts of secondary importance were very acceptably done by singers who include Stella Riccardo, Hardy Williamson, Frank Mansfield, Gilbert Wilson, George Everett, John Mercer, and Elizabeth Campbell.

The text used last night was specially prepared for the Century company by Algernon St. John-Brenon and represents a worthy contribution to the cause of rescuing English translations of opera librettos from the sad straits into which they have fallen.

"Romeo and Juliet," for the benefit of the Red Cross, drew an audience to the Century Opera House last night that gave the new season of opera in English a royal send-off. The audience was there to enjoy, and it did enjoy.

Last night's Romeo was Orville Harrold. Mr. Harrold repeated, both in style and bearing, the admirable impression he made in the part last year. There are few tenors on the stage today who could sing the music with the grace and the feeling that Mr. Harrold showed last night. The Juliet of Miss Lois Ewell gave a painstaking portrayal of the girlish heroine, but a portrayal that had little color and no passion. She sang the music with some skill.

The two real successes of the evening were, however, the Mercutio of Thomas Chalmers and the Friar Laurence of Henry Weldon. Mr. Chalmers has made great strides since last year. His voice was delightfully fresh and clear, and he gave the "Queen Mab" air with a whimsical abandon both in song and action that marked him as an artist to be reckoned with. Mercutio is not an easy part—Mr. Chalmers made it his own.

In Henry Weldon New York last night made the acquaintance of one of the finest basses it has heard since the days of Pol Plancon. Mr. Weldon's voice reminds one much of the late Putnam Griswold. It is a rich, powerful organ and one that is admirably schooled. In addition, his bearing is noble and authoritative. It is to be hoped that this splendid bass will find his place later at the Metropolitan.

The orchestra, under the baton of Agide Jacchia, displayed great improvement over last season. Mr. Jacchia is pleasantly remembered from the short season in which he appeared several years ago at the Academy of Music. It is to be hoped that he, too, will long remain with us. In short, the opening of the season proved most auspicious, and the fact that the considerable proceeds would be devoted to the Red Cross war fund plainly added to the audience's enthusiasm.

Opera that may be spelled with a capital O was provided by the Century organization at the opening of its second season last night. The performance of "Romeo and Juliet," from beginning to end, was of excellent artistic balance, and if the standard thus established is maintained consistently opera for and by the people should be regarded as assured.

The performance was in part for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund, which netted \$1,000. Mayor and Mrs. Mitchell were there and other prominent folk were seen in the audience of nearly 3,000.

The company which acquitted itself so admirably in the romantic Gounod work bears slight resemblance to that of last season. A few of the first principals remain, but the greater portion of orchestra and chorus, the first conductor and stage director are new. This year a vast improvement is apparent. In the case of the instrumentalists, whose number has been increased from forty-five to fifty-three, there is much to admire.

Musicians in Fine Form.

The orchestra displayed in its technique the refinement and resonance demanded in opera. There was never any technical uncertainty or failure to respond to the desires for tonal light and shade demanded by Agide Jacchia, who proved a most efficient conductor.

Scarcely less impressive was the singing of the chorus, which, like the orchestra, has been numerically increased. In place of the poorly balanced singers of the previous season the Century is now equipped with men who are the vocal equals of their feminine associates. The voices last evening had a fresh, ringing quality in the climaxes—where the tenors showed to particular advantage—and in the softer passages furnished a delightful surprise.

The Century management was equally fortunate in getting Jacques Coini as stage director, for it was his skill that last evening's performance contained at all.

Miss Ewell a Restrained Juliet.

Lois Ewell, the soprano mainstay of last year's company, was one of

the artists whose singing and acting conformed fully well to demands, her Juliet, though puffed being well restrained. The Romeo of Orville Harrold, though suffering from an excess of sentimentism, displayed points of excellence.

But the one member of the company whose achievement excelled and who gives high promise is Henry Weldon, who made his first appearance in his own country after nine years. He was excessively nervous, yet this did not prevent his making the rôle of Friar Laurence distinguished, and revealing a bass voice that is big, sonorous and musical. Mr. Weldon is an artist and more than an acquisition to the Century.

Hardy Williamson, a young English tenor making his first operatic appearance on any stage, was a somewhat stiff Tybalt, but charmed with a voice whose silvery quality is exceptional. The Stephano of Elizabeth Campbell, though visually attractive, was somewhat disappointing, for, though sympathetic, the new mezzo-soprano's voice lacks steadiness.

Creditable endeavors were Thomas Chalmers as Mercutio; the Benvenuto of George Everett and Alfred Kaufman's Capulet. Nor should the thoroughly fine English libretto of Algernon St. John-Brenon be forgotten.

The second season of opera in English began at the Century Opera House last evening. The opera selected for the occasion was the mellituous "Romeo and Juliet" of Charles Gounod. This work has not been heard often in recent years. It has been absent from the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House since Miss Farrar bravely struggled to carry the flaccid Smirnoff's Romeo to success on January 13, 1911. After that the lyric drama fell asleep till it was aroused for last winter's representations at the Century, where it was brought forward on January 27 with Miss La Palme as Juliet, Mr. Harrold as Romeo, Mr. Chalmers as Mercutio and Mr. Kaufmann as Friar Laurence.

In last evening's presentation Mr. Harrold was again the Romeo, but there was a more generous Juliet in the person of the Century audience's firm favorite, Lois Ewell, while a new bass, Henry Weldon, wore the solemn robe of the helpful Friar. The performance was applauded by a large audience and there was a general air of felicitation upon the agreeable beginning of the second season of the popular opera house.

Suffered From Praise.

There are many reasons why the Century enterprise should become a permanent local institution. On the other hand there is no reason why it should not be viewed dispassionately in all its doings. Last year it suffered far more from intemperate praise than from peevish fault finding. Thousands of people went to the Century expecting the impossible and it took most of the season to establish a correct point of view. Let us hope that a strict neutrality will be observed in all printed accounts of this season's doings at the Century.

To give a reasonably good performance of "Romeo and Juliet" the singers need not be immortals, but they must be acquainted with the style of the music and their delivery must at least, in its fundamentals, be such as to produce an ensemble. When Emma Eames, the De Reszkes and the lamented Plancon sang in this work it was not only their incomparable vocal art, but their perfect mastery of the French lyric style that brought about such ravishing results. It would be idle to assert that either Miss Ewell or Mr. Harrold has such command of style, but both have qualities fitting them at least tolerably for the impersonation of Gounod's lovers, and they can sing the music, usually if not always, in tune, and in some places with a semblance of emotion.

Add now a sonorous Friar, a fluent Mercutio, a Stephano of shapely presence, a Capulet of hospitable demeanor, a chorus fairly trained, presentable scenery and costumes, a capable orchestra and a conductor, who, if not of the prima donna type, at least may be said to know his business, and a commendable performance of "Romeo and Juliet" is within reach.

Last evening Thomas Chalmers, a favorite of last season, contributed the Mercutio, and to him must be awarded the warmest praise for acquaintance with the style of the opera. Mr. Weldon, to whom much will be heard in the course of the season, brought voice and confidence to his impersonation.

Better Stage Direction.

But the most encouraging feature of last evening's presentation was the improvement in ensemble. In the action, the choral delivery, the playing of the orchestra, and still better in the general cohesiveness of the interpretation of the opera, real and valuable advance over last season was made. Doubtless much of this was due to the stage direction of Jacques Coini and the conducting of Agide Jacchia. Something, too, must be attributed to the changes in the personnel of the orchestra. The instrumental force of the Century are now really serviceable.

On the whole, then, it can be said that the beginning of the second season

at the Century Opera House was worthy of commendation. Its artistic achievement, while not ideal, was encouraging and held out promise of better things to come when the routine of the newly arranged organization is more settled.

This evening Bizet's "Carmen" will be given with Kathleen Howard in the title role and Morgan Kingston as Don José.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE.—"Romeo and Juliet." An opera in five acts and a prologue. Words by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. Music by Charles Bizet. New English version by Algernon St. John-Brenon.

The Cast.

Juliet	Lois Ewell
Stephano	Elizabeth Campbell
Gertrude	Stella Riccardo
Romeo	Orville Harrold
Tybal	Hardy Williamson
Prior Laurence	Henry Weldon
Capulet	Alfred Kaufman
Mercutio	Thomas Chalmers
Benvolio	Frank Mansfield
The Duke of Verona	Jerome Uhl
Gregorio	George Everett
Paris	John Mercer

Conductor—Agide Jacobia.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Century Opera Company began its second season at the Century Opera House last night with a performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" in English translation.

The audience was a remarkably large one and in the main, as is the design and intention of the institution, a popular one. There were also present in considerable numbers those who form a necessary part of the audiences of the most pretentious theatres, as well as nearly every singer and habitual opera talker in the city. No element in the life of the city was unrepresented.

Those who look upon operatic matters in their proper proportions and in due perspective were spared on this occasion the reiteration of the claims made last year by excited members of the audience to the effect that "Aida" had more artistic power in English than in Italian and that the Century performances of the same work paralleled those of older and standard theatres. This gave rise to controversies of some acerbity, now forgotten in the recognition that the Century Opera House has its furrow to plough, its own place in the sun, and its own opportunities to follow. This can be followed cheerfully and fruitfully without challenging improper comparisons.

Changes in Auditorium.

The aspect of the theatre one found to be considerably changed by the construction of a balcony containing many hundred new seats at prices within reach of those who are hungry and thirsty for the rare and refreshing fruits of Verdi's airs and Donizetti's sobs.

The opera was well chosen. The story of "Romeo and Juliet" is as well known as it is beautiful, and loses nothing in the imagination of the public from the relation to it which is borne by Shakespeare. Compared with "Faust" it shows a certain development in treatment which the critics of the day were pleased to describe as "Germanization." Modern taste might find the German invasion of Gounod about as successful or lasting as the Kaiser's recent invasion of France. But "Romeo and Juliet" has the elements of popularity. It is sweet and tunable, and exploits the voices and graces of its singers. Gounod was always kindly to his soloists. Each of them here as in "Faust" is given an opportunity.

The text of Shakespeare hardly provided material for a show piece for Juliet, and so Gounod's librettists, M.M. Barbier and Carré, invented one, and we have "waltz song," the style and sense of whose words betray a rapidity not to be found elsewhere in a text so often muscled and sinewed with Shakespearean phrase and imagery.

For the rest the music is sentimental rather than passionate, although Gounod himself while writing it was convinced that he had plumbed the deepest feelings. He has been particularly successful we think with Prior Laurence.

The Artists.

The advent of M. Jacques Cointe to the Century Opera Company as artistic director was noted with pleasure by all who follow the history of contemporary opera. His reputation at the Manhattan Opera House followed him to the Century, and his energy and skill were visible in the setting and manipulation of the stage last night, and will have further and fuller scope in "Carmen" to-morrow.

The performance revealed two artists, both young Americans, of considerable gift. Mr. Henry Weldon sang the role of Prior Laurence with such breadth of style, clearness of enunciation, fervor and dignity of utterance that it must be said that he gathered for himself the laurels

of the evening. The quick instinct of an audience soon grasped the undoubted artistic value of the new basso's performance, and he was compelled to come before the curtain more than once, and finally alone. School is much on the stage as in everything. Mr. Weldon is a disciple of Plancons.

Mr. Chalmers delivered the difficult Queen Mab song-speech with gracefulness and spirit. He had the touch and the tone of a Mercutio. To Miss Lois Ewell fell the role of Juliet. Vocally this has two aspects: in the first part of the opera Juliet indulges in that arabesque which causes people to stare; later on, as the passion of her love-life deepens, her music is more broadly and forcibly written. It was in this element of the part that this artist was the most prosperous. She is an accomplished what Shakespeare meant by Juliet.

Mr. Orville Harrold's Romeo had at least the quality of enthusiasm, inclining now and then to over-emphasis and to a singing style at once too mannered, and too imitative of another tenor of eminence. None can gild the beauty of the voice, especially when not used beyond its natural range of effectiveness. In the balcony scene the young singer sang true, sincere, and sometimes poetical.

The orchestra is infinitely better than it was last year, and its improvement must infallibly brighten the future of the Century Opera House.

M. Agide Jacobia conducted.

September 16, 1914 'CARMEN' SANG FOR RED CROSS FUND

The Century Opera Company, which opened its season on Monday night with "Romeo and Juliet," gave Bizet's "Carmen" last evening. As was the case with the opening performance, last night's was given for the benefit of the Red Cross War Relief Fund, and another large and fashionable audience attended to attest its interest in this noble work.

The regular subscription performances open with to-night's "Romeo and Juliet," but it was a happy augury that the first two operas should have been given in the very spirit of altruism in which the new Opera Company was founded. With these two performances the Century Opera Company has entered upon its second season. Let it be said that it has entered upon it in a spirit altogether lacking in the first season.

Both "Romeo" and "Carmen" displayed a care in preparation, an attention to detail and a general enthusiasm which were admirable.

The stage director has passed into the hands of Gasques Cointe, who for three years filled the same position under Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House. No longer was there apparent the blundering hand of the amateur; on the stage there was a constant flow of life and change of color; the crowds lived and moved, not as automotons but as human beings—in short, order had been evolved out of chaos.

In the chorus, too, there was the same evidence of generalship. Here Josiah Zuro, likewise of the Hammerstein tradition, was the chief reason for the change. Mr. Zuro gave to the Manhattan Opera Company a chorus nearly the equal of that at the Metropolitan. The chorus that sang last night in "Carmen" was worthy of the opera, and, in addition, Mr. Zuro, who also conducted, gave to the orchestra an emotional drive it had not hitherto shown. It is in this improvement in the ensemble that the Aborns are chiefly to be congratulated.

Of last night's singers far less satisfactory things can be said. Miss Kathleen Howard's Carmen very possibly is Miss Howard's conception of the part—it certainly was not the conception either of Georges Bizet or of Prosper Merimee. Miss Howard was very much an Anglo-Saxon. Passion and color and charm and variety of mood and elasticity of pose it was utterly without, and what is Carmen without all these? Miss Howard sang the music correctly enough, but her voice lacked the richness, without which all else is as nothing.

Morgan Kingston's fine voice made the regret the greater that his Don José should have been so far from Spain, and Louis Kreidler sang Escamillo with spirit, but with little else. Miss Myrna Sharlow sang Michaela very prettily, if as yet somewhat amateurishly.

However, all can be forgiven because of the general spirit which animated the performance.

The Century Opera Company has at last set its foot upon the path which its well wishers hope will lead to final and complete success.

The performance of "Carmen" by the Century Opera Company last night gave added proof of the improved character of their work this season. Especially high praise is due the chorus, which sang well and was enthusiastically applauded; the orchestra, too, under the new conductor, Josiah Zuro, did extremely

good work. The opera, as a whole, went well and smoothly. Miss Kathleen Howard, who played the title rôle, falls very far short, vocally and otherwise, in her conception of Bizet's charming and fascinating gypsy, and her performance was at no time convincing or notable. Morgan Kingston, as Don José, sang very well after the first act, particularly in the best scenes, when he was delightful. The Escamillo of Louis Kreidler was a good characterization, and the Toreador Song, with the aid of the chorus, was rendered with most commendable spirit and dash. Mr. Kreidler possesses a fine stage presence, and is a competent actor, which in part, makes up for the resonance and sweetness lacking to some extent in his voice. Michaela was well sung by Myrna Sharlow, who possesses a voice of unusual sweetness and power. Her abilities as an actress do not measure up to her singing, but the part does not make very heavy demands upon her histrionic ability. In the smaller parts special mention is due Alice Eversman and Elizabeth Campbell, and to George Shields, who, as one of the smugglers, sang well. The stage settings and costumes were admirable and the dancing of Miss Albertina Kaseh was charming. It is easy to predict a successful season for the Century if the general excellence of the work is kept up to the mark already set thus early in the season.

"Carmen" was performed at the Century Opera House last evening, the second of the new season. Bizet's work entered the repertoire of this theatre of lyric art on December 23, 1913, when the chief members of the cast were with one exception those again heard last night. At that time much was promised for the interpretation of the title rôle by Kathleen Howard. It was insistently bruited abroad that she had descended into Spain and dwelt with the gypsies in order that she might learn the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Old men wagged their beards, for they had heard this about so many *Carmens*.

The revelation of the results of Miss Howard's sociological studies introduced not the gypsy of Merimee nor that of Melhae and Halcy. It was all her own. The audience saw a brawny, aggressive *Carmen*, swarthy and cruel of face, rude and harsh of movement and accent, who seemed able to seize an inoffensive *Don José* by the scruff of the neck and drag him to her lair, where bleached the bones of previous victims.

The leopard cannot change his spots. It was the same *Carmen* last evening. Why did *Don José* do it? Perhaps Morgan Kingston is the answer. At any rate, his gentlemanlike and pliant brigadier seemed perfectly ripe for destruction at the hands of this determined cigarette-maker. Musically, there was also a great gulf between the two. Miss Howard has portentous tones and inkings of rhythm. There were moments when she almost, as the great authors say, "glimpsed" Bizet and hardened opera-goers sat up and prepared to be moved. But like a true prima donna she soon dropped the heavy curtain of her own personality before the character and left Bizet to his fate.

That Mr. Kingston has not changed vocally to any appreciable degree is something for which Century patrons will be grateful. Mr. Kreidler was picturesque as the *Toreador* and Myrna Sharlow, a newcomer, found scope in the music of *Michaela* for a pretty voice and an innocuous style.

The improvement in the ensemble was quite as noticeable as on the opening night. Mr. Cointe's control was everywhere manifest in the stage pictures and the action, while certain small items showed a desire to push details to perfection. For instance, a trumpeter on the stage in the first act played the music instead of a trumpeter in the orchestra, and two piccolo players led the march. The procession and ballets spoke well for the activity of Mr. Albertieri, and the musical excellence of the performance was to the credit of Josiah Zuro, who conducted with authority and uncommon taste. The treatment of the orchestral part of the opera was as far from that of last season as sunlight from gloom.

These first two representations at the Century Opera House have been on a scale which ought to be sustained in such an institution. The English lyric temple is, as it were, the Stadt Theater of this town. There one should expect to hear operatic performances in which merit, but not world dazzling brilliancy of individual impersonation discloses itself, and in which there is a commendable general level of effort among the principals, supported by a good presentation of the choral and instrumental portions of a score. In Monday evening's production of "Romeo and Juliet" and last night's of "Carmen" these requirements were fairly met.

There was a snap and degree of atmosphere in last evening's performance of "Carmen" at the Century Opera House gratifying to the large audience present, but it was not forthcoming from the principals. Orchestra, chorus and Stage Director Cointe carried away the honors.

Had Kathleen Howard shown a dramatic resourcefulness equal to her vocal ability matters would have been

helped, but she presented a colorless interpretation of a character demanding the utmost variety.

No greater success was attached to the vocal effort of Louis Kreidler, whose Escamillo in some respects was the weakest effort he has shown in a year. The third principal who fell below the mark was Morgan Kingston. This tenor's action and lack of facial expressiveness frequently turned serious situations in the opposite direction.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE.—"Carmen," an opera in four acts. Words by Melhae and Halcy. Music by Bizet.

The Cast.

Michaela	Miss Myrna Sharlow
Don José	Mr. Morgan Kingston
Escamillo	Mr. Louis Kreidler
Dancalro	Mr. George Shields
Remendado	Mr. Hardy Williamson
Zuniga	Mr. Alfred Kaufman
Morales	Mr. George Everett

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Second nights are never so heart-stirring as first nights, even if "Carmen" follows "Romeo and Juliet" at the Century Opera House. Nevertheless, a large audience turned out last night to see what Milton and Sargeut Aborn had done this time.

Once again the nurses and the adjutants of the Red Cross were on duty in the front of the house, armed with aggressive smiles and red-bound programmes and librettos. He who escaped their stern and persistent solicitations earned a Victoria or an Iron Cross.

"Carmen" as an opera and Carmen as a character are always delightful. We may ask ourselves why. The music of "Carmen" gives its own answer. But the reason of our interest in Carmen the woman is not quite so clear. As Victor Hugo said of another popular operatic but disreputable personage, she "walks upon the four paws of disgrace and dishonor." But yet we are fond of her as we are fond of Falstaff. And the reason of our liking is that she possesses wit, that rarest and most amiable of qualities.

I am equally sure that she could have done more with her voice, which is no usual one. But it is necessary nowadays or do operatic artists regard it as necessary scientifically to develop that most affecting of human gifts, that most perfect and emotional of musical instruments—the human voice?

Mr. Morgan Kingston as Don José was emphatically British from the guardsman way he wore his uniform to his neat and drawing-room handling of the Flower Song.

Mr. Louis Kreidler's Escamillo had a certain gassy pretentiousness. It was played directly to the gallery, with an anarchical disregard of its proper treatment of the music.

Such values as the Michaela of Miss Myrna Sharlow may have possessed were veiled by her diffidence.

Those picturesque parts Doncairo and Remendado were well done by Mr. George Shields and Mr. Hardy Williamson respectively. The quintette in the second act went admirably.

The stage direction showed once more the energetic and experienced hand of M. Jacques Cointe, and an admirable orchestra, under M. Josiah Zuro, gave a vivacious rendering of Bizet's music.

The Carmen of last night was Miss Kathleen Howard. How far she may have studied the novel of Prosper Merimee, which is the literary and stimulative origin of the beautiful opera, and which is imperatively necessary to a comprehension of the part, I cannot tell. But if she had mastered the entire and inner spirit and motives of the gypsies nature, her performance, histrionically speaking, would have been something more than intelligently commonplace and inconspicuously traditional. To describe it accurately we must call it "actressy." There are those who have used with regard to Carmen the lovely verse of the dramatic poet Euripides, saying that she was "more wilful-wayward than the sea." Now this is just the point, or series of points, in the native Carmen which Miss Howard missed. Her construction of the character, though far from uninteresting and unattractive, was too consistent and theatrical. It lacked in shade, variation and impulse. Miss Howard is a young and a gifted artist. She can afford to take these structures in good part. A role like Carmen is not "composed" in a day.

MISS SANTLEY AS CARMEN.

Sept. 22, 1914
Given Typically English Rendition of Role at Century

Miss Maude Santley was seen last night as Carmen in Bizet's opera at the Century Opera House. She is a tall and stately Englishwoman, of an Italian rather than a British type. Her performance revealed no striking features, but was just such as might have been expected from an English singer in an English theatre. To succeed as Carmen, one must be a Frenchwoman.

Mr. Thomas Chalmers did admirably as Escamillo. He has stage presence and sings with vigorous fire. Mr. Morgan Kingston was an agreeable Don José, and M. Josiah Zuro conducted.

New Carmen at the Century.

Two changes in the cast of "Carmen" at the Century Opera House were seen last night. Miss Maud Santley, an English prima donna, was the Carmen and had a pleasing voice, although she was no better histrionically than her predecessor. Thomas Chalmers, however, was in every way acceptable as Escamillo, and sang the Toreador's song with fine spirit and pure tone. "William Tell" will be sung for the first time this season to-night.

Sept 22 1914

Mme. Santley

Makes Debut

English Contralto, who appears as

Carmen, a Valuable Addition

to the Forces There.

Singing the second week of its second season the Century Opera Company last night presented in the title role of Bizet's Gypsy opera, "Carmen," a singer new to New York, Mme. Maud Santley, an English contralto, whose name has been heard in connection with the Covent Garden Opera in London.

Vocally Mme. Santley is a valuable addition to the Century's forces which are none too strong in contraltos. Her voice is powerful, and in quality it is pleasing, if not quite beautiful. Her upper and middle registers are good, but in the lower ranges it is somewhat lacking.

As for her representation of the character of the cigarette girl of Seville, Carmen, it was lacking in that vivacity for which most famous interpreters of the rôle have been known. It was too gentle, too refined, as that of Miss Kathleen Howard, last week, was too crude. Large of figure, Mme. Santley found it difficult to move with the necessary freedom. Vocally her interpretation was a vast improvement on that of any other artist heard in the rôle at the Century, either this year or last, and she managed to sing in tune most of the time. Many times her phrasing was faulty, but nervousness causes many disasters at first appearances.

Another change from the original cast which deserves mention was the substitution of Mr. Thomas Chalmers for Mr. Louis Kreidler as Escamillo. His singing of the Toreador song drew more applause than any other single episode in the opera and it was well deserved. The song was repeated. Mr. Chalmers' voice has improved noticeably since last season.

Mr. Morgan Kingston sang well as Don José and acted with more fire than is his custom, and Miss Myrna Sharlow sang the music of Micaela charmingly. Others in the cast were Misses Alice Eversman and Elizabeth Campbell, Messrs. George Shields, Hardy Williamson, Alfred Kaufman and George Everett. Mr. Josiah Zuro again conducted the performance with excellent results. The work of the new stage director, Mr. Jacques Colni, always was evident.

"Carmen" will be repeated with the same cast on Wednesday and Thursday nights and Saturday afternoon. "William Tell" will be the opera at the other performances.

September 23, 1914

ROSSINI'S MELODIES

AT CENTURY OPERA

Rossini's "William Tell" was sung at the Century Opera House last evening. This was the third production of the season, and in a certain sense it was a novelty. The opera has had a long rest, and perhaps will soon enter upon another. It was away back in the season of 1894-95 that the work was introduced at the Metropolitan Opera House to the end that Francesco Tamagno's top notes might be properly displayed.

The first performance was a sad one. Lucille Hill, who was to have sung *Mathilde*, was ill, and Libia Drog, who had never sung the rôle, took her place. Miss Drog broke down completely in the second stanza of her first air. Tamagno ran on the stage, tried to drag her into the duet, failed and ran off again. Prodigious trumpetings by the tenor, with Edouard de Reszke and Ancona in the trio, saved the day. The deferred Miss Hill sang *Mathilde* at the second performance like a conservatory student in an advanced class.

Three times "William Tell" was brought forward and then it fell asleep. It was ever a high tenor's opera, and since even what Mr. Maurel called "la voix unique du monde" could not vitalize it, there was indeed no hope. Mayhap in the long circles of Time's revolution its day has

Century Opera House seems to believe so at any rate, for here is the old work back again, apple and all.

Revival Offers Lessons.

Doubtless some learned essays will be written about this revival. Large and really important lessons in the history of opera can be drawn from it and it might readily be made the peg upon which to hang a sermon on Rossini's improvements in the mechanism of the lyric drama. But the futility of such excursions into profound consideration of an operatic revival has too often been proved. All that is worth while is a brief record of passing impressions, and these may perhaps best be summarized in the ancient comment that the best part of "William Tell" is over when the curtain rises. To be sure the aria of *Mathilde* will enable a fine artist to evoke applause and the celebrated cantabile of *Tell* in the last act has theatrical value. But nevertheless popular excitement is aroused mostly by the declamatory trio, while public memory lingers most affectionately on the overture.

To give a good performance of "William Tell" is not as easy as one would deduce from a casual reading of the score. There is little action and yet room for no small amount of impersonization. To stand still and sing in concerted music and nevertheless convey the impression of character is a task which lies far beyond the cramped powers of most of the Century singers.

Consequently last evening's representation derived its chief interest from the opportunity it afforded of hearing the unfamiliar music, some of which is truly pretty. As is frequently the case in this opera, the heavy share of the burden was borne by the men. Orville Harrold as *Arnold*, Louis Kreidler as *Tell*, Henry Weldon as *Walter Furst* and Hardy Williamson as *Ruodi* made some approach to realizing the intent of the composer.

Choruses Generally Well Sung.

Lois Ewell, who has sung badly ever since the season opened, was the *Mathilde*, Kathleen Howard was barely tolerable as *Hedwig*, the wife of *Tell*, and Muriel Gough as *Jenny*, his son, never for an instant forgot that she was a woman and a high soprano. The choruses were generally well sung and the opera was presented with sufficient attention to detail. The overture was indifferently played. Indeed it seemed to want that brilliancy which tradition attaches to it, and this seemed to be chiefly caused by the thin tone of the strings. But the audience was apparently enthralled by the opera.

In the face of such enthusiastic plaudits as those heard in the Century auditorium last night critical comment becomes grotesque. Censure of the doings at this theatre is often met by the answer that no one should expect too much at popular prices. The demeanor of last evening's audience argued that no one did expect too much and that every one got his money's worth to the uttermost cent.

"William Tell," Rossini's masterwork, was sung for the first time in a number of years in this city last night, at the Century Opera House, and a large audience greatly appreciated its melodies. Twenty years ago it was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in order to give Tamagno a chance at the top notes, but it was a sad performance, as the prima donna, Lucille Hill, was ill on the opening night, and her substitute, having had no rehearsals, broke down completely. Two more performances were given with Miss Hill, but she was unequal to the occasion, and "William Tell" rested until last night. The opera is as melodious as any Rossini ever wrote, and, in addition, it is more dramatic, giving evidence that if he had not seen fit to idle away the rest of his life, he might have anticipated some of the later developments in operatic style. He, like Verdi, was wealthy, however, and was fond of good living, so work did not appeal to him any more than to Verdi, who idled away sixteen years of his life after composing "Aida." Saint-Saëns declared that the idling was because Rossini had nothing to say, which is difficult to believe, in view of the abundance of charming melodies and orchestral effects in "William Tell." It is more than likely that Rossini ceased work because "William Tell" was so badly treated at the Paris Opera, for which it was written, where it was generally given in a mutilated form, that, in disgust, he refused to write again, in spite of most tempting offers. He might have given the world half a dozen more masterworks on the line of "William Tell," more's the pity.

Last night's performance was given under difficulties. A more uncomfortable place than the Opera House in the excessive heat could not well have been found in the city, yet everybody in the house remained until the end, and apparently got an immense amount of satisfaction from it, even the interminable waltz between the acts falling to dampen the ardor of the listeners. It was a creditable performance from beginning to end. The famous overture, the most popular of all

overtures, with the possible exception of "Tannhäuser," was well played by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Jacques Colni, and the applause with which it was greeted was well-earned. There were a few weaknesses, it is true, but the weak ones may account for them. The director was equally successful with the choruses and again its members pleased. A few rough edges were apparent in the work of the principals, but these will doubtless disappear upon repetition, and a well-rounded performance be the result. Orville Harrold was really brilliant at times, and, in general, was better than his wont, and Lois Ewell sang with good taste and effectiveness, their duet being especially pleasing. Louis Kreidler's somewhat rough vocal method was less in evidence than during last week, and his impersonation of the Swiss patriot was dignified. Henry Weldon's beautiful, sonorous voice was heard at its best, and the other members of the company were equal to the occasion. Taken all in all, it was the best production of the season by the Century Opera Company, and the behavior of last night's audience showed that there is much enjoyment to be had from "William Tell."

Rossini's "William Tell," which was last given in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House in the season of 1894-95, with Tamagno, Edouard de Reszke, Pol Plançon and Ancona, was sung last night at the Century Opera House before one of the largest audiences that has yet attended a Century performance. The decision of the Aborns to revive the old work was an admirable one, as the opera is full of arias and ringing concerted number which do the ear good even in these late days. There are, too, those who find in "William Tell" the rudiments of the later music-drama, a virtue which to the ordinary operagoer may not always be apparent. At any rate, all can agree upon the merits of the famous overture, and this was taken last night by Conductor Jacques Colni at a truly terrific tempo, but one which brought forth whirlwinds of applause.

The title part was sung by Louis Kreidler, whose rough vocal method was less in evidence than in the preceding week, and whose impersonation of the Swiss patriot possessed real dignity. Orville Harrold sang some of Arnold's music very beautifully and some of it not well at all. On the whole, however, his voice seemed in better condition than at any time during the last two years.

Henry Weldon's beautiful organ made of Walter a vibrant figure, and Lois Ewell sang *Mathilde* sweetly and acted it unaffectionately. First honors went again to orchestra, chorus and stage management, showing that Signor Jochia, Mr. Zuro and Mr. Colni have been able completely to reorganize these branches of the company. The chorus in particular sang with a resonance of tone and an assurance of attack which would have done credit to any opera house.

So, after twenty years of absence, "William Tell" is with us again, and, from the demeanor of last night's audience, it was evident that many were glad of the return.

If the Century continues to give the performance in the spirit it showed last night, many doubtless will be converted. The cast was as follows:

William Tell.....Louis Kreidler
Arnold.....Orville Harrold
Walter Furst.....Henry Weldon
Melchthal.....Gilbert Wilson
Gessler.....Alfred Kaufman
Rudolph.....Louis D'Angelo
Ruodi.....Hardy Williamson
Leuthold.....George Everett
Mathilde.....Lois Ewell
Hedwig.....Kathleen Howard
Jenny.....Muriel Gough

"William Tell," an opera in four acts. Words by Etienne Jouy, Hippolyte Bis and Armand Marast, taken from Schiller's drama, English version, by Natalie Macfarren; music by Gioacchino Rossini. At the Century Theatre.

The Cast.

William Tell.....Louis Kreidler
Arnold.....Orville Harrold
Walter Furst.....Henry Weldon
Melchthal.....Gilbert Wilson
Gessler.....Alfred Kaufman
Rudolph.....Louis D'Angelo
Ruodi.....Hardy Williamson
Leuthold.....George Everett
Mathilde.....Lois Ewell
Hedwig.....Kathleen Howard
Jenny.....Muriel Gough

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON

It is greatly to be regretted that Stendhal, the French author who wrote a study of the life and genius of Rossini, did not carry it far enough chronologically to include the "William Tell" which this remarkable composer, revived last night at the Century Opera House.

He has written of the delicious "Barber of Seville," and of "Tancredi." "Tancredi" is remembered by "Di tanti palpiti," still sung by contraltos who cannot bring out large contrasts. Later, in numbers directed by Mr. Tizgo Riese, the cause of the wit, spirit and freshness of its music. We would have been glad to hear Stendhal's view of "William Tell," the judgments of literary men on

music are precious. The revival of "William Tell" was well planned and timely. It has not been heard here for many years, and it gives one the opportunity to judge of the extent of the genius of Rossini, of whom it was said (in 1822) that "since the death of Napoleon another man had been found who, like Napoleon, was spoken of daily alike at Moscow and London, London and Vienna, Paris and Calcutta. The glories of this man have no other bounds than those of civilization, and he is only 32." The full forces of the Century Opera House were deployed on this occasion, and M. Agide Jacchia conducted.

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Miss Freeman
Makes Debut in
"William Tell"

American Singer Heard at Century

Has Voice That Is Big, Full and Rich.

Sept 22 1914

It seems to be the policy of the Century Opera Company to try out numerous new singers in principal rôles this season in place of some of last year's favorites. Miss Bettina Freeman, an American singer who has been heard at the Boston Opera House and at Covent Garden, London, last night made her first New York appearance in the recently revived opera, "William Tell." Miss Freeman is a mezzo soprano who essays rôles bordering on coloratura. As *Mathilde*, her voice seemed entirely too cumbersome for the florid graceful arias of Rossini. Her's is a large voice and in the middle register it is full and rich in quality, but her trills and runs were uneven and not always accurate in pitch and she seldom was able to quite reach her high notes. The part of *Mathilde* is not a long one but one requiring light, delicate singing and is hardly suited to a dramatic mezzo soprano.

Mr. Orville Harrold again took the difficult part of Arnold with its many high passages. In the long duet with William Tell in the first act his singing was admirable, and also in the trio in the second act, but in his duets with *Mathilde* he seemed ill at ease and neither acted nor sang with as much fervor or with as much vocal elegance as he did on the opening night.

Miss Muriel Gough, the new English soprano, made an attractive, though perhaps, too feminine son of William Tell. Her voice is rather small and sounded almost boyish in its freshness. Mr. Louis Kreidler gave a creditable performance of the title rôle, and Mr. Weldon was an excellent Walter Furst. The singing of the chorus and the directives of the new conductor, Mr. Agide Jacchia, were notable features. The audience was one of the largest of the season.

Sunday Night
Concerts Begin
at the Century

New Members of Company Heard

and Higher Standard of Music Reached.

Sept 28 1914

With a large audience applauding in good Sunday night fashion, the Century Opera company gave its first concert of the season last night.

The same improvement that has marked the presentation of operas this year was noticeable in the concert. The orchestra, which always is important on Sunday nights, was placed on the stage instead of in the orchestra pit. The increased number of players made this possible, and the fact that they now can obtain some recognition as a concert organization, in reason of their improved and augmented condition, made the change a desirable one. Mr. Josef Pasternack conducted the first half of the programme spiritedly, but the selections seemed to be too heavy for so small a body of men. Wagner's overture to "Reinzi," and Liszt's symphony in G major, "Les Preludes," both requiring an orchestra to bring out large contrasts. Later, in numbers directed by Mr. Tizgo Riese, the cause of the wit, spirit and freshness of its music. We would have been glad to hear Stendhal's view of "William Tell," the judgments of literary men on

Except for Mr. Thomas Chalmers, whose singing of an aria from Leoncavallo's latest opera, "Zara," who again showed his vocal advancement, and Mr. Alfred Kaufman, who appeared in place of Mr. Henry Weldon, all the singers were new members of the company. Miss Myrna Sharlow pleased in the audience with the bird song from "I Pagliacci," but Miss Elizabeth Campbell was not so successful in "O Mia Fernando," from Donizetti's "La Favorita." The other singers were Miss Maude Santley, who sang an aria from Elverbeer's "Les Huguenots," and Mr. Hardy Williamson, tenor, whose selection was Rudolph's narrative from "La Bohème."

There was one other soloist, Mr. Vladimir Doblesky, first cellist of the orchestra. In Bruch's "Kol Nodrei" he demonstrated his right to be allied a thorough musician and an excellent cellist.

NEW BARITONE AT CENTURY.

Sept. 29, 1914
Title Role Successfully Sung Last Evening by Graham Marr.

Additional interest was given the performance of "William Tell" at the Century Opera House last evening by the first appearance here of Graham Marr, a young American baritone, who sang the title role. Mr. Marr possesses a splendid voice which has been well trained, a good stage presence, and dramatically he gave a good interpretation of the part. He was effective to a great degree in his numbers and in the ensembles as well.

The rest of the cast was the same as on previous occasions. Miss Freeman confirmed the emphatic impression that she made on her initial appearance as Matilda, and Orville Harrold received much applause for the brilliant manner in which he sang the many high notes with which the score abounds. Henry Weldon's deep bass was impressive and Kathleen Howard and Alfred Kaufman and the others were in good voice. Josiah Zuro directed the performance and the choral work and the ballet were excellent.

September 30, 1914 "LA TRAVIATA" SANG AT CENTURY OPERA

Verdi's "La Traviata" was brought forward at the Century Opera House last evening in the presence of an audience of encouraging size and friendly demeanor. There were moments of much enthusiastic approval, as there are at all first performances in this theatre, and some of the chief singers were doubtless made to believe that they had many friends and admirers. This is what should be expected, and personal interest must be counted upon to add to the prosperity of the uptown opera house only in a lesser degree than at the one further down.

That "La Traviata" was given for the first time last evening at the Century should be borne in mind. The work was not introduced into the repertory last season, but it properly belongs there. If this theatre is to accomplish anything of that "educational" mission of which so much is said, it certainly must offer performances of all the hardy annuals of the operatic stage. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the nature of the art published by "La Traviata" there can be no question of the claim of the work to recognition by reason of its persistence.

This is not the time for an essay on the musical value of this work, but it may be said in passing that "La Traviata" deservedly stands high among the operas of its school and holds its place in public esteem by reason of melodic charm. For its adequate presentation, however, vocal accomplishments and a mastery of style not entirely within the reach of the Century principals are demanded. It is one of the old works which rely largely upon pure singing of the highest order.

However, much pleasure can be obtained from a hearing of the familiar melodies when they are sung only tolerably, as they were last evening. Lois Ewell's Violetta was somewhat heavy footed theatrically as well as vocally, but it was not without attractiveness, and there were passages in which the good qualities of the soprano's voice were well displayed.

Morgan Kingston was the Alfred and his treatment of the role suffered, as so many of his impersonations do, from absence of definiteness of outline. He has not yet acquired that assurance that certainty of his purpose, so essential to stage success. His voice is a good one and he sang some of his music very well. Mr. Chalmers, a baritone of merit, was the other principal singer, appearing as Germont, the father of Alfred.

The opera was generously mounted and the chorus sang commendably. The orchestra was not put to any great test in the performance of its share of the opera, but it can be said that the playing of the prelude was distinctly praiseworthy. Mr. Jacchia conducted. It is customary to dismiss the conducting of such a work as "La Traviata" as unworthy of serious consideration, but after

all the art of accompanying with orchestra through those who were familiar with it is one which always calls for skill, authority and nice discrimination. Mr. Jacchia commanded respect for his direct-

'LA TRAVIATA' IS SANG AT CENTURY

Sings Beautifully the Role of Elder
Germont—Kingston, as Alfred, Falls to Convey Emotional Stress.

The Century Opera Company performed Verdi's "La Traviata" last night as its novelty for the week, on this occasion including the work in its repertory for the first time. Lois Ewell appeared in the title rôle, Morgan Kingston was Alfred Germont, Thomas Chalmers the elder Germont, and the other parts were sung by Elizabeth Campbell, Charlotte Gaynor Hardy Williamson, Louis D'Angelo, Alfred Kaufman, George Everett, and Louis Der-

man. This operatic version of "Camille" has entered the class of works which is not generally presented, except to serve the need of exploiting some famous singer. Like any of this class, the work has its best excuse for performance when there is some large personality equal to vitalizing it for the moment. It has no stirring choral numbers and none of the color in setting and movement of action that go with operas like "Carmen" and the others that have been presented at the Century so far this season. It is largely a prima donna's opera, with the remainder of the possibilities for effectiveness in the hands of only two other characters.

Therefore it presented a new problem to the reorganized Century Opera Company. Three singers must furnish an evening's entertainment, assisted very little by the forces that have been most powerful in setting the new standard; the organization has acquired, the chorus, orchestral and general stage direction.

It is no part of the Century opera scheme that "stars" of international reputation shall be in its ranks, but at least two of the three principal singers met all reasonable requirements of their rôles. Miss Ewell, who is not essentially the coloratura type associated with the rôle of Violetta, nevertheless achieved her best results in the first act, where florid singing is most in evidence in her rôle. Here she displayed more exact vocal flexibility than she has yet exhibited at the Century. After the first act a trace of hardness crept into her voice, and she sang as one vocally tired. Her acting of Dumas's woe-laden heroine was generally convincing and interesting, although there was not often a noteworthy degree of emotional power.

Morgan Kingston as Alfred was weak after the first act, in which he did some good singing. At no time did he convey successfully any suggestion of emotional stress.

On the other hand, Thomas Chalmers, as the elder Germont, rose far above the average. His singing in the second act was beautiful, both for the quality of the tone and the manner in which it was phrased. This young baritone shows he has made great strides forward since last year in his singing. His sense of characterization is developing also, although it was regrettable to notice last night that he does not yet fear the traditional "grand opera" gestures and poses as he would the plague.

The chorus sang well its few numbers, and the stage direction was excellent, except for that manifestation of it which allowed in the banquet room of the first act the presence of some artificial palms of the most hideous variety that ever graced a Second Avenue ice cream parlor. Agide Jacchia conducted and did his best to vitalize the orchestral score, which does not often get beyond bare rhythmical accompaniment.

A Decorous Camille at the Century Opera House.

Verdi's "Traviata" is an opera which in its performance ought to make an audience look to its tears—like Bully Bottom's Thisbe. A performance which leaves the lachrymal ducts dry can scarcely be called successful, no matter how pretty the stage pictures or how painstakingly the notes are sung; for tears must be relied on to wash away all the moral grossness of the heroine. That grossness once appeared so awful to the English conscience that the directors of Exeter Hall refused to permit Verdi's airs to be sung in English, while tolerating them in Italian, and the Lord Chamberlain put his tabu on a prose translation of "La Dame aux Camélias," of which "Traviata" is the lyric version. In time it was recognized that music was both a palliative and an emollient, and "Camille" done into tunes was not only tolerated, but admired and even loved. But a tearless "Traviata" ought to be as inconceivable as an unlachrymose "Camille," even if the melting mood be evoked by the sheer beauty of the singing instead of sympathy with the sorrows of the young woman whom the Italian librettist would have us believe is the "mistaken one." The Century company last night gave us so tearless a performance that there was not even a provocation to think about the questions raised by the English translation.

in the "Sempere Opera" voice section on the verge of failure. She recovered, however, and brought the scene to an effective end. Her voice is one of excellent quality and plenty of volume. Indeed, owing to want of control there was generally too much volume last evening. The singer seemed also not to be at her best in the coloratura of the part. But on the whole her Violetta had merit. She sang in tune and with appreciation, if not with emotional influence, and she showed acquaintance with the style of the work.

Mr. Harrold was in poor vocal condition and his singing was marred by poor quality of tone as well as by elaborate sentimentality. For the rest the performance went much as it did last week, with the improvement certain to be noted in the easier flow of the recitatives and arias when heard with the text which Verdi had before him when he was composing.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE.—"La Traviata." An opera in four acts. Words by Francesco Maria Piave. Music by Giuseppe Verdi. English translation by R. H. Elkin.

The Cast.
Violetta Valery Lois Ewell.
Flora Bervoix Elizabeth Campbell.
Auntina Charlotte Gaynor.
Alfred Germont Morgan Kingston.
Germont, Senior Thomas Chalmers.
Gaston de Letorieres Hardy Williamson.
Baron Douphol Louis D'Angelo.
Dr. Grenvil Alfred Kaufman.
Malquis d'Orbigny George Everett.
Joseph Louis Derman.
Conductor, Agide Jacchia.

"La Traviata" was revived last night at the Century Opera House with a cast which included some of the best singers and two of the handsomest women in the company.

Miss Lois Ewell was heard as Violetta and Miss Elizabeth Campbell as the facile Flora. The elder Germont fell to Mr. Chalmers, and the younger to Mr. Morgan Kingston. The settings and the costumings of the opera were all that was to be desired.

M. Agide Jacchia conducted, and there was another good house.

A creditable performance of Verdi's famous "Traviata" was given last night at the Century Theatre, Miss Lois Ewell, taking the three principal rôles of Violetta, Alfred, and Germont, his father. Of these three, Mr. Chalmers was easily the best. He sings well, with good style, and understands the routine of the operatic stage. Miss Ewell as the wayward heroine proved acceptable, both in the brighter and sadder scenes. At times her voice showed signs of overwork, inclining to waver from the pitch or to shake somewhat, and the upper notes were acid at times. Mr. Kingston seemed laboring under serious disadvantages in the way of a constricted vocal emission. All three principals sang their English with good effect, but it must be admitted that many of the unimportant phrases stood out with banality. The audience was not largely especially in the new and cheaper seats, but the hearers were evidently pleased with the offering of the opera company as a whole, went with a considerable spirit.

"TRAVIATA" AT THE CENTURY.

Verdi's Popular Opera Given With Original Italian Text.

The fourth week of the season began at the Century Opera House last evening. Heretofore there has been nothing special to chronicle in reference to the Monday performances, inasmuch as these have been devoted to repetitions of operas produced before. Last evening's opera was also a repetition, but with a difference. "La Traviata," which was brought forward last Tuesday evening in English, was given last night in its original Italian.

The experiment of giving each opera once with the original text was tried during part of last season, but was abandoned because there seemed to be no definite public demand for the offering. No pressing reason has been assigned for the return to the one performance in the "original package," but it may be at least complimentary to assume that there was a desire on the part of the managers to gratify the tastes of those who believe that opera music sounds better when heard with its proper words than when hampered by the evasions of a translation.

The performance of last evening brought with it two changes in the cast. Miss Ewell who is apparently wedded to opera in the language of the people, retired from the rôle of Violetta to give way to Helen Stanley, formerly of the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, and Morgan Kingston was replaced by Orville Harrold in the rôle of Alfred. The other members of the cast were the same as before.

Miss Stanley suffered in the first act from an unusually severe attack of nervousness, so much indeed that at one time

in the "Sempere Opera" voice section on the verge of failure. She recovered, however, and brought the scene to an effective end. Her voice is one of excellent quality and plenty of volume. Indeed, owing to want of control there was generally too much volume last evening. The singer seemed also not to be at her best in the coloratura of the part. But on the whole her Violetta had merit. She sang in tune and with appreciation, if not with emotional influence, and she showed acquaintance with the style of the work.

Mr. Harrold was in poor vocal condition and his singing was marred by poor quality of tone as well as by elaborate sentimentality. For the rest the performance went much as it did last week, with the improvement certain to be noted in the easier flow of the recitatives and arias when heard with the text which Verdi had before him when he was composing.

October 7, 1914 CENTURY SINGERS IN "LOHENGRIN" NEED OF ARTISTIC DIRECTION APPARENT

Crude Realism Fatal to Poetic Glamor—Kingston's Singing Wins Approval.

By H. E. KREHBIEL

Every honest attempt to perform Wagner's "Lohengrin" is entitled to respect, regardless of the language used by the singers. The musical beauty of the opera was first fully disclosed to New Yorkers by Italian performances; the first dramatic by German. The English performances at the Century Opera House last year were disappointing, because of the want of both musical and dramatic beauty. Yet, in its way, it was a brave effort in the only direction in which salvation for such an enterprise lies. So was the effort at the same institution which had its beginning last night.

Every absurdity in this old Italian opera is made more absurd by presentation in English, as those who have listened to "Traviata" and other works of its kind have been compelled to recognize. Opera removed from the sphere of poetry becomes ridiculous, and translations of the old Italian and French works all emphasize the incongruity of commonplace dialogue wedded to music.

The difference between Romanic and Germanic languages must be recognized. Italian and French operas done into German are just as foolish as English. This might also hold true of old-fashioned German operas done into English; but it does not hold true of Wagner's lyric dramas, partly because of the linguistic kinship, partly because the music fits both play and language. "Lohengrin" offers few obstacles to representation in English, for music, what, and the upper notes were acid at times. Mr. Kingston seemed laboring under serious disadvantages in the way of a constricted vocal emission. All three principals sang their English with good effect, but it must be admitted that many of the unimportant phrases stood out with banality. The audience was not largely especially in the new and cheaper seats, but the hearers were evidently pleased with the offering of the opera company as a whole, went with a considerable spirit.

No fault was to be found, therefore, with the ground work of last night's performance, and if Mr. Weldon, who impersonated the King, and Mr. Kreidewick, who raged about the stage as the wicked Count Frederick, were at disagreement with Mr. Marr (the herald), and Mr. Kingston, the celestial Knight, and the wrongfully accused heroine, it only challenged an amused smile or a passing regret that the Aborn brothers have not enlisted the services of an intelligent, artistic director, who might have straightened such matters out, and incidentally have indicated to all concerned how to operas a little more poetic glamor over a play which loses its charm when presented in the spirit of rude realism. Somebody, truly, ought to have told Mr. Weldon that the heroine's name was not Miss von Brabant, or the villain's Mr. von Tilmund, but that the former was the Countess of Brabant, the latter the Count of Tilmund. That much, at least, might have been asked for the sake of "the cause."

It was not until "Lohengrin" was included in the repertory of the Wagnerian temple at Bayreuth that much attention was given to historical verity in the scenic investiture of the play. That element was negligible last night, though the pictures and, possibly, the frowsy costumes were borrowed from the Metropolitan Opera House. But how interesting it would have been had the opera been made to permit graphic and convincing pictures of German culture in the early part of the tenth century, had something been done to enable spectators and hearers to realize that the King on the stage was the counterfeit presentment of that Henry I of Germany who successfully defended his Duchy of Saxony against Slavonic invasion, who first made Lorraine subject to Germany and who extended the German dominion over much of that country which the Germans of William II have devastated.

Mr. Waldon was a reasonably impressive monarch, tuneful of utterance and orotund of voice, but not much

in the "Sempere Opera" voice section on the verge of failure. She recovered, however, and brought the scene to an effective end. Her voice is one of excellent quality and plenty of volume. Indeed, owing to want of control there was generally too much volume last evening. The singer seemed also not to be at her best in the coloratura of the part. But on the whole her Violetta had merit. She sang in tune and with appreciation, if not with emotional influence, and she showed acquaintance with the style of the work.

of Henry the Fowler, but Mr. Knock was of the supernaturally sinister kind, Miss Freeman of the dreamy maiden or Mr. Kingston of the knight, strong of arm, yet borne as on angel's wings. The latter's singing was admirable, thoroughly admirable, scarcely any one could have wished it better. But who would have imagined him as Knight of the Grail?

It would be straining even charity to say that the demands of the score were met by Mr. Knock, the new conductor, the chorus or the orchestra.

Some New Singers Make First Appearances in Wagner's Opera.

PERFORMANCE IS UNEVEN

Just a year ago, or to be exact, on October 7, "Lohengrin" was introduced into the repertory of the Century Opera House. The production won some praise and much censure. The first performance betrayed a sad lack of preparation and there were moments in the ensembles when all the authority of the conductor was needed to prevent disaster. However, the shortcomings of a then young organization have to a considerable extent been removed and last evening's production was better than its predecessor.

New singers as well as old acquaintances were heard and there was a new German conductor who had enjoyed valuable experience in his own country. Once again the employment of English text served the purpose of the Century Opera House, which in this matter is to enable people to understand what is said. Most of the words sung last evening were intelligible, though not always dignified or poetic. Those which could not be understood suffered as much from musical distortion as from imperfect diction on the part of the singers.

The performance was one which invited approval and at the same time compelled regret. There was no want of intelligent effort in some directions and a lack of it in others. On the whole the representation suffered from the inability of the organization as a whole to sustain the burden of the work. The failures in the ensemble were at times depressing, while in some instances the efforts of the principals were genuinely commendable.

Bettina Freeman was heard for the first time with this company as *Elsa*. A voice of pretty quality and a good ear were the most important items of her equipment. Augusta Lenska, a contralto new to the company, sang *Ortrud* with intelligence if not with great dramatic power. Both of these singers will perhaps be heard to better advantage in the future, though there was nothing in their art as shown last night to excite expectations that a new era had set in at the uptown opera house.

Morgan Kingston sang *Lohengrin* much better than he sang *Alfred* in "La Traviata" and his enunciation was excellent. But he remains innocent of the rudiments of acting. Henry Weldon was a good *King Henry*. But Graham Marr's *Herald* was after all the closest approach to the standard of the work. In voice and style it was worthy of real praise.

The new conductor, Ernest Knock, demonstrated that he was well acquainted with the score and the traditions of the opera, and he gave a good reading of the familiar prelude. That he was not always so successful in later parts of the opera was due to the fact that he was hard put to it to keep his wandering sheep together. There were moments when they went far astray from the key. It is not the simplest thing in the world to give a smooth and poetic performance of "Lohengrin," and when the company is plainly struggling with the technical difficulties of the work it is quite impossible. But it was a much better performance than that offered last autumn.

A year ago, when "Lohengrin" was produced at the Century Opera House, the occasion reminded one of the time when Wagner thanked his stars that he was an exile from Germany, because that made it impossible for him to attend any of the wretched performances of his works that were given in those days. Abominable is the only word that properly describes what must have taken place at that time; and abominable was the first performance of "Lohengrin" at the Century. It had been promised that while no great stars would appear, great care would be bestowed on the ensemble—the harmonious co-operation of the various operatic factors—soloists, chorus, orchestra, and stage pictures. But ensemble was even more sadly lacking than stellar brilliancy. There had been only a few rehearsals, and for so very difficult a work that was a fatal defect.

A different sort of "Lohengrin" was heard at the same theatre last night. The singers coped with their tasks more successfully, while the orchestra and the chorus rose far above last year's level. There was still considerable floundering by the chorus, but the grand climax of

the first act was done with much vigor and effect, owing largely to superior leadership. The new conductor for the German operas, Ernest Knock, did wonders with the material placed at his disposal. He knows how to control a situation, and he has the correct instinct for tempo. As *Elsa*, Bettina Freeman displayed a voice of considerable charm, and she sang with fervor. A good impression was made on the hearers by the new *Ortrud*, Augusta Lenska. Morgan Kingston pleased his admirers as *Lohengrin*, and Louis Kreidler was the *Telramund*. Henry Weldon's *Henry I* was a pleasant surprise. He sang the King's prayer with a most agreeable, sonorous voice, and much unction. No less gratifying was Graham Marr as the *Herald*. These two singers might be worth considering for the Metropolitan.

New Singers Are Heard in "Lohengrin"

German opera was heard for the first time this season at the Century Opera House last night, when Wagner's "Lohengrin" was produced as the fourth offering of the new season. While an interesting performance in many ways, it was hardly up to the standard established in the Italian and French operas. To give even one of the simplest of Wagner's operas is a difficult feat, especially in English, and it was to be expected that all would not be perfect. Miss Bettina Freeman, who undertook a part at short notice in "William Tell" to oblige the management, and a part not at all suited to her, appeared to much better advantage as *Elsa* last night. She looked and acted the part well, though there were occasional places where her voice neither kept to the pitch nor exhibited beauty of tone. But, on the whole, the part was sung in an interesting way.

Mr. Morgan Kingston sang the title rôle, particularly the music of the first act, with more brilliancy than on any of her occasions this year, but he did not have the bearing of a Knight of the Holy Grail. His flight with Frederick was exceedingly tame. As the king Mr. Henry Weldon sang with sonorous voice and his appearance bore out the illusion of a royal personage. Mr. Weldon's low notes are somewhat weak in comparison with the big tones of his middle register.

Mr. Graham Marr, the new barytone, was an excellent herald. His voice is large and his impersonation was impressive. Mr. Louis Kreidler gave a creditable performance as Frederick Telramund. All of the men enunciated fairly well.

A new contralto, Mme. Augusta Lenska, was the *Ortrud*. She looked and acted the rôle very well, but had a tendency to sing out of tune, and had she sung in an unfamiliar language the audience could hardly have understood fewer words.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE—"Lohengrin," an opera in three acts, drama and music by Richard Wagner. English translation by Lady MacLarren.

The Cast.	
Lohengrin	Morgan Kingston
Henry I	Henry Weldon
Frederick Telramund	Louis Kreidler
The Royal Herald	Graham Marrick
Gottfried	Zetta Metchik
Elsa of Brabant	Bettina Freeman
Ortrud	Augusta Lenska
Conductor	Ernest Knock.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The performance of "Lohengrin" given last night at the Century Opera House was in all senses save one an improvement upon that which was reviewed in these columns last season. The exception was in the important matter of the enunciation of the English text.

The translation used was that of Lady MacLarren, and those who have read it are aware it is one of decided merit. No one had, therefore, the excuse that the English that had to be sung was crabbed, obscure or syllabically difficult.

It was unquestionably the duty of the reviewer to congratulate the singers who took part in "Traviata" last week upon their clear, intelligible and forcible English. But it is now his duty to record the fact that, in the case of the majority of the interpretants of "Lohengrin," it was difficult to know in what language they were voicing the measures of the most melodious and popular of German operas.

Didn't Aid the Cause. The conversation of Mme. Augusta

Lenska, who sang *Ortrud* for the first time in New York, was specifically alien, and the most enthusiastic supporter of the cause of opera in our own language could not say that she contributed anything to the advancement of the cause. The part of the weak and malleable heroine was in the hands of Miss Bettina Freeman, who, basing her impersonation and vocal interpretation upon approved and recognized models, gave a performance of considerable intelligence and merit.

The Lohengrin was Mr. Morgan Kingston. Never has he done better. The voice, which is a tenor of no usual order, was resonant, steady and musical, seemingly more at home in Wagnerian music than any other. But Mr. Kingston must pay more attention to acting and to facial expression; for whether he was accepting the devoted affections of *Elsa*, or preparing to turn Telramund into a human prefiguration of Lothar, or accepting the impassioned glorifications of the fickle populace of Brabant, his features maintained the same drawing room attitude of polite and sceptical indifference.

Fitted With Energy.

Mr. Louis Kreidler's Telramund never failed in tempestuous energy. Mr. Henry Weldon's Henry the Fowler was not on the same plane with his *Friedrich* in "Romeo and Juliet."

The production in costumes, stage setting and stage direction was all that could be desired. Mr. Graham Marr, even if his English enunciation was blurred and uncertain, gave the grace and power of a really fine voice to the *Herald*. Vocally, he was far from being like other interpretants of the same rôle, a mere secondary edition or sort of Evening Telegram.

The chorus showed good voice, good will and good training, while Mr. Ernest Knock, the new conductor recently from Germany, and now the Central Park Wagner in face, figure and ambition, showed himself thoroughly familiar with the mechanism and traditions of Wagner's delicious music.

Aborn Management Overcomes Difficulties of Wagner in English.

The Century Opera Company produced "Lohengrin" last evening and made another large stride forward. Last year when the same work was first given there was little room for praise and much cause for criticism. Last night demonstrated what the Aborn forces are able to do in a truly artistic and gratifying way.

The difficulties of the work were met by singers, orchestra and stage manager, and to some extent by the chorus.

Mr. Kingston was the Lohengrin and he not only sang with good style and taste but he looked young and knightly and picturesque. Miss Freeman's *Elsa* was charming. Her impersonation was tender and womanly and delighted her audience. Miss Lenska sang *Ortrud* acceptably.

As the King, Mr. Weldon was eloquent and authoritative, and Mr. Kreidler's Telramund was dramatic and vocally efficient. One of the pleasant surprises of the evening was Mr. Marr's performance of the *Herald*. He not only sang with gorgeous quality and expression, but his enunciation was so clear and pure that it would convince the most stubbornly doubting Thomas in the audience of the adaptability and poetry of "English version of a German work."

Century Opera Concert.

At the Century opera concert last night the soloists were Hardy Williamson, Augusta Lenska, Thomas Chalmers, Elizabeth Campbell, Alfred Kaufman, Helen Stanley, and Orville Harrold. Hugo Riesenfeld, concertmaster of the orchestra, made his first appearance as a soloist there, playing the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger." He also directed a Strauss waltz. The orchestral programme comprised Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, Ochs's Variations on a German song, and Schubert's Military March. Josef Pasternack conducted and Alexander Smallens assisted at the piano.

OCTOBER 14, 1914 "MME. BUTTERFLY" AT CENTURY OPERA

The first American traditions of "Madama Butterfly" are English, or rather are associated with the English language. In that respect Puccini's work probably stands alone among Italian operas. At any rate, another case of its kind cannot be recalled just now.

It is also unique in its record of performances. Mr. Savage gave fifty consecutive performances of it at the Garden Theatre eight years ago and then presented it to seventy cities and towns in the United States. The Messrs. Aborn took it up later, and have also carried it through the land. It was one of the pleasing features of last season at the Century Opera House and bids fair to be one of the most enjoyable ones this.

That at least a the prima donna out by last night's representation. No harm was done to the traditions of the best English representation, and very few to the musically more sumptuous ones at the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Stanley invented the part of the heroine with a large measure of vocal charm. The passion and the grace of the melodies which Puccini put into the mouth of Cio-Cio San have seldom had lovelier utterance, and had the young artist's poses and gestures been in keeping with her singing there is little more which the most cautious could have asked of her.

The supreme sensuous beauty of Caruso's performance as Pinkerton is not to be expected from many other singer, but M. Harrold is at least the peer of any other tenor who has undertaken the part on this side of the water, and Mr. Chalmers has ample voice and art for Sharpless. Miss Howard's Suzuki was a performance along the conventional lines which have been the despair of nearly all the singing actors who have undertaken it. Her opulent voice did justice to the music of the second act, and she arose to the dramatic opportunities then, and also at the close, after having caused nothing but disappointment in the first.

Gracefulness and poetic illusion, imperatively demanded to make the absurdities of the play plausible, were the things which the representation lacked as a whole.

Puccini's music calls for a finer apparatus and a more eloquent reading. H. E. K. Puccini's Popular Work Reviewed in a Manner Deserving of General Approval.

MERIT CHIEFLY MUSICAL

"Madam Butterfly," which is not only one of the most popular operas of Puccini, but one of the greatest favorites in the active operatic list, was brought forward at the Century Opera House last evening. This lyric setting of John Luther Long's story was cordially welcomed when it was first given at the uptown operatic theatre. It was received into the public affection long before that when it was introduced to New York by Henry Savage. It was then, as last night, sung in English.

An audience of good size heard the work last evening and there was sufficient applause to betoken a large degree of satisfaction. The shortcomings of the performance were those which have been expected, while the merits were sufficiently substantial to command approval even from listeners long familiar with more finished interpretations. In short, the production of "Madam Butterfly" was one of the most commendable undertakings of the Century's current season.

What the representation chiefly lacked was perfection of detail, that kind of perfection essential to the exotic atmosphere of the work. In the action there was no convincing spontaneity, and the Japanese men of Japan, who could be seen depicted on every screen and fan. On the other hand, the music was generally sung correctly and often with spirit, while for the most part, especially in Puccini's fluid form of melodic recitative, the English text was delivered so that it could be understood. In the long drawn phrases of the cantilena it became at times unintelligible, but so does the Italian.

Helen Stanley sang the title rôle and placed to her credit an impersonation which was commendable mostly for its vocal excellence. A voice of good quality, fidelity of the pitch, ability to sustain the labor of the rôle, which is fatiguing, and a musical treatment of the melodic outlines directed a Strauss waltz. The orchestral programme comprised Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, Ochs's Variations on a German song, and Schubert's Military March. Josef Pasternack conducted and Alexander Smallens assisted at the piano.

Orville Harrold is more at home in the Puccini style than in the music of the older operas in which he has been heard this season, and his Pinkerton had much to commend it. Mr. Chalmers, a young barytone, who brings to every rôle artistic ideals and unflagging sincerity, was an excellent Sharpless. His histrionic resources are not yet very large, but his action is manly and unaffected, and he sings musically.

Upon these three rests the burden of the opera, though certain episodes may easily be marred by the interpreters of the minor rôles. Lovers of Puccini's operas might wish for a less wooden Suzuki than Miss Howard, for instance. The chorus generally sang creditably and the orchestra was at least tolerable. Mr. Jacobson conducted the work with sympathy and understanding.

For First Chamber Music Concert.

In the Straus Auditorium of the Educational Alliance, East Broadway and Jefferson street, the first of this season's chamber music concerts will be given next Sunday night by the Educational Chamber Music Society. This organization, founded by Mr. Leo Levy, is a quintet comprising Messrs. Maximilian Pilzer, Jacob Altschuler, Max Karges, Modest Altschuler and Leo Levy. The admission fee is nominal. The programme comprises works by Dvorak, Haydn and Glere.

"PRIMA DONNAS" OPERA IS GIVEN

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE—"Madame Butterfly," an opera by Giacomo Puccini, founded by David Bolzaco and John Luther Long.

The Cast.

Madame Butterfly.....	Helen Stanley
Suzuki.....	Kathleen Howard
Mr. Pinkerton.....	Orville Harold
Mr. Sharpless.....	Thomas Chalmers
Mr. Goetz.....	Frank Phillips
Mr. Yamadori.....	Louis D'Angelo
Mr. Bonze.....	Alfred Kaufman
Mr. Cio-Cio-San's Mother.....	Mary Richardson
The Aunt.....	Flora Cingolani
The Cousin.....	Leonora Beck
Conductor.....	Agide Jacchia

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

When the Italian critic Filippi heard one of Puccini's student compositions at one of the public concerts of the Milan Conservatoire he wrote the following discerning words: "Puccini has decidedly a musical temperament, especially as a symphonist, having unity of style and personality of character. There are more of such qualities in this Capriccio than are found in the works of most composers of to-day; thorough grasp of style, a quick sense of color, an inventive genius. The ideas are bright, strong, effective. Puccini is not concerned with uncertainties, but fills up his scheme with harmonic boldness and knits the whole together with perfect order."

The words, which are a fair description and explanation of Puccini, came to my memory when listening to "Madame Butterfly" last night at the Century Opera House. They were written long before Puccini had composed an opera; but, allowing a little leeway to a natural and harmless enthusiasm, they are a fair judgment on the merit of Puccini and redound to the honor of the clever and far-seeing man who wrote them.

Imperfect Sympathies.

They are as applicable to "Madame Butterfly" as they are to all except one of the operas of Puccini's maturer genius. This the present writer can fully understand, though for some domestic reason he has never been able to enjoy any performance of "Madame Butterfly" that he has ever seen. He has tried and tried his best. He has recognized the fact that thousands of others who love music just as well as he does, and perhaps more wisely, take a legitimate and sustained enjoyment in the picturesque work. He has returned patiently to the charge over and over again. He has lashed himself like a whiplash to his seat and sworn to enjoy. Again and again he has retired beyond the Marne until he must sadly confess that as regards "Madame Butterfly" his "sympathies," in the deft phrase of Charles Lamb, are "imperfect." But he is just and magnanimous enough to castigate himself and not Puccini or Tito, or George Maxwell (of Maxwell), or Milton or Sargent, or any other epic poet or military man.

Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa, mea Maxwellissima culpa! Thus is the soul refreshed and purged by confession.

Howled At On Premiere.

Strange to say, seeing the general satisfaction with which the work is received by cultivated audiences everywhere, it was a failure on its first night, only ten years ago. It was performed amid an uproar only paralleled in the history of Italian opera by the derisive tumult which greeted "The Barber of Seville." The battle between the audience and the performers began almost at the same time the music did. The batteries of the enemy, in the auditorium consisted of a number of sarcastical rogues who, when they heard anything in the score which resembled anything Mr. Puccini had ever written before, immediately sang or shouted the original phrase in a unison of ironic reminiscence. It was given shortly afterward at Brescia in the shape of a revision which amounted to little more than a rearrangement of intermissions, and it slipped easily into the sunny seas of prosperity.

Prima Donnas Love It.

The prima donnas love it, and why not? It fills their purest and noblest conceptions of the highest aspirations of art. It is all about themselves. There is plenty of gelatinous sentiment, a

at "Madame Butterfly," all of it tear-drops, all of it false. It is a precious ointment without lies. It is not accursed with some pest of an interfering second prima donna whom it is the duty of the first prima donna to discomfit or destroy. There is no one whom it is strategic to slap on the face, whack on the iron points of the corset, or scratch on the bare arm. The painful necessities of "Die Walkure" do not reside in it. There is in "Madame Butterfly" merely a harmless JUDGE of a hack contralto and clattering confidante, fulfilling, like Inez in "Trovatore," the self-oblivious task of sympathetic listening.

Then Madame Butterfly herself is on the stage in the center, morally and physically, for the whole three acts. Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, having achieved, departs and we do not hear very much from him afterward. Dramatically speaking, it is just the part a prima donna would write for herself.

And so, the first ladies of the opera house, not being able to fight each other in the part, fight like fallen angels for the part. In one very celebrated opera house a songstress of considerable gift in the matter of talent, and more in the field tactics of internal lyric diplomacy, has not only secured the right to play the role, but to play it to the exclusion of every one else, including the person most fully equipped to do so.

Miss Helen Stanley was the Madame Butterfly. There was force and accomplishment in her performance. Mr. Thomas Chalmers devoted his high intelligence to Sharpless, the consul. Mr. Orville Harold was the Pinkerton. Mr. Agide Jacchia conducted, and there were many occasions when the orchestra played with considerable fire and spirit.

CENTURY PLEASES IN 'MME. BUTTERFLY'

Mr. Jacchia Conducts Puccini's Work Skillfully, but with a Little Too Much Vigor at Times.

The Century Opera Company gave Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" last night as the new opera of the week, to alternate with "Lohengrin." Helen Stanley was heard in the title role, Orville Harold was the Pinkerton, Thomas Chalmers, the Sharpless, and Kathleen Howard Suzuki.

Again the performance measured up to all that could reasonably be required of an institution such as the Century. It was one wherein the pitiful little story of the geisha who glimpsed happiness and found illusion was set forth sincerely and capably. It is a well-accepted conclusion that "Madame Butterfly" is one of the most popular operas in the repertoires of present-day companies, even when the work is heard for its own sake rather than because a famous prima donna is appearing.

If that is so, crowds will visit the Century to hear this production, for it is good enough for all practical purposes. Helen Stanley, upon whom the burden of work falls, is equal to imparting the appeal to the principal character which is so necessary, since an emotional grip in the story is lost unless complete sympathy for Cio-Cio-San can be held. Both vocally and histrionically Miss Stanley failed something of establishing the character in the first act, but after that she struck her level and her Madame Butterfly was a figure which possessed charm. Nor was she lacking in moments where dramatic power was the demand. At times her voice seemed somewhat lacking in flexibility, especially in the first act, but for the most part its quality was fine and fresh, and when the time came it had the power to thrill.

Orville Harold deserves warm praise, not so much for his singing of Pinkerton, as that might have been expected to be good, but for the fact that he was able to make this generally dreary figure seem human. Century audiences are coming to realize that this singer combines with the fine voice with which he is blessed an uncommon intelligence and taste.

Thomas Chalmers, too, as the American Consul, displayed a sense of the fitness of things, and there was nothing stilted about his work. Kathleen Howard deserves a word for making the small role of Suzuki more picturesque than it is usually seen. Those in the minor parts were, as a rule, quite capable.

There were roughnesses in the orchestra last night at times, but in general it gave a good account of itself. Mr. Jacchia conducted skillfully and with the necessary vigor—indeed, with a little too much vigor in spots during the first act, where he allowed the singers to be obscured. But as a whole it was a performance which will prove grateful to any but the most severely exacting taste.

Century Opera Concert.

At the Century Opera House concert last night the soloists were Maude Sant-ley, Henry Weldon, Bettina Freeman, Louis Kreidler, Hardy Williamson, Kathleen Howard, and Graham Marr. Carlo Soderro, harpist, also appeared in a solo number. The orchestra, under Josef Pasternack, played the overture to the operable piano transcription of the Bach character. Three compositions by Gounod, Tchaikovsky, and Rachmaninoff accompanied. This is indeed a transcription, even a transmutation, of the wood. The Coronation March from "Le Prophete," Alexander Smallens, they may enjoy it who can. But there are old fogies who do not care to have

Assisted at the piano. 64-12 1914

RUDOLPH GANZ'S RECITAL.

First Solo Performer of the Season Appears in Carnegie Hall.

The first of the visiting virtuosos, whose number bids fair to be scarcely reduced by warlike conditions, to give a concert in New York this season was M. Rudolph Ganz. Mr. Ganz is almost as much at home in this country as in Switzerland, and has frequently been heard here in recent years. There was not a very large audience to hear him yesterday, but it was a friendly one, and gave evidences of pleasure in his performance. He began with the transcription of the chaconne from Bach's D minor solo violin sonata by Ferruccio Busoni, who has enlarged and extended the composition to the limit of the sonorities of the piano. The transcription, or amplification, is undoubtedly effective in the manner of such transcriptions, but it still sounds bigger and more impressive on the four strings of a violin in the hands of a master. Mr. Ganz made some very marked points of climax in his reading of it, and let none of the sonorities escape him; nor did he in Chopin's E minor sonata which followed; and in this, as in Haydn's D major sonata, he put emphasis upon contrasting the extremes of dynamics that he commands. His tone in all ranges is of uncommon fullness, richness, and beauty, and this in a measure mollified the effect of what might easily have seemed violence and exaggeration. As it was, the repose and directness that ought to characterize Haydn's sonata were somewhat troubled by Mr. Ganz's style. The singing melody in the trio of Chopin's second movement was beautifully delivered, as was that of the Largo. But, on the whole, virility and straightforwardness are more characteristic of Mr. Ganz's playing than deep poetical feeling or sympathy with the subtler aspects of music.

A group of shorter pieces showed forth the delicacy and brilliancy that Mr. Ganz has in his "volant finger." They were mostly little known—a bit of Oriental color, "In the Garden of the Old Serail," and a melodious serenade by Blanchet, of which the second had to be repeated; an étude and a clever application of the conventional formula of the spinning song, "The Pensive Spinner," by Mr. Ganz himself; an "Elevés' Dance," from a set of pieces by the young Erich Korngold, not without fancy, and Liszt's transcription of his "Mignon's Lied" and of the Hungarian "Rakoczy" march. An ocean steamer done in flowers was given to Mr. Ganz in an intermission, a reminder from friends who shared his recent more or less perilous ocean crossing.

MANUEL QUIROGA APPEARS.

A Young Spanish Violinist Plays at the Hippodrome.

A young Spanish violinist, Manuel Quiroga, was "presented" for his first appearance in America last evening at the Hippodrome. It is an unfortunate place for the first or any other appearance of a solo violinist; for the audience room is too large for the instrument to contend with, no matter who the player is. In so far, Mr. Quiroga had to meet a handicap and if his tone sounded small and thin—though it was not without a certain sweetness of quality when at its best—this should be set down in extenuation. Mr. Quiroga was put forward with a good many adjectives as to his quality and capacity, which could be justified only by a great artist. He is far from being a great artist. There was praiseworthy features in his playing, especially in the concerto by Mendelssohn, with which he began; but they were not such as to mark him out for distinction. Moreover, he does not yet possess the secrets of security in the technique of his instrument. This was evident in certain passages in the concerto, and still more in the brilliant piece for display with which he followed it in response to the somewhat indiscriminate enthusiasm of the audience. He played also Saint-Saens' "Havanaise," Albeniz's "Swedish Phantasy," and Weinawski's fantasia on Russian airs.

Mme. Jeanne Jamelli also appeared and sang robustly and in good style and with unusually good enunciation her Jewel Song from "Faust," and a number of songs. Mr. Nahan Franko conducted a number of orchestral pieces and some accompaniments to the soloists, in which even a careless observer might have detected flaws.

Rudolf Ganz, the Swiss pianist, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. This statement makes record of the opening of the long concert season before the local public. There will be a legion of pianists and violinists, and it is safe to say that many of them will have less reason to expect public favor than Mr. Ganz has. This player was called out with the military reserves of his country, but when it was learned that no active service was likely to be required he was permitted to come to the United States, where he had not been since the season of 1912-13.

Mr. Ganz has always shown hospitality in the arrangement of his programmes, and he offered yesterday a considerable range of schools and array of composers. He began with Ferruccio Busoni's remarkable solo number. The transcription of the Bach character, which was composed for violin and piano, was indeed a transcription, even a transmutation, of the wood. They may enjoy it who can. But there are old fogies who do not care to have

make a pianist's recital, even when the pianist plays them as well as Mr. Ganz played the one heard yesterday.

Haydn's sonata in D major afforded a pleasant relief. In this Mr. Ganz showed a delicacy of taste and finesse of style, while in the Chopin B minor sonata, which followed, he exhibited the best qualities of his sturdy art. Numbers by Blanchet, who has figured in this player's programmes, by the pianist himself, by Korngold, the youthful Viennese composer, and by Liszt completed a programme pleasing if not of unworldly interest. For a Sunday afternoon audience a really serious list might have been a trial. And the season is too young to bear heavy burdens.

MANUEL QUIROGA'S DEBUT.

Young Spanish Violinist Heard for First Time Here.

Manuel Quiroga, a young Spanish violinist, made his American debut in a concert given last evening at the Hippodrome. Much had been set forth in regard to the advent of this young man, who is a pupil of the great Spanish violinist Sarasate, and expectations of a somewhat exigent nature might have been aroused had not the adjectives all been so familiar and the prophecies so worn.

Mr. Quiroga elected to disclose himself as a player of honorable aspirations and artistic ideals by placing as the first number on his programme the Mendelssohn concerto. If, however, this composition had been the only one performed by the violinist a wrong conception of his musical character would have been formed. Later pieces, some added as encore numbers and others being on the printed list, set forth in a more certain light the traits by which this violinist will have to gain the largest amount of public favor.

It would not be profitable to enter into a detailed rehearsal of the qualities of Mr. Quiroga's art. Let it be said at the outset that it is founded upon uncommon technical facility and that the surmounting of many difficulties will probably be the triumph of the young man's season.

His tone seemed neither large nor rich last evening, but on this point no sound conclusion can be reached till he plays in some auditorium better suited to violin sound. His intonation was generally good and his bowing suave and elastic. His mastery of the finger board was plainly that of a budding virtuoso of the most skilful sort. The way in which he disposed of double stops even in harmonics was something noteworthy and his scales were clean and fluent at all times.

But technical facility in order to make its due effect should be conjoined with brilliancy, dash and incisiveness of style. These things seemed last evening to be quite lacking in the young man's playing. They were not to be found in his extremely cool and uninteresting delivery of the Mendelssohn concerto, nor yet even in the old fashioned "fiddle pieces" which the so-called "wizards" of the violin always drag forth for the amazement of the multitude.

The violinist had the aid of an orchestra conducted by Nahan Franko and of Mme. Jeanne Jamelli, prima donna soprano. The latter displayed her operatic routine in Marguerite's scene from the third act of "Faust" and was afterward heard in songs. Mr. Franko led his musicians through the solemnities of a Bach chorale and fugue to the frivolities of Rossini's "Semiramide" overture and later into the Oriental glories of Goldmark's always welcome "Sakuntala" overture.

WOLF-FERRARI WORK AT CENTURY OPERA

Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" was sung at the Century Opera House last evening before a good sized audience, which expressed its pleasure in no doubtful manner. The opera was first given in its English dress at the Century on October 14 of last year and its performances were among the most admirable offered by the then young institution. That this was the case caused some astonishment, for the work is not simple and therefore the excellence of the production promised much for the future of the new opera house.

Although Elizabeth Amsden, who sang Mabel last year, is no longer found in the casts at the Century, it was to be expected that the opera would be reproduced in the current season, and Lois Ewell, whose industry is indefatigable, prepared herself to impersonate the heroine of the work. The other principals were the same as last season. The conductor, however, was not the same, nor yet the stage manager, and the influence wrought by the newcomers was easily discerned.

The action of the opera was excellently done last autumn, but last night it was better. Ernest Knoch's direction of the music was well paired with Jacques Coen's treatment of the movement and grouping. Miss Ewell was apparently tired, for her singing lacked reserve power and her tones were frequently bereft of their familiar quality. Nor can it be said that her acting equalled that which she did in "The Jewels of the Madonna."

Gustave Bergmann made his first appearance of the season in the role of Gemaro. He was to have sung much earlier, but became entangled in the war web and only recently escaped. His Gemaro had value in style and purport, though there was little charm in his voice. Kathleen Howard as Carmela, the

October 24, 1914

OPENING OF THE SYMPHONIC SEASON

Old Music and New Heard in Aeolian Hall.

By H. E. KRENBEL.

The floodgates of the symphonic season were opened at Aeolian Hall by the Symphony Society yesterday afternoon. From now till next spring the public will be asked to patronize from three to six such concerts every week, and when the financial balance shall be struck in April there will be some querulous questionings (there always are) why one or the other of the institutions met with a more generous response than this or the other of its rivals. No answer would be accepted as a true explanation, and the wise observer of musical affairs, knowing this, is not likely to attempt one. To him it will be sufficient to ponder the interesting features of the entertainment as they present themselves to him and extract as much pleasure and profit from them as he can, and, if it be his calling and duty, to convey them to others. The most devoted lover of music will not be able to hear everything, and it will be easy for such an one to content himself with his own enjoyment without begrudging his fellow men their pleasures.

The Symphony Society's season opened auspiciously. An excellent band presented itself in excellent condition. Familiar music was played to the delight of a large number of persons to whom its familiarity made it the more welcome, and a novelty piqued curiosity which a fine exposition satisfied. Brahms's second symphony received a luminous and virile reading, Mr. Damrosch succeeding by an admirably developed climax in sending a thrill through his hearers early in the first movement and keying them up to a high pitch of receptivity, which Mr. Zimbalist preserved and intensified throughout Bruch's violin concerto in G minor, and which endured to the last note of the afternoon's music. The violinist was in admirable fettle, as indeed he needed to be in view of the emotional standard which Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra set for him. The young Russian, however, rose to the crest of every billow, even when an immoderately sonorous surge threatened to engulf him.

There were such surges in the concerto, and also in Debussy's second orchestral nocturne ("Revels by Night"), with which the concert was brought to a close. The French composer's harmonies and instrumental combinations are frequently poignant to the verge of painfulness, when temperately administered; they become lacerating to the ear when Mr. Damrosch forgets the laws of just proportion. A brazen fortissimo may become a dreadful thing in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Damrosch has promised his patrons considerable new music of the latter day French school this season, and he began the fulfilment of his promise by producing some music composed by Alexander Roussel for a ballet, entitled "The Spider's Festival." The scenes which the music is designed to accompany and illustrate were described by the conductor in a few remarks. It was well that this was done; but it would, perhaps, have been better had the music been sorted with the stage pictures. Without these, either physically presented or evoked by the imagination, the composition has little else than strangeness and ingenuity of harmonic and orchestral device to commend it. After much which seemed like disconnected striving, a pretty waltz, with a filmy instrumental texture, ran out into a profoundly beautiful coda (the dance of ephemera and their death, we were told), but some hearers must have wondered at the heavings and groanings of the instruments while an ant sought to drag away a rose leaf. But as the scene was not before them the listeners may not all have thought of the right thing at the right moment. When the fancy becomes thus confused it is the penalty which must be paid for detaching music from the pictures for which it was made.

First Performance of a Ballet by Roussel—Mr. Zimbalist Plays.

The season of orchestral concerts was opened yesterday afternoon by the New York Symphony Orchestra, which began its series under Walter Damrosch's direction in Aeolian Hall. A year's experience with this hall as a concert room for a modern orchestra has not yet wholly solved all the problems presented by its small proportions, its peculiar acoustics and their relations to a large body of players. It is undoubtedly true that such a hall makes stringent demands upon such an orchestra in minute finish of ensemble, in judicious proportioning of its several voices, in a due adjustment of the whole body of tone.

Mr. Damrosch has, of course, considered deeply these questions and others related to them, and it is obvious that for some of them he has found a so-

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lution, if not for others. It would be perhaps too much to expect that an orchestra should play with the highest finish at its first concert. There was much to commend in this respect in the playing of Brahms's second symphony, with which the concert opened; but the orchestra will doubtless soon find a still higher level in this matter. And as to the power and in the relative proportion of the orchestral color it might have been well if various alterations had been made in the playing of the orchestra. Mr. Damrosch had prepared a reading of the symphony that was fully, even anxiously, elaborated in many details, as of tempo and its modifications. Some of these seemed a little overdone, to a degree that at times checked the movement of the composition and disturbed its underlying rhythm. But it is better to err upon this side than upon the other; and the playing of the work was full of sympathy and real insight.

Mr. Damrosch has recently expressed his belief that this most interesting new music is coming—or, unfortunately, has been coming, for the perfect tense must probably be used now for a long time—out of France. And in this concert he gave a prompt expression to this belief by putting on his programme the second of Debussy's nocturnes, "Revels by Night," (in the original "Fêtes," and Albert Roussel's "Le Festin d'Araignée." The latter of these was new and was set down as given for the first time in America.

Roussel is one of the younger French composers, and this piece, as Mr. Damrosch pointed out in some preliminary remarks that he made, is a result of the efforts of certain present-day composers to raise the ballet to a symphonic plane, and to rescue it from the depths to which it had fallen in its treatment, for instance, by Meyerbeer. "Le Festin d'Araignée" is an allegory of the spider and the fly, exemplifying the death and rebirth that continually goes on in nature. There is the picture of a garden, of a spider's web, of the enticement of a butterfly and its undoing, and the birth of its children, "ephemera."

It is necessary, then, to remember that this music is stage music; that it accompanies the pantomimic representation of the little tragedy in scenic surroundings, and that it is presumably more effective in these surroundings than upon the concert platform. It is, in truth, not very strong as music, either in invention or in construction. There is an atmospheric charm in the opening pages; the two dances have little individuality heard simply as music for the ear. There is the evidence of a graceful fancy and of some ingenuity in scoring.

The composer shows very little of the all-pervasive influence of Debussy in the character either of his melodic invention or of his harmonic tissue. Something more convincing than this piece will be needed to put him among the stronger contemporaries in France; but it seems likely that his is an agreeable and charming talent.

Efrem Zimbalist was the soloist. He played Bruch's G minor concerto in admirable style, with the volume and beauty of tone that are remembered of his previous performances here, and with almost, if not quite, all of his technical surety. Not many have played the first two movements with greater dignity, breadth, and repose of style, with greater apparent simplicity that yet was not a bar to a disclosure of the emotional significance of the music.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

BEGIN NEW SEASON

French Novelty Heard Together

With One of Brahms's

Great Works.

ZIMBALIST, THE SOLOIST

The first concert of the season of the Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Incidentally it was also the first orchestral concert of the musical season and the first entertainment to be given this fall in the familiar hall. The occasion was one for felicitation. The orchestra was reassembled in spite of war conditions, which threatened to restrict the liberties of some of its members. It was the beginning of the new era of pecuniary solidity created by the bounty of Harry Harkness Flagler. And it was a pertinent and altogether lovely demonstration of the blessings which the love of music brings with it.

The orchestra, containing Russians and French as well as Germans, Czechs, Americans and others, began the concert with a performance of the noble D major symphony of Brahms, a great German master, who passed half his life in Vienna and found there a full appreciation of his works. Following the symphony was another German work, the G minor violin concerto of Max Bruch, played with reverent fidelity and passionate feeling by a Russian violinist, Efrem Zimbalist. And the other two numbers were from the pens of contemporaneous Frenchmen, advocates of the

contributed an effective character to the performance. The chorus sang generally well, albeit there were some remarkable wanderings from the pitch in the heavy members of the first act. The scenery was that used last season, painted for the Boston production of the work, scenery well conceived and cleverly executed. The improvement in the orchestra further enhanced the interest of last evening's reproduction.

On the whole "The Jewels of the Madonna" remains one of the Century's best achievements. Upon it warm praise can be bestowed and it is a production which fully deserve public approval. Last evening's audience was, as already noted, of good size, indeed one of the largest of the season, and its applause was frequent and prolonged. The more thoughtful lovers of music might perhaps wish to see patronage and plaudits given to a higher type of art than that bodied forth in this melodramatic work of Wolf-Ferrari.

But it is almost inevitable that its unblushing theatricalism will find a larger measure of favor than the aristocratic humor and polished musical style of the same composer's opera buffa "L'Amore Medico," or even the delicate fancy and flashes of genuine imagination found in his other comedy, "Le Donne Curiose."

In a general way it may be said of the performance of "The Jewels of the Madonna" that it accentuated all that is unpleasant in the score of the opera, but also brought out in a mighty creditable manner most of its beauties. Wolf-Ferrari's opera has been performed often enough to permit the interested to know that it is a mixture of the disagreeable and the agreeable, the repellent and the alluring, in both story and music. The thousand colors of Naples are charming, no doubt; but the charm is not reproduced in garish stage pictures. The noises of Naples during a festival may be interesting when heard from a distance which softens their dissonances; when reduced on the stage to a racket which overwhelms all the musical elements of the score they are not interesting—not even tolerable. It was a relief to the ear last night when the first words which were distinguishable as English and intelligible signalized the end of noise and the bringing of music. Then there came the first religious canticle to which chorus did justice and afterward in the singing and acting of Mr. Bergman, Mr. Kreidler, Miss Howard and, in a smaller degree, Miss Ewell, there was much that was thoroughly admirable and unqualifiedly delightful. The representation can be set down as a highly creditable one; excellent in spirit, so far as the principals maintained were concerned, and the orchestra and chorus as well. It asked little allowance when compared with the two Italian performances which the opera had at the hands of the Chicago two seasons ago at the Metropolitan Opera House.

H. E. K.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE—"The Jewels of the Madonna," an opera in four acts, by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari.

The Cast.

Gennaro Giuseppe Gaudenzi
Rafaele Louis Kreidler
Carmelo Kathleen Howard
Maliella Lois Ewell
Conductor Ernest Knoch.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

A very well-known and highly respected Catholic priest bought seats for "The Jewels of the Madonna" last season, as a suitable gift for his three particularly carefully-bred nieces. He was probably under the impression that M. Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari had based his opera upon one of those beautiful and affecting legends, as tender as they are full of consoling beauty, that have clustered about the idea of the Virgin. In the strong innocence of his sturdy heart he had imagined perhaps that the sweetness and fragrance of "The Juggler of Notre Dame" was to be found in "The Jewels of the Madonna." His Reverence, as they say in Ireland, must have been grievously astonished when he realized that "The Jewels of the Madonna" was a sordid tale of Neapolitan low life and of the vice that festers in that celebrated sunlight, beneath the fiery frown of Vesuvius, in what Arthur Clough has called the "great sinful streets of Naples."

The Streets of Naples.

The streets of Naples are not, of course, any more sinful than are those of London, only the Neapolitans are a little more frank, and English clergymen like enough have their censorious moments.

As a matter of fact, the climax of the opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," most elaborately and generously staged, yesterday at the Century Opera House, could not be set forth in words destined for public print, unless one used phraseology so vague that it would become unintelligible and therefore useless.

However, at this may be, such is the aseptic or disguising power of music that an audience of 3,000 people assembled at the Century matinee performance to enjoy an opera which, on its

ethical and literary side, is no worse than the pornological stuff to which, to the disgust of Beethoven, Mozart composed the imperishable "Don Giovanni." Wolf-Ferrari's music, however, is far from imperishable. It pleases almost any one on a first hearing. Like the character of Rafaele, in the opera itself, it has a sort of exterior persuasiveness and agreeableness.

Exterior Qualities of Music.

It may please a second time, by virtue of these same considerations. But it will not bear analysis, for the passion of the music is pale and thin, like the waters over a shoal. Its picturesqueness is gaudy and obvious, like that of a colored lithograph. Its strongest moments are derived in style or substance. Wolf-Ferrari sought to compose in the mood and spirit of "Carmen," to lend to the picaresque to the story of rogues, thieves and vagabonds, the grace of highly developed color and strongly tempered and persuasive melody. But herein, though it is not obvious to the general public, which for a certain time allows itself to be led away, by first impressions Wolf-Ferrari has failed. He has followed in the path of Bizet. He was going to make a Seville out of Santa Lucia and the Teresella. He has not. He has fallen from the road of Bizet into the ditch. The reason is patent. Wolf-Ferrari is not a genius. Bizet was a genius. The little more and how much it is, the little less and how far away.

A Splendid Production.

Apart from these considerations, it is my duty to state that the stage investiture of "The Jewels of the Madonna," as already hinted, were of singular effectiveness. In all details of costuming, scenic action and movement, attention to local and native detail, the "production," as the phrase runs, of "The Jewels of the Madonna" reached and often surpassed the level of opera houses of the highest pretensions. I know well the fallacy of inexpensive opera, and the foundation of sand upon which it is forced to build. It is this: The moment you discover and foster an artist of unusual gift, his economic value becomes so great that you can no longer pay him what he legitimately asks for and he goes elsewhere. That sort of thing cannot be fought against. But our epic and military friends showed yesterday what can be done in the way of giving an opera a dignified and sometimes stirring presentation apart from the matter of highly gifted and therefore highly paid soloists.

Miss Ewell as Maliella.

And even then, I have not seen in the New York performances of "The Jewels of the Madonna" anything very striking in the way of principal artists, always excepting M. Sammarco, whose Neapolitan scoundrel was vocally and histrionically an energetic impersonation. The variegated, versatile and indefatigable Miss Lois Ewell, with a remarkably well-chiseled pair of shoulders, being jewels that needed no stolen setting, sang Maliella of the complex eroticism; Louis Kreidler, Rafaele, and Mr. Gaudenzi, the sacrilegious and sentimental church burglar. He was not as insufferable as M. Bassi in the same part.

M. Ernest Knoch conducted. As Wolf-Ferrari is half a German and half an Italian, M. Knoch, according to the pastoral logic of some of his colleagues, might be said to have succeeded with the German part of the music very well, but the Italian part in Tautonic style. I am not, however, a metaphysician and ventured to think that he handled the score better in proportion and relation to his resources than any—yes, any of his predecessors.

"The Jewels of the Madonna."

It hardly seems possible that the same man could have written the delicate, refined, and ethereal score of "La Vita Nuova," heard at the Worcester Festival a month ago, and the coarse, vulgar and brutal "Jewels of the Madonna," heard at the Century last night. But the same man did write them—his name is Wolf-Ferrari. It is as though Wagner had written a cheap vaudeville act. But the Century Opera Company evidently considers it worth serious effort. It was one of the things they did best last season, and it was still better done last night. There was more unity to the action, for one thing, and Ernest Knoch conducted in a masterly manner, making the most that was possible of the score. Gustav Bergman was hardly at his best as Gennaro, although he did as well as could be done with the part. Lois Ewell's Maliella was full of abandon, she played the part capably, but she has no chance for really good singing. Kreidler made the most of the ruffian Rafaele—in this part, as in the others, explosiveness and not cantabile, is the quality sought. The audience showed poor taste in redemanding the inexpressibly cheap second intermezzo. The first one, fortunately, was not repeated.

extremest ideas in modern music and representatives of all that is most sophisticated in the latest French art.

The novelty of the list was the third number, "Le Festin de l'Araignée," by A. Roussel. This is one of the young modernists of Paris, who is marching along the route pointed out by Debussy. But he is also doing service to both music and the theatre by endeavoring to restore the ballet to that place which it held in the early years of the French stage and which it wholly lost in the decadent seasons of Meyerbeer's supremacy. The composition heard yesterday is intended for the musical support of a choreographic drama, short and somewhat fanciful, but yet founded upon a poetic idea. The capture of a happy butterfly by a spider and the suggestion of a resurrection are the chief elements in the story.

The composer has written a charming, imaginative and dainty color piece, with a real if not large thematic basis. Indeed the most interesting feature of the composition is its employment of one dominating thematic idea as the foundation of the entire structure. Around the developments of this idea the composer has woven a bright web of delicate and suggestive orchestral tints.

His music has both texture and quality, and it ought to be highly effective when heard in conjunction with the delineative ballet to which it belongs. Even separated from it, this little work has genuine interest. That it belongs to the school of Debussy detracts nothing from its unquestionable merit and should not obscure its individuality.

At this outset of a season which is to be filled with subjects for critical comment it is unnecessary to enter into further details. Mr. Damrosch will surely have to bend himself once more to the task of adjusting the balance of tone to the acoustics of Aeolian Hall. But he has plenty of time before him and a good orchestra under his direction. If any other thought was summoned by yesterday's concert it was that Mr. Zimbalist, despite an occasional false tone, gave a display of violin playing which combined excellence of technique with soundness of style and with sincerity.

MR. QUIROGA'S RECITAL.

Spanish Violinist Makes Better Impression in Smaller Auditorium.

Under much happier conditions was the second American appearance of Mr. Manuel Quiroga, Spanish violinist, last night in the Shubert Theatre, a smaller and more sympathetic auditorium for a violinist than was the big Hippodrome in which he made his debut here a week ago. He began his recital with the Bruch G minor concerto, in which his playing lacked nobility, both in tone and interpretation, and he redeemed himself quickly, however, in a group of smaller pieces, which he played better than any other selections in which he has been heard here. They were original compositions and arrangements of classics by the Austrian violinist, Mr. Fritz Kreisler, recently wounded while fighting with the Austrian army.

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Mr. Quiroga played this music with fine dash, giving more vent to his temperament than he had before, and giving an exhibition at times of almost flawless technique, while his tone was not sacrificed for reasons of brilliancy. The audience was enthusiastic and demanded repetitions of some and encore numbers after the group.

Miss Maude Klotz, soprano, sang a group of songs in a pleasing manner, and Mr. E. Romayne Simmons played brilliant and sympathetic piano accompaniments.

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An Enjoyable Recital by Reinald Werrenrath.

Mr. Reinald Werrenrath, at his song recital in Aeolian Hall last night, sang two or three familiar songs (familiar, that is, to the close observers of such things), and over a dozen which were new and strange. It has been one of the laudable things in Mr. Werrenrath's career that he has consistently and persistently tried to give freshness and variety to his programmes and extend popular knowledge in the field of artistic song. No singer now before the public is better equipped for such a mission than he, for his art as a singer is so exceptionally delightful that no matter what he sings he is heard with pleasure. But he seems a little forgetful of the fact that while seeking to make propaganda for composers he may be endangering his own reputation as an artist of taste and discernment. The most lenient criticism which could be made on some of the new songs which he sang last night is that if they were the best which (as he intimated to his audience) which he had found in a thousand that had been submitted to him, he would do well either to call in the help of a few musicians of riper experience and keener discernment, or retire to his closet and after a season of prayer look through the pile of manuscripts and printed sheets again. Mr. Werrenrath's lovely voice, his exquisite phrasing, his perfect diction, his mastery of all that constitutes good song singing, while exerting all the charm which

carried the ear and the emotions, can not atone for the lack of coherence and beauty, which marked some of the songs which he sang last night—unfortunately most of them songs in the vernacular. It is a mistaken notion that freedom from convention, which, nine times out of ten, seems to mean imitation of the style of a few French and German "progressives," is all that is necessary to make the product of an amateur acceptable.

Three Italian songs in Mr. Werrenrath's second group created interest, as indications that the dramatic melos of Puccini and the ideals of latter day French and German composers are taking root in the land of opera. They were compositions by E. Del Valle di Pag, P. Mario Costa and Francesco Santoliquido—names hitherto unknown to our concert lists. And the spirit was well preserved in "Ultima Rosa," accredited to Harry Spier. In his sittings of three German poems, Arthur Hinton produced agreeable music, without departing from old harmonic formulas. All the songs were delightfully sung.

H. E. K.

Werrenrath's Recital.

A large and friendly audience attended the recital given last night at Aeolian Hall by Reinald Werrenrath, who has been more than once praised as a good vocalist and interpreter in these columns. He always sings in tune, his tone production is correct, and his diction particularly commendable. Possibly, this last trait leads him to choose songs of the modern declamatory style, in which the words are of more importance than vocal melody, while the piano part is apt to be the statue instead of the pedestal.

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Mr. Werrenrath's programme was anything but hackneyed. Indeed, he went to the opposite extreme of the average recital-giver in making up his list almost entirely of novelties, which was a mistake. Among the seventeen composers on the programme only three were well-known Europeans—Brahms, Weingartner, and Sinding. Songs by them were followed by three penned by Arthur Hinton, who seems destined to become another well-known European. Unknown to fame were the names of E. del Valle de Paz, H. R. Spier, P. Mario Costa, and Francesco Santoliquido, who contributed each a song. The two final groups were devoted to Americans, including two Smiths—Harold Osborn and David Stanley—Miner Walden Gallup, F. Morris Class, Deems Taylor, G. Ferrata, Bruno Huhn, Arthur Whiting, and Harvey Worthington Loomis, whose name ought to be more frequently seen on recital programmes, and certainly would be if he had as much push as he has genius. Doubtless all the composers represented would have been pleased with the way Mr. Werrenrath interpreted their songs; and, as the audience also was pleased with most of them, there's nothing more to be said.

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Musical Season Opens With Excellent Entertainment at

Aeolian Hall.

BARYTONE'S ART DELIGHTS

It was a good augury that the list of the song recitals of the young musical season began with such an excellent entertainment as that of last evening at Aeolian Hall. Reinald Werrenrath, a barytone who has won for himself a place in the front rank of platform singers, was heard in a programme noteworthy for its catholicity and liberality. Mr. Werrenrath is not afraid to sing songs which are gentle and even modest in their appeal to the finer sensibilities, songs which his intelligent art dignifies and ennobles, and for which it makes a potent claim to recognition. Nor does he neglect those standard bearers who uphold the revered traditions of the lied. And whatsoever he does he does with honor to it and himself.

His liberality was manifested last evening not only in the prominent place given to three songs by an English composer, Arthur Hinton, known to many friends as the husband of Katherine Goodson, the pianist, but equally by the inclusion in his programme of four songs in Italian not taken from the well worn anthologies, and of two groups of songs by American musicians, of which four were yet unpublished.

These manuscript songs were "The Place of Dreams," by Harold Osborn Smith; "You, My Dear," by Miner Walden Gallup; "The Little Ghosts," by F. Morris Class, and "Song Magic," by Deems Taylor. The first of the four was redemanded. It must be admitted that such songs deserve what is called in the classic tongue of theatrical Broadway a "tryout," but it is quite as certain that most of the suc-

cess of those heard last evening was due to Mr. Werrenrath's art and enthusiasm.

Mr. Hinton's songs showed a practised hand, but only "Die Hexe" went further and disclosed a touch of fancy and a glimpse of humor.

The Italian songs were interesting chiefly by their publication of racial characteristics and of the influence of the contemporary Italian opera. "Ultima Rosa," by Harry Spier (not an Italian), might have been conceived after an evening of absorption in "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Most music lovers, however, will prefer the original Montemezzi. Weingartner, the distinguished conductor, was represented by a really charming song called "Hochsommer."

Brahms began the recital and Arthur Whiting, high priest of Brahms, closed it with his "Fuzzy-Wuzzzy." Bruno Huhn, David Stanley Smith and Harvey Worthington Loomis were also present. Mr. Werrenrath sang like an artist. Exquisite management of the voice, impeccable phrasing and the diction of a master in all three of the languages heard were the salient technical features of his singing. His interpretations ranged through a considerable scale, and perhaps there was more of the cool poise of the fastidious artist than the average listener could appreciate.

But those who weary of hearing passions torn to tatters take much joy in such finished delivery, wherein feeling is always in company with taste. Robust performances in the vocal world are much too numerous, while delicacy of treatment and refinement of expression are none too plentiful. Mr. Werrenrath's recital may be summed up as an exhibition of genuinely polished art and as such it was a thing of delight.

OCTOBER 28, 1914

MAUD POWELL HEARD IN RECITAL

This is violinists' week in the New York concert rooms, as the next week will be pianists' week. Zimbalist and Quiroga were heard last Sunday; Alexander Bloch is booked for tonight, and Albert Spalding for Thursday afternoon. Last night Maud Powell gave a recital in Aeolian Hall. Five violinists in five days, and reinforcements approaching from across seas and all points of the compass. How fortunate it is that the popular capacity for violin music is large; how doubly fortunate that the violin is so admirable an instrument! Imagine such an invasion of flautists or harpists!

Miss Powell played the D minor concerto by Vieuxtemps to begin with, and after it Richard Strauss's sonata in E flat, with the help of her accompanist, Mr. Francis Moore. Then came a group of short pieces by eighteenth century classic writers—Tartini (variations on a theme by Corelli), Nardini (a largetto), Pugnani (prelude and allegro). The end of her scheme brought transcriptions without which, it seems, no virtuoso is longer able to satisfy the capricious taste of to-day—two transcriptions twice removed of Hungarian dances (Brahms-Joachim); "Valse triste" and Musette (Sibelius); Rock-a-bye song (Florent Schmitt). Finally a Spanish dance, a tango, by Arbos, who, had he remained in Boston, might have been lifted to greater heights of popularity than he enjoyed here, by the prevalent dancing mania for which curious students will some day find a parallel in the nervous epidemics of the Middle Ages.

The list of pieces was calculated to meet all tastes, and the artist's friends, a goodly number, enjoyed her playing of all of them, applauding with much enthusiasm and little discrimination.

An admiration for Miss Powell's splendid skill, which long ago grew into affection, prevented an expression of disappointment at the rude impetuosity with which the concerto was attacked and the manner in which beauty of tone, repose and clarity of phrase was sacrificed to what was meant to be virility and dash; but the player recovered her poise later and displayed the qualities which have given her the high position which she occupies throughout the land.

H. E. K.

Maud Powell, the distinguished pianist, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised numbers showing a wide variety of styles. It was a list well chosen to show forth many of the highest excellences of Miss Powell's admirable art, and the large audience manifested its pleasure by plentiful applause.

The opening number was the time honored D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps and was followed by the E flat sonata of Richard Strauss. After this came a list of shorter pieces, of which the first three were chosen from the classic repertory. They were Tartini's "Variations on a Theme by Corelli," a largetto by Nardini and a prelude and allegro by Pugnani.

Two Hungarian dances of Brahms, transcribed by Joachim, led to two pretty numbers by Sibelius, and a cradle song by the now pervasive Florent Schmitt preceded the final number, a "Danse Espagnole," by E. Fernandez Arbos. The

programme contained the information that this dance was a tango, but as in the case of the Brazilian tango of Alexander Levy played last season by Harold Bauer, it proved to dwell in artistic regions far removed from the tangos heard about Broadway. Miss Powell's playing last evening was such as should be expected from this artist.

Maud Powell is a niece of Major J. W. Powell, the intrepid geologist, whose three months' trip down the turbulent Colorado River, through the unexplored Grand Cañon of Arizona, ranks second only in reckless audacity to the feat of Columbus. She shares some of his audacity and tenacity, and these have helped to give her the position she now occupies as the greatest of living violinists of her sex. She is at the same time extremely genial and kindhearted. Why, then, was she so unkind as to inflict on her Aeolian Hall audience last night a vapid concerto (D minor) by Vieuxtemps? It is a mere show piece, and even as such not particularly effective. Vieuxtemps himself, it is said, was fond of strong dramatic accents and contrasts, and this the American violinist evidently had in mind last night when she began the first movement, in rather too vigorous a fashion. The adagio she played with lovely tone and phrasing, and in the final allegro there was a wild and splendid dash that made one forget the emptiness of the concerto as a whole.

Not much better than the concerto was the sonata which followed it—Richard Strauss's opus 18. This was written before Strauss had become a "progressive." He was then under the influence of Brahms, whose dulness he succeeded admirably in catching, but not his genius for chamber music. There is a profuse lack of ideas in this sonata, and a complacent dawdling over insignificant themes, of which only a German can be guilty. Mme. Powell and Francis Moore played it extremely well, but one could not but sigh to think that all this splendid art was not bestowed on something more worthy of it, say, one of Grieg's heavenly sonatas for violin and piano, the most inspired works ever composed for those two instruments.

Nearly an hour of precious time was thus wasted last evening before the gems of the programme were revealed. Tartini's Variations on a theme by Corelli was one of them, founded on a real melody that speaks to the heart. The variations are not all of equal excellence; it would have been well had Mme. Powell adopted the version of the piece made by Fritz Kreisler, whom she, like all other great violinists, adores. With seething tone she then played a largetto by Nardini, followed by the Pugnani Prelude and allegro which Kreisler has made familiar. He plays the prelude more broadly than it was done last night. In the dazzling allegro Mme. Powell displayed a marvellous technique, an inspired technique, one might say, which was really thrilling.

In this piece, as in the two preceding it and the six following it, the player was so completely wrapped up in her music that she entranced the hearers with her rare art. The genuine Magyar dash and rubato were in two of Brahms's Hungarian dances, as arranged by Joachim, which she played. The "Valse Triste" of the Finnish composer Sibelius, for whose music Mme. Powell has done so much, is well named, for there is in it an undercurrent of sadness. It was played entrancingly, as was a musette, by the same composer, which, however, did not have a bourdon to suggest a haggard pipe.

The final numbers on the programme were a pretty but rather obvious "Rock-a-bye Song," by Florent Schmitt, and a tango-like Spanish dance by Fernandez Arbos, who has become a very prominent musician in Spain since he left the Boston Symphony Orchestra. To appease the applause, Kreisler's lovely "Caprice Viennoise" was added. She had previously given as encores the familiar but always welcome Boccherini Minuet, and a repetition of the Sibelius Musette. It was a most enjoyable recital—after the "important" pieces on the programme—the concerto and the sonata—had been done away with; and even those, though dull, were admirably performed.

"LA BOHEME" SONG AT CENTURY OPERA THE CAST GENERALLY NEW

Puccini's "La Boheme," which was sung last evening at the Century Opera House, has had a wandering career in this town. It arrived here from Mexico, being performed in a shocking manner in the spring of 1893 at Wallack's Theatre by the Baghetto Opera Company. In October came another itinerant band of Italian singers and distributed fragments of the wrecked score upon the stage of the Casino. In November it was given in English by Henry W. Savage's Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theatre, and finally it found its way to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House two years later.

The opera was given in English at the Century last January, but only one member of the cast then heard remained to sing in last evening's reproduction. Morgan Kingston was this member, and as Rudolph showed decided improvement. His action had more freedom than it has shown in some other parts, while his voice again proved to be well suited to the music. As for the rest of the cast it was generally better than that heard at the beginning of the year, albeit Miss Dwell's Mimi might now be found equal to the higher level of the representation.

Miss Stanley, who sang the part last evening, has a very serviceable voice and she demonstrated once more, as she had already done in "Madam Butterfly," that she is at home in the music of Puccini. Mr. Chalmers was an excellent Marcel, though it is true that bustling comedy is not his happiest field. There was a new Musetta in Eileen Castles, formerly a member of Mme. Melba's company in Australia. A bright and agreeable Musetta she was. The other singer who was prominent in the opera was Henry Weldon, who sang Colline very well. The chorus discharged its duties creditably and the staging of the work was commendable. Mr. Jacchia conducted with understanding. It will be seen from these comments that "La Boheme" was well given, and its presentation was applauded by one of the largest audiences of the season.

In the interests of lyric art it becomes necessary to add that the English translation permitted much of the spirit of the original text to escape and that there were altogether too many awkward substitutions for the graceful phrases of the Italian recitation. But it can fairly be said in extenuation of the sorry makeshifts that their equals are to be found in almost any translation of opera from one language to another, and perhaps in those from French into German most of all. Those who have had the discomfort of hearing "Faust" in German will easily recall many monstrosities.

Critical commentary upon operatic doings is here compelled to discriminate between ideals and expediency. The former must certainly be sacrificed in the textual department if the lyric dramas are to be presented in the language of the people of this country. The aim of the Century Opera House is to give opera in English, and we must therefore accept such English as can be made to meet the demands of the music.

That it might sometimes be better than what we hear is indisputable, but that it could often be worse is equally true. It may further be said that the conditions of intelligibility were about the same last evening as they usually are. In recitatives pretty nearly every word could be understood. In extended melodic passages a majority of them could not be, even when Mr. Kingston, whose enunciation is generally excellent, was singing.

Miss Stanley and Mr. Chalmers, as Mimi and Rudolph, Please.

Puccini's "Bohème" is proof against even the assaults of the English translator. Whatever the words sung, however far removed the atmosphere from Murger and the Café Momus, its Italian melody is ever universal and all conquering. "Bohème" is Puccini at his best, and the opera, if not a work of supreme genius, is well worthy the place it holds in the world's esteem. Last night's performance at the Century Opera House was far from an inspired one, but it was one which deserved a larger audience than the one that attended. If any opera appeals to the masses "Bohème" is that opera, and yet the masses did not come.

It is true that last night's translation would have made Murger turn in his grave, had he understood English, and it is true that the Bohemians might have extracted more life out of their doings, yet on the whole it was a very creditable effort. Mr. Jacchia gave a vigorous if somewhat noisy reading of the score; Miss Stanley's beautiful voice made Mimi altogether desirable; Mr. Chalmers, fine artist and fine singer as he always is, gave charm to Marcel, and Mr. Weldon was a resonant voiced Colline. Mr. Kingston had his troubles with Rudolph, his voice often getting into his throat and off the pitch, yet when he was at his

best he, too, gave pleasure. On the Musetta alone the latter said the better. It was again most evident that the Century Opera Company is a vastly improved organization over the one developed during the opening season. It is now an organization worthy of serious consideration and support on the part of those who believe in opera for the people. There are those who believe that opera is essentially an aristocratic art, but being in democratic America they no doubt are expected to hold their tongues. Those who are not of this belief should hasten to the Century in earnest of their faith.

To-morrow's Red Cross Philharmonic.

The Philharmonic Orchestra's programme at Carnegie Hall to-morrow night and Friday afternoon includes the most advanced specimen of modern Russian music heard in New York, the "Fireworks" of Stravinsky, noted for his "reckless audacity." It is described as "a short and fantastic orchestral movement written for the marriage of Rimsky-Korsakoff's daughter to the composer Maximilian Steinberg, in 1908, and was the first of Stravinsky's works to be heard outside of Russia. It is an orchestral tour de force, as may be imagined from its title. It opens with a whirling figure in the woodwind, suggesting pinwheels, with sparks thrown off in the strings. There are rockets that go up in long curves and explode in pizzicato chords. It ends—but why spoil the listener's enjoyment by describing what the music represents? It is descriptive music, pure and simple, and so realistic that it needs no commentary."

Mr. Stravinsky's brilliant readings of the tone poems of Richard Strauss are among the sensations of each season in Boston as well as in New York. He will conduct, at these concerts, the "Don Juan." There will also be excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The concert will open with what is perhaps the most popular of all symphonies—Dvorák's "New World." In the programme notes new light is shed on the much-discussed question of the "Americanism" of this great and tuneful work. New facts have been provided lately by the sons of Dvorák, who write concerning their father's activity in America, where he composed this work.

In America negro airs, which abound in melodic peculiarities, interested our father. He studied them and arranged the scale according to which they were formed. But the passages of the symphony and of other works of this American period which, as some pretend, have been taken from negro airs, are absolutely our father's own mental property; they were only influenced by negro melodies.

OCTOBER 29, 1914 "THE LILAC DOMINO" HAS CHARMING SCORE Andreas Dippel Begins Opera Comique Season With Viennese Work. SOME DELIGHTFUL SINGERS

"The Lilac Domino"—At the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.
Vicomte de Brissac.....George Curzon
Georgine.....Eleanor Painter
Eledon.....James Harrod
Leonie.....Rene Detling
Andre.....Wilfred Douthitt
Prosper.....John E. Hazzard
Castmir.....Robert O'Connor
Baroness de Villiers.....Jeanne Maubourg
Istvan.....Harry Hermens
Mariette.....Marie Hamilton

Andreas Dippel made his first production in the realm of so-called opera comique at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre last night. Here he will remain until the beginning of his efforts at the Century Theatre. Last night's achievement was most auspicious. "The Lilac Domino," which is the work of a young French composer, by name Charles Cuiviller, who went to Vienna to learn at its source the idiom of Viennese operetta, turned out to be charmingly melodious and vivacious, refined in its orchestration and in every way an uncommonly refreshing score. This youthful composer who is said to be fighting now with the French on the frontier will certainly contribute some admirable works to the field of operetta if this first effort is a fair example of his talent.

Musically Mr. Dippel's new enterprise was far above the average of the operetta performances that New York usually hears. In Wilfred Douthitt he possesses a barytone with voice of a delicious mel-

low quality and unusual compass. Then he sings with excellent taste in addition to the possession of physical qualities that are certain to make him a favorite with the young women who are supposed to attend the matinees. Such an attractive stranger has not made his appearance here in years.

Then Eleanor Painter, who returns to her own country after an experience in opera in Berlin, is on a musical level higher than the average divette of operetta usually attains. She has a fresh, agreeable soprano and sings well. She is an altogether delightful person to look and has in scenes the sparkle of a genuine comedienne. James Harrod, another stranger who has been studying in Europe, proved an agreeable tenor, which somewhat of an achievement in operetta. There was an uncommonly fine chorus, the quality of the voices and in the training of the singers, as well as an orchestra one-third again as large as the ordinary operetta band.

All these features combined to make this production of comic opera similar to the so-called "all star" casts which managers used to collect at the close of a season to revive some operetta classic.

Mr. Dippel is too shrewd an impresario in spite of his artistic ambitions, to admit that an operetta may be successful without fun. So there is an excellent comedienne in John Hazzard, with Robert O'Connor and Henry Hermens to stand at his side. Mr. Hazzard was always comic in his own natural way, but perhaps he was funniest just when the others were, that is during the imitation of the dog circus which was given as an encore to a scene of Rene Detling. Then he with Mr. Harrod, O'Connor and Curzon very amusingly imitated the familiar antics of the animals when their trainers exhibit them.

There was, luckily, some fun in the English version of the text prepared by H. Smith from the original of Gatti Jenbach, so that Mr. Hazzard and his associates were not compelled to mope like bricks without straw. But their comicality was to a great extent their own. The milieu of the new operetta is indeed attractive. The first act passes in the Casino when a masked ball is in progress. The second takes place in a garden on the azure coast on the Mediterranean under the changing lights of an afternoon.

The action of the piece is carried over the last act by means of a wonderful colored film showing the battle of flowery Nice and some of the carnival episodes and this is revealed to the accompaniment of both the orchestra and the choir, which was especially effective in the tarantella heard during the passing of carnival pictures. The appearance of real characters in the play carries action over into the last act.

Scenically the investiture of the act was all that the most exigent could demand. Nothing lovelier than the scenes of the shores of the Mediterranean has been seen on the local stage. The costumes less garish perhaps than that seen in some other plays of this character, was in mirable taste throughout. The frock really looked as though they might possibly have been worn off the stage.

The fiction which MME. Gatti and Jacob had used for their text has served its amiable purpose. There is hero, improvident and fashionable and, incidentally charming, who has lost his comitance and with two friends proposes to try to marry a rich heiress at Monte Carlo. It happens to be she who in "The Lilac Domino" he met and loved the masked ball. Although he has been searching for her throughout the play, he will have none of him when she least expects that her hand has been the subject of wager among the three adventurers. But the hero does establish himself again in her affections, which is quite easily to be believed as he sang with the voice of Mr. Douthitt. It is at least true of the libretto that it provides the excuse for charming scenes.

NEW SOPRANO HEARD. Marian Wright-Powers Makes Her Debut Here.

Marian Wright-Powers, a soprano singer, new to New York, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon, the programme of which showed a praiseworthy ambition to reach the higher regions of vocal art. She has a voice of considerable power, whose best tones are in the middle range, and in some of her songs she showed an excellent enunciation, as in the air "Porgi Amor," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and in the songs in English which came later in her list. Her voice, however, while it has good metal and the possibilities of use, is not yet completely under her control, nor are her technical methods always to be commended. The voice of a whole is not equalized. Her lower tones are undeveloped, and she shows a fondness for rather thin high tones that are often flat in pitch.

Under these circumstances it was a venturesome undertaking to sing the air by Mozart, or the "Waltz Song" from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" or the "Mad Scene" from Thomas's "Hamlet," all of which require a sure command of the higher technical difficulties. She was much more at home and gave more satisfaction, in the songs in English by American composers, which occupied a considerable place on her programme: "Like the Cloud," by La Forge, "The Lovely Month of May" by Hammond, "The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree" by MacDowell, "The Laughing Stream" by Spross, and "The Moon Drops Low" by Cadman. In this last, which is called an Indian song, and utilizes the spirit if not the actual material of Indian music, the singer was suc-

cessful in reproducing much of the music. She sang also two German songs, Schubert's "Hark, Hark the Lark," and Brahms's "Meine Liebe ist Grün," in which she made a sincere effort not wholly rewarded by success. Her singing of "Bell Aquella" (Chanson Provençale) aroused much applause from the audience, which showed throughout a friendly interest. A concert was given in the evening.

CONCERTS OF A DAY. Alexander Bloch Better in Beethoven Than in Paganini.

It was comparatively quiet in the concert world yesterday. There were only two entertainments, both in Aeolian Hall. That in the afternoon was entitled a song recital and was given by Marion Wright-Powers. This may have possessed interest for the friends of the singer, but it was not a subject for critical discussion.

The concert of the evening was that of Alexander Bloch. This violinist was heard here last season and gained some favor. His best qualities were disclosed in the first number on the programme, the sonata in G major, opus 96, of Beethoven, for violin and piano. In this the violinist had the assistance of Blanche Bloch (presumably his sister) at the piano, and it can be said without hesitation that the two gave real pleasure. There was not a brilliant performance, but it was solid in schooling and musical in style.

Mr. Bloch is a pupil of Sevcik and of Auer, and in the Beethoven composition he showed the value of their training. There was a restful finish in his performance. Miss Bloch played her part with excellent touch, rhythm and taste.

But of course, after showing himself to be a musician, Mr. Bloch felt constrained to prove that he was also a virtuoso, and his next number was Paganini's D major concerto. A good violinist indeed is Mr. Bloch, but virtuoso musician such as this Paganini does not suit him. He has not the technical resource and the fearless aggressiveness of manner requisite to the success of Paganini's concerto. The action of the piece is carried over the last act by means of a wonderful colored film showing the battle of flowery Nice and some of the carnival episodes and this is revealed to the accompaniment of both the orchestra and the choir, which was especially effective in the tarantella heard during the passing of carnival pictures. The appearance of real characters in the play carries action over into the last act.

OCTOBER 30, 1914 Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander Voice of Great Power.

Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano, who has been heard here in Aeolian Hall, gave a song recital last night. Her programme ranged from Bach and Spohr to the modern French and American composers, and with most of the songs she was more than moderately successful. She has a voice of great power and flexibility, although it is lacking somewhat in warmth.

After Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" and Spohr's "Rose, wie bist du reizend," she sang Mozart's "Zeffirette," which was one of her most successful numbers. In a group of German lieder from Schubert and Schumann she displayed a good knowledge of lieder singing, particularly in the quiet "Nacht und Traume" of Schubert and Schumann's "Mondnacht."

ALBERT SPALDING AT CARNEGIE HALL Admirable Recital to Large Audience — Harold Henry at Aeolian.

The chief event of musical interest yesterday, outside the season's first Philharmonic concert, was the appearance in the afternoon of Albert Spalding in recital at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Spalding is an American, and there is, therefore, those who will insist that he deserves special consideration in order that we may show our patriotism and our courage. Probably Mr. Spalding would scorn any such plea; certainly he does not need it. At his recital yesterday he proved himself an artist of fine sensibilities, a musician of insight and understanding, a virtuoso who has no reason to fear comparison with any of the younger Europeans. In short, Mr. Spalding, from having been in the not far distant past the possessor of a somewhat immature talent which at times seemed to many unduly forced, has by hard work and sincerity of expression arrived among the ranks of the musical elect. He is not yet the American Tsayee—there being no American Tsayees—his imagination does not sweep him to heaven, scaling heights, nor does he sound the depths of sorrow; but he is advancing, he is still in the first flush of youth, and, best of all, he is entirely sincere. In Porpora's Sonata in G, in the Bach Adagio and Fugue in G minor and in Mozart's Concerto in D major he showed yesterday his delight in understanding the classical style.

bowing was broad and unaffected, his tone round and warm, but without exaggeration; his poise certain, yet never obtrusive. Technically, his playing was faultless, and if he showed at times a failure to rise to the ultimate heights of imagination, his efforts were yet far above the ordinary. In the group of lighter pieces at the end of the programme—two of them by himself and one, Edwin Grasse's whimsically delicate "Waves at Play"—he displayed a really delicious grace, and the audience rewarded him by its insistent demand for encores.

At the same hour the scene of a piano recital, when a good sized audience gathered to listen to Harold Henry. Mr. Henry played Schumann's Sonata, Op. 22; Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue and a number of shorter selections. His playing was throughout clean cut and his touch delicate. His audience manifested much pleasure throughout the

Young American Violinist, Modest and Artistic as Ever, Gives Concert in Carnegie Hall.

HAROLD HENRY AT AEOLIAN

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The musical recital season has begun and will rage for some months with the merciless fury. There was a time when recitals, vocal and instrumental, were events in New York. Now the day that does not see one is the event. We shall not be released from the pangs until next May.

Mr. Albert Spalding is, of course, always welcome, and he came with his much traveled violin to Carnegie Hall. Even in the afternoon. Imagine a slim, youthful fellow of artistic outline and modest bearing, standing in the half-lights of our somewhat obscure and gloomy shrine of music. He does not boast a chrysanthemum of hair. He does not suggest a wild thistle or an abused or drooping orchid from some unsuspected village in one of the buffer states of Southeastern Europe. He looks native and a gentleman. Such is Albert Spalding. These qualities of wholesome and native appearance militated against him some few years ago, when he made his debut. We all know the strange snobism that must worship the external and the imported. It is endemic in the artistic world, it reflects over the clean and lofty intelligence of some of those who, in the dreary vocabulary of reiterated platitude, record their musical opinions and judgments through the medium of the press.

A Normal Being.

It is pleasant, however, to think that it is possible as Mr. Spalding has proved over and over again that one can cultivate the violin to an extraordinary degree of proficiency without cultivating an appearance strongly suggestive of a recent escape from an ethnological museum; or adopting a name having an exterior resemblance to a querulous porcupine. Few reviews of a violin recital exceed the temptation of referring to "double stopping" and "passage work." The first phrase suggests the remote dialect of automobilism, the second would seem to be a department of domestic architecture. They are vile phrases, both of them. But we have to do. Mr. Spalding has mastered both. In three classic pieces by Chopin, Bach and Mozart he showed strength and sweetness of style, as well as substance of tone. As a rule, Mr. Spalding is rather persuasive than astounding. His playing does not coddle and club you to the ground. It reaches your heart and your intelligence, and is supplied with that contraband war. The third part of the programme concluded with several shorter numbers, including two by the violinist himself.

Harold Henry at Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Harold Henry, the pianist, was heard in Aeolian Hall. He is a pianist of sturdy and vertebrate appearance, taking his art somewhat seriously and stiffly. His merits are of the solid rather than the coruscating kind, and his programme was of a most varied and tasteful description. It involved a Schumann sonata, an intermezzo by Brahms and the well-known prelude, Choral and Fugue of Cesar Franck. There is not any particular likelihood that Mr. Harold Henry will march jocularly along the supreme Aeolian-hued summits of professional pianism, chiefly because his talents have no unusual or explosive force or dominance. It might be said that his playing was scholarly, but the dreadful compliment will be spared him. He was heard by a friendly and satisfied audience.

Mrs. Caroline Hudson-Alexander gave a vocal recital at the same place in the evening.

Mrs. Alexandra, who is a prodigiously approved composer, had a good and a well-trained voice, agreeable and properly governed rather than sensational. Her interpretation of Mozart and Brahms established the fact that she had excellent schooling. That celebrated ecclesiastic, Mr. Arthur Hyde, was at the piano.

MR. HENRY'S RECITAL.
A Young American Pianist Who Is Making Progress.

Harold Henry gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He was heard here on December 16 of last year, after having made his first impressions at the MacDowell festival in the previous summer. He found favor last winter in spite of some serious shortcomings, and it was assured that he would be heard again. He set himself a formidable task with yesterday's programme and that he succeeded as well as he did was entirely to his credit.

His chief numbers were Schumann's G minor sonata, opus 22, an intermezzo by Brahms, an Impromptu of Schubert, Chopin's "Fantaisie" and the important prelude, choral and fugue of Cesar Franck. Among the shorter numbers were one by Debussy, with the ambitious title, "Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir," and another by Lewis M. Isaac called "To Mount Monadnock."

Mr. Debussy has done better things. The sounds and perfumes of that evening were most insignificant. The soft song of a mosquito and the whiff of a passing automobile might have answered for the basis of such music. Mr. Isaac's piece, which was not profound, was at least more shapely.

Mr. Henry played the Franck composition excellently. In this he put forth the best resources of his art, which has grown since last season in firmness and in the scope of its tone color. There were genuinely beautiful moments of technique and tone in the Franck music, as in the arpeggiated passage for crossed hands; but there was appreciation also. A young man who can enter into the spirit of Franck as far as this one did gives much promise.

Mme. Hudson-Alexander Sings.

Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, a soprano who is not new to New York audiences, although she has not appeared on the concert platform recently, gave a song recital last night in Aeolian Hall. Her programme comprised a group of old songs, one of Schubert and Schumann lieder, some modern French songs, and a concluding group of songs in English by contemporaneous composers. Her singing after the first two numbers was always agreeable, and the quality of her voice excellent, though perhaps of the kind to which brilliance and power come more readily than warmth and sweetness. It is a well schooled voice, and the singer uses it with matured intelligence and judgment. Arthur St. Hyde was a skillful and tasteful accompanist.

A Piece by Stravinsky at the First Concert of Its 73d Season.

The Philharmonic Society has in recent years had few larger audiences at any of its evening concerts that was present last night at the opening of its seventy-third season. Mr. Stravinsky was warmly greeted, and the audience applauded the playing of the orchestra, so that the occasion may be regarded as auspicious and an augury of greater public interest in the evening concerts. There seem to have been few changes in the personnel of the orchestra; one was conspicuous, and was explained by a printed slip contained in the programmes: an account of the "irregularities in European affairs"—further particulars not given—Mr. Leopold Kramer, concertmaster of the orchestra, has been unable to join it, and may be detained for weeks in Europe. In the meantime Mr. Maximilian Pilzer has been secured to serve as concertmaster. Mr. Pilzer is a young artist who was graduated with commendation into the public musical life of New York a few years ago, since which time he has had orchestral experience. He had a few obligato passages last evening which he played acceptably, though they gave him not much opportunity for distinction; but a concertmaster's work does not consist chiefly in obligato passages, and its effect is to be studied in the performance of the orchestra. Mr. Stravinsky has made some changes in the management of his men, putting the players of brass instruments to the left, opposite the position they formerly occupied. Whatever changes in the tonal effect of the orchestra were produced thereby seemed to be in the direction of greater mellowness and homogeneity.

The programme contained a composition that introduced to the Philharmonic's programmes for the first time the name of Stravinsky, one of the young Russian composers, who is attracting most attention in Europe—or was, till the outbreak of certain "irregularities" now prevailing there—by his operas and ballets, supposed to have put the "national" school of Russian composers, for a time at least, into the shade. It is a descriptive piece entitled "Fireworks," and was played in New York for the first time four years ago by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, when it prompted the observation that fireworks, like children, should be seen and not heard. Its title explains its whole purpose, which lies no deeper than the surface, and has been cleverly and amusingly carried out, though it seems hardly worth while to employ the apparatus of a great orchestra to that end. "Fireworks," however, is "early Stravinsky," in his "first manner," and by no means represents the sort of thing he has done later in "Le Rossignol" and "Petronchka," which is still to be revealed to this public.

The concert, began with Dvorak's "New World" symphony, which in a way belongs to the Philharmonic's history by virtue of its first production, and which has so often figured on its programmes; Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Juan," and the three familiar orchestral excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" followed. The symphony was well played, as it should be by the Philharmonic. There was some lack of incisiveness and precision

in a few passages of "Don Juan," but perhaps no more than was to be expected in the first performance of a season.

The Philharmonic Concert
Heard and Applauded by
Good Sized Audience.

PERFORMANCE HAS MERIT

For good and sufficient reasons there cannot be a discussion this morning of the return of Igor Stravinsky to the local musical platform. London, which did not meet him till after he had visited New York, was in a state of mind about Stravinsky before war's alarms drowned those of future music. Josef Stravinsky, making his bow at the first evening concert of the Philharmonic Society's seventy-third season last night in Carnegie Hall, led gently up to Stravinsky by conducting first Dvorak's "New World" symphony and then Strauss's "Don Juan." After that came the Russian composer's orchestral sketch, or moving picture, called "Fireworks." Quite appropriately the concert reached its conclusion with the time honored three excerpts—"Dance of the Sylphs," "Minuet of Will o' the Wisp" and "Rackoczy March"—from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

"Fireworks" is not one of Stravinsky's extreme utterances. It is accepted as an early work, albeit the composer was born no longer ago than 1882 and his first composition, a symphony, dates from 1907. The piece heard last night was composed for the marriage of Maximilian Steinberg and the daughter of Stravinsky's teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov, in 1908. So whatever revolutionary creations may have come from the young musician's pen since that day it cannot be said that he has not yet time to bring about a cataclysm.

Conductors speak with bated breath about this Russian, chiefly because of his want of reverence for the major scale and the fundamental tonalities deduced from it. Indeed, Stravinsky, when he is really in earnest, regards tonalities as matters to be treated in mass, and he makes no hesitation about writing in several keys at one and the same time. Yet this is only carrying out in detail what Richard Strauss had already done in episodes in such works as "Elektra." However, there is no need to make a great deal about "Fireworks." In the first place the composition was performed here as long ago as December 1, 1910, by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, and in the second place it is of no large importance. It is a clever piece of orchestral coloring, but it has nothing particular to say, either as music or as instrumental pyrotechnics.

The reappearance of the Philharmonic in the local realms of music was welcomed by a goodly audience, and Mr. Stravinsky was applauded for whatever he did. A printed slip lamented the continued absence of the concertmaster, Mr. Kramer, because of "irregularities" in Europe. His place was occupied by Maximilian Pilzer, a competent violinist.

The orchestra sounded well last evening, and the familiar plenty of aggressive spirit was present in its playing. The conductor's templ in the Dvorak symphony were not all strictly in accord with the traditions, but every man must be permitted to have a discernible personal equation. There were admirable moments in the performance, which as a whole was worthy of commendation.

The Strauss tone poem was brilliantly done in all the tutti passages; but the more exposed parts were less satisfactory. The closing measures were very effective and the composition once more proved its right to a position among the composer's finest achievements. Mr. Stravinsky's "Fireworks" might perhaps have illumined the night more brightly had they not been set off immediately after those of Strauss.

Orchestra Starts Its Seventy-Third

Season and Produces a Russian Novelty Under Mr. Stravinsky's Direction.

Literally, the Philharmonic Society's seventy-third season began with fireworks last night at Carnegie Hall, for the novelty of the evening was a composition called "Fireworks," composed by Mr. Igor Etravinsky, a Russian. But there were demonstrations ever before the programme began, when Mr. Josef Stravinsky, the conductor, appeared he was greeted with prolonged applause.

The European war has left an imprint upon the personnel of the orchestra, for a new comer, Mr. Maximilian Pilzer, sat at the head of the first violins, and a programme note explained that the regular concertmaster, Mr. L. Kramer, is abroad and unable to join his comrades here for the present.

As for "Fireworks," it is a brief orchestral number which Mr. Stravinsky wrote to grace the wedding of the daughter of his master, Rimsky-Korsakov. It is about six years old, and this was its first performance by the Philharmonic. There can

be no doubt about its brains. The programme meaning is intended to convey the picture of rising and exploding rockets, the whirling of pinwheels and the booming of bombs. It is quite fascinating while it lasts, like the one that blaze in the night, but it scarcely invites repeated hearings. Last night it is more than likely that its brilliancy was somewhat dimmed by being placed next to Dr. Richard Strauss' "Don Juan." The latter tone poem of the philandering Don robbed "Fireworks" of some of its glow.

The programme also included Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" and three excerpts from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust."

Dvorak's symphony shone chiefly for the appealing manner in which the Largo was played. Here the orchestra was at its best in a sentimental mood, while in the Strauss and Stravinsky numbers the musicians embraced every opportunity to display their brilliancy. Mr. Stravinsky conducted with his customary authority and earned all the applause bestowed on him. The new temporary concertmaster acquitted himself with credit, playing the solo parts of the "Don Juan" tone poem with good tone.

Comprising Bohemian, Russian, German and French music, the season's opening programme of the orchestra gave every evidence of neutrality. And the reception accorded leader and musicians stamped it as an auspicious beginning of the seventy-third season.

ALMA GLUCK HEARD IN SONG PROGRAMME

Young Singer Who Is Making

Progress Applauded by
Large Audience.

SHOWS TRUE ARTISTRY

The song recital given by Alma Gluck yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was of more than common interest. When this soprano returned to the local concert stage in January last after a short term of study with Mme. Sembrich it was evident that her studies with the famous mistress of the art of bel canto had not proceeded far enough. Her upper tones, always insecure, were still badly attacked. Her voice was uneven in its upper scale and she was unable to evoke from its medium the fulness and rich, sensuous beauty which seemed rightly to belong to it.

Furthermore in interpretation the young singer had nothing to offer but imitations of her teacher. Mme. Sembrich had taught her how to deliver the songs, and she carefully observed her instructions. That Miss Gluck had little of her own to give was made all the more conspicuous by the long established fact that temperament had never been one of her large assets. And her singing, often elegant and even at times exquisite in its externals, had always lacked the impact made by a commanding personality.

Yesterday's recital demonstrated that the singer, since her second sojourn abroad, had developed into an artist demanding serious consideration. In the first place, it seems not only permissible but even obligatory at this moment to make one of those inclusive assertions which judicial comment is loath to employ. But it must be said, that as Miss Gluck's voice now stands, it is the most beautiful lyric soprano before the public. Nature gave her a notably fine organ, and its resources have at last been brought fairly, if not completely, under her command.

Her medium and upper middle tones are now not only ravishing in quality, but they have a splendid fulness and vigor. Her upper scale is now generally well attacked and cleanly delivered, and she has been initiated into the school of all perfect equalization, to wit, the emission of head tones and the art of carrying them down. Miss Gluck sang sonorously, flute-like high tones yesterday which last January would have been half strangled in her throat and would have been without quality.

Her technical equipment has gained too in the clearness of its colorature, though this does not promise to be one of the most effective factors in her art. But it is commendable, if not brilliant, and certainly not slovenly. The only element of her delivery which now falls far below the general level of merit is her pronunciation, which is not at all what should be heard from a singer of her accomplishments.

Those who take note of the mechanism of singing will gather from these comments that Alma Gluck is a very well prepared singer. The truth is that she must be accorded a position among the best young sopranos of this time. If she has not eloquence of utterance, she has much finish, much taste, much delicacy. If she is wanting in archness, infectious gaiety and playful humor, she possesses in no ordinary measure the power to communicate sentiment, gentle feeling and the varying moods of reflection and meditation.

She sang "Come, Beloved," from Handel's "Atalanta" with authority of style and with broad, reposeful delivery and finish. "Der Nussbaum" was perhaps not deeply moving, but it was tender and

of three Brahms songs, for which she has not the needed penetration of imagination. Folk songs of Little Russia, arranged by her husband, Efrem Zimbalist, she sang delightfully. She sang also very beautifully Charpentier's "La Cloche Pelee" and Massenet's "Crepuscule." Unfamiliar numbers on her list were three songs by Max Veggich and "The Bird of the Wilderness," by Edward Hornsman, a local composer of taste. A carelessly made, even thoughtless, attack threw the singer off the pitch at the beginning of Schumann's "Intermezzo" and ruined the whole song. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety in song, as well as in some other things.

MISS HINKLE IN LIEDER

Miss Florence Hinkle, whose position in the concert world is of the first rank, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall before a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Hinkle's programme was a varied one, opening with Da Capua's "Dal sen del Caro Sposo," and continuing with groups of German, French and Italian songs.

In these days of half cultivated voices and half understood interpretations, the presence of a singer of Miss Hinkle's authority and art is a welcome relief to the enforced concertgoer.

Her mastery of legato was most evident in her Italian numbers, but it was in the German lieder that she was perhaps most successful. Her singing of Richard Strauss's "Schlagende Herzen" was in particular exquisitely done.

The Germany of that song is far removed indeed from the spirit that is now darkening the Belgian plains, and the singer yesterday brought out the melancholy contrast.

The French songs Miss Hinkle gave with feeling, especially Goring Thomas's "Le Baiser," but her less perfect diction here militated against her complete success. Yet when all is said and done he must be a cavalier who will find fault with Miss Hinkle's art. It is an art that is well grounded and sincere; she has at her command a mastery of technique that is rare upon the concert stage, and her voice itself, if not a great one, is one of great purity and one which she knows well how to color. Her appearances are always evocative of pleasure.

Popular Soprano Heard in Matinee Programme of Songs.

Florence Hinkle, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Miss Hinkle is well and favorably known to all local concertgoers, chiefly for her excellent art in the field of oratorio. Her song recitals, which have not been numerous, have also given much pleasure and she has done well to accept what was a public invitation to be more frequently heard in this form of entertainment.

Her programme yesterday was well arranged, albeit there was some want of venturesome spirit in the German department, which was of songs chiefly old. The third group, consisting of French songs by Fauré, Vieuxtemps and Goring Thomas, and one Italian by Leoncavallo, was very agreeable, though French is hardly Miss Hinkle's happiest field. But on the whole her singing was interesting, and this is something worth noting. There are many who can sing remarkably well, but who cannot interest their hearers. Miss Hinkle's art is neither broad nor deep, but it has distinct charm and it publishes a personality.

A Beautiful Voice and Style Displayed in Aeolian Hall.

It was good to recognize in the singing of Miss Florence Hinkle, who gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, all the rare beauty of voice, all the admirable technical control, all the intelligence and genuinely musical feeling that have heretofore won high praise for her singing. There were also to be noted a greater freedom and spontaneity of expression; and there was especially a gain in her understanding and interpretation of French songs, as well as in her French diction, which has been one of the less successful elements in her singing. Her French group, comprising songs by Fauré, Vieuxtemps and A. Goring Thomas, with Leoncavallo's "Serenata Francese," was in truth charmingly sung.

Miss Hinkle began with three interesting and little-known old songs, also from R. da Capua's "Voleroso," Elzén's "Gens d'Armes Libérés," and Monsigny's "Le Roi et le Fermier," and her programme also included, besides the French group, one of German lieder and one by English and American composers. Charles Albert Baker's accompaniments were excellent.

MR. FRIEDBERG'S DEBUT.

Carl Friedberg, a pianist hitherto unknown to this town of many piano performances, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The player set himself to a task designed to disclose many-sidedness, penetrative analysis, opulent imagination, profound musical sensibility and a few other things. Let it be added that they all do it. Pachmann was content to be famous as a Chopinist, but through the beneficence of nature there was only one Pachmann.

Mr. Friedberg started the ascent of Parnassus with Bach's G minor fantasia and fugue, with Liszt dressings and followed this with Beethoven's E major sonata, opus 109, which no one has yet decorated. Then came Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," Brahms's G minor ballade, E flat intermezzo and E flat rhapsody and a group of Chopin numbers, including the G minor ballade. This programme was what the British might call "a tall order."

Mr. Friedberg had a good deal of luck of touch and his beauty of tone with some vigor of style he might have one through his self-appointed task in triumph. But there was room for regret as to some matters. This pianist is an artist, but one with narrow limitations. He plays well, but makes no special proclamation. His dynamic range yesterday was particularly small, advancing from a pianissimo like Pachmann's only to a mezzo forte. The splendid sonorities of the finale of Schumann's studies were lost entirely, while in many pages of the sonata one seemed to hear the voice of Beethoven through the long distance telephone.

Success Despite Unnecessary Gloom for Carl Friedberg in Carnegie Hall.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Through a semi-gloom, artificially created, in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Herr Carl Friedberg emerged into the ken of some few hundred New Yorkers as a pianoforte virtuoso; or, better, since he proved himself worthy of the designation, as an artistic player upon the pianoforte. He emerged in this capacity only. What he looks like as a man will be learned when he throws off the affectation which makes persons of sound aesthetic and intellectual stomachs feel a contempt for pianoforte music and all its votaries, and steps forth into the normal light of the concert platform, regardless of the shock which may be administered thereby to the young women who want to worship at the shrine of long hair and the pallor of imagined suffering. His stage entrance was, no doubt, arranged to harmonize with the preliminary proclamation that in him New York was to make acquaintance with "the Poet of the Pianoforte." Now, a poet is not proclaimed either by low lights or long hair, whether he speaks in words or in tones, but by his utterances; and it is a deserved, perhaps even a high, tribute to Herr Friedberg when it is said that he won recognition for his art in spite of the barriers which he placed against its recognition. It is an everlasting pity that the story ever became known that once in a salon in Paris when Chopin and Liszt were pitted against each other one or the other of them asked that the lights be extinguished. Since then every silly sentimentalist, at the pianoforte or in the audience, has imagined that poetical pianists talk best in a twilight, and all intellectually and emotionally sane people have had to be half ashamed of their love of the art.

Herr Friedberg may or may not have been thrown upon our shores by the European war. That question has no significance. He is here. He preaches no new evangel, nor is he likely to widen our knowledge of pianoforte music or quicken our appreciation of its beauties. But he can give a pure and high pleasure by his playing. He reads his music aright, and he knows how to make his vehicle eloquent. He does not outrange it in an effort to astound, nor degrade it through a desire to make it contribute to mere "lascivious pleasantries." He has a good opinion of the virility of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin (these were the composers whom he undertook to interpret yesterday), and he knows that the three immortal B's do not always and necessarily speak in the voice of the Furor teutonicus nor the Gallicised Pole in the accents of the female boarding school. First of all he knows the capacities of the pianoforte—its dynamic powers and their limitations—and the sensuous beauty of its voice.

Euphony, clarity of utterance, nice gradation of dynamics marked the mechanical part of his playing of everything from the Bach-Liszt Fantasia and Fugue in G minor to the last of his Chopin pieces, the large intermediate steps, being Beethoven's Sonata in E major, Op. 109, and Brahms's Ballade in G minor; also a deep feeling for their emotional concits as well as their aesthetic beauty.

Sunday Night Concert Audience, the Largest of the Season, Enjoys German Music.

Music at yesterday's concerts was entirely German, with Wagner as the principal figure. While the Symphony Society gave one-half of its programme to excerpts from his operas, the Century Opera Company devoted all of its Sunday night concert to his music. None of the Century concerts this season has been so well attended, and had there not been a statement in the programme that there were to be no encores, it would have been one of the longest.

Mr. Ernest Knoch, who directed the performance of "Lohengrin," was the conductor, and his popularity with the men in the orchestra was shown when after the performance of the prelude to Act III, of "Lohengrin," Mr. Dubinski, first cellist, presented to him a large wreath in behalf of the orchestra.

The singers scoring the most were Miss Bettina Freeman, with "Dich theure Halle;" from "Tannhaeuser," Miss Lois Powell with the songs "Engel" and "Traume," Mr. Gustaf Bergman with the prayer from "Rienzi" and Mr. Graham Marr, who sang the star song from "Tannhaeuser." Miss Maude Santley was heard in an aria from "Rienzi" and Mme. A-

lma Fremstad played the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhaeuser" and the Good Friday music from "Parsifal." It can hardly be said that the Century orchestra is at its best in Wagner music, but all things considered acquitted itself creditably.

Wagner Concert at Century.

A special Wagner programme drew a large audience to the Century Opera House for the concert last night. The numbers included the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "Dich theure Halle" from "Tannhaeuser," Bettina Freeman, aria of Adriano from "Rienzi," Maude Santley, "Engel" and "Traume," Lois Powell, Wotan's "Farewell and Fire Spell," Louis Kreidler, prayer from "Rienzi," Gustaf Bergman, Good Friday music from "Parsifal," Erda's song from "Rheingold," Augusta Lenska, "To the Evening Star" from "Tannhaeuser," Graham Marr, and the overture to "Tannhaeuser," Ernst Knoch conducted. *Times* 10.21.14

MME. FREMSTAD SINGS IN CONCERT Handel and Bach Introduce Wagner at a Sunday Symphony Event.

The popular feature of the second Sunday afternoon subscription concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday was the participation of Mme. Olive Fremstad in the second part of the programme, which was devoted to excerpts from Wagnerian dramas. The most comforting feature was the music of Handel and Bach—in very strong contrast to what followed—in the first part. Mr. Damrosch gave a hearing to the fifth of Handel's Concerti grossi, the first of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos and a transcription for full orchestra of the familiar air, "Ombra mai fu" from Handel's "Xerxes" made by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. This transcription is in manuscript, and was probably made at the time when Hellmesberger's arrangement for violin solo (which Dr. Damrosch also uses), strings and organ, first caught the popular fancy. We do not recall an earlier performance than that of yesterday, the most noteworthy feature of which was the treatment given to the melody by the full orchestra; most noteworthy, but least admirable, for the introduction of polyphony in the middle voices was flagrantly out of keeping with Handel's style. Like that of all classic composers, the music of Handel generally sounds best when left in the original package—to use a commercial phrase.

Mme. Fremstad was most enthusiastically welcomed, almost to the verge of embarrassment to herself, indeed, and rewarded with applause out of all proportion to her deserts for her singing, which was not at all what might have been expected from her in Elizabeth's entrance air from "Tannhaeuser," though there was touching pathos and quiet beauty in the recital of Kundry, from the second act of "Parsifal." Whether or not anything can justify the wrenching of this narrative (called on the programme an "air") from its context for concert room purposes is another matter. It would call louder for discussion if the people of New York had not so closely and affectionately identified Mme. Fremstad with the heroine of Wagner's religious drama.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY. Mme. Olive Fremstad the Soloist at Its Second Concert.

Mr. Damrosch arranged a programme contrasting Handel and Bach with Wagner for the second concert of the New York Symphony Society, which took place yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The elder style was represented by two "concerts grossi," one of its most characteristic products, and by an orchestral arrangement (made by Dr. Leopold Damrosch) of that air from Handel's Italian opera of "Serse," that modern audiences know as "Handel's Largo." It would have been interesting to hear the air sung in the form in which Handel wrote it, with the words set down. All the eloquence of the swelling sonorities that have been incorporated into this orchestral arrangement would then be found to be drawn from the hero's apostrophe to a plane tree beneath which he is standing, proclaiming, and repeating the proclamation, that no tree ever cast a more agreeable shade; so much and no more.

The concerto grosso by Handel is for a "concertino" of two violins and violoncello, with a "concerto" of strings alone. The work is, in fine, splendidly muscular and vigorous movements, in Handel's copiously melodramatic vein, and was given in the arrangement of Gustav Kogel, who has done a little filling in and added a few suggestions for performance. The tone of the strings was notably solid and substantial; but there was not quite all the finish or certainty of ensemble that the orchestra has often shown, either in this or in the concerto grosso by Bach that followed it.

This was the first of the so-called

Brandenburg concertos, in which, besides strings, there are oboes, horns, and a bassoon heard, music that has a less easy appeal than Handel's and a deeper poetry in the adagio, a qualiter state in the final polacca.

The soloist was Mme. Olive Fremstad, for years, but this season no longer, at the Metropolitan Opera House. She was left in no manner of doubt that her appearance was welcome through the long-continued applause that greeted her and that rewarded her singing. Her numbers were Elizabeth's air from the second act of "Tannhaeuser," "Dich theure Halle," and Kundry's narrative of Herzeldede's death, from the second act of "Parsifal." Both she sang with a truly dramatic potency of expression that was especially compelling by its pathos and poignancy in Kundry's song, well remembered on the Metropolitan stage. This was likewise better adapted to her; for Elizabeth's song needs a more brilliant and soaring soprano voice that finds no stumbling block in the high notes. The orchestra completed the Wagnerian half of the programme with the preludes to "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan und Isolde."

Bach, Handel and Wagner Make Programme of Symphony Matinee.

MME. FREMSTAD SOLOIST

The scheme of the Symphony Society's concerts in the current season may require some explanation. There is one series of Friday afternoon concerts which will be repeated on Sunday afternoons. There is also a separate series of Sunday matinees. It was the first of the latter which took place yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised two parts. The numbers of the first part were Handel's concerto grosso for two solo violins, cello and strings; Bach's first Brandenburg concerto and the familiar largo of Handel.

The second part was devoted to music of Wagner, namely, the air "Dich theure Halle" from "Tannhaeuser," the narrative of Kundry from the second act of "Parsifal," the "Meistersinger" Vorspiel, and the prelude and finale of "Tristan und Isolde." The singer was Mme. Olive Fremstad, formerly a principal Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was a good programme. The juxtaposition of the concertos of Handel and Bach, compositions in a form now seldom attempted, was in some respects happy. It tempts to comparisons, but these are not essential to satisfaction. Handel's concerti grossi all have a large platform value, being devised, as this master's works invariably were, for the gratification of public desire.

Most Generous of Plagiarists.

Something of effect was doubtless added to the works heard yesterday by the ingenious editing of Gustav Kogel. If objection is offered by purists to such additions, there is always the ready answer that no one can be certain that the work in its original form was entirely Handel's, for the illustrious composer of "The Messiah" was long ago convicted of being the most generous of plagiarists. One thing is indisputable and that is that this concerto is of the kind of music which makes the hearer happy. It is filled with melody and the singing of the instrumental solo voices is indeed admirable.

The Bach Brandenburg concerti are familiar to local music lovers and possibly the great concentration of ideas and mastery of instrumental polyphony displayed in them overshadows the more facile cleverness of the Handel works. But it was Handel's misfortune that he was a contemporary of Bach and composed in certain kindred forms. If he had written his concerti grossi in another period we should doubtless speak of them with more enthusiasm than is our wont. Now we always feel impelled to set them over against the concerti of Bach, in whose majestic presence other composers seldom look like kings.

The step from the ancients to Wagner was less jarring than might be supposed. The bewildering display of free and counterpoint in the "Meistersinger" prelude after all only goes to proclaim the legitimate descendant of Bach.

Look Askance on Such Excerpts.

Perfect Wagnerites, not of the G. B. S. variety, continue to look askance on the use of such excerpts as the Kundry scene and the "Liebestod" on the concert platform. Elizabeth's address to her ancestral music hall is a song and may be sung anywhere, but the other two things are vital parts of dramas and might well be left where they belong.

Mme. Fremstad seemed to feel the absence of the union of arts cherished by Wagner, for she sang the "Tannhaeuser" music better than the other two. Her delivery of "Dich theure Halle" had spontaneity, ease of utterance and a fine poised. Her last sigh of Isolde was somewhat stertorous. She sang the "Parsifal" music well, but it was pointless. There was a large audience and the great applause which welcomed Mme. Fremstad to the stage showed plainly in what high regard she is justly held.

Tina Lerner, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was not arranged according to the long established conventions. It began, not with a Bach fugue, but with two most ingratiating little pieces of the good Padre Martini, a minuet and a rondo. Following these was a gavotte by Sganbatti and then Beethoven's "Eccossaises" in the Russian arrangement.

With these delicate bits as a preface the pianist launched into the heavy task of her matinee, the B minor sonata of Liszt. A Chopin group came next, the last group comprised three Russian pieces, Rachmaninov's G minor prelude, a humorous by Tscherepnin (one of the young school of eclectics in Russia) and a scherzo by Balakirev.

Miss Lerner played the daintier pieces on her list admirably, with clarity, delicacy of touch, variety of accent and musical appreciation. As for the Liszt sonata it can be said that her performance showed the results of much study and of genuine affection. Pianists generally love this composition, because of its expert employment of the technical resources of the instrument.

Many serious music lovers have tried for years to learn to love it as well as the pianists do, but have failed. Miss Lerner handled it as a pianist might be expected to, but while she was successful in its more reflective pages, she had lacked the sonority of tone and the splendor of color demanded for the utterance of its more pretentious proclamations. It was a good, but not a large performance.

Tina Lerner Plays Old Dances, Liszt's Sonata and Slavic Pieces in Recital.

Since Miss Tina Lerner first appeared before a New York audience (it was some years ago in a concert of the Russian Symphony Society, we believe) she has never failed to charm by the neatness and elegance with which she has played some of the small things in the pianists' repertory. So she did again yesterday afternoon at her recital in Aeolian Hall. The small things have not contented her, however, and she has made ambitious essays with such modern cantatas as Tschaiakovsky's first. Yesterday she placed Liszt's Sonata in B minor in the middle of the scheme. There are those who love this work and think its ideas long and high and deep and wide, and that only a larger imagination, sinewy arms and fingers and a transcendental technic can compass it. To them Miss Lerner's performance must have seemed inadequate, for in it there were no thundering nor roar of mighty trumpets, nor "loud, uplifted angel trumpets" blown by burning rows of seraphim. Yet much of it was pleasing to the ear and gently stimulative to the fancy.

A group of old-fashioned dance pieces preceded the sonata and after it came a group of pieces by Chopin and then compositions by Russian musicians—a Prelude (G minor) by Rachmaninov, "Humoresque" by Tscherepnin and Scherzo by Balakirev. There was a great deal of charm in the limpid passages, played with a light, bounding touch, in the minuet and rondo by Martina, the gavotta in which Sganbatti capably embodied the archaic spirit in modern dress, and the transcriptions by Busoni of some of Beethoven's Eccossaises. The complete edition of Beethoven's works knows fifteen or more of these old dances, but only one of them, we believe, was composed for the pianoforte. Twelve, published in 1807, were written as trios for stringed instruments (or wind, at pleasure) and two for military bands. One was written down by Czerny from the dictation of Krumpholtz, who heard it played in the Prater. Mr. Busoni's short group makes a pretty salon piece.

'TALES OF HOFFMANN' SANG.

Florence Macbeth Makes Debut at Century as Mechanical Doll.

The Century Opera Company presented last night as the new production of the week Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann." The presentation of the fantastic opera comique employed the services of no less than three of the company's prima donnas, Florence Macbeth as Olympia, Bettina Freeman as Giulietta, and Lois Ewell as Antonia, while Orville Harrold was Hoffmann, Kathleen Howard was Nicklausse, and Louis Kreidler appeared as the three varied manifestations of Hoffmann's evil genius.

Considerable interest centered in the first appearance here of Florence Macbeth, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company. In the rôle of the mechanical doll Miss Macbeth contributed some very clever acting, her postures and contortions hitting off the subject with admirable illusion. The tenseness of muscle that goes with the mechanical effect in this part often has a tendency to work against the best delivery of the florid music the doll sings, and Miss Macbeth by no means escaped this.

The cast in general was not so good as the large at first seemed to enjoy the piece thoroughly. The comic effects and costumes were in keeping. Josiah Zuro conducted ably, and under his direction the chorus and orchestra gave good account of themselves. Besides the members of the cast already mentioned August Lenska, Frank Phillips, Alfred Kaufman, and Louis D'Angelo deserve mention for capable work in the smaller parts.

NEW PRIMA DONNA AT THE CENTURY

Miss Florence Macbeth Makes Her
Appearance in Offenbach's Delightful Opera.

PIECE IS ADMIRABLY STAGED

Why Audiences Are Fond of This
Humorous, Romantic and Fantastical Work.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE.—"The Tales of Hoffmann." An opera in three acts. By Offenbach.

The Cast.

HoffmannGustaf Bergman
NicklausseKathleen Howard
OlympiaFlorence Macbeth
GiuliettaBettina Freeman
AntoniaLois Ewell
GrespelAlfred Kaufman
Coppelius, Dappertutto, MiracleLouis D'Angelo
Cochenille, Ptilinaccio, Franz, FrankPhillips
NathanaelHardy Williamson
HermanGeorge Clement
SpalanzaniLouis D'Angelo
The Vision of Antonia's MotherAugusta Lenska
SchlemihlEdwin Swibach
LindorfMax Dorfman
LutherLouis Caplan
ConductorAgide Jacchia

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Oh, for a few more operas like "The Tales of Hoffmann," revived last night at the Century Opera House! The chorus girls of the Manhattan Opera House (when it was one), translating the French title of the piece, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," in a generous and aristocratic spirit of liberality, named it "Count Hoffmann."

Well, count, thy hand! Consider a while the spirit of this opera and contrast it with the gloom and gross horrors of the book of "Rigoletto" or the sordid passions of "Pagliacci," or with any of the other temptations of blood the contemplation of which is supposed to educate us and lift us into an intellectual paradise.

The "Tales of Hoffmann" have wit, fantasy, picturesqueness and, in the rôle of Dr. Miracle and Dr. Miracle's other figures, philosophy. There is also delineation of character, forcible movement, romantic imagination and delicious comedy, but comedy always with an undertone of thought. Hoffmann, for instance, looking through the glasses of illusion, falls in love with an automaton. Is he the first or the last to fall in love with an expensive mechanism dressed like a doll?

In fact, "The Tales of Hoffmann" reminds us that it is high time for modern composers to humanize the literature of their operas and not to select their stories from the collars of Naples or the researches of Kraft Ebbing. Puccini has told the writer that he was more than anxious to write something comic. He had in mind, no doubt, the place held in the affections of the public by those comic operas "Siegfried," "Die Meistersinger" and "Falstaff." In the same way, a large part of the popularity of "The Tales of Hoffmann" is due to the geniality of its subject matter.

It was produced yesterday with the adornment of Metropolitan Opera House scenery and of the presence of a new prima donna, Miss Florence Macbeth, who made an overnight success two years ago in London. Mr. Louis Kreidler played the three parts forever associated with the histrionic genius of M. Renaud, and Miss Lois Ewell was seen as the ailing Antonia.

"The Tales of Hoffmann," With a New Singing Doll.

Offenbach's most ambitious opera, "The Tales of Hoffmann," was given at the Century Opera House last evening. The work was heard at this theatre last season and was welcomed with much popular approval. The production at last had merit, but there were shortcomings not to be overlooked. The Messrs. Aborn themselves were apparently not satisfied with the impersonation of the doll in the first episode, and last evening they offered in this rôle a prima donna of American origin whose career has been made in Europe.

The name of this young woman is Florence Macbeth and she enjoyed last evening such a success as might be expected in her surroundings. She sang the music of Olympia commendably and acted the part well. Her voice is a pretty and light soprano, well adapted to the delivery of music not asking for too much feeling. This need not, however, indicate that she is incapable of imparting feeling to music which would permit

of it. D'Angelo's music is not of that type. The colorature of the rôle Miss Macbeth delivered fairly, if not brilliantly. She kept herself in the picture and her action was amusing.

The rest of the cast was good except in the domain of low comedy. Mr. Kreidler as Coppelius and Mr. d'Angelo as Spalanzani were both dull and heavy and for that reason much of the first act was wearisome. It had to rest chiefly on Miss Macbeth, Mr. Harrold and Miss Howard. The tenor sang Hoffmann creditably, but there are other parts in which he shines more resplendently.

The ensemble in the second act was better balanced. As Dappertutto Mr. Kreidler was in more familiar territory, while Bettina Freeman was a comely Giulietta. Lois Ewell was the Antonia of the third pathetic episode in the life of a poet, and Augusta Lenska sang the music of the mother. Josiah Zuro conducted the opera with spirit and with good judgment. The chorus discharged its duties well and the work was well mounted.

November 5, 1914

JOINT RECITAL AT AEOLIAN HALL

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Mme. Schnabel-Tollefsen, pianist, and Mr. Horatio Connell, vocalist, were heard last night at Aeolian Hall in recital, as it is called.

This particular exhibition, however, was denominated, in delicate and peculiar language, a "joint recital."

I do not like these Tenderloin expressions. Aeolian Hall is not a joint. It is a sort of arabesque and pianola paradise. "Joint" never. It is rather a symphonatorium.

I discovered on inquiry that a "joint recital" is one in which two souls with but a single thought—the thought with each being the desire to distinguish itself—hire a hall and defy the critics to do their worst. I discovered also that even the most abstract and austere forms of criticism have a leaning for "joint recitals." They enable the critics to get rid of two artists at "onst," if I may use the racy and superlative dialect of the alphabetical avenues. But joint or no joint, no one should miss Mr. Horatio Connell.

Mr. Connell is not only a singer but he is an expegegetical orator. I use the word "expegegetical" because there is a vague magnificence about it. It only means explanatory. He made two explanatory discourses preceding two songs. One speech told us about the Persian poet Hafiz; the other about Chasteland. It never struck Mr. Connell that most people had heard about the lover of Mary Queen of Scots, and that some of us in chastened mood lisped Hafiz every time we paid a monthly instalment on one of our Persian rugs from Philadelphia. Let us have no more speeches at concerts. The prime donne might begin explaining themselves, and the tenors reveal to us what drove them to it.

Just before Mr. Connell sings he assumes a semi-pugilistic attitude, transfixing Hank Krehbiel with a minatory eye. Then he orates, then finally he issues that which the studio riffraff call tones. Let us haste to say that they are most agreeable ones. His enunciation proved to be excellent, his voice resonant, manly and musical, and his faculty of interpretation far above the ordinary. There is no reason, however, why he should choose such mediocre stuff as "If That Angel of Shiraz," by Granville Bantock, in which to display his quality?

Some other of his songs were of little value, forgotten as soon as heard, and far less welcome than his Bach and Brahms. When will the singers remember that their audiences ask for music music, absolutely regardless of political, faddish considerations or Charles Henry Melcher's expired campaign?

Mme. Schnabel-Tollefsen played Grieg, Chopin, Moszkowski, Liszt and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Her gift is pronounced and her powers emphatic.

Mr. Ellis Clark Hammann sat at the piano. He must be now thinking over a new music form, a sort of cantillation—Burke on Conciliation with America, or Cicero against Cataline, accompanied with a recitativo secco.

Well, Horatio Connell began it. Wait until the other baritones start talking, too. Tullio de Gogorza knows a few words!

Blanche Goode, a young pianist, who has studied both in Europe and this city, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme comprised Schubert's unfamiliar A minor sonata, three Intermezzi and a rhapsody of Brahms and six études of Chopin. Miss Goode disclosed some real accomplishments, but left no deep impression. She showed a wide range of dynamics which seldom were associated with rudeness of tone. Indeed her tone was generally good and in many passages her touch possessed both warmth and delicacy.

But her technical equipment did not seem to be equal to the demands of public recital work. It was by no means sure and many of her phrases lacked both

fluency and coherence. A tendency to force the contrasts between moderate and forte was one of the conspicuous blemishes of her style. Her treatment of Brahms was especially dry and uninteresting. Without doubt a postponement of her concert till her talent had become riper would have been wise.

In the evening the same hall was occupied by a concert given by Mme. Schnabel-Tollefsen, pianist, and Horatio Connell, barytone. The former began the entertainment with Grieg's G minor ballad, which he is said to have written "with his heart's blood in days of sadness and despair." One Walter Niemann wrote of this ballad that it is "the most perfect musical embodiment of Norway and the Norwegian people, of its agonized longing for light and sun and at the same time the most perfect embodiment in music of Grieg the man." It should be added that W. S. B. Matthews, an American, declared that it was not a piece to be liked at a first hearing "even when played in a masterly manner."

Whether Mme. Schnabel-Tollefsen ever experienced the true Norwegian longing for light and sun or has been away from home for such a time that she has forgotten how to long cannot be said, but it was certain that her performance of this master embodiment of Norway and Grieg expressed neither yearning nor agony, but apparently the melancholy depression of an overworked pianist.

Mr. Connell did not bring much sweetness and illumination into the gloom when he appeared to contribute his first group of songs. One of them was "Triumph Now Is Mine," from Bach's cantata "With my cross staff gladly wander." It was a remarkable delivery, but it was difficult to have confidence in the accuracy of its oft repeated assertion. On the whole there have been better days in the present season, young as it is.

November 6, 1914

The English Pianist Reappears After Three Years in Carnegie Hall.

About three years ago Mr. Leonard Borwick appeared in Carnegie Hall and gave a recital that surprised and delighted a handful of listeners, few of whom probably knew this English pianist even by reputation. For he came without any of the preliminary heralding that often announces the fame of lesser men. It appeared that he was on his way from Australia to England and gave his concert here as he was passing through. He passed on and was heard no more.

Mr. Borwick appeared again yesterday at Carnegie Hall, giving the first of three projected recitals, and again showed that he is a pianist of the highest accomplishment, an artist of singular individuality, gifted with poetic vision, but essentially sound and wholesome in all that he does. There is nothing to be allowed for the idiosyncrasies of virtuosity, for any obtrusion of the player's personality, in Mr. Borwick's performance. It is first and foremost an interpretation of the composer's meaning and intention.

The most significant feature of his playing is a certain vitality, a stimulating quality that charges it and gives it a ceaseless fascination, no matter what he undertakes. His programme yesterday began with his own arrangement of an organ fugue in G minor by Bach—not the one that Liszt arranged—played with consummate clearness in the leading of the voices and with a finely felt molding of its formal structure. Beethoven's Rondo in G, Op. 51, No. 2, three "harpichord lessons" by Domenico Scarlatti, which he played in exactly the right spirit of debonaire brilliancy, and Brahms's sonata in F minor, Op. 5, a work whose beauty, poetry, and true grandeur are not staled by the passage of years, and which stands forth today as one of his greater compositions, though one of his earliest. Mr. Borwick's performance of it was the crowning achievement of his recital. Some may have wished for a little more repose in the first movement, especially in its opening chords, and a little more definite composition of the rhythm there. But there was a warmth of feeling, the pulse of life, and impulsive vigor, and in the andante and its echoing intermezzo a poignant tenderness of poetical feeling.

For his last group there were Paderewski's Theme Varié, Op. 16, No. 3; a serenade by Rachmaninoff, Op. 3, No. 5, and Liszt's Etude de Concert in F minor.

Mr. Leonard Borwick Gives Effective Recital in Carnegie Hall.

One of the least known of the great pianists, Mr. Leonard Borwick, who has not been heard here in three years, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, and the audience expressed its approval emphatically. Mr. Borwick began his programme with an arrangement of his own of Bach's organ fugue in G minor, and as Bach's arrangements go it was a good one. He was at his best in the Beethoven rondo in G, opus 51, No. 2, which followed. There is nothing obtrusive about his playing. Sensationalism is entirely lacking. He makes no use of long hair or dim lights to attract his hearers. A wide range of tonal effects and of dynamics, added to a highly developed finger technique, were disclosed in the way he played the Beethoven rondo. There also was a strong emotional element. Three brilliant harpichord lessons of Scarlatti, an Allegro, a tempi di ballo and a presto closed his first group.

The most important number was Brahms's sonata in F minor, opus 5. Except in the hands of a real artist, much of the piano music of Brahms is pretty dull. But there was nothing dull in the sonata yesterday. Particularly beautiful was the reposeful playing in the andante movement. The interpretation always was clear. Wherever rapid fingering was used it was smooth and clear, and the melodies in the inner parts were

In the third and last group Mr. Muck played Paderewski's theme varied in a major, opus 16, No. 3; Rachmaninoff's serenade, opus 3, No. 4, and Liszt's étude de concert, in E minor. Altogether it was an interesting programme, effectively played.

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN BEETHOVEN

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of its annual New York season last night at Carnegie Hall. There was the usual large audience, which, however, attentive it may be during the actual performance of the musical numbers will not follow the excellent example of Boston and relapse into silence a minute or two before the music begins. Dr. Muck was compelled several times to rap sharply for order.

The symphony played was Beethoven's "Eroica." There was a singular lack of animation about the execution of the first movement as well as some inaccuracies. During the intermission an explanation, or what purported to be an explanation of this, flew from lip to lip among the conversationalists of the corridors. It ran to the effect that the musicians had been told that their reception would not be what it was in the past owing to the disturbed state of international politics and their German nationality. Some color was unfortunately given to this palpable and disgraceful nonsense by the fact that in an evening paper there had appeared a fantastic article scourging Dr. Muck for announcing a "German" programme and accusing him of German propaganda.

Dr. Muck's Programme.

He should have given neutral music, it was urged. I confess I do not know what neutral music means, unless it be the symphonic striving of Hoffmann. I suppose it means music written by composers belonging to nations other than those now fighting. A concert of such works would indeed be a strange one.

The programme consisted of Beethoven, Brahms, Strauss and Weber. Three of these are dead and are numbered with the immortals. In any case, nothing could be more grossly inartistic than to import political rancor into the field of abstract art. One blushes at a state of affairs that compels a writer to mention these elementary considerations.

If Dr. Muck and his instrumentalists did, as was alleged, suffer from nervousness, it should have been dissipated very early in the concert, for conductor and orchestra were most heartily welcomed. But whatever the reason may be, the "Eroica" did not receive the clear, emphatic and highly poetic interpretation that Dr. Muck has given it so often.

Strauss's "Don Juan."

The playing of the "Don Juan" tone-poem of Strauss's was brilliant as ever, and there was power and solidity about the rendering of the Brahms Variations. The neutral concert, which consisted of the works of four of the greatest masters the world has known, and the precious possessions of all men and all ages, closed with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

Mr. Hamish MacKay gave a recital at Aeolian Hall which conflicted in point of time with the big Boston Symphony concert. His programme consisted entirely of British songs, from the recent output of Coleridge-Taylor to the folk songs of Scotland. "The Two Corbies" and "The Cnarr of Fife" were heard again. Mr. MacKay's interpretation of these had dramatic color and point, and his dialect accurate and delicious. Whatever vitality resides in this folk music Mr. MacKay can educe it.

Programme of Standard Works

Played With Much Brilliance and Skill.

DR. MUCK'S CONDUCTING

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season in this city took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. Despite the fact that the European war disarranged some of the best laid plans of Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, and of Dr. Karl Muck, its distinguished conductor, the body of players was almost the same as that which visited us last season. The few changes were not of a kind to alter the constitution of the organization, and the first number on the programme served to prove that the best traditions of this national institution were to be preserved.

Dr. Muck was very warmly welcomed. He is a bad programme maker and he was in his worst form with this opening concert. There was one number too many on the list and it was not at all difficult to discern which one it was. The entertainment began with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. This was followed by the Brahms variations on Haydn's theme, the "Chorale St. Antoni," Richard Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan" and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

The Brahms variations are admirable, and when properly placed always make an effect with an audience. But after such a delivery of Beethoven's "Eroica" as that heard last evening these fine and reflect-

seemed have been left too long in the sun and to have dried out entirely.

A far better contrast would have been made by omitting this number and going directly to the materialistic promulgation of Mr. Strauss. Beethoven's time honored symphony is still too much alive, its blood is too warm and its pulse too strong to permit of a successful challenge from a set of variations, even those made by a master.

The performance of the symphony was something to be remembered for the rest of the season. The nobility of the orchestral tone, the exquisite finish of the nuancing, the perfection of the precision and unanimity, the eloquence of the reading of the conductor; all these were memorable matters. And how young, how strong, how vigorous the symphony sounded in these days of sea green meditations, of preachment of philosophy, theosophy and even atrophy.

Let us be glad that this music remains to remind us that it is not essential to our spiritual uplift that we should be introduced to strange scales, to unheard of instruments and to counterpoint of different tonalities. The music of 110 years ago puts most of the futurist product to shame. It has a message and it publishes it in no uncertain manner. But when the work is to be played it ought always to be played as it was last evening, with enthusiasm, with full faith in its vitality and with loving care in the treatment of its details.

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL Orchestral Friends from "Aus" Opening Series of Concerts.

In the progress of the score of years during which the Boston Symphony has bestowed its benisons on New York the vocabulary of praise has been thoroughly exhausted; so has that of description and critical analysis.

It is only when the splendid body of musicians introduces a new work, or its conductor discloses a different conception of a familiar work from that held by his colleagues at the head of local organizations that the reviewer can get away from a simple record or a re-vamping of old utterances. It has become impossible even to chronicle growth in local application of the visitors, for, so far as it can be measured by the attendance that reached its limit some time ago.

When all the seats in a vast room like Carnegie Hall are subscribed for a year in advance the tale does not admit of many sequels. Nor is it necessary to popular knowledge that reiterations be made of the circumstances that the audiences have come to represent the fine flavor of New York's music lovers.

What, then, needs be said, or shall be said, of the first concert of the Bostonians which took place last night? Not much. The men were gladly seen, gladly heard, and Dr. Muck enthusiastically greeted when he came upon the stage, but more enthusiastically when he turned to bow his acknowledgments for the expressions of delight which followed the performance of Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, which opened the programme. Thereafter the general happiness grew with what it fed on—Brahms's variations as a theme by Haydn, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," that truly German opera which Signor Toscanini selected for this season's Metropolitan list to bridge the chasm between Beethoven and Wagner. All the old opulence of tone, all the old technical precision, all the old harmonic brilliancy and clarity with which the public is familiar, was again in evidence, and the concert was a period of æsthetic refreshment and mental uplift.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA A Concert of German Music at the Opening of Its Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was welcomed last evening with the heartiest enthusiasm at its first appearance this season in New York at Carnegie Hall. The audience, as it has been for many years, was as large as the hall could hold. Mr. Witke, the concert master, was given a round of applause when he came upon the platform, apparently a little to his surprise, and when Dr. Muck appeared he was made to bow again and again by applause given in glad recognition of his return from troublous scenes, and if his re-entrance upon a task that has given entrance continue to give so much and so rare pleasure to New York lovers of orchestral music.

It was possibly not wholly an accident that Dr. Muck's first programme put before his listeners only German music by some of the most distinguished representatives, Beethoven and Weber, Brahms and Strauss; that the symphony was the "Eroica" concerning which M. d'Indy, as Mr. Hale points out in his programme notes—M. d'Indy, the French composer and writer—in discussing the patriotism of Beethoven as shown in his music, calls attention to the militarism, the adaptation of a warlike rhythm to melody, that characterizes the funeral march; or even that Count von Bernstorff and Dr. Dernberg, who naturally have a deep interest in German music, occupied a

The programme consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Brahms's variations and theme of Haydn, Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe." This music, as it has so often and most of it for so many years, ("Don Juan" as lately as last Friday,) profoundly moved, delighted, and edified the audience, who found so much and such varied pleasure in its content and in the wonderfully fine performance that they had no need and no desire to think of anything but the merits of both and least of all of any possible ulterior suggestion in the occasion.

The orchestra seemed in its finest form; and though only recently reassembled after more or less strenuous effort, has never played with more beauty and exquisite balance of tone, more finish and more fire, nor has Dr. Muck ever swayed it more perfectly to his wishes. His interpretation of the symphony was an exposition of the composer's thought, untouched by a conductor's desire to establish a "reading" or to find what none had been able to find in it before. It was superbly vigorous and elastic, marked by modifications of tempo so subtle that they never obtruded themselves as such or impeded the fundamental rhythm of the music. Notable were the depth and shadowy richness of orchestral color in Brahms's variations, only to be presented by such an expert settling of the palette as was bestowed upon it; and strongly contrasting into them the easier brilliancy of Strauss's tone poem, played with marvellous clarity and clarity. It was not surprising that there was tempestuous applause, or that Dr. Muck found occasion to make his men rise to share it with him after the symphony.

MR. MACKAY'S RECITAL.

Hamish MacKay, a Scotch barytone, gave a recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. He was assisted by Fay Foster, an American writer of songs, who played his accompaniments and some piano solos.

Mr. Mackay, who is said to be an ardent exponent of the folklore music of his native land, offered a programme that afforded music variety in the selection of songs of Scotch origin. One group contained songs by Hamish MacCunn "O'White's the Moon Upon the Loch," "Where Shall the Lover Rest," by Leamont Drysdale; "I Saw Thee Weep," by Charles O'Brien, and "Son of Mine," of William Wallace.

Preceding these the singer was heard in some English songs, among which the two, "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," by Wood, and "The King," by Foster, were of special interest. The programme list also included some Irish folk songs, as arranged by Charles Wood, and, later on a number of arrangements of Scotch songs. Here the singer appeared in the Jacobite Highland costume. These Scotch songs were prefaced by three Highland dances for piano by Hamish MacCunn, a "Plaid Dance," "Kerchief Dance," and "Gillie's Dance."

Praise is due Mr. MacKay for his sincerity of purpose in bringing forward some of the music heard in the entertainment of last night. He sang with much musical feeling and a clear enunciation. His especial gift unfortunately is not—in a god quality—of vice. He possesses one of good range and perhaps he might add to its artistic value if he would sing with more coloring of tone.

Hamish MacKay Sings Folk Songs.

Hamish MacKay, a young Scotchman, who had not been heard here before, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last night in which the programme was devoted principally to folk songs and art songs of Scotland and Ireland. The programme was decidedly interesting in its possibilities, especially where it demonstrated the success with which artistic, yet appropriate, accompaniments have been arranged by modern composers for old folk songs. Unfortunately, Mr. MacKay's vocal gifts and style are not adapted to setting this material forth adequately in a concert hall, although they might conceivably make interesting entertainment out of it for the salon.

CONCERTS OF A DAY.

Miss de Treville, in Costume and Mr. Hemus in 'Patriotism.'

The concert in costume can be a pretty entertainment when not too much is attempted and when judgment in the selection of songs is paired with taste in their delivery as well as in the costumes worn. An entertainment of this kind which had meritorious features was given in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon by Yvonne de Treville, whom older music lovers will remember as one of Mr. Savage's prima donnas in the Castle Square seasons at the American Theatre.

Miss de Treville divided her concert into three periods, those of Miss de Maupin (Louis XIV.), Jenny Lind and herself. Lully, Martini, Young and Carey contributed delightful numbers to the first part. The best music in the second was that of three Scandinavian folk songs. The Proch variations might have been spared and the mad scene from Meyerbeer's "Camp in Silesia" was not essential. In the third part were heard numbers of Charpentier, Cadman, Wyman, Dell'Acqua, Carmen Sylva and Strauss.

Miss Treville looked well in her costumes in the French garden setting of the stage. Her accompanist, Florence McMillan, was also garbed for the periods. In her delivery of some of the songs the soprano showed both taste and intelligence; but her voice was not always obedient to her commands nor faithful to the pitch.

In the evening Percy Hemus, barytone, gave a recital of songs by American composers, also in Aeolian Hall. Entertainments of this kind invite searching criticism, but there are reasons why comment, however pointed it may be, need not be extended. In the first place propa-

gandism for American composers made most plentifully in ways which bring its sincerity into question. Hand in hand with such advocacy goes the repeated assertion that the hearer who cannot find it possible to command all the twaddle which is published by native musicians is opposed to American genius and given over to the glorification of foreigners. When ever opinion favors an American composition, it is right; when it condemns one, it is wrong.

Obviously neither art nor patriotism can benefit thus. Nevertheless whenever an American produces a really good work he is honored for it, for the excellent reason that in this country no one cares a farthing whence art comes so long as it is worthy. Mr. Hemus cannot ride into the sunlight of immortal fame by singing whole programmes of American songs for two reasons, first, because a few of the songs are of the first rank, and second because the musical public cannot be aroused by such programmes.

Meanwhile let it be said that Mr. Hemus is a pleasing singer. He has a voice of good quality and he manages his tones with skill. He sings generally with taste and sometimes with feeling, and he discharges such a duty as that of last evening with manifest interest and when it is possible even with enthusiasm.

Western Baritone Heard in Songs by American Composers.

Percy Hemus, a Western baritone who was heard here last season in a recital of songs by American composers, gave his second recital of that kind last night at Aeolian Hall. There was an audience of very respectable proportions and from its manner it was to be gathered that the singer with his propaganda is now to be taken as one of our musical "institutions."

Mr. Hemus has a voice of power and rich quality, and sings with intelligence and dramatic force. The declamatory style suits him notably well, but in, for instance, two songs from Burns by Edna Rosalind Park, he showed that the quality of his voice and his manner of using it could be brought to bear eloquently on the purely lyric. Of his some two dozen songs more than half were thoroughly interesting and distinctive, while there were but two or three really commonplace ones, and a single case of downright unworthiness.

The list of songs and composers would be rather formidable, so it must suffice to record the fact that the American composers were equal to holding the audience to the end, even though the programme was long enough obviously to fire the singer's voice. The experiment of having two songs accompanied by string quartet in addition to the piano was attended by unhappy results, for the strings, in a dull arrangement, did little but muddy the accompaniment and drive the singer off the key. Charles Gilbert Spross, one of the composers, played the piano accompaniments most capably.

YVONNE DE TREVILLE IN COSTUME RECITAL

She Reviews the Ages, While Word Century Gives Rise to Thoughts.

Mme. Yvonne de Treville, making a commendable and successful attempt to vary the ghastly uniformity of small concerts and recitals—those dreary exhibitions of small egotisms and large ambitions—was seen yesterday at Aeolian Hall in an entertainment called "Three Centuries of Prime-Donne."

The name of the entertainment, though nothing else, suggested, parenthetically, the century-plant persistence of prima donnas. Some of them have apparently been living for ever.

The longer they live the greedier they become, and the more determined to elbow the younger ones out of the field. There is one of them in London who is still singing in concerts at a time when she should be exhibited in the British Museum. Nor are other places undecorated with these immortelles.

These philosophic remarks made, it only remains to be said that Miss Treville, a most pleasant person, appearing in the costumes of various periods, sang the prima donna super-dreadnaught pairs of the period. The changes of costume evoked the delight of the women, and the entertainment was graceful and instructive.

Two Singers Show Their Art in Aeolian Hall.

If picturesque gowns and pretty surroundings could have given freshness to Yvonne de Treville's voice, her recital in costume of songs from the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon would have been altogether charming. As it was, her taste, intelligence and very considerable skill atoned largely for other shortcomings and worked an estoppel on the criticism which the flippant might have been tempted to make, that a very talented artist was lowering herself to a "lightning change" act. The fact that she wore dresses of the style affected in the period of Mademoiselle de Maupin, Jenny Lind and "Yvonne de Treville" neither added nor detracted from the interesting music on her programme nor the interesting manner in

which she sang it. Only one of her selections invited a note of comment. Garbed to look like the pictures of Jenny Lind, she sang the song with flute obbligato from Meyerbeer's German opera "Das Feldlager in Schlesien," which was one of the Swedish singer's achievements seventy years ago. The song used to be found in the programmes of florid singers of the generation just past, accredited to Meyerbeer's French opera "L'Etoile du Nord," by which title was not meant the Polar star, but Catharine of Russia, the French librettist Scribe having rewritten Rollstab's German opera and given it a Russian habitation and name. In "Das Feldlager" Frederick the Great appeared very properly as a flautist, and the scene in which the heroine imitated the tootling of royalty was very ingeniously applied. It became monstrously absurd, however, when, to preserve the pretty piece of music, the flute was put into the hands of Czar Peter.

This is all a sideways excursion, so far as yesterday's recital is concerned, though it is a natural enough consequence of an association of ideas invited by the present political situation in Europe. To add to the historical complications Miss de Tréville sang, not from "Das Feldlager" nor "L'Etoile," but from the Italian version of the opera. So, at least, it sounded to a listener in the last row of seats. The same listener, hearing with much admiration Mr. Percy Hemus's fine bass-barytone and admirable art in a concert of songs by American composers in the evening, wondered, since the singer pronounced the old abbreviation for the English definite article "ye," how he would pronounce that other abbreviation, "yt," if it appeared in archaic print. H. E. K.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Its Afternoon Concert Devoted to Three Composers.

The afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday in Carnegie Hall, was devoted to three composers—Brahms, George W. Chadwick, and Jean Sibelius. Brahms's Second Symphony was given for the second time here in a fortnight. Dr. Muck's performance of it showed all the sympathy with the music that he has so often shown before. It was most minutely studied, and the performance a complete setting forth of Dr. Muck's conception of it. Again there was to be observed the exquisite tonal balance and the careful consideration of values that are needed to show the reserved beauty of Brahms's orchestration, and especially to show its exact fitness for the expression of his ideas. How strong and potent the appeal now made by the adagio, that once seemed crabbed and dry, or by the fiery finale, that also had its inscrutable passages! The audience was enraptured with the music and its performance, and recalled Dr. Muck until he made the players rise to bow with him.

Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" have been heard in New York before. They are of unequal value, but at their best they show the American composer in music that may well be considered to have an American character, robustness and vigor, humor, gaiety. Few native composers have had so great a technical ability in orchestral writing as Mr. Chadwick, and it enables him to be effective in simplicity; to deal in straightforward melodic ideas without fear or shame. There is no striving after profundity in these sketches, and the music is to be appreciated in the vein in which it is written, in which sometimes a rollicking gaiety appears, as in the first movement, "Jubilee," and the last, "A Vagrom Ballad," with its burlesque suggestion, conveyed in its thoroughly disreputable motto. There is a quotation here, played on the xylophone, of the subject of Bach's G minor organ fugue; whether or not it has ever been authoritatively explained, the allusion is a little elliptical to the uninformed listener.

The second theme of the "Jubilee" movement suggests Dvorak's treatment of the negro music. The composer has a little difficulty in "letting go" in this movement, which is continued unduly after all is said that the composer had to say. The "Noël" is written in a sonorous and effective orchestral diction, but its substance has somewhat less of distinction than the other movements. The work is one that eminently deserved a performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Jean Sibelius was represented on the programme by his symphonic poem, "Finlandia," which was heard in New York as long ago as 1905.

HAROLD BAUER'S RECITAL.

A Programme Devoted to Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

Mr. Harold Bauer is one of the pianists whom the most musical audiences in New York most like to hear; and at his first recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon there was a large audience. His programme was characteristic: Bach, in pieces that Bach wrote for the clavier, not arranged; the toccata and fugue in C minor, and, wonderful to relate, seven of the little pieces called "inventions," which most piano students

know, but which it would not be risking much to say have never appeared on a recital programme here before; Brahms's variations on a theme of Handel, and two sonatas of Beethoven, one in F sharp minor, Op. 78, also unknown to the recitals of public pianists, and that in A flat, Op. 110.

Mr. Bauer's playing delighted his listeners by its vigor and power, its grace and poetical feeling, its variety and depth of tonal coloring, and the close sympathy that enabled him to give a real interpretation of the wide gamut of style and expression that even these three composers alone set before him. Perhaps in a way the most fascinating of his performances were those of the "inventions"—more properly, those in two parts are called "inventions," those in three Bach himself entitled "symphonies." They were, in the composer's purpose, to teach "a pure manner of playing, in two and three parts," and "especially to attain a cantabile style" and "a strong appetite for composing." All of which, and more, may be learned from Bach's original title for the collection.

We are not informed about Mr. Bauer's appetite for composing; but he had unquestionably gained the pure manner of playing and the cantabile style. The little pieces, all of them little tone poems, notwithstanding the strict polyphonic style in which they are written, were deliciously played; they disclosed a charm, a variety of expression, and mood that were irresistible.

Nobility and poetical insight marked his playing of the later sonata of Beethoven's, and he gave especially a clear view of the fugue and its complications, and point and significance to the passages recitative. After the programme was finished he played a capriccio by Brahms and a minuet by Beethoven, thereby disturbing the character and balance of an extraordinary unconventional and delightful programme.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN BRAHMS MUSIC First Matinee Concert Opens

With Great Performance of
Second Symphony.

SUITE BY MR. CHADWICK

It must have escaped the notice of some of the local commentators on musical matters that on October 23 Dr. Karl Muck conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home city in the first performance there of the fourth symphony of Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, born in 1864 in Gulgamp, France, and by the latest accounts a resident of the troubled city of Nancy. Possibly the same recorders forget that on the programme of yesterday's matinee was the symphonic poem "Finlandia," by Jan Sibelius, born in Finland and living in Helsingfors, a city in the domains of his Imperial Majesty of Russia.

If these facts had not been overlooked there might have been less said about the exclusively German character of the music at the first concert of the Bostonians on Thursday evening. Dr. Muck is a musician and a great master, as well as a Prussian, and he has under his baton an orchestra in which Germans, Bohemians, Russians, French, Belgians, Italians and Americans are seated together. The beneficent shield of art will protect them all, and therefore it will probably not be necessary again to touch upon the subject of neutrality.

Yesterday afternoon's programme was not one to tax the mind of the listener. It has always been Dr. Muck's plan to make the matinee concerts somewhat simpler in constitution than the evening ones. Whether this is because he has no belief in the theatrical manager's bogey, the "tired business man," or because he is no advocate of the equality of the sexes he has not made known. The plan has certain merits at any rate.

The concert began with the great D major symphony of Brahms, which was sung by the instrumental body in such a manner as to move the really sensitive listener to emotion. Tone of the most luscious quality, perfect balance, exquisite adjustment of the dynamics and the modification of tempi in the nuancing and a masterly arrangement of the details of the performance in their relations to a noble general conception were the salient features of this unique performance.

The symphony was followed by George Whitfield Chadwick's suite for orchestra entitled "Symphonic Sketches." The work has four movements with the names "Jubilee," "Noël," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad." They were composed at different times and were first played all together by the Boston Orchestra in Boston on February 7, 1908, Dr. Muck conducting.

A melodious suite is this, sometimes richly and sometimes ineffectively orchestrated, but always bearing the marks of a musician's hand. The preambles of Dr. Dvorak as to American thematic materials were not lost on Mr. Chadwick, who has heard the tune of the

Afro-American folk song and found it to his liking. Some of the best thought in his sketches is that which imitates plantation melody.

The first movement is perhaps the most firmly knit of the four, though the slow one has some value. But this suite is not one of the best creations of the distinguished head of the New England Conservatory of Music. It was admirably played, of course, and a similar statement can be made in regard to Sibelius's tuneful song of Finland which brought the concert to a pleasant end.

MR. BAUER'S RECITAL.

Plays Beautifully and Sells Portraits for War Sufferers.

Harold Bauer gave a pianoforte recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The event served to make a beginning in this eminent artist's eighth season of appearances in New York, and although he had been heard here as recently as last spring his reentrance now into the concert field was made an occasion for manifestations of unusual and genuine delight. A very large audience of music lovers was assembled and seldom is the admiration commanded by a performer in a concert hall sustained at such a high degree of keen interest and pleasure as was that elicited by Mr. Bauer throughout his recital of yesterday.

The compositions he presented were selected along the unique lines of a method in programme building which Mr. Bauer is wont to employ. In choice they afforded a harmonious combination of works less frequently heard with others more familiar, while each one holding an individual appeal made its own claim for the consideration of a deep and poetic beauty in characterization.

Bach, Beethoven and Brahms were the masters who furnished the compositions, and the order in which they were presented was as follows: By Bach, the toccata and fugue in C minor; Beethoven's sonata, opus 78, in F sharp major; the variations and fugue by Brahms, on a theme of Handel; the B flat major and F major two part inventions of Bach; the same master's three part inventions in F minor, B flat major, G minor, A major and B minor respectively, and the sonata, opus 110, in A flat major by Beethoven. Under ordinary conditions this was a list to make demands somewhat fatiguing on the listeners, but Mr. Bauer's audience still demanded more at its close and he responded generously with encores.

Of Mr. Bauer's playing throughout there is nothing new which can be said. A past master in the virtuosity of technical exposition as required in the demands made by his chosen instrument, this artist is one who never fails in his readings to rise to an interpretative level of conception which is unfailingly sustained by the powerful security of a lofty sentiment and a dignified and reposeful style. These resources Mr. Bauer again drew upon yesterday in full measure, while enhancing each composition with exquisite and poetic grace of feeling.

It is difficult to tell where he gave most pleasure. After the Beethoven F major sonata there was prolonged applause, and following the Brahms variations, which received a superb exposition, he was repeatedly recalled to the platform. Again each of the Bach inventions seemed in clarity to please as a lovely gem, and in the final number, the sonata of Beethoven, the listeners were carried to great heights of musicianly eloquence.

At the close of the recital Mr. Bauer's labors were by no means ended, as following the printed house programme there was also printed and under the heading of "An Appeal" the following notice:

"An effort is being made to raise funds to relieve acute cases of distress among hundreds of families of musicians in Paris left destitute as a result of the war. Harold Bauer, desirous of assisting this worthy cause—many pitiful cases having come to his personal attention—offers an autographed photograph to each person contributing a minimum amount of 50 cents to the fund.

"Mr. Bauer will be happy to receive contributions and deliver his signed photograph in person in the artist room after the concert, or letters and checks sent to him in care of Loudon Charlton, Carnegie Hall, New York, will receive prompt attention."

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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony concert of Saturday afternoon opened with the best of Brahms's symphonies, the second—in D major. Dr. Muck's scholarly interpretations of Brahms are so well known that comment seems superfluous. The "Symphonic Sketches," a suite for orchestra, of George W. Chadwick, was the other principal number. This suite consists of four movements—"Jubilee," "Noël," "Hobgoblin," and "A Vagrom Ballad." These are full of good, wholesome melody, and orchestrated with plenty of color. The "Noël" is a Christmas song for orchestra of unusual beauty. It is not like a Christmas carol, and yet it has the Christmas spirit—perhaps it is the finest of the four.

The third number is a rollicking scherzo, while the last is a tramp's ditty which borders on the comic—with its quotation from Bach's great G minor fugue played on the xylophone. The "Finlandia" of Sibelius ended the programme. No doubt

this was better to end a programme with, but it has been heard frequently, while "The Swan of Tuonela," which figured on the Brooklyn programme of the Boston Orchestra, would have been more welcome. It was conducted by the composer at the Norfolk festival last June and produced a profound impression on all who heard it. There are other interesting works of the early Sibelius besides the "Finlandia" and "Valse triste." Why are they not heard?

Harold Bauer's Recital.

Mr. Bauer is a pianist who can be counted on to construct a programme different from the average, and to perform it in a thoroughly scholarly way. On Saturday afternoon he gave his first recital of the season at Aeolian Hall. His programme was made up exclusively of works by Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, even to the encores. There were two Beethoven sonatas, opus 78 and opus 110, the Brahms variations and fugue on a Handel theme, a toccata and fugue in C minor by Bach, and seven of his "inventions," two for two parts, the other five three-part inventions. Such a programme is probably of more interest to students than it would be to the average concert-goer. Mr. Bauer's audience was of good size and applauded enthusiastically.

The Bach inventions, especially the two first, proved to be welcome additions to the programme, and it is to be hoped that other pianists will follow Mr. Bauer's example and frequently play these delightful small gems in public. Mr. Bauer played them with very evident enjoyment of their charm.

Wholesale pruning in the Brahms variations, and the Beethoven Sonata opus 110, would greatly add to the pleasure of listening to both works. With a few exceptions, the variations are uninteresting, even when played with such complete understanding of their contents and such admiration as Mr. Bauer evidently brings to his performance of them. He built up such a splendid climax in the last variation that the fugue following it proved an anti-climax.

The earlier Beethoven sonata is far fresher and fuller of invention than the later one, and Beethoven, being a law unto himself and unhampered by any traditions, made a sonata of two movements, the first adagio being so short that it is little more than an introduction to the allegro. When he had nothing more to say he stopped, instead of adding one or two other movements, in which there would have been no inspiration.

At the end, Mr. Bauer played two extras—a Capriccio of Brahms and a minuet by Beethoven, the dessert after a rather heavy repast which comprised two sonatas and three fugues.

New York Symphony Orchestra.

Walter Damrosch evidently does not share the opinion of those Germans who, when they heard that the English had put a ban on German music, retorted sneeringly that they were sorry they could not return the compliment. He evidently believes there is such a thing as English music; and he went so far yesterday afternoon in this faith as to place two British pieces on his orchestral programme—which almost amounts to Majestätsbeleidigung. However, in this direction, at any rate, the Germans are safe for some time. Neither Granville Bantock nor Sir Edward Elgar dimmed the glories of Bach and Schumann yesterday afternoon.

Bantock was represented by his "The Pierrot of the Minute," and Elgar by his "Cockaigne" overture with the sub-title "In London Town." Both are musicianly pieces, with no excess of inspiration, and probably Mr. Damrosch and his men brought out all that is in them. Of Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony, which opened the programme, the same cannot be said. Especially in the matter of tempi, there were some questionable proceedings, nor were the players always rhythmically together.

The soloist of the occasion was a young American violinist, Frank Gittelsohn, who made his first appearance in New York, playing a Bach concerto in E. It was not a wise choice, for while it is good music, it does not serve to bring forward the soloist as prominently as the nineteenth century concertos do. Nor was the playing sufficiently mature to impress an individuality on the performance. If

would have been better for him to delay his debut, as he has much to learn ere he can win the high praise which is necessary to lure recital audiences. Yesterday he was heard by as large an audience as the small Aeolian Hall will hold, and he was encouragingly applauded.

Great Rhenish Symphony Heard With Delight at Matinee Concert.

FRANK GITTELSON'S DEBUT

Whether the looker on in Vienna is willing to face the inevitable charge of being a reactionary or not must often be gravely considered. For if he confess his preference for the old things in a musical programme he will be condemned for inability to live in the present, while if he proclaims his admiration for the novelties too loudly, he must frequently convict himself of bad taste.

These thoughts remained after listening to the concert of the Symphony Society of New York in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and therefore it may perhaps be wise to speak first of the solo player, Frank Gittelson, violinist. This young man comes from Philadelphia. He has spent the customary period abroad saturating himself with that spirit of art which dwells chiefly in Berlin. He has studied and he has played in public with commendation.

His number yesterday showed that he intended to be received, not as a violin virtuoso, but as a serious musician, seeking to interpret the best things in a lofty manner. He was heard in the E major concerto of Bach and was applauded most warmly by a large audience. Mr. Gittelson is a good violinist. His performance was at its best in the slow movement, which afforded him more opportunity, than the other two to display the quality of his tone and the broader features of his style. His tone is neither large nor rich, as heard yesterday, and in the two allegros his technique seemed to want crispness and certainty. But in the slow movement he showed sentiment and warmth.

The concerto was the third number on the list. The first was Granville Bantock's "Pierrot of the Minute," the second Schumann's E flat symphony and the fourth Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture. The compositions of the two Englishmen were well worth hearing again. Both have orchestral technique of an excellent sort, and both are works of lively fancy. Naturally Mr. Bantock's is the more delicately fashioned of the two, for Sir Edward Elgar in his music set out to paint the stir and struggle of London town. His overture is a quick moving and insistent piece of composition and it greatly pleased yesterday's audience.

But after all the old fogey returns to the fathers. The solid architecture of the Bach violin concerto and its sweetly meditative slow movement hold their places in the memory despite the brilliancies of the contemporaneous music, while the beautiful Rhenish symphony of Schumann, led by Damrosch, breathing the spirit of the Rhine country, from its varied enthusiasms to its pious devotion in the heaven climbing spires of Cologne, is a joy forever. Here is music in which splendid vitality dwells beside tender sensibility and poetic imagination. The lovely personality of Schumann slings through every page of it and all that is finest and most conquering in the nature of German art, though of the middle nineteenth century, is echoed in its five movements.

The performance of the symphony was good except in the first movement. In this there was a confusion of sound and apparently little precision in the playing. But the second movement brought better conditions, and the fourth in particular was admirably performed. The two English pieces were well done, albeit the second one is a trifle too noisy for Aeolian Hall.

DAMROSCH HOOD TO MELLOW BRASSES Conductor Tries a Novel Scheme to Better Sound at Symphony Concert.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Walter Damrosch gave a hearing to a new composition by an English composer, introduced a young American violinist to the New York public, repeated some music previously heard here and made an experiment looking to the betterment of the sound of the orchestra at the third Sunday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society yesterday. All this he did in the presence of the largest audience which had gathered in the concert room this season; as large an audience, indeed, as the room would hold.

Something might be said about each incident, though the one most deserving of commendatory comment was the one with the least element of novelty; namely, the performance of Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony. It was, prob-

ably, to preserve a proper balance between the brass choir, which has so pompous and beautiful a proclamation to make in this work, and the other instruments of the band that Mr. Damrosch had a canvas hood which projected a few feet beyond the bottom of the organ, placed over his brazen cohorts.

How effective the device may have been cannot be said with positiveness, for the music of Schumann, unlike that of some composers of to-day, does not tempt trumpeters, trombonists and hornists to blow blood out of their eyes, and Mr. Damrosch was in a kind mood.

Apocryphal of one of the novel features of the concert, a severely critical person might be tempted to say that the conductor's amiability was bestowed on the newly come violinist rather than on his audience. Mr. Frank Gittelson is young, and some things are pardonable in young artists. They are frequently unripe and we are told, that they can only ripen in the sunshine of publicity. Now, an unripe artist of twenty years is more tolerable than an overripe one of ten; the pity is that when there are so many eager to be heard who are neither unripe or overripe, the enriosity of the public should be appealed to, and in case of disappointment its indulgence asked.

Mr. Gittelson is to be commended for a laudable intention, for the obvious seriousness of his aims, for his unaffected bearing. But, judged by the standards which ought to prevail in concerts like those of the Symphony Society, it must be said that the Bach concerto in E, which he played yesterday, is not for him. It is not a how-piece, and no one ever attempts to make it appear to be one.

It is, however, a composition calling for a broad and dignified style, musical taste, a beautiful and, if possible, large tone, and, above all, poise and rhythmical sense. None of these qualities were notably present in Mr. Gittelson's playing; his violin frequently "piped and whistled" in its sound, and in the last movement the entire performance was off its feet. Moments of fair promise at the beginning of the slow movement never came to fruition.

The English novelty was Granville Bantock's overture to a fantastic play called "The Pierrot of a Minute," the title finding an explanation in the circumstance that the hero of French pantomime has an amorous adventure with the Moon Maiden, only to find that it has been the dream of a minute. A pretty poetic conceit which provided the composer with opportunities for music of a whimsical character which were deftly employed. The concert came to a close with Sir Edward Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture, which Mr. Gericke introduced here thirteen years ago. It is a capital piece, programmatic, but fresh and spontaneous in its themes, ingenious in treatment, spirited in movement, unconstrained in utterance, vivid in color, frank in the publication of the happy-go-lucky, somewhat vulgar but essentially manly spirit of London Town and deserves to be heard much oftener than it has been.

NEW VIOLINIST CONFRONT RIVALS BANTOCK'S EXOTIC "PIERROT"

Damrosch Performs "Rhenish" of Schumann—Composer's Advice to Temperamentists.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Symphony Society concert conducted yesterday by Mr. Walter Damrosch at Aeolian Hall, began with the "Pierrot of the Minute," a comedy overture to a dramatic fantasy, written by Ernest Dowson. The composer is Granville Bantock.

If anything were needed to convince one that music is an exotic on English soil, this composition would clinch the argument.

From beginning to end its composer does not utter a native wood-note either wild or tame.

His models are chiefly modern French with here and there a lapse into the obvious and the pedestrian. Even then the ideas are not sustained, but rumble on past many points which might as well be conclusions as not. Nothing has been lived, so nothing comes from the heart, and nothing is said. How glad we were when after it was done, we were immersed in the direct and manly sonorities of Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony.

A Breezy Change.

It was like passing from the sickly precincts of a cosmopolitan perfumery shop on Regent street to the breezy headlands of the Rhine. There is an interest of secondary nature connected with this work. To the manuscript of the symphony Schumann had attached a note

explaining the mood and the place which had inspired one of the movements. But he erased this note before publication, saying: "We must not show our heart's desire to the world; a general impression is better; at least no preposterous comparisons can then be made."

The rule is a good one, especially in confessional days, when every one shrieks out his neurotic history in an artistic medium he can clutch, from novel to a twilight sleep sonata, taking good care to say that it is his autobiography. Mr. Damrosch and his instrumentalists gave a good account of the trouble material of this beautiful work which we do not hear often enough.

There was a new American violinist, Mr. Frank Gittelson.

Violinists and Tenors.

It is said of the tenor part of Mr. Cavaradossi in "Tosca" that it is the cause of more suffering than any tenor part in the whole repertory of high pitched sob. It is short. It is heroic. It is lucrative in applause and in more solid considerations. Every tenor thinks he can sing it better than the other. Consequently when the work is performing at the Opera every tenor is there, leaning over the rail, gnawing and biting at his spirit, like Cerberus in the sixth canto of the Inferno, such being the bitterness of emulation.

It is much the same when an American violinist appears in New York. So does every other American violinist. I counted ten yesterday lying in wait for Gittelson in the auditorium of Aeolian Hall and defying him to do his best. There was — and — and —

(Deletions made by the censor.) The violinist proved to be a tall young man of modest demeanor. His personal appearance did not vary like that of some of his foreign predecessors, between Chaos and Old Night. He was groomed, clean and garished. No mane, not even a paint brush. There was pained astonishment; but also some sympathetic applause.

Bach Violin Concerto.

He chose the Bach Violin Concerto. The first movement he played rather mechanically, and not with clear and complete mastery over the difficult technical passages. The adagio was given with a grace and poetry of ideal and a richness of tone which established the artist in favor.

The concert, which was well attended, concluded with Sir Edward Elgar's vigorously written "In Cockaigne."

But Dr. Elgar cannot describe London in an overture.

The usual Sunday night concert took place at the Century Opera House. The programme was in the nature of a popular one.

The Sunday audiences were given an opportunity to hear Miss Florence Macbeth, the new coloratura singer. There was the usual Viennese waltz, and the management was so well supplied with conductors that it heard three. Mr. Pasternack, Mr. Smaller and Mr. Hugo Riesenfeld.

Contralto Gives Recital in Aeolian Hall.

After her debut a year ago, in which she made a more favorable impression, Miss Marie Morrisey's recital in Aeolian Hall last night, was something of a disappointment. She was a vision of beauty in green, her smile and manner were most gracious, and flowers piled on the top of the piano were telling evidence she had friends, as was the generous applause, but the recital was monotonous because her style of singing was monotonous.

A tremolo of the voice did not heighten the artistic effect of the contralto's singing, nor did occasional faulty intonations of high tones. Her deep tones were full and rich, although she sang in four languages and interpreted the song of many schools from classic to modern American, variety was lacking in her singing. One of the enjoyable parts of her programme, however, was a new song cycle, "Love's Triumph," the music by Mr. Bruno Huhn. The composer played the accompaniment and had to share with the singer in the applause which followed it. The other accompaniments were played by Miss Elsie Cowen.

MISS MACBETH IN CONCERT.

Century Opera Coloratura Heard with Other Artists.

In the Century Opera House last night the usual concert drew one of the largest of Century audiences to hear what was probably the most interesting programme of the first half of the season, soon to close. The greatest interest centred around the first concert appearance of Miss Florence Macbeth, who made her local debut last Tuesday in "The Tales of Hoffmann." Her selection was the popular "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto." Her voice is one of real beauty. Though she is supposed to be a coloratura singer, it is not in her trills and high notes that she

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Among the other principals heard were Mr. Thomas Chalmers, who was somewhat indisposed and substituted Harry Ware's "Boat Song" for the aria from "The Barber of Seville," which was printed in the programme; Mr. Henry Weldon, who presented the serenade from "Fanfa," and Mr. Orville Harold, who sang two songs, "Nocturne," by Fay Foster, and Victor Herbert's "In Falling in Love with Someone."

Other pleasing numbers were a duet by Messrs. Hardy Williamson and Alfred Kaufmann; Braga's "La Serenata," sung by Mme. Mande Santley, with a violin obligato by Mr. Hugo Rosenfeld, and the quartet from "Rigoletto," sung by Messrs. Florence Macbeth and Elizabeth Campbell. Several orchestral numbers were conducted by Messrs. Joseph Pasternack, Hugo Rosenfeld and Alexander Smallens.

Sousa's Band Plays His New Lambs' March Annual Concert at the Hippodrome Brings Out Novelties and Lots of Famous Old Tunes.

Mr. John Philip Sousa and his band were at the Hippodrome last night for their annual concert. There was not much applause after the first number, Liszt's Sixth Rhapsody, "Pester Carnival," when the bandmaster and his men began to play encores from the famous Sousa marches, "The Stars and Stripes," "El Capitan" and many more, the audience lived up. Throughout the evening the encores were numerous, two and three being heard after each of the regular numbers.

The first of the soloists to appear was Mr. Herbert L. Clark, first cornetist of the band, who played his own "Neptune's Court." There are few cornetists equal to Mr. Clark, and by the enthusiastic way the audience expressed itself it seemed to be well aware of the fact. Miss Virginia Root, a soprano who has appeared with the band before, sang "The Crystal Lake," by Mr. Sousa, and Miss Mary Gluck, a youthful violinist, played Sarasate's Fantasia on themes from "Carmen."

Mr. Sousa was as full of life and energy as ever, and his conducting kept his hearers interested, as it always has. Aside from playing "The Angelus," from Massenet's "Picturesque Scenes," and Percy Grainger's (a modern concert on an ancient air) "Shepherd's Hey," he presented several of his own latest works. Most interesting among them was a suite called "Impressions of the Movies," in three parts, "The Musical Mokes," "The Crafty Villain and the Timid Maid" and "The Cabaret Dancers." Among the other were a descriptive piece called "Sheridan's Ride" and a stirring new march entitled "The Lambs," dedicated to the club, of which Mr. Sousa is a member.

NEW HUNGARIAN CHAMBER MUSIC Kodaly's Composition Is Played at Aeolian Hall by Kneisel Quartet.

MAGYAR AND GYPSY NATIONALISM STUDY

Debut of a New American
Member of the
Organization.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.
At its first concert for this season, which took place in Aeolian Hall last night, the Kneisel Quartet introduced a new second violinist and a new composition—the former an American product, the latter a Hungarian. Mr. Samuel Gardner, a young man who had already asked attention to himself as a solo performer and as a recruit for the larger ensembles which Mr. Kneisel occasionally employs in his concerts, has taken the place in the Quartet, made vacant by the enforced service in the German army of Mr. Letz. He is a native of Providence, R. I., and has for several years been a member of Mr. Kneisel's virtuoso class at the Institute of Musical Art. He won praise for his skill as a virtuoso when he presented himself to the public as such, and now he is submitting his musical

and attained in the higher spheres of chamber music. The Schumann Quartet in A major, which opened last night's concert, and the Mozart Quartet in E flat major, which closed it, disclosed that the neophyte had well endured the ordinary trials of romanticism and classicism; the test by fire, not only for him but for Messrs. Kneisel, Svecinski and Wilke. In this there was also a touch of purgatorial flames for the auditors, but enough mitigation to leave a sense of satisfaction with the net result when all was over.

Zoltan Kodaly, the composer of the novelty, is a Nationalist, an uncompromising Magyar, in his strivings. It is said that he has made what might be termed a scientific study of the native music of the Magyars, probably with a view to removing from it some of the excrescences which have been foisted upon it by the gypsies, who are the itinerant musicians of Hungary and Eastern Europe generally. One of these excrescences is the superabundance of ornament with which the ubiquitous gypsy burdens the melodies of all the peoples among whom he lives, and which, there seems to be no doubt, is a relic of the music which he carried away with him ages ago from his primitive home in Hindustan. That element, still pervasive in Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies for the pianoforte, is not present in the new quartet, which was published in 1910, shortly after the composer became a professor in Pesth, we imagine. Another, the use of an augmented second in the scale of the minor mode—an emphatic Orientalism—is not wholly eschewed by him, though it does not force itself upon the attention with any marked persistency. A third, the rhythmic and metrical figure which for want of a better word is spoken of as the "snap" in Scottish music, and which gives such incisive propulsion to "rag-time," is a marked feature of the thematic material in the new composition, where it replaces the closing cadence which Liszt's transcriptions and Hungarian folksongs have made familiar. That, as all who have ever looked into the subject know, is a derivative from Magyar poetry and an essential element of Magyar music.

So much for the nationalism of Kodaly as it is disclosed in the melodic material of this quartet. It is less marked in the material than in the manner in which it has been used. Here Liszt enunciated the principle, though he did not set the pattern. Kodaly is a respecter of form in its architectural sense. In this quartet, at least, he thinks that a string quartet ought to show respect for classic formulas; that it ought to be divided into movements; that these movements ought to be separated from each other by conclusions and pauses; and that they should, in tempo and mood, preserve the contrast which prevails in the classic sonata. So he has written four movements: the first an Allegro with an introduction, in a moderate tempo; the second a slow movement in which the song element is predominant and in which he does not disdain the scholastic device of the fugue, albeit he imparts to it a novel character; the third a jocular movement, which is in spirit a Scherzo, though it is written in double and not triple time (like the Hungarian dances), and which has its Trio section; the fourth a rapid finale—a furious finale, not a merry one—a wild, mad, turbulent, tumultuous, uproarious riot. When Liszt wrote his Hungarian Rhapsodies he conceived them as Gypsy epics, in which generally two song-melodies corresponding to the slow Lasso and the rapid Friss, which alternate in the Czardas, were combined. In his symphonic poems and pianoforte concertos he evolved the scheme of presenting a fundamental thematic idea in various phases suggested by the contrasted movements of the sonata or symphony. This is the plan of Kodaly's quartet, but the composer of to-day has carried it further than his exemplar ever did. A simple motive



is the germ out of which the chief material in the four movements of the composition is developed. So consistently is it adhered to, in fact, that the quartet might be described as a series of variations of this theme. It is inverted, augmented, diminished, changed in rhythm, its intervals altered and made to express a multitude of moods. It is sung by the violoncello at the outset, and throughout the introduction its aspect is serene and lovely; but a madness seizes it at once when on its first transformation it becomes the theme of the first Allegro and the utterance of a tragic struggle. In the slow movement there is languor and something like the wide and brooding melancholy of the Hungarian pastures. Now it runs out into raptures, one in *pizzicato*, which remains unique in spite of the example set by Tchaikowsky in his Fourth Symphony. In the playful third movement it remains staid and decorous, but in the finale it works itself up to a tremendous gaiety which, in some,

quite without reason, in a great measure.

This far the music falls into popular comprehension easily, and much of it is delightfully stimulative of the fancy and agreeable to the ear. But Kodaly's devices for working up climaxes are in a different case. Here it seems as if he could think of no other way to heighten pleasure than by inflicting pain. He sends his instruments into such perilous altitudes that the finest skill of Mr. Kneisel and his fellows would be strained to preserve just intonation were the harmonies composed of purest consonances. Instead of such harmonies, however, we have dissonance piled upon dissonance, until the ears of the listeners are almost literally and physically, not merely figuratively, lacerated. In the first movement and again in the second there are moments which are truly diabolical—screches of the damned and nothing less. Why? The aesthetician of the future will have to tell us if the quartet lives long enough to present itself to his attention.

A quartet written on the lines indicated will necessarily show more reflection than inspiration unless it be the work of one of those geniuses in whom inspiration and reflection coalesce. There is nothing to show that Kodaly belongs to this supreme type, but much to prove that he has a marvellously fecund fancy, and great skill in dallying with erudite forms. Also rare inventiveness in instrumental color and, as may be imagined, indifference to the extremity of daring in regard to harmonic conventions. His last movement, full of whimsicality, might have worked atonement for much that preceded it, for when it was reached his theme had assumed a delightfully naive character; but here he became most erratic and irresponsible—like a dancer staggering out of doors, falling among the swine, but gathering himself up again to mingle with the intoxicated merry-makers.

The attention which the audience gave the work, the discrimination which marked their applause (most hearty and spontaneous after the third movement, in which the composer's purposes were most easily followed), proved that Mr. Kneisel's patrons recognized that he had found a novelty well worth producing and one that would leave no feeling of regret behind it. It did more than satisfy curiosity, and for the rest there was a double recompense in the beautiful Schumann quartet, exquisitely played, which preceded it, and the soothing Mozart quartet which followed.

An Interesting Work by a Hungarian Composer Produced at First Concert.

PERFORMANCE EXCELLENT

The first concert of the Kneisel Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme consisted of Schumann's A major quartet, opus 41, No. 3; Zoltan Kodaly's quartet in C minor, opus 2, and Mozart's quartet in E flat, No. 428 in the Koehel catalogue. The personnel of the organization was not the same as it was last season. Owing to the detention of Hans Letz, the second violinist, in Europe for military duty Samuel Gardner, a pupil of Mr. Kneisel, occupied his place.

It may be added at this point that Mr. Letz has been released and will sail for this country at the close of the week. In the meantime the quality of the performances of the quartet suffers nothing, for Mr. Gardner fits into his position to a nicety in tone, technique and style, and his ensemble playing would do credit to an artist of much longer experience.

The name of Kodaly is new to local concert rooms. Mr. Kneisel and his associates have already played the new quartet in Boston, where it irritated some commentators, as it will doubtless do here. The composer has made it known that he is trying to restore true Hungarian music to its proper place. That which is widely accepted as Hungarian, he says, is not pure, but filled with modifications made by the gypsies.

The real Hungarian music shows great variety of rhythms and meters. It abounds in syncopations and leans to the repetition of characteristic phrases. Also it employs freely pentatonic scale and ecclesiastic modes. All of these materials of music can be venerated for their age and need shock no amateur. Mr. Kodaly's contentions may for the present be received without discussion. The quartet is conventional enough in form to suit a professor of composition. Its novelty, if there be novelty, consists in its subjection of the elements of Hungarian music, as this composer has found them, to the methods and sometimes even to the mannerisms of the modernists. Shall we admit that Mr. Kodaly sometimes pays tribute even to the faddists? There are thematic developments and also distributions of chords in this quartet which are sufficient to account for the irritation of Boston and for the astonishment of some of last evening's hearers. On the other hand the structure of the composition is logical; its thematic materials are handled with boldness, ingenuity and sound reason; its harmonies, while un-

usually and often outrageous, are adjusted to the matter, and the employment of all four instruments shows real skill in part writing, quite as much as eagerness to produce the unusual.

The set of variations on a folk theme, which constitutes the body of the last movement (after a slow introduction built on the principal theme of the first movement), are both clever and musical. The slow movement, using also this first movement theme, is perhaps the most characteristic part of the composition, but it calls for extremely keen analysis on the part of one hearing it for the first time.

Whether a quartet of this type is a successful art work will hardly be determined offhand. But in the light of experience one is led to fear that its final impression will be one of great ingenuity, of brilliant handling of materials, rather than of poetic mood or uplifting imagination. There is too little restfulness in the work, too much striving, too much search after the striking phrase, the flaming word. The world's best music up to the present time has rested heavily on plain melodic and harmonic speech, and while we are bound to admit that progress may carry us into regions of tune and chord background undreamed by the fathers, we are bound also to believe that reposeful methods must be found for this employment of these before they can be organized into a genuine art.

Mr. Kodaly's quartet has pages which breathe conviction, but they are those in which he is nearest to the old highways of the tonal art.

The new quartet, which, as will be gathered from these comments, contained some hazardous passages, was most admirably played, its extremely difficult intonation being met with perfect success. As for the Schumann and Mozart numbers, they are old Kneisel friends and were played in the old Kneisel way.

Modernized Magyar Music.

Patrons of the Kneisel Quartet, which opened its season in Aeolian Hall last night, may have felt inclined to ask why, if it is true that the Kaiser has given an order that artists need not fight, an important member of this Quartet, Hans Letz, has not been allowed to return to New York. But he has been allowed to do so, it is just announced, and in a few weeks he will again occupy the desk of second violin, a place which, in a string quartet, is quite as important as first violin in an orchestra. Of course, the Kneisels could not wait for Mr. Letz; his place has been taken temporarily by a prize pupil of Mr. Kneisel, Samuel Gardner; and so great is Mr. Gardner's skill that the fastidious audience had not the least reason for complaint. Evidently there had been a great deal of extra rehearsing.

Never, indeed, has this famous Quartet played with greater finish of execution, beauty of tone, and exquisite shading than it did last night. This finish was taken as a matter of course in the Schumann quartet, opus 41, No. 3, which opened the concert, and the Mozart quartet in E flat major (Köchel, No. 428), which closed it. But between these specimens of the German romantic and classical schools there was a number which must have called for almost as much extra rehearsing as did the Schönberg quartet played by the Plonzeley Quartet last season; yet it was played as smoothly as the familiar Schumann and Mozart numbers. It was a new quartet, in C minor, the opus 2 of a young Hungarian composer, Zoltan Kodaly, who is likely to be heard from again, even if this quartet is not likely to win a place in the regular repertory of chamber music organizations.

Zoltan Kodaly is professor of composition at the conservatory in Budapest. That may be the reason why his quartet is like the ordinary "Kapellmeistermusik," at least in the matter of form, being divided into the orthodox four movements, instead of following the more organic form of the larger works of Liszt, Hungary's chief composer.

As regards the substance of his work, Kodaly also departs from the method of Liszt, who, when he built his rhapsodies on Magyar tunes, retained the ornaments with which the gypsies had decorated them. Kodaly has undertaken, as he has informed the world, to free Magyar music from the Asiatic gypsy floriture, which the historians long before his day traced back to India; and, instead of trusting to his ear in picking up the native melodies—as Schubert, Liszt, and Brahms did—he has used the phonograph. There will nevertheless be persons sufficiently perverse to prefer the Hungarian music of Schubert, Liszt, and Brahms to that of Kodaly.

In the last movement of his quartet an obviously indigenous melody blossoms into great loveliness; but apart from that, there is so little that appeals to the irrepressible longing for melody that one has to face the fact that either Schubert,

Liszt, and Brahms picked up all the Magyar tunes that are worth while, leaving none to Kodaly, or that he relied on his own inventive faculty, which in that case cannot be held of much account.

From other points of view than the melodic, the quartet is considerably more interesting. In all the movements there are ravishing bits of tonal color, and rhythms that carry the hearer with them. But it is in the harmonic element that there is the nearest approach to novelty. Kodaly has evidently been in Berlin and Paris, studying the latest fashions in musical recipes. Not satisfied with the comparatively mild paprika of the Hungarian kitchen, he has spiced his goulash with ginger that is hot to the mouth, and even a dash or two of sulphuric acid—or is it sulphuretted hydrogen?

Without trying to answer this chemical question, it may be put on record that the Kneisel audience was interested in the novelty and rewarded the players with cordial applause for their amazingly clever performance.

Verdi's "Aida" Heard by a Large and Demonstrative Audience.

Verdi's "Aida" was sung at the Century Opera House last evening. A large audience heard the performance and gave throughout many demonstrations of its approval. "Aida," which is the most popular work of Italy's greatest composer of operas, was chosen by the Messrs. Aborn for the presentation on the opening night of the Century Opera House on September 15, 1913. Later on in March of the same season the opera had a successful reappearance in the company's repertoire.

The cause of the work's great popularity with the public is of course easily understood as in ensemble it at once offers an opportunity in kind unrivalled for great splendor in the spectacular display of stage settings together with a prodigality of vitally fine music. "Aida," written by Verdi for the Khedive of Egypt, is richly colored by the atmosphere of an African sun and again and again it is made alluring to eye and ear by the sensuous charm of a moonlight night on the Nile.

Frequent situations in the opera afford an unusually broad ground for effective scenes and decorations, for pageants and a display of gorgeous costumes and for music which offers in brilliant variation continuous and flowing succession of dramatic arias, duets and choruses that are carried along each and all in splendid orchestral setting.

Naturally a finished performance of an opera along such lines as these was not to be expected from an organization which is still as comparatively young as the Century company, but even if the one heard at its hands last night did not carry with it by any means the full achievement of artistic perfection in many of its details there was yet much left to furnish real enjoyment and to fully warrant the high water mark of appreciation shown to the many participants.

Mr. Jacchia was the conductor, and under his skillful baton the orchestra did some generally fine work; the scenic features and costumes were adequate; the choruses sang with good precision and the ensembles were well managed.

Miss Ewell sang the title role. She was in good voice and put to her account both vocally and in her acting perhaps the best work she has thus far done this season. Her singing of "Return as a Conqueror" was much liked. Mr. Kingston as Rhadames won for himself some real laurels, although he has sung the "Heavenly Aida" better than last night.

Miss Howard was Amneris. It is one of her best roles and she sang it well. The Ethiopian King, Amnaso, was impersonated by Mr. Kreidler. Mr. Weldon, who took the part for the first time, was the Ramfis and he sang it with excellent clarity of tone and enunciation.

November 12, 1914 GADSKI HEARD IN MASTER SONGS Holds Great Audience by Her Keen Dramatic Sense and Noble Voice.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Those who went yesterday to Aeolian Hall to hear Mme. Johanna Gadski's vocal recital must have been at a loss at first glance to decide whether they were attending a concert or a woman's suffrage convention. The hall was crowded that some devotees showed the warmth of their affection for a song by sitting on the radiators and others their acute interest by sitting on the sharp edges of the stairs.

The political aspect of the affair was due to the rows of enthusiasts, mostly women who sat on the platform, behind the vast piano and the green-robed singer. The platform was commandeered shortly after 3 o'clock, the supply of seats and programmes having run out. The ambulance was sent for London Charlton, the manager, at 3.20 o'clock, some one having rashly told him that the house was sold out, with receipts amounting to much more than a thousand dol-

Concert of Song Masters.

Madame Gadski's recital consisted of some twenty-one songs by the most illustrious composers in the form of music, which exercises a natural and most potent enchantment over the imagination because it is an alliance of music and poetry. Now Madame Gadski—to borrow the phraseology of the theatre—is a tragic singer. She excels in the vocal delineation of stormy passions and of great dramatic issues, such as the self-sacrifice of Brunevalle and the love death of Isolde. It speaks volumes for her genius and versatility as an artist that she can pass with such prosperous facility from the dramatic to the lyric. I make use of these words of Greek origin because they describe so perfectly two of the modes of the magic art of song.

A Dramatic Singer.

Inasmuch as she is a dramatic singer, Madame Gadski is at her best when the songs she interprets deal with some mood, tranquil or exalted of passion, of reverie, of poetical imagery, or of wistful meditation. She brings her dramatic sense to her songs and modulates it to the more intimate, the more delicate and tender surrounding. Such pliability and elasticity of interpretative temper is very rare and very precious. It must account, in part, for the fascinated delight with which her audience followed her yesterday.

Nor am I using a mere stock phrase when I say "fascinated delight." The faces of the packed gathering were a study to the student of men and women, causing one to reflect how bewitching the spell that a beautiful voice, a beautiful woman, versed in the science and strategy of her art, and using them sincerely and conscientiously, can exert over our hearts and intelligences.

Madame Delna's Remarks.

The programme consisted of songs by Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Brahms and Strauss and many added numbers, spontaneously and insistently demanded by the audience. Some of these were sung in English with or without warrant. Mme. Delna, that heroic singer, once observed to the writer that a change in the language of a song, often changed the color of the voice of the singer. She had heard a fireful contralto give "Che Faro," first in Italian, then in English, and noticed an absolute difference in the very hue and complexion of the voice when singing English and when Italian. Something like this happened when Mme. Gadski changed from German, her own language, to English, which is not her own. Her natural ease and mastery over enunciation, that half of song, was cloaked and cribbed, and we began to question her, whereas we had hitherto followed her, with complete assent and yielding to her great abilities. She sang songs in a language not her own, doubtless, out of polite deference to a noisy and fantastical band of plebian partisans, when she mistook for a section, at least, of public opinion.

What Is Really Wanted.

But the vast majority of us prefer to hear the woman who is now the most gifted and the most respected exponent of German song before the public, express herself in the language to the use of which she was born and educated.

The concert will leave a memory to all who heard. And the memory is not concerned with the loads of flowers, the tearful eyes of the emotional, the overflowing receipts and the unnumbered encores, but with the jewel like rendering of "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," by Franz.

Mr. Walter Charnburg conducted. **MR. HERSCHMANN'S RECITAL.**

Mr. Arthur Herschmann gave his first local song recital in Aeolian Hall last night, presenting a long programme of serious music. He has a barytone voice of limited range and of limited volume. He has a tendency to cut his tone short at the ends of phrases and lacks variety of expression. However, his programme was interesting and far from the regular hackneyed succession of songs often presented by newcomers.

The first part of the recital was given up to three songs in Italian by Paisiello, Caldara and Handel. Two songs of Schubert opened his German group and were followed by Wagner's "Traume," Klenz's "Selig Sind," Schillings' "Wie Wundersem," Wolff's "Der Freund," and a new song by Richard Levitt entitled "Gerippen-tanz."

There also were four other songs that received their first American hearing, "Le Vent" and "En Route," by René, and "False Cupid" and "To Pyrrha," by R. H. Watthew, all of which were mildly interesting.

MR. ROGERS'S RECITAL.

Popular Barytone Heard in Aeolian

List of Songs.

Francis Rogers, barytone, assisted by Theodore Luckstone at the piano, was heard

the Little Theatre. The occasion proved to be a pleasant one for song lovers, though it brought to mind the suggestion that Mr. Rogers as a local artist might easily be heard more frequently here than it is now his custom to appear. He is one of the most firmly grounded singers in the art of song we have and to hear one of his carefully arranged programmes brings an enjoyment to the connoisseur of vocal style as well as much profitable instruction to the vocal student in general.

At his recital of yesterday there was an audience of goodly size, and it was extremely cordial throughout. The list of songs Mr. Rogers presented bore rather upon a bare outline in historical variety than upon any one school. It began with two old Italian airs, one by Carissimi "Vittoria" and "Nina" of Pergolesi. Then followed Lull's "Bois Epaïs," two old French songs, "Vive Henri IV!" and "L'Amour de Mol," and two old German airs. The latter one of the French songs the audience wished to have repeated and the singer sang again the last stanza.

In a group of standard German songs "Ein Ton," by Cornelius, also had to be repeated, and Schubert's "Aufenthal" and "O liebliche Wägen," by Brahms, brought forth much applause. In songs of such high range as Brahms' "An die Nachtigall" there were some moments when the singer was less fortunate in obtaining accuracy of pitch as well as good tone, but these deficiencies were less noticeable in being offset by much excellence of musicianly feeling and taste in interpretation.

In the last part of the programme Mr. Rogers was wholly at his best and imparted to some Russian, Greek, Irish and Scotch songs an especially fine vein of characterization. Three songs by Moussorgsky, "Cradle Song of the Peasant," "Love Song of the Idiot" and "Field Marshal Death," gave each in its own way strong national coloring and an odd and charming Greek folksong was also of special interest. Mr. Luckstone gave Mr. Rogers much valuable assistance.

Mr. Stransky Conducts Programme of Music by Tschalkowsky.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last evening carried with it an entire programme of music by the famous Russian master Tschalkowsky. The numbers were the fantasy overture "Romeo and Juliet," the "Pathetic" symphony, the variations on a rocco theme for cello with orchestra and the "Italian Caprice." The solo player was Leo Schulz, first cellist of the orchestra. There was a large audience and applause was plentiful.

An interesting history of the "Pathetic" symphony will some day be written, but the time is not yet ripe. Every music lover knows that it was the composer's swan song, and some people like to think that he knew he was going to die. The work was first performed at the concert of the St. Petersburg Imperial Music Society on October 16, 1893. Tschalkowsky conducted. On October 28 he was buried. On March 16, 1894, the symphony was played for the first time in this country at a concert of the symphony society, Walter Damrosch conducting. It was repeated the following day, the concerts at that time being given in pairs. Dr. Dvorak's "New World" symphony had been produced at the concerts of December 15 and 16, 1893, by the Philharmonic Society under Anton Seidl. Those were pregnant times in the musical world.

Both compositions have had very numerous repetitions and both retain their hold on the affections of local music lovers. But the measure of the enjoyment gained from repetitions of either, and perhaps chiefly of the "Pathetic," depends largely on the amount of music heard habitually by the auditor. Those who listen to much music confess that the last symphony of Tschalkowsky strikes them less and less as the years pass. Yet the composition has just come of age.

Comfort can easily be obtained from reflection that old fogies who shrink from turbulent utterance and whose eyes blink in the glare of Oriental splendors, whose sated minds crave no more the passionate song of the northern scald, but who go back with calm and sustained delight to the sunny melodies of Mozart or the profound meditations of Bach, will soon pass their brief day, while youth, with hot blood in its veins and no clamorous echoes of trumpets and symbols in its ears, will spring eager to the clarion challenge of this virile work.

This will be the case, too, though readings vary, and performances differ; for the composition permits some variety of view and style. Mr. Stransky conducted it last evening with a range of feeling extending from tearful sentiment to most aggressive defiance and it was a brilliant and vigorous performance that he and his men gave the work. Mr. Schulz, whose mellow and penetrating tone shows no signs of age or weariness, played the variations with his accustomed skill.

Harold Bauer Plays Brahms.

Harold Bauer is as much addicted to the three Bs as Hans von Bülow used to be. A few days ago he interpreted a Bach-Beethoven-Brahms programme, and yesterday he finished off the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert in Aeolian Hall by playing the Brahms D minor concerto. When this concerto was first produced in Hanover, in 1859, with the composer at the piano and his friend Joachim conducting the orchestra, "the truly antipodal relationship to the

public was wearied and the musicians puzzled." Shortly afterwards it was played by Brahms in Leipzig, the result being, as he wrote to Joachim the next day, "a brilliant and decided failure." One of the leading critics, Bernsdorf, declared that "save its serious intention, it has nothing to offer but waste, barren dreariness truly disconsolate. . . . For more than three-quarters of an hour one must endure this rooting and rummaging, this dragging and drawing, this tearing and patching of phrases and flourishes. . . . Herr Brahms has made the pianoforte part of his concerto as uninteresting as possible."

Critics have been known to make mistakes in their estimate of new works, but Bernsdorf in this case hit the nail on the head. The Brahms concerto has remained "a brilliant and decided failure." It is hardly ever played, and when it is played the Brahmsite applies to it the deadly adjective "noble," which, for some obscure reason, is always applied to what is austere, forbidding, purely intellectual, and devoid of all sensuous and emotional allurements. From this point of view, the Brahms D minor concerto is indeed a noble masterpiece.

Mr. Bauer played it splendidly. If the first movement had not been so inexorably prolonged, one might have got some actual enjoyment out of it, at least in spots. The chief trouble with this movement, as with the other two, is that there is such a plentiful lack of ideas. Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink. Even so stanch a champion of Brahms as Bernhard Vogel, who has written a good little book about him, failed to find any originality in the adagio; and as for the final allegro, he frankly acknowledged that there is nothing in it but "empty juggling with tones" (*Formenspiel*), such as may satisfy those who follow the banner of Hanslick, but fails to gratify those who seek in music substance as well as pattern.

The concerto was preceded by Mottl's arrangement of Liszt's "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds." This, also, is not a piece with much substance, but it is interesting as one of the cleverest pieces of programme music in existence, the twittering and carolling of the birds being imitated with amazing cleverness. It cannot be said that the orchestral version notwithstanding the advantages it presents, is an improvement on the original piano piece. Yet Mr. Damrosch deserves thanks for giving his audience a chance to hear it. He does not deserve thanks on the other hand, for the shallow and perfunctory performance he gave of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The same programme will be repeated to-morrow afternoon.

BAUER PLAYS A BRAHMS CONCERTO Play of Contrasts at a Symphony Society's Concert.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Mr. Harold Bauer played the solo part of Brahms's pianoforte concerto in D minor at a concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon and brought an affair which was not all that it might and ought to have been to a triumphant conclusion. The concert was not all that it ought to have been because there was too much slovenly playing by the band and very much, too much, evidence that Mr. Damrosch is too often content with a mere playing of the notes in good precision, with fairly pure intonation and reasonable respect for the large marks of dynamic expression. But there is a much greater grace, a much higher refinement of beauty, a much larger variety of expression in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony than yesterday's audience was permitted to hear. The least endurable thing about this music is that it should be reeled off mechanically in obedience to an inelastic beat and without regard to the ingratiating genuflections, the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" which mark its melodies. Here was an opportunity for the exhibition of a much higher type of virtuosity than that exhibited in the musically spineless and marrowless show-piece, Mr. Mottl's transcription of Liszt's "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," on which, we fancy, more preparatory attention was bestowed than on the overture to "Oberon" (which was, after all, beautifully played) of the symphony.

However, as has been intimated there was much compensation in the pianoforte concerto, which occupied Joachim conducting the orchestra; "the truly antipodal relationship to the

clap-trap programme piece which preceded it. Very serious music indeed is this D minor concerto of Brahms; very serious and very uncompromising. Strong meat for strong men is this concerto, and the pianist who keeps it in his repertory proves by that fact that he has equal confidence in himself and the people he plays for. In this respect Mr. Bauer is one of few. A long memory recalls but few performances of it in New York; the last by Mr. Bauer himself at a brace of Philharmonic concerts on November 30 and December 1, 1912. Before then it had, we believe, only two performances in New York—the first by Mr. Conrad Ansgore in April, 1890, the second by Mr. Joseffy at a Symphony Society's concert in March, 1906. The impression made by the work upon the mind of The Tribune reviewer twenty-four years ago cannot be recalled; but that made when Mr. Joseffy played it remains, and was repeated yesterday when Mr. Bauer gave it a much more virile interpretation. There is not much in the composition which is pleasurable in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The first movement is lofty, but austere. It has real epic grandeur. Unfortunately, the orchestral part is oppressively sombre in color, thick and opaque. It seems to yield nothing to the solo instrument, though perhaps careful study—the kind that all concerted works should have and never get under present conditions—would bring about a better rapprochement than has yet been heard here.

The Adagio is filled with a beauty that is seraphic. In the score Brahms has written under the melody the words "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini," and the harmony between the sentiment and the feeling of the music is so perfect that it is almost impossible to avoid the wish that the piece had been written out as a choral number. Then the voices would surely have been ethereal and less clogged with terrestrialism than they are in the orchestra. A strong spirit speaks out of the finale, but, though it employs the lighthearted rondo form, it has but few glints of humor in it, and too much of it moves on leaden feet. It is all noble music, but not all of it is music of the kind which receives its freest and best expression from the pianoforte. Mr. Bauer interpreted this music yesterday, giving no thought to personal display and making the virtuoso subordinate to the priest and prophet. He has loomed large in our concert life of late years; and he took an added stature yesterday.

Second Concert of Symphony Society an Entertainment of Unusual Merit.

MOZART STILL YOUTHFUL

The second Friday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday was an entertainment of the most delightful character. Good music, enthusiasm in its performance and an audience of sympathetic listeners made an excellent combination. The programme consisted of Weber's "Oberon" overture, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Liszt's "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" and Brahms's D minor concerto for pianoforte with orchestra. The pianist was Harold Bauer.

Setting aside the translated trills of the Liszt piano piece decked out to make an orchestral holiday, all the music was stimulating in the best way. Weber ever fresh and brilliant instrumental song flashing in its splendid virtuosity and fired with the spirit of Germany's young romanticism, was played with uncommon richness of tone, precision and elasticity of style by Walter Damrosch's men.

Despite the exciting effect of the overture, the nobility and spontaneity of Mozart's great symphony in C were made clear. The simplicity of the means, the unaffectedness of the musical style, the easy mastery of materials and the endless flow of unstrained melody kept the symphony, now a little more than a century and a quarter old, ever youthful. Much new matter that now seems to us prodigious, much that appears to simplify the spiritual burdens of the struggle in age in which we live, will have passed on into the limbo of worn out things in years when this joyous canticle of youth will still gladden the peoples.

As for the Brahms concerto, that is finer utterance of its time than many promising piece of programme music composition conceived in big ideas moulded in majestic lines and made with irresistible treatment, it is music of strong men and grand women. Critics of its first performances found it "dull and fatiguing." But one must not forget that the introspective thought of Brahms, his terse Sallustian phrase, his rigorous logic, the austerity of his melodic diction and his sensitive avoidance of a manner of ornamentation which was then regarded as essentially characteristic of piano writing were entirely strange and even shocking to his hearers. It is only in comparatively recent years that American music lovers have penetrated the inner shrine of Brahms's music.

Last Sunday Night Entertainment for the Present Finds Orchestra Active.

Artists of the Century Opera Company entertained a good sized audience that braved the rain to hear the last Sunday night concert for the present, as the company will leave for Chicago next week. The most work was done by the orchestra, which, under the direction of Mr. Josef Pasternack, played Ochs' variations on a German theme, imitating the way it might have been scored by Bach, Haydn, Strauss, Mozart, Verdi, Gounod, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Komzak and Wagner. This work, judging from the number of times it has been presented, seems to be the favorite selection of Century concert audiences. Another of the regular features is the playing of a Strauss waltz with Mr. Hugo Riesenfeld, concert master, directing with his bow. Last night's waltz was "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Among the singers heard were Miss Bettina Freeman, the sole Wagnerian soprano of the company, who sang the Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde;" Mme. Augusta Lenska, who presented an aria from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète;" Miss Lois Ewell, who sang the waltz song from Victor Herbert's "Babette;" Mr. Gustaf Bergman, who sang two songs of Marlan Bauer, and Mr. Graham Marr, whose contribution was "Vision Fugitive," from Massenet's "Herodias." Mr. Thomas Chalmers appeared in place of Mr. Louis Kreidler, who was indisposed, and he sang the mirror song from "The Tales of Hoffmann," Mr. Vladimir Dubinsky, cellist of the orchestra, played Popper's Hungarian rhapsody and the orchestra was heard again in Weber's overture to "Jubel," a minuet of Boccherini, a nocturne of Martucci and Meyerbeer's "Fackeltanz."

PHILHARMONIC GIVES FIRST SUNDAY CONCERT

Arrigo Serato, Italian Violinist.

Is Introduced to New York Audience.

The first Sunday concert of the Philharmonic Society took place yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Weber's "Oberon" overture, Beethoven's violin concerto, Schubert's unfinished symphony, Grieg's "Heart Wounds" and "Spring," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" and the three customary excerpts for orchestra from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The solo performer was Arrigo Serato, an Italian violinist, who made his first appearance in this city.

That Mr. Serato chose the Beethoven concerto for his debut showed that he wished to be taken as a serious interpretative artist and not as a mere virtuoso. He might easily have elected to set up in the latter capacity, since his playing in the cadenzas introduced in the concerto disclosed the possession of a glib and resourceful technique. But the appeal of the player for higher consideration must not be ignored.

There was so much of excellence in Mr. Serato's performance that regret was inevitable that he fell short of triumphant achievement. He is an artist, and as such commands respect. His interpretation of the concerto was, except in a few places, dignified, sincere and appreciative. Music lovers are taught by long observation to expect from Italian instrumental performers, especially those who play bowed instruments, exaggeration of nuances and fearful vibration to such an extent as to sentimentalize and emasculate works strong and simple in character. Mr. Serato was entirely free from affectations of this kind. On the contrary his playing was, if anything, too calm. It suffered from dryness of tone and from coldness of style. The cadenzas used were not in good taste. They contained violin figures out of keeping with the subject matter.

Nothing of moment can be said about the orchestral part of the concert, though those who had tears were doubtless prepared to shed them over Grieg's lyric of the wounded heart. Schubert's unfinished symphony not infrequently officiates as a prop to a disjointed and weak programme, but yesterday it was employed rather as part of a varied and popular scheme. The most serious work of the Philharmonic is done at the Thursday and Friday concerts. Next Thursday "Lucifer," a tone poem by Henry Hadley (an American composer), will be produced.

Signor Serato Heard at a Sunday Afternoon Philharmonic Concert.

The first Sunday afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society, in Carnegie Hall yesterday, was enlivened—a very mild term under the circumstances—by a performance of Beethoven's concerto by Arrigo Serato, one

of the best Italian violinists who have come or are coming from foreign lands to entertain us and keep our minds off the horrors of war. Mr. Arrigo Serato is an Italian, and therefore a neutral, though that fact was scarcely discernible in his playing, for a more pugnacious attack upon the concerto than his has not been heard here in a generation at least. He played with a veritable furor teutonicus; excited himself, he created an excitement among his hearers. His tone was a detonation, overwhelming, stupendous, almost horrendous; scintillant, but hard and brittle. He amazed, but he did not charm, for he gave no thought to the poetry of the music, not even in the slow movement, the need of whose soothing song was never so much felt as it was after his performance of the first movement. His mastery of the beautiful old work was complete; he put every one of its notes mercilessly to the sword. It was a great technical achievement, but it did not warm the hearts of the lovers of Beethoven's music.

A large audience came to hear the concert, and Mr. Strinsky gave it much to admire in the orchestral numbers—the "Oberon" overture, Schubert's unfinished symphony, the two Elegiac Melodies for strings by Grieg, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" and the inevitable excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." H. E. K.

HAROLD BAUER'S BRAHMS CONCERTO

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

He who in a moment of enthusiasm undertakes to review the musical doings of this city exposes himself to many hours of hideous boredom.

Music was in its infancy in the days of Dante or his lively and pleasant fancy would have devoted a particular penal trench or circle for the more terrible kind of malefactors. The punishment there inflicted might have consisted in hearing for periods of centuries the works of the great masters performed by small or large amateurs. I have in my time been much exposed to bad violinists and worse pianists. It was only comparatively lately that I devised a means of avoiding the grosser sorts of atrocity. I have hidden away until Signor Sventpappa, or Gospodin Poszunkoff or Frau Mauselzollern has executed a few bars, and if the menace were too great I have quietly retreated. I know it is aesthetically treason to speak like this. But the sacred and inspiring emblem of the cherry tree is before me, and there are also two axioms that it is well to digest. Critics do not know everything. Critics do not enjoy everything.

Harold Bauer Pianist.

Now Mr. Harold Bauer was the soloist yesterday at the New York Symphony concert at Aeolian Hall. He reminded me of the considerations humbly advanced above being so different. This is a familiar mental process. He played the Johannes Brahms First Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, and he played it so that one could enjoy it.

It is not easy to explain to such readers as have not heard much Brahms, the place he holds in modern music. He might best be compared to an early predecessor of Moliere and Mr. Willard Mack. I refer to the tragic poet Aeschylus. His plays are rugged, muscular and disdainful of any concession to the sentimental or superfluously ornate.

They abound in passages of exquisite lyric beauty, but their moments of passion are tense and stern; austere, as far from flaccid rant or overstatement as the peak of the Matterhorn from the gutters of Montmartre.

The patter of the day refers to Brahms as "intellectual," as if there were something mysterious or forbidding in intellect. That brand of the Cain, the epithet "psychologic" has not yet been fixed upon his lofty brow.

It may be when he becomes fashionable, and that may be soon. Society in Europe, as Marinetti observed, took up "Parsifal" and the tango at the same time, with the strange result that many aristocratic souls got the two mixed. If the tango and "Parsifal," why not Brahms and babies? Things go in cycles.

Bauer as Brahmsist.

At present he is the delight of a few natural souls, who are chary of calling him awful names, such as psychologic. The composition written in the Brahms youth is a very powerful one, and Mr. Harold Bauer's is a very powerful interpretation. It has aroused in certain quarters ponderous a bombardment of lumbering eulogy. One personage was so carried away that he used a phrase tremendous in its vagueness. He referred to Mr. Bauer's "hectic" vivacity.

Mr. Bauer and Mr. Walter Damrosch have been puzzling over it ever since they heard it. "Is it," say they, "a knock or a boost?" I sincerely trust that he who used the words does not share with the dramatic critics of the lewd and baser sort the gloomy and ineradicable superstition that "hectic" means morbid. However all that may

be, effectiveness is the salient attribute of Mr. Bauer's interpretations, and it is my pleasure to record that his vigorous and imaginative playing stirred his audience deeply and honestly. From all further word-arabesque and rococo praise-plaster, and Beethoven-buncombe, one naturally refrains. The hysterical terms of fulsome eulogy in which successful concerts are described must nauseate the vertebrate, as they reduce musical reviewing to a school girl farce.

His Fearful Followers.

Now that Mr. Bauer has scored so emphatically all the little pianists will trot out their Brahmses and pound out this concerto at small concerts. We shall have to hear its issues again and again, done badly, and hear it without opiate or anesthetic. It is a great composition, therefore it will the more be mangled. But Harold Bauer started all this by playing it as it deserved to be played.

The Philharmonic Society gave a Sunday concert at Carnegie Hall in which M. Arrigo Serato, a violinist, made his appearance.

He is an Italian of comely bearing. His training he received in Berlin. His tone in the Beethoven was good enough to conciliate favor. Mr. Josef Strinsky conducted the fine orchestra in Schubert, Berlioz and Grieg.

It was a forbidding and tempestuous day yesterday. Both Carnegie and Aeolian halls were packed to the doors with appreciative and attentive afternoon audiences.

The usual opera concert took place at the Century. Many of the true and tried favorites appeared and were heartily welcomed.

Serato's Philharmonic Triumph.

It is only once a year—and not always that—a foreign artist making his first appearance in New York wins such a triumphant success as the Italian violinist, Arrigo Serato, did yesterday in Carnegie Hall, at the first Sunday concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra. After the first movement of the Beethoven concerto there was a prolonged outburst of loud and unanimous applause such as is seldom heard in a concert hall, and at the close of the concerto there were many recalls. What made this success the more remarkable was that he had come into town with little of the usual press-agent "boosting," except that he was said to be known in his native country as "the Caruso of the violin." The audience took him on his own merits, and those were great enough to justify its enthusiasm. Post

He may not be the Caruso of the violin, but he certainly has a most lovely tone, rich, full, warm, luscious; a tone which charms, like the complexion of a beautiful girl. But that is the only feminine feature of his playing. He gave of the concerto a virile performance such as Beethoven himself would have approved of. That great master wanted his music above all things to be alive; and it was because Arrigo Serato made it alive that the audience liked it so much. His cadenzas, in particular, were splendid, especially that of the first movement, which was what a cadenza should be: an improvisation by the solo violin on the melodies just heard. In technique, intonation, phrasing, Serato excelled. He had an exceptionally fine instrument, thanks to which the most sensitive ears were not annoyed by any of the "waste products," so to speak, that so often result from the scraping of fiddle-strings.

It is a pleasure to hail such a genuine artist from the land of song, a land which, since the days of Corelli and Tartini, has done little to fill the ranks of good players. He had the advantage of making his American debut with the most ancient and honorable—and best—of American orchestras. There may be one or two others that play with the same precision, finish, and brilliancy, but there is no other which gives the warmth of tone and the variety of expression that the 1914 Philharmonic does under Josef Strinsky, who puts his whole soul into everything he conducts.

No one but Anton Seidl has ever been able to reveal the charms of that poet of poets, Edvard Grieg, as he does. His exquisite elegiac melodies, "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring," were on yesterday's programme, and the shimmering colors and ravishing modulations of the second so impressed the audience that the whole orchestra had to get up to be thanked with a redoubled burst of applause for its superlative playing. Would that Grieg himself could have heard it! Among those who yesterday applauded these numbers, and the others on the programme, most enthusiastically was the Australian composer, Percy Grainger,

and it may fairly be added that only in the same time have conductors and solo performers found the most convincing manner of interpreting his music.

For the performance of yesterday afternoon there can be nothing but enthusiastic praise. It was a splendidly conceived and a brilliantly delivered interpretation of a masterpiece. Mr. Bauer played the piano part with eloquence, with temperamental force, begotten of his intense adoration for the work and made possible by his consummate art. Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra met the demands of the pianist in letter and spirit with an accompaniment which was full of meaning and was in attack and rhythmic accuracy most admirable.

Performances which "come off" so much to the satisfaction of all concerned are not as certain as the amateur might think. The best laid plans of the conductors and stars, like those of mice, "gang aft a-glee." The programme of yesterday will be repeated to-morrow, and the best that can be wished for the audience is that it will be as fortunate as its predecessor.

EFREM ZIMBALIST PLAYS.

A Programme Given in Carnegie Hall of Stereotyped Character.

Efrem Zimbalist gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall that did not depart widely from the general aspect into which such occasions seem now to be stereotyped. One of the features with piano, by Handel, which violinists are much affecting nowadays—it was that in E major—and the chaconne from Bach's unaccompanied sonata in D minor were the material of chief artistic value in the programme. Besides them were the transcriptions of minor pieces by the elder masters that are equally indispensable to the recital givers of today: pieces by Grazioli, Couperin, Rameau, and Haydn; then shorter pieces written originally with the violin in view by Goldmark, Tchaikowsky, Kallinkow, and Kreisler, and, finally, a composition devised for the purposes of the virtuoso, by a virtuoso; Wieniawski's fantasia on themes from Gounod's "Faust."

To make such a programme interesting to those who look beneath the surface of violin music is a difficult task. No doubt Mr. Zimbalist accomplished it as effectively as it could be done. It is needless to say that he offered his hearers nothing that was not the work of an artist, rooted in intelligence and understanding and dignified by sincerity and a complete disregard of self and personal display. It could not be charged against the occasion that there was anywhere an excess of warmth or audacity. After Mr. Zimbalist had given a broad and finely finished interpretation of Handel's sonata, and one of Bach's chaconnes that had much more than an academic correctness and an undemonstrative mastery of its technical difficulties—though the performance was not on an even plane and some of the variations were more convincingly set forth than others—the imaginative flight was not high.

The minor pieces from the old masters were agreeable. Indeed, charming; but they are none of them very significant nor very representative of anything greatly important. They pleased the audience, especially the more juvenile part of it, which kept up a persistent series of recalls for the soloist and was woefully disappointed when he finally reappeared with his violin—and began to play the chaconne, by no means the tidbit expected.

There was in all Mr. Zimbalist's playing the superb tone in all its shadings and the unruffled repose and self-concentration that are never lacking in it. Sam Chotzinoff played the piano part of the sonata and the accompaniments in excellent style.

A Very Enjoyable Violin Recital Given by Zimbalist.

There were two concerts yesterday, that of Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, at Carnegie Hall, and that of Vida Llewellyn, pianist, at Aeolian Hall. Both took place in the afternoon. Mr. Zimbalist's entertainment was of importance, not only because of the large popularity enjoyed by the artist, but by reason of its exceptionally high quality. In some respects the playing of the violinist seemed better than ever before.

His opening number, the E major sonata of Handel, gave him opportunity for the display of great beauty of tone and purity of style. A presentation of the work having more finesse and a fuller musical value would be difficult to imagine. An adagio by Grazioli, Couperin's "Les Ripillons," Rameau's "Musette" and a vivace by Haydn served in turn to delight and dazzle the auditor by the rich and luscious variety of tonal coloring imparted to them.

Mr. Zimbalist also gave a strong and broad performance of the Bach chaconne. The Russians Tchaikowsky and Kallinkow figured on the programme, and the distinguished Austrian violinist, Fritz Kreisler was represented by his "Tambourin Chinois." Wieniawski's fantasia on airs from "Faust" was also heard. Samuel Chotzinov played good accompaniments.

Miss Llewellyn is a Chicago young woman, who has studied in Germany with Hugo Kaun and has been heard in Berlin. Her playing yesterday was doubtless affected by nervousness. At any rate it was uncertain in technique and frequently hurried and disturbed. Possibly she will be heard to better advantage at some future time.

of whom Grieg once said that he played his music better than any Scandinavian, and to whom the *Evening Post* has referred more than once as the coming man in music. He was privileged to hear, yesterday, exceptionally finished performances also, of Weber's "Oberon" overture, the essence of German romanticism in music; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, which was like a dream of Elysian fields; the "Capriccio Espagnol" of Rimsky-Korsakov, of which Mr. Stransky and his men gave an amazingly brilliant performance, which again stirred the audience to tumultuous applause; and three excerpts from Berlioz's "Faust," including the patriotic Rakoczy March, which left the audience eager for more, although the concert had lasted two full hours, without intermission.

In a professional experience of thirty-four years, the *Evening Post's* critic remembers few concerts so enjoyable from beginning to end as yesterday's. It was fortunately heard by a large audience, every member of which will act as a press agent, proclaiming the excellence of the Philharmonic and the skill of Mr. Stransky as conductor and programme-maker. Would that Joseph Pulitzer could witness this excellence, so largely due to his munificence, which made it possible to engage only the best players, and have as many rehearsals as are needed. He made his bequest conditional on the Philharmonic Society's having a thousand subscribers, which were secured with some difficulty. Today there are more than three thousand subscribers for the several series, the public having found out what rare treats most of these concerts are.

In addition to the forty concerts of these subscription series, the Philharmonic has just announced an extra series of four Saturday evening concerts in Carnegie Hall at popular prices (parquet, \$1.50; balcony, 75 and 50 cents). The first of these will be given this week, with an all-Wagner programme selected from nine operas and music dramas. At the second, on January 16, Alma Gluck will be the soloist, and an interesting feature will be the performance of both of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suites. Dvorak and Wagner will share the programme of the third, on March 13, with the Metropolitan Opera House tenor, Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, as soloist; while the fourth, on March 27, will have an all-Tchaikovsky programme.

Zimbalist Plays Again.

Carnegie Hall held a large and most appreciative audience on Saturday afternoon, when the distinguished Russian violinist, Efrem Zimbalist, gave another of his attractive recitals. After one of his previous appearances, Maud Powell's husband, Godfrey Turner, went to him in the artist's room and said: "You have it all!" He has, indeed, all the virtues that go to the making of a great violinist. It is not necessary to dwell again on details. Suffice it to say that his finest achievements were in the best numbers on his programme, the Bach Chaconne for violin alone, and Fritz Kreisler's exotic "Tamborin Chinois," which Kreisler himself could hardly have improved on.

MISS LEGINSKA'S RECITAL.

A Programme Made Up Entirely of Chopin's Music Given.

Miss Ethel Leginska, who has several times given recitals in New York in the last few years, appeared again yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, in a recital devoted wholly to Chopin. The programme comprised the two sets of etudes, twelve in each, and the sonata in B flat minor. Miss Leginska has already shown herself to be an artist of quite unusual quality, a rare and exceptional talent, and in this recital she showed it again. The etudes and the sonata take a pianist through many moods and emotions, and Miss Leginska did not fail to find significant expression for them. There is a burning intensity in her style, a fiery sweep; her playing is impetuous and hot-blooded full of high lights and deep shadows, yet it can be exquisitely restrained, and is not lacking in artistic reticences. Her tone is of great beauty, whether it is in passages of delicacy or of power, or in finely differentiated gradations between these extremes, and the brilliancy and facility of her technique rarely failed her in any of the difficulties that Chopin provided in these compositions.

The performance of the sonata was interesting, engrossing; it was cast in

a large mold in the first movement, and she avoided the pitfalls that lead many to cheapen the funeral march. In the etudes not all who can set forth the fine spun poetry of some of them can rise to the height of passionate eloquence in others, as she did, for instance in the one in C minor at the end of op. 10, or that in A minor in op. 25—this last perhaps the finest of her achievements.

A Programme Composed Entirely of Music by Chopin.

Ethel Leginska, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. For once the matinee girl of music had her innings, for Miss Leginska elected to play an entire programme of compositions by Chopin. She played the whole twelve etudes of opus 10 and the whole twelve of opus 25. Between these two groups stood the B flat minor sonata, which contains that music of Chopin best known to persons not pretending to be music lovers, to wit, the funeral march.

Miss Leginska has been heard on several occasions in this city and always with a certain definite interest. Her art is not of the heaven storming type, but within its limits it is excellent. Uneven because of temperamental characteristics it is an art which has individuality as well as an unusually large technical equipment. In some of the etudes Miss Leginska treated her hearers to piano playing of real beauty in which fluency of utterance was paired with loveliness of tone and remarkable skill in gradation. In some of the studies conceived by the larger Chopin she rose to higher levels of dramatic style than she has hitherto reached.

CARUSO AND AMATO SING VERDI'S OPERA Brilliant Galaxy of Artists Open the Season at Metropolitan.

"MASKED BALL" PLEASES THROUG

Cast Also Includes Rothier, Seguro and Hempel, Destinn and Matzenauer.

The season of opera at the Metropolitan began last night with a performance of Verdi's "Bello in Maschera." If the choice of an opera for such an occasion had an artistic significance it might be worth while to pause after this announcement and indulge in the luxury of comment. Not artistic but social conditions determine the action of the management on these momentous occasions.

Once upon a time "Faust" or "Romeo et Juliette" was necessary, because those operas meant the joint appearance of Jean de Reszke and Mme. Melba or the tenor and Mme. Eames. In the heyday of Mr. de Reszke's popularity the management—in despair, we fancy—made an opening with "Tristan und Isolde" and thereby unlocked the gates to a flood of amazed comment, but as a rule there has been no difficulty in picking out in advance the title of the opera which will open the season. Novelties are never ready and not particularly irascible, and the favorite singer—the tenor, preferably—must be in the cast.

Signor Caruso's repertory is not a large one, "Un Ballo" enlists him as well as half a dozen of the best singers in the company, and for this very sufficient reason, no doubt, it was chosen to open the present season.

From one point of view it might be said that that old opera long ago outlived its usefulness, but as things go nowadays it seems best to measure the longevity of an opera by the popularity of the tenor who condescends to sing it. Signor Caruso has "Un Ballo" in his list; Signor Caruso, holding the opera managers in his hand because he has the public at his feet, "Un Ballo" is an entirely proper opera to begin a season with, notwithstanding that musical taste has been walking in seven-league boots even since the Metropolitan Opera House was opened. And so we had "Un Ballo" last night.

That it would be a brilliant performance was a foregone conclusion to all who saw and heard its representations last season. The same artist were concerned in it—Signor Caruso, Miss Destinn, Miss Hempel, Mme. Matzenauer, Signor Amato, Señor Seguro and M. Rothier; the performance could not go wrong.

Some day a more brilliant galaxy may be gathered together to do honor to Verdi, which was the expressed purpose in last year's "revival" of the opera, but we can scarcely expect to see it. Neither can we expect that admirable conductor as Signor Toscanini will ever again throw so much genius into an attempt to galvanize hopelessly dead opera into life. ("Hopelessly dead," of course, is to be understood in a Pickwickian sense to the everlasting shame of the critic who thinks more of the art than of popular singers.) The incident, in short, put criticism to shame. Why talk about

the artistic merits of a work in which Mme. Hempel acts the part of footman and introduces such artists as Signor Caruso and Signor Amato?

The proverbial marriage bell was not in it in comparison with the merriest which last night's performance afforded. The voices of the singers proved to be as good as ever, and the fine conception of duty toward the public which always has actuated the singers at the Metropolitan Opera House inspired a perfect ensemble. From a critical point of view nothing more need be said.

The opening of the opera was undimmed by the shadow of the war across the water, and the golden horseshoe rivalled in brilliancy that at any opening of recent years. Every one who is any one and who could beg, borrow or pay for a seat, was in the auditorium before the curtain rose, and the Carusos were as thick behind the brass rail as ever they have been since that far away day when the great Enrico first stepped upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and electrified his hearers with his golden voice.

The would-be standees began to form in line early in the afternoon, until their line extended half way around the opera house. Twenty minutes after the box office opened the four hundred admissions allowed by law were sold, and several hundred disappointed music lovers had been turned away. These lingered for a while in the lobbies in the vain hope that some beneficent angel would wave his wand and bid the doors swing wide. No such angel appeared, however, and the crowd melted slowly and sadly away, without the police being forced to call their persuasive efforts into action.

Police Captain Bailey, who was in charge of the reserves outside, said that it was one of the most orderly crowds he had ever had to deal with. It arrived early and quietly, and the carriages caused little trouble or confusion. Though it was rumored that as high as \$50 had been paid for orchestra seats, the ticket speculators were little in evidence.

A few appeared on the street outside, but none dared invade the lobby. There were no arrests made as the few speculators who did venture to cry their wares did so in very still, small voices and vanished at the slightest hint of the approach of a policeman.

Whether it was the war or whether it was the opera there was comparatively little enthusiasm in the audience, comparatively little even for an opening night. Mr. Toscanini was greeted with a ripple of applause when he first entered the conductor's stand, and at the end of each act there were polite demonstrations of approval. Miss Destinn, Miss Hempel, Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato and Mr. Rothier being called before the curtain a number of times.

All seemed pleased with their reception, and Mr. Caruso wore his inimitable smile, but did not caper about in the style which has at times been his. Perhaps the presence of Mr. Rothier, fresh from digging trenches about Verdun, sobered the great tenor somewhat, but at all events neither artists nor audience seemed given to illimitable expressions of delight.

It was, in short, a quiet opening, and yet one which was by no means lacking in interest. There is no sensationalism in a Metropolitan opening. It has become a fixed feast, somewhat like Christmas or Thanksgiving. The operatic turkey is always there and it is always enjoyed. It was enjoyed again last night.

Mr. Gatti Casazza, general manager, expressed himself as highly pleased with the successful opening of the season. "I am delighted that we have been able to start the season as first scheduled," he said. "At one time it seemed very doubtful whether we should be able to have opera in New York this year. If Italy had not remained neutral, it would have been impossible to open the season as we have opened it. I am very happy."

Nofable Throng Gathers to

Hear "Un Ballo in Maschera."

RESTRAINT YIELDS TO SINGER'S CHARM

The seventh season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House under the direction of Giulio Gatti-Casazza began last evening. The opera selected for the occasion was Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," chosen doubtless because it made possible the employment of several of the most popular singers in the company. The magic of Mr. Caruso's name is always potent, although its spell is not needed for the success of an opening night. That the famous tenor sang last evening was due to the wish of the impresario to give his first night patrons his best attraction. The audience which assembled for this introductory chorale of a most promis-

ing season was of that brilliant type familiar to local operagoers. The assemblage was adequately representative of the culture, the refinement and the beauty of the town, as well as of its wealth and prosperity. It was an audience well acquainted with opera music and opera singing, as well as with the singers of the evening, and its applause disclosed not only pleasure in the art of the hour, but a deeper and more serious satisfaction in the successful opening of a season which at one time seemed problematical. There was something in the applause for the silent impresario whose diplomacy had opened the doors of harracks and the gates of prisons.

One would have supposed that in these conditions the receptions to the several artists would be of unusual warmth. On the contrary they were very restrained, and it was not till some of the stirring numbers were reached that the audience awoke to a realization of the two facts that their singers had brought all their powers back with them and were giving of their best. After that it was an opera night like any other—recalls, bravi, cheers, flowers and much excited conversation.

An Opera of Melody.

"Un Ballo in Maschera" was restored to the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House on November 22, 1913. Previous to that it had not been heard there since the season of 1904-5; when Mmes. Eames, Homer and Alten and Messrs. Caruso, Scotti, Journet and Plancon were the members of the cast. In the 1913 revival the singers were nearly all those heard again last evening. On both occasions the work itself served as a subject of comment of more or less obvious character, for he would indeed be a genius who could find anything new and at the same time true to say about it.

The most unavoidable comment is that it is a very fine specimen of the typical opera of its period and that it provides a good field for that style of singing in which the famous artists of the late '50s and early '60s excelled. One would like to have heard, for instance, the first Paris performance with Mario, Graziani and Alboni in the cast. And many would like very much to know whether the passionate utterance of Mario was more interesting than the vigorous musical speech of Caruso.

However, the past may be permitted to go its way. It is not likely that any one ever sang *Riccardo* better than the present interpreter of the role. With him and his associates cooperating the music of the opera, cast from a broad model, with frank and clearly phrased melodies, with ensembles designed skillfully for stage uses, with some joyous decorative passages, struck out with a free hand and with no puzzling finesse, and with orchestration not profound but well suited to the drama, will furnish a pleasant evening for even the most sophisticated listeners of these days, at least to those not wholly given over to futurist music.

Merits of the Performance.

There is always something to make one happy in a performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera." If there were no other source of joy, even a hardened operagoer of middle age would have to feel the infectious spell of Frieda Hempel's glee. The page, Oscar, is such an irresponsible and swaggering young gallant, and his colorature betrays his sex as surely as do his doublet and hose. One exclaims to himself "The young rascal," and wants most eagerly to join him (very closely) in his ceaseless tangoing about the stage. Of course he sings. In operas every one sings, and the portentous question of the hour is "Was she (or he) in good voice?" This question will be answered by morning papers not less than 1,000 times in the course of the season. But if you ask the singers, you will learn that they are always in good voice.

Last night they all were, and they gave a performance which for general merit, vivacity and brilliant vocal points would be hard to equal. Mr. Caruso was a joy in voice and he sang not only with perfect freedom of tone but with consummate art in phrase and nuance. His contribution to the performance alone has sufficed to justify the revival of the old opera.

Mme. Destinn as *Amelia*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Ulrica* and Miss Hempel as *Oscar* all sang admirably. Mr. Amato as *Renato* was a handsome picture and again delivered the music in a manner which aroused well merited enthusiasm. Messrs. de Seguro and Rothier were the co-spirators.

The opera was conducted by Mr. Toscanini, the profounder secrets of whose art were not uncovered by the demand for this conventional score. But his unflagging zeal, his firm command and his personal inspiration made themselves felt throughout the evening. Chorus and

chestra did their duty, but there will be occasions for giving them more careful consideration. On the whole it was a very admirable and happy opening of an opera season.

November 18, 1914
DONIZETTI'S MUSIC

AT CENTURY OPERA

"Lucia di Lammermoor" the
Last Production of the Com-
pany's Fall Season.

PERFORMANCE EXCELLENT

The eleventh and last opera of the fall season at the Century Opera House was produced last evening. The choice of the Messrs. Aborn was fixed long ago and the repertoire announced. The work to which fell the honor of bringing the last of productions to its end was Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." There was nothing of novelty in the time honored work, except the new English version prepared, as several others of the season have been, by Algernon St. John Brenon. If Mr. Brenon had not deserved thanks for employing plain speech in his text, he would have earned them by his frank adherence to the Italian form of the title role. To hear the heroine addressed as Lucia and not as Lucy at least prevented a frequent and unavoidable distortion of musical accent.

It was a very cordial audience that listened to the performance. The first burst of enthusiasm was evoked by the harp solo which precedes the first appearance of Lucia. Some industrious persons tried very hard to get this instrumental passage repeated, but the conductor firmly refused to risk the celestial wrath of a prima donna by yielding.

Florence Macbeth, who made her debut at the Century as Olympia in "The Tales of Hoffman," was the representative of the unfortunate young woman. Orville Harrold was the Edgar. Louis Kreidler the Henry Ashton, Hardy Williamson the Lord Arthur Bucklaw, Elizabeth Campbell the Alice, Alfred Kaufmann Raymond and Frank Mansfield Norman.

Miss Macbeth was a small and engaging Lucia. Her pretty voice was heard to advantage in the music, especially in the coloratura passages. While she was not always happy in the delivery of the recitatives, in which she seemed at times uncertain of her music, she disposed of the floridity with ease. She introduced some difficult ornamentation, similar in character to that used by Mme. Tetrazzini, and received much applause.

Mr. Harrold seemed somewhat tired, but he sang with courage, and was effective in the more dramatic passages. Mr. Kreidler was a good Ashton, although there were times when he attacked high ones with more valor than discretion. The chorus naturally had no difficulty in disposing of its share of the opera, while the orchestra was quite equal to the demands of the score. Josiah Zuro conducted.

First Performance of a Composition by Arthur Hinton.

The first concert of the eleventh season of the Adele Margulies Trio took place last evening at Aeolian Hall. The players of the organization from its start have been Adele Margulies, pianist; Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist, and Leo Schulz, cellist. Last evening they were again in their accustomed places and offered as is their wont a programme of much interest.

It comprised Saint Saens's second piano sonata, opus 92, in E minor; Beethoven's sonata, No. 21, for piano and violin, opus 30, in C minor, and a trio in D minor, opus 21, by the English composer, Arthur Hinton. The work by Mr. Hinton was heard practically for the first time here, though it had been played several years ago in Brooklyn.

It is by no means one of the composer's more recent works, as it was heard in London as far back as 1903.

Owing to the lateness of the hour last evening when the trio was played only the first movement can be fairly considered. This was admirably presented by the players and claimed interest for a clear setting forth of theme and workmanship. It was furthermore marked by some fine rhythmic patterns and contained no little beauty that was at least catching and pleasing to the ear. It is a four movement work and these are marked allegro appassionato, scherzo vivace, adagio and allegro moderato.

The delivery of the other programme numbers by the three artists last night contained much of its usual musicianship, though on the whole it must be said the high standards of the trio were not always maintained. This was obvious in a lack of finish in the Saint Saens music and again in the first movement of the sonata. Matters went much better with the second of the four movements, the adagio, as Mr. Lichtenberg finally got his violin properly tuned and the composition then came to a happy end and earned much approval.

PAUL DRAPER'S RECITAL

OF CLASSICAL SONGS

Tenor Is Heard in Lieder by Schubert, Schumann and Szymanowski at Aeolian Hall.

Paul Draper, tenor, sang exhaustively German programme of Lieder at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Draper's range is possibly a little sensitive and delicate for the exactions of an interior inured to Symphonics and Symphonic ideals like the four walls of the Aeolian. As justice and a square deal are the aim of all it is but fair to say that his school of vocalization and interpretation has its adherents. Indeed a representative audience listened with plain sincere attention up to the last line of the last Szymanowski song, "Auf maelde, zum Tany," and demanded encores most graciously accorded.

Szymanowski isn't quite German, of course. But he wrote very German serious songlets. The beginning and middle part of Mr. Draper's programme were occupied, respectively, by Schubert and Schumann.

Mr. Draper sings with entire repose. Both his Schubert and his Schumann were extremely well-bred. Inclusive of the "Dichverliebe," and exclusive of encores Mr. Draper sang no less than twenty-five artistic ballads.

First Appearance Here of a Young New York Singer.

Paul Draper, described on the programme as a tenor, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His programme was ambitious and disclosed his desire to be received as a singer of artistic purpose. His first group consisted of Schubert's "Harper's Songs." These were followed by the Schumann "Dichverliebe" cycle, and then came four songs by Karol Szymanowski, a Polish composer, some of whose piano music is soon to be introduced here by David Sapirstein.

Mr. Draper belongs to one of New York's old families. He has lived for four years in London, where he studied singing and where his house was the gathering place of many musical people. That Mr. Draper is himself a musical person was proved by his singing. He showed understanding, taste and feeling in his interpretations, which therefore had some substantial interest.

It is possible that Mr. Draper is a tenor, but his tones yesterday were so reluctant to issue in fullness and freedom that his upper scale seemed almost inaccessible. It may be that he was not in command of all his powers, but his vocal technique appeared to be by no means complete and his voice an organ extremely difficult to manage.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

IN ANNUAL RECITAL

Favorite Artists Sing to Big and Enthusiastic Audience at Carnegie Hall.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, whose popular appeal is ever potent, gave her annual New York song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Needless to say, a very large and a very enthusiastic audience was present, and the famous German contralto showed unceasing pleasure at the warmth of her greeting.

Whatever can be said of the voice and art of Mme. Schumann-Heink has long ago been uttered in full and certain tones. Her voice has always been one of the great ones of the century, and if the judicious might wish that she sometimes would use it with more discretion and not mistake unbridled emphasis for feeling she none the less has given unlimited pleasure to huge audiences. She gave that pleasure again yesterday, even though her voice showed signs of wear and her breath control was no longer as marvellous as of yore.

She gave among other songs Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich," Schubert's "Die Allmacht," Schumann's song cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben"; Liszt's "Die Drie Zigeuner," three songs by Brahms and an English group. In all of these her magnificent organ had full play—at times, perhaps, too full play—but her singing was always evocative of storms of applause.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has become a musical institution, and against institutions adverse criticism has little effect indeed. And when all is said and done, Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice is still one of great power and not a little beauty. She made the most of these virtues yesterday.

November 19, 1914
MR. SEARCH'S CONCERT.

Frederick Preston Search, a young American cellist, was heard for the first time here last evening in a recital at Aeolian Hall. His performance included the first movement from Julius Klengel's violin concerto in D minor, the adagio from Schumann's cello concerto, pieces by Glazounov, Goldblatt, Davidov Ashton, Sykora and an aria by himself. There were also two numbers in which Mr. Search had the assistance of Robert Lippitt, pianist, namely, Grieg's G minor ballad and a sonata by himself in G minor for piano and cello.

Mr. Search's playing attracted some interest in that it contained certain merits

though these were frequently accompanied by deficiencies. His tone was naturally a large and musical one, but it was too often impaired by an insufficient technique. In interpretation and style there were commendable individuality and breadth of expression, but little of the finer nuance. On the whole it can be said that Mr. Search is a young player of talent with much to learn. He had a large and friendly audience.

Mr. Frederick P. Search Gives His First Local Recital.

Mr. Frederick Preston Search, a young American cellist, gave his first New York recital last night in Aeolian Hall before a friendly audience. There were few works on his programme of real worth, and as yet his playing has not been sufficiently developed. His first number was the first movement of a concerto by Julius Klengel and later he played short works of Glazounov, Goldblatt, Schumann, Davidoff, Algernon Ashton and Sykora. Supposedly the most important number was a sonata of his own. A young pianist, Mr. Robert Raymond Lippitt, not only played the accompaniments, but contributed a solo, Grieg's Ballade, in G minor.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—LOHENGRIN, opera by Wagner.

Heinrich der Vogler.....Mr. Carl Braun
Lohengrin.....Mr. Jacques Urlus
Elsa von Brabant.....Mme. Johanna Gadske
Friedrich von Telramund.....Mr. Hermann Weil
Ortrud.....Mme. Margarete Ober
Der Herrscher des Königs.....Mr. Arthur Middleton

Contrary to the muttered forebodings of certain fearful groups the first performance of German opera in the Metropolitan Opera House, that of "Lohengrin," was given last night without any demonstrations save those of enthusiasm. It had been hinted that overzealous persons of German sympathies would indulge in a pro-German demonstration, but the only noticeable difference between last night's performance, the second of the season, and Monday night's opening performance, was that the audience last night was much the smaller of the two.

Those who remained away from the opera house have cause to regret it, for it was one of the best performances of "Lohengrin" given here in years.

In the matter of novelty there was only one important item, and that was first appearance on the operatic stage of Mr. Arthur Middleton, an American basso, who sang the rôle of the Herald. He was engaged late last year by Mr. Gatti-Casazza. He had never appeared in opera until last night save in amateur performances, but he has sung professionally in oratorio and concert. His voice is of excellent sympathetic quality, and he has the range of almost a tenor-barytone, which makes his singing of the Herald's music an easy task for him and an agreeable one for his hearers. It is said he also has a deep register, which is as surprising as are his high notes. His stage presence is acceptable and has few traces of the amateur, while his singing, in addition to being pleasing, is musically. He is a valuable addition to the list of American artists now appearing in the Opera House.

Mme. Gadske as Elsa was good. Her singing of the balcony aria of the second act was her happiest moment, while at the close of the first act she gave hints of shortness of breath.

In the title rôle, Mr. Urlus was admirable. His fine, high, ringing voice and his poetic conception of the part combines to make his impersonation the nearest approach to an ideal swan knight heard here in many years.

Mme. Ober, who sang the part of the sorceress Ortrud, surpassed herself, both in singing and acting. After her invocation, of the second act, the audience broke into applause, interrupting the opera—a rare thing for devotees of Wagner to do. Mr. Braun, as King Henry, was histrionically superb and he sang magnificently; and Mr. Weil was a most dramatic Telramund.

Mr. Hertz, who conducted, received an enthusiastic welcome when he appeared, and he showed his gratitude by conducting the prelude more effectively than ever he has before. The chorus sang excellently, and the stage management, under the new stage manager, Mr. Loomis Taylor, was satisfactory in every artistic respect. While last season's scenic settings were used, the second act scene was improved by the addition of a new church. Curtain calls for the principals after each act were demonstrations of the public's approval. If there was any gloomy note about the whole performance it was in remembering that the action of the opera takes place on the banks of the River Scheldt, near Antwerp, in the midst of the war zone.

LOHENGRIN GIVEN
AT METROPOLITAN
CAST GENERALLY STRONG

Wagner's "Lohengrin" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, the second of the season. An audience

of good size assembled and there was abundant applause. The performance was one of high merit, though there were the inevitable uneven places in the delivery of some of the music. Undoubtedly these were so slight as to cause no diminution of the enjoyment of the audience. The general spirit of the representation was so faithful to the intent of the great master and the devotion of each individual artist was so fervent that only uplifting results could be observed.

The excellence of this performance was not due wholly to the principals. The days of star casts and ragged back-grounds are long past, and no small part of the interest of last night's repetition was due to the minute care bestowed upon details. The movement of the chorus both in groups and among individuals was well planned and executed. Indeed in the singing of the chorus, as well as its action, and in the playing of the orchestra there were many evidences of rehearsal.

The cast was composed of old acquaintances, except in one instance, Arthur Middleton, an American singer, made his first operatic appearance here as the Herald. He has been heard in oratorio. His voice is well suited to the operatic stage and his vocal style and diction both proved to be praiseworthy. Mr. Middleton probably fell into an error common among singers new to the Metropolitan stage. He seemed to think it necessary to give out continually the whole power of his voice. He will doubtless learn to husband his resources.

A good example was set for him by Carl Braun, the basso, who sang the music of the King with much excellent judgment, employing a moderate and even small degree of force most of the time, and thus adding to the dignity of his style. Mme. Gadske as Elsa and Mme. Ober as Ortrud supplied the feminine elements in the performance. The former is always a painstaking artist, but last evening her vocal apparatus was not in its best condition and her singing was somewhat labored.

Mme. Ober's Ortrud was up to its usual level and the Lohengrin of Mr. Urlus lacked none of its wonted quality. Mr. Weil repeated his stalwart and sonorous Telramund. The orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House has often been praised for its excellence, and it is a pleasure to record that it is as good as ever.

Wagner Opera the Second Offering of the Season
—A New Herald.

Italy opened the opera season on Monday night with "Un Ballo in Maschera," Germany had its chance at the second performance last night with "Lohengrin," France is to follow to-night with "Carmen." Giulio Gatti-Casazza thus shows his belief in the neutrality of art, and it was probably not with malice aforethought that he took the opportunity yesterday of showing the banks of the Scheldt as they were in the Middle Ages, before a beneficent scientific Kultur undertook to plough them up with Krupp artillery. There was, however, trouble even then in Flanders, as poor Elsa of Brabant knew only too well—even if her Swan Knight was no William the Sudden hot for rescue. But as the Metropolitan Opera Company has publicly declared its neutrality such comparisons are invidious.

Last night's "Lohengrin" was an admirable performance, given with one exception by tried and proven artists and conducted by the ever able and enthusiastic Alfred Hertz. Mr. Hertz held his orchestra well in hand and gave abundantly of his Wagnerian lore, while both chorus and musicians sang and played for love of the Fatherland. The title part was sung by Jacques Urlus. Mr. Urlus was hardly a spiritual Paragon, but he sang the music with great spirit and with resonant tone. Mme. Gadske's Elsa has long been one of her best parts, and though there were times last night when her voice seemed a trifle tired, her conception was on the level with those of recent years. Mr. Weil's Telramund has always lacked sinister force both in voice and in action, but he is always a sincere artist. Carl Braun's Heinrich is a truly kingly figure, and his voice one of the finest organs heard in New York in recent years; if only vocal discretion were one of his virtues. The new member of the company was Arthur Middleton, an American barytone, who was making his New York debut in the part of the Herald. Mr. Middleton disclosed a pleasing voice and a manner that possessed not a little authority. He will probably prove a useful addition to the company.

It was to the Ortrud, however, that first honors went last night. Mme. Margarete Ober made her debut last year in this part, and at once placed herself in the ranks of the elect. Her Ortrud is a veritable force of nature, an unleashed whirlwind, and those who have heard her give her invocation remember it as they remember few other things. Historically, her conception may be slightly melodramatic in externals, but its terrific power raises it to the heights of tragedy.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.
Mme. Julia Culp Soloist—Henry K. Hadley's "Lucifer" Performed.

At the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall last night Mme. Julia Culp

early morning and hurried in a rather hurried rehearsal, with the soloist. Her numbers consisted of four songs by Brahms, to piano accompaniment and with the orchestra, the famous "Lament of Ariadne," one of the not numerous works of Monteverdi remaining extant, to illustrate some of the earliest work that stands out in the history of opera. One would have been prepared, under the circumstances, to make allowances for Miss Culp, but it turned out she needed nothing of the sort. Her voice was in excellent condition, showing no trace of fatigue, and she gave as much pleasure as ever with her tasteful and intelligent singing.

The orchestral numbers were a suite in D by Bach, Beethoven's seventh symphony, a tone-poem, "Lucifer," by Henry K. Hadley, and the overture to "The Bartered Bride," by Smetana. Mr. Hadley's composition, which was given last June at the Norfolk Festival for the first time, received its first performance at a public symphony concert last night. The composer has dealt with large concepts in his work, and has been fairly successful in keeping to a broad sweep in giving musical expression to them. But at the first hearing it seemed as though the composer had been influenced into following unduly the conventional tricks of phrasing and orchestration that have become part of the contemporary technique of composition, rather than stand on something individual he had to say. Certain of the orchestral effects were undoubtedly overdrawn.

The Beethoven symphony received a spirited performance, the second movement being particularly well done, and Smetana's overture was put forth in a brilliant setting.

Mme. Culp, Just Off Ship, Delights Again

There was nothing in the singing of Mme. Julia Culp, the delightful Dutch-lander singer, who was soloist at last night's concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall, to indicate that she had arrived from Europe only a few hours previously and had had barely time to rehearse her solo with the orchestra, but such was the case. She seemed to be in excellent voice, and the charm of her method of interpreting lieder of Brahms was such as to bring her rounds of applause.

Mme. Culp's first number was an old aria of Monteverdi, "Il Lamento d'Adriana," with orchestra, but it was in a group of Brahms's songs with piano accompaniment, played by Mr. Conrad Bos, that she reached her hearers most effectively. She seemed to be a little nervous in the first, "Feidelsamkeit," but the others were a delight to her. They were "Vor dem Fenster," "Schwalbe, sag mir an" and "Botschaft."

The principal orchestral number was Beethoven's symphony No. 7, the most rhythmic of all his works, and Mr. Josef Stransky in conducting seemed to lay special stress on that side of the work. It was a good performance, one of the best performances of Beethoven that the Philharmonic has done of late.

It did not seem to be quite fair to the American composer, Mr. Henry Hadley, whose tone poem "Lucifer" was presented for the first time to a local audience, to have his work sandwiched between such wonderful music as the Seventh Symphony and such charming singing as that of Mme. Culp. Its position made it appear a little artificial, a little lacking in inspiration. But there were effective parts, especially the ending, and Mr. Hadley has not used too much modernity in his treatment.

The other numbers were Bach's Suite in D major, in which Mr. Maximilian Pilzer played an obligato part with pleasing results, and Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," which closed a most enjoyable programme.

NOVEMBER 20, 1914 NEW PRODUCTION OF BIZET'S 'CARMEN'

Revival of the Opera at the
Metropolitan After Six
Years.

MISS FARRAR THE HEROINE

Her First Appearance in the Part—
Mr. Caruso as Don José—The
Beauty of Toscanini's Conducting.

CarmenGeraldine Farrar
MicaelaFrances Alda
FrasquitaLenora Sparkes
MercedesSophie Braslau
Don JoséEnrico Caruso
EscamilloPasquale Amato
DancareAlbert Reiss
RemendadoAngelo Bada
ZunigaLeon Rothier
MoralesDesire Deferre
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

"Carmen" was given at the Metropolitan

Opera House last evening for the first time in six seasons in a performance upon which the management had evidently lavished much pains and in which it counted upon much public interest, for it put forward in it some of the most highly esteemed of its singers and provided a new and in some ways elaborate setting. The occasion had an added interest from the fact that Miss Farrar appeared as Carmen for the first time.

"Carmen" has, in fact, been treated in recent seasons in a rather "step-motherly" fashion at the Metropolitan Opera House. The absence of a well-equipped French contingent in the company has embarrassed the management in the performance of French operas. The representations of "Carmen" for some years before the season of 1908-9, when there had been any, had been rather lame affairs, not reaching and apparently not attempting to reach any great public favor. No wonder that Mr. Gatti-Casazza thought it time to remedy so scandalous a state of affairs by projecting a performance that should recapture something of that popular enthusiasm that it needs no long memory to recall in connection with "Carmen."

It may be said at once that in certain respects the performance was one of the most exquisite and musically perfect that has been heard here. For this Mr. Toscanini was primarily responsible, and notwithstanding the participation in it of Miss Farrar, Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato, and other excellent singers whose names shall with only less lustre, he was in a way the star of the occasion. The purely musical beauty of the score, the grace, vivacity, dramatic life that are joined in it, the glowing color of the orchestration, the innumerable touches that surprise and ravish the attentive listener at each new hearing were reproduced with a finesse, a restrained and pointed intensity that made it seem almost a new thing. So, too, were the choruses and the ensemble pieces presented with rare finish and sense of proportion.

Miss Farrar's Carmen is an interesting and in many ways charming addition to her impersonations, though it may not be accepted as one of her most convincing or most thoroughly characteristic. This Carmen is a captivating figure unquestionably: it is interesting and is not commonplace. There is that in it which attracts, beguiles, deceives. But whether there is the smouldering Mediterranean fire in it that is an essential quality of the character may be doubted. There is a certain lack of rude elemental force in this sophisticated maiden, sometimes too prettily coquettish, too little of the soil. It is, in fact, not yet a thoroughly consistent impersonation; and it is likely that as Miss Farrar enters more deeply into it it will gain in some of the essential attributes that belong to the character, even in the fainter outlines of Merimee's heroine presented by the librettists, Melibae and Halevy of Bizet's opera.

Mr. Caruso was the Don José of the last previous performances of "Carmen" by the Metropolitan company. It is not one of his successful impersonations, although in it he is, as he always is, conscientious. Of spirit and fire there is little; and his accumulation of passion and heaving emotion at certain points are not the stigmata of the betrayed and desperate brigadier. But his singing of this music was little less than entrancing. It was done in his best style, beautiful in voice, in phrasing, in coloring of the dramatic accent, without exaggeration, without the shout or sob. He has in recent years not often done more beautiful singing than in the duet with Micaela in the first act or the flower song in the second.

Escamillo as represented by Mr. Amato showed some unfamiliar traits, but he enacted the part and sang it with the intelligence and spirit that inform whatever he does. There has been more chastely beautiful singing than Mme. Alda offered as Micaela; and memories of some other Micasas would not down at her appearance. There was an excellent and powerful voice heard in the Morales of Desire Deferre, a new addition to the company, who should give a good account of himself before the season is much older. Not unworthy players in their surroundings were Mmes. Sparkes and Braslau as Frasquita and Mercedes, Messrs. Reiss, Bada and Rothier as Dancare, Remendado and Zuniga. Rarely has the quintet in the second act been sung with more rushing vivacity or more exquisite finish.

The new scenic setting is elaborate and picturesque, but the scene of Lillas Pastia's tavern in the second act might have a warmer Spanish color and be more appropriately lighted.

The audience, a very large one, was deeply interested in the newly studied "Carmen," and gave frequent expression to its pleasure by enthusiastic applause. After the curtain fell it recalled the singers repeatedly, and it would have had the repetition of several airs had Mr. Toscanini permitted it.

BIZET'S WORK STILL POPULAR

Last Sung at Metropolitan in
1908-'09 by Many in Last
Night's Cast.

THE CAST.
CarmenGeraldine Farrar
MicaelaFrances Alda
FrasquitaLenora Sparkes
MercedesSophie Braslau
Don JoséEnrico Caruso
EscamilloPasquale Amato
DancareAlbert Reiss
RemendadoAngelo Bada
ZunigaLeon Rothier
MoralesDesire Deferre
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

One of the inexplicable things of New York opera has been the absence of Georges Bizet's "Carmen" from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is a pity that the Metropolitan company in the season of 1908-'09, the first year of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's consulship, with Mme. Maria Gay in the title part, Enrico Caruso as Don José, Miss Geraldine Farrar as Micaela and Jean Notté as Escamillo. It was, however, sung on February 13, 1912, by the Chicago Opera Company, when Miss Mary Garden made her sole and unlamented attempt to show how Aberdeen understood Seville.

Let us forget this occasion and thank Mr. Campanini that it was not repeated. Of the former Metropolitan cast Mr. Caruso sang Don José again last night, and Mr. Toscanini once more directed the performance.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was also in the cast, but this time not as Micaela. Those who remember her impersonation of that role remember wondering whether there were not two Carmens in those performances—so her transition to the gypsy wanton was not so unexpected as it might otherwise have been.

Whether it was Miss Farrar's presence in the title part, or Mr. Caruso's as Don José, or the popularity of the opera itself or a combination of the three, last night's audience was one of the largest the Metropolitan has ever held.

Why "Carmen," one of the supreme works of the lyric stage, should have been banished from the Metropolitan for six years, has caused much questioning and not a little unfavorable criticism. Mme. Gay, its last chief protagonist, was billed as a Spanish sensation. She certainly was Spanish, equally certain she was not a sensation. Her's was a "Carmen" of the kitchen, and if this was the veritable "Carmen," it is probable that neither Merimee nor Bizet believed in veritism. Her failure evidently discouraged Mr. Gatti, and it was not until Miss Farrar, looking for new worlds to conquer, set forth her willingness to brave the terrors of the Calvé tradition, terrors that only Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli had surmounted successfully, that the Metropolitan's impresario announced the Bizet work for revival.

All lovers of music, all lovers of drama, and all lovers of Miss Farrar thereupon arose and called him blessed.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza for the revival assembled the full strength of his company, besides providing an entire new scenic scene and a new premiere of the score in the graceful person of Miss Rosina Galli. Mmes. Farrar, Alda, Sparkes and Braslau were the women, and Messrs. Caruso, Amato, Rothier, Reiss, Bada and Deferre the men, and all were welded together under the masterly baton of Arturo Toscanini. Mr. Gatti could surely have given no more earnest proof of his determination to give France's greatest opera a production worthy of its genius.

For "Carmen" is a work that is as perfect in its own genre as "Tristan," or "Die Meistersinger," or "Falstaff," or "Don Giovanni" are in theirs. In it there is a perfect wedlock of words and music, a complete carrying out of the story by its musical envelopment. Its music is as hot blooded, as vital, as simply and elementally tragic as is the drama, and both move together toward the catastrophe without a word or a note too much. Such a work should never be banished from the stage; surely not when "Pagliocci" and "Tosca" are re-banished to remain.

Miss Farrar has not a few artistic sins to atone for, but her Carmen will not be one of these. To her we owe its revival, and we owe it through no brazen bellowings of press-agent rumpets, such as heralded the Carmenization of Miss Mary Garden. Miss Farrar has approached her task with full regard for its difficulties, of its traditions, of its artistic demands, and she has paid special attention to the music itself, and to how it should be sung.

AN AMERICAN CONCERT

Converse, D. S. Smith and
Whiting Bow to Academicians.

Before an audience somewhat unusual for local concert rooms, or the fare provided therein, an entire programme of American music was given at Aeolian Hall yesterday as a part of the sixth annual joint meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute devoted to the same fellowcrafts. Those who furnished the music were, so to speak, "members of the lower house."

Five of the institute members made their bow before the senior Academicians. Three men were present in person to do so, F. S. Converse rising to receive cordial applause from among the body of the house, while Arthur Whiting and David Stanley Smith shared the labors of the New York Symphony Orchestra in their own behalf on the stage, and earned double meed of honor as executants and composers.

Of the two who were absent, Frederick A. Stock was occupied far away as conductor of the Chicago Orchestra. An andante from his First Symphony was played, while a promised scherzo was omitted when Walter Damrosch found the programme would be too long. Also the Bostonian C. M. Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles" was changed at the last moment and another work of his substituted, "La Villanelle du Diable."

Doubtless Mr. Loeffler discovered the whole-tone scale before Mr. Converse, of Boston, or Mr. Whiting, of New

York. These successors stand on his shoulders, as he on Debussy's, hoping to glimpse over the lost horizon of this world's familiar harmonies into the abyssal beyond. The Converse symphonic poem, "Ormazd," was rather the most definite of the five works heard; there was pictorial fancy in his war of worlds from a Persian pan-genesis, and he climbed the interstellar spaces in whole tone strides thrice over.

So gracious a piano work in dancing rhythms as Mr. Whiting's "Fantasy," op. 11, is rarely heard from a sturdy American and an apostle of Brahms. The player-composer seemed to take frank pleasure in a pastorate and allegro scherzando, that also pleased the house. All the new works of the day verged on anti-climax, and nearly all were a fraction too long. Mr. Smith, of Yale, achieved the distinction of composing and conducting the shortest one, his merry overture, "Prince Hal."

H. E. K.

BIZET'S 'CARMEN' HAS A REVIVAL

Enrico Caruso Seen in Third Revival of Opera Neglected for Six Years.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—"Carmen." An opera in four acts. Text by M. Melibae and H. Halevy. Music by Georges Bizet.

The Cast.

CarmenGeraldine Farrar
MicaelaFrances Alda
FrasquitaLenora Sparkes
MercedesSophie Braslau
Don JoséEnrico Caruso
EscamilloPasquale Amato
DancareAlbert Reiss
RemendadoAngelo Bada
ZunigaLeon Rothier
ConductorArturo Toscanini

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

"Carmen" was revived last night at the Metropolitan Opera House with new scenic appurtenances and some new singers. Among these were Miss Geraldine Farrar, who took the title part of that heroine of Prosper Merimee's and of Bizet's, who was as "wayward as the sea."

The appearance of Miss Farrar in a new part is always an event of relative significance. A general curiosity as to how the brilliant actress would comport herself in a role in which she has had predecessors of such remarkable achievement insured an unusually large house.

M. Enrico Caruso was seen as he has been seen before, as Don José, and M. Pasquale Amato came forward as Escamillo with the popular song, which Bizet, on managerial pressure, inserted in the opera to his own rage and disgust.

Purely a French Work.

No one can understand "Carmen" who does not realize that it is purely and essentially a work of French genius. The scenes of the play, like those of the delightful and absorbing romance upon which it is founded are indeed laid in Spain; so are those of "Hamlet" laid in Denmark. But Spaniards will tell you that Carmen herself is not a Spanish type, nor even a gypsy character, and that in their eyes she is clearly the invention of a very lively Parisian literary imagination. They also repudiate the work as a description of Spanish manners.

Nor has Bizet laid requisition to any appreciable extent upon Spanish music. He had looked into the philosophy of dramatic music a little more deeply than that. What he sought to do was to depict, and revive by musical means the mood which might pervade you when you contemplated certain aspects of Spanish life and lands. He also sought to convey something of the same moods to those who have never lingered in the sunlit plains of Andalusia, or sauntered through the amorous alleys of Seville. I trust I may escape the accusation of being too metaphysical, by the device of giving a concrete example. The music in the fourth act anticipated in the overture, and descriptive of the brilliant, bad and stimulating surroundings of a bull-fight is no medley of Spanish airs, or reminiscence of "Old Madrid." It is a direct and invincible appeal to our imagination and not to our memory.

A Bull Fight.

And any one who has ever gone to a Corrida de Toros and felt the enchantment of that blaze of color, those radiant skies and throbbing air, that fretful mob, that brave array, that fascination of blood and danger, has only to hear Bizet's music, played as it was played last night, to renew the whirling intoxication of all that resplendent wickedness. Let it be granted then that in "Carmen" we are not confronted with

formulated Spanish "atmosphere," with French genius. Such a principle enables us the more clearly to realize the extent of a great man's victory. And for the matter of that, the French are the only people who know how to "perform 'Carmen' just as we might despair of a Westphalian Juliet." I have seen a Swedish "Carmen," and a Methodist English "Carmen," but the worst I ever saw was the person who professed that she being a Spaniard was essentially a Spanish Carmen. On the other hand from Mlle. Galli Marie, who created the role, to Mlle. Emma Calvé and Mlle. Bressler-Gianoli, the artistic, the picturesque, and the clever Carmens have been French women. So much so that many are inclined to think that insofar as a performance of "Carmen" deviates from the standard of the best French models the less persuasive and the less faithful it becomes.

Bizet's "Carmen" was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Public expectation had been raised to a high pitch and there was an audience which occupied every inch of available space in the house. The production justified the anticipations of the public. If it did not realize every ideal it was so brilliant in its pictorial aspects, so carefully and artistically wrought out in its musical details, so striking in the excellence of some of its individual impersonations and withal so consistent in its development that it will long be remembered as one of the triumphs of the present direction.

Geraldine Farrar sang the title role for the first time, and it may be said without hesitation that she added to her repertory a character in which she will long be admired by the public. Mr. Caruso was the *Don Jose*. He has been heard in the part before, but never with so much pleasure. But comment on the many factors which cooperated in the performance need not now attempt to be exhaustive. A quick sketch of a first night is all that it required.

"Carmen" has absented itself from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House since the season of 1908-09. The impersonator of the wayward gypsy at that time was Marla Gay. Her appearances sufficed to satisfy all observers that Spanish gypsies lived well, and that a rapid succession of experiments with lovers had no tendency to reduce one's flesh. At the Manhattan Opera House Mr. Hammerstein provided *Carmen*s of varying sizes, voices and temperaments. Dark, portentous and sepulchral like Mme. Gerville-Reaché, or slender, supple and innocuous, like Lina Cavalieri, these Manhattan gypsies moved into West Thirty-fourth street and out of it again and the world continued to revolve equably on its axis.

Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass., February 28, 1882. Her first teacher of singing was Mrs. J. H. Long of Boston. She also studied with Emma Thursby, Trabadello of Paris, and Graziani and Lilli Lehmann of Berlin. She made her American debut as *Juliet* at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 26, 1906. She is now 22 years of age and may be said to have arrived at the years of discretion. In spite of this and of the fact that she was born near Boston, she has long cherished a desire to impersonate *Carmen*.

Such a wish should be regarded with indulgence if not with encouragement. Miss Farrar's best roles are so popular with the general public that they are likely to be worn out from continued use. It is therefore wise for her to seek a new field for the exercise of her gifts and accomplishments.

Let us all be thankful that in "makeup" she did not try to be too realistic. Those who are acquainted with the gypsy studies of Mme. Beaubois of Montorio, studies of "bruns filles aux yeux de passion," will recall her *Carmen*, a marvellous creation of fascinating ugliness. Miss Farrar, thanks to her grace, preferred to charm by a beauty perhaps not the real kind but much more joyous. She was indeed a vision of loveliness, never aristocratic, yet never vulgar, a seductive, languorous, passionate *Carmen* of the romantic gypsy blood.

To summarize briefly, Miss Farrar's *Carmen* would hardly be possible. It was not altogether consistent, but neither was *Merimee's* heroine. She had at least *Carmen's* insatiable appetite for the first excitement of love, the craving of the woman for the passion itself rather than the man. Of the subtler traits of her impersonation more must be said in the future, but it should be recorded that it was admirable in its denotement of the characteristics of the woman whom she aimed to set before the audience. It was consistent; it was direct, it was vital. It was full of imagination and delicate touches of art. And, above all, it was beautifully sung. Miss Farrar has never sung anything else better, and hardly anything else as well. And in *Carmen* the coloring of tone, the nuancing, the reading of the lines are more than half the battle. If Miss Farrar's *Carmen* is not accepted by the public as one of her best roles it will be matter for astonishment.

Mr. Caruso is not altogether comfortable in a uniform, and he is not wholly happy in the opening scenes of *Don Jose*. But with the second act he becomes happier. His impersonation last night was generally praiseworthy, and he sang

much of his music with vigor. Mr. Alda as *Michael*, Mr. Amato as *Escamillo*, Mr. Rothier as *Zuniga*, and several others in minor roles contributed valuable elements to the production.

The scenes were all new and handsome. The costumes were also new. The whole opera had been restudied. The tempi had been judiciously revised, the ensembles arranged with a finer sense of tonal proportions, and the entire action of the drama worked out with a keen eye to a combination of significance and picturesqueness. There has rarely been a Metropolitan production in which decorative effects were made with greater skill to play a really graphic part.

Mr. Toscanini conducted. His direction of the opera aroused doubts in this place when he conducted it before. Now it arouses great pleasure. It was excellent, and more will be said about it hereafter. The choros and orchestra discharged their duties in a most commendable manner.

CALLING attention once more to the value and dignity of symphonic music composed by Americans is the program arranged by Walter Damrosch for performance by the New York Symphony Society on Thursday of this week in connection with the meetings in New York of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy. Five compositions by as many members of the institute were scheduled for performance at this concert, at Aeolian Hall, as follows:

Overture, "Prince Hal," Smith; Symphonic Poem, "Ormazd," Converse; Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, Whiting (the pianoforte part played by the composer); Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C Minor, Stock; Symphonic Poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," Loeffler.

Two of the composers represented in this list, Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Stock, are of foreign birth, but all are American in all the associations of their careers.

David Stanley Smith, a member of the music faculty at Yale University, has been represented on many symphony programs. He himself conducted the first performance of his "Prince Hal" Overture at a concert of the New Haven Orchestra in December, 1912. The piece is designed to a certain extent as a musical delineation of Shakespeare's *Prince*, but its principal claim to attention is as pure music.

Max Zach, conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Society, gave Frederick S. Converse's "Ormazd" its first performance in January, 1912, and it was performed in Boston, under the direction of Dr. Muck, on February 9 and 10 of the same year. A number of Mr. Converse's compositions have been placed on New York programs and his opera, "The Pipe of Desire," was sung several years ago by the Metropolitan company.

Orchestras that have given a hearing to Arthur Whiting's Fantasy include those at Cincinnati, under Van der Stucken, the Boston, Chicago and Pittsburgh orchestras and the Boston Festival Orchestra. Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, wrote the Symphony from which two movements are included in the above program, between 1906 and 1909. Mr. Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles," based on the drama by Maeterlinck, was first performed in Boston in 1898.

The musical section of the National Institute of Arts and Letters has the following seventeen members, all of whom are composers: Arthur Bird, Howard Brockway, George Whitfield Chadwick, Frederick S. Converse, Walter Damrosch, Reginald De Koven, Arthur Foote, W. W. Gilchrist, Henry K. Hadley, Victor Herbert, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Charles Martin Loeffler, Horatio W. Parker, Harry Rowe Shelley, David Stanley Smith, Frank Van der Stucken and Arthur Whiting. Two of the seventeen, Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Parker, are members of the American Academy.

NOV. 21, 1914 A Violinist Who Shows Promise of Acquiring Public Favor.

Nikolai Sokoloff, a violinist, who was for several seasons among the first strings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and afterward concert master of the Russian Symphony organization, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Sokoloff has been studying in Europe to fit himself for a soloist's career and his appearance was made under the auspices of the Musical League.

His programme was varied and well arranged to exhibit all his powers. He began with the D major sonata of Handel, followed it with Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," played a sarabande and jig of Bach, the familiar Chausson "Poeme" and Saint-Saens's "Havanaise." Mr. Sokoloff has a well defined talent for the violin and it is backed by temperament. His technical grounding is in the main good, albeit there were times when he had trouble with the pitch.

His tone is uncommonly large, but it lacks mellowness and smoothness. However, refinement in art does not always come swiftly to a musician whose tendency is toward an aggressive style. Mr. Sokoloff showed restraint and a good legato in the cantilena passages of the Handel

sonata, and in the first movement of the Lalo composition his art reached its highest level. He is a promising player, already possessed of qualities fitting him to engage public attention.

Mr. Wittgenstein Shows Decided Improvement in Recital.

Victor Wittgenstein gave a piano recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. This pianist was heard here last season when he won favor for playing which disclosed genuine talent and no little artistic achievement. With youth in his favor, he furthermore gave much promise for the removal of some striking technical deficiencies it contained, as also for the acquirement of a less exaggerated style. Of his performance last night, let it be said at the outset that it was one showing a decided gain in intelligent judgment and at the same time offered much real musical enjoyment.

The programme was of superior range and offered as chief numbers Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No. 3, and the prelude, aria and finale of Cesar Franck. A group of three epieces by Brahms, including the ballad, opus 10, No. 1, began the list, which also contained a Chopin group of two etudes, a chant polonaise and the Bminor scherzo, and pieces by Scarlatti, Rubin Goldmark and MacDowell.

Mr. Wittgenstein approached the task of the evening with a fine dignity of purpose and it little mattered what the composition in hand, he presented it from start to finish with a certain security in performance that in itself won the confidence of his listeners. His playing of the Brahms music was first of all straightforward and clear, and that of the Beethoven sonata thoroughly interesting.

In forte passages his tone was still of a loud rather than musical quality, and his resources in tone coloring far from sufficient. If he will pay first attention to these matters Mr. Wittgenstein will make a long stride forward. As it is, he is one of the few wholly manly and interesting young players of the piano heard here within recent time.

'ROSENKAVALIER' AT METROPOLITAN

Feldmarschallin Furstin Werdenberg... Frieda Hempel
Baron Ochs auf Lerchenau... Otto Goritz
Octavian... Margarete Ober
Herr von Faninal... Hermann Weil
Sophie... Elisabeth Schumann
Jungfer Marianne Leitmetzerin... Vera Curtis
Valzacchi... Albert Reiss
Annina... Marie Matfeld
Elin Polzelkommissar... Carl Schlegel
Ein Kleiner Neger... Ruth Weinstein
Conductor—Alfred Hertz

Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "comedy for music," as they call "Der Rosenkavalier," was brought early into the new season at the Metropolitan Opera House by a performance last evening after a successful last season that would be measured by the eight performances it had—unless it be remembered that ten performances were required by the contract for its acquisition by the Metropolitan Opera House. The comedy was heard, as it was heard last season, with mingled emotions. The audience was not a large one.

Emotions are mingled in regard to "Der Rosenkavalier" because of the singular inequalities of the work itself. There are passages in it of great beauty, passages of feeling and emotion, of teeming life, of delicate and subtle evocation of mood. There are long and wearisome passages of rude and elementary horseplay; matter no better than much that has been long discarded from theatres of the second class, and that would not be tolerated in such. The ostensibly comic scenes in "Der Rosenkavalier" are for the most part a weariness of the flesh of the cultivated audiences that listen to the opera at the Metropolitan.

The first act still seems the finest of the three in its texture, musical as well as dramatic, with its spirit of dramatic emotion at the opening, shifting to one of comedy with the coming of Baron Ochs, and again to one of pensive reflection in the Princess's rather mournful monologue, one of the most poetical passages of the opera. There is nothing in the work, however, more original, more brilliant, than the entrance of the Rosenkavalier at the beginning of the second act, bearing the silver rose. Then comes depression with the extravagant dolings of Baron Ochs; and depression extends well through the last act, until the lyrical passage that brings the work to a close. Strauss shows, as he has shown before, his lack of a sense of proportion in his piling up of an orchestral fracas in the would-be comic situations of the last two acts that might be the announcement of Armageddon. It seems now, as it seemed last season, that judicious pruning of some of the lengths of the opera would be to its advantage.

The performance had most of the excellences that have previously been admired; it is a brilliant conquest of many difficulties and complications on the stage and in the orchestra, and Mr. Hertz is entitled to great credit for the ability with which he has succeeded in it. The cast of the opera was the same as that which was heard in last season's performance, with one exception. Miss Hempel, Mme. Ober, and Mr. Goritz carry the chief burden and with distinguished success.

Mme. Elisabeth Schumann is the new member, who appeared as Sophie, the young girl intended as the bride of Baron Ochs. She is a new addition to the company, and her voice, as it was disclosed in the difficult tessitura of the music she sings in the second act,

is a "clear and high soprano" of quality and agreeable timbre. She, possessing the bloom of youth, that will be listened for with high expectation in other music as the season advances.

MISS SCHUMANN MAKES DEBUT

Alfred Hertz Directs and Frieda Hempel Sings the Princess, at the Metropolitan.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Der Rosenkavalier." A comedy in music in three acts. Comedy by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Music by Richard Strauss.

The Cast.
The Princess Werdenberg... Frieda Hempel
Baron Ochs... Otto Goritz
Octavian... Margarete Ober
Von Faninal... Hermann Weil
Sophie... Elisabeth Schumann
Marianne... Vera Curtis
Valzacchi... Albert Reiss
Annina... Marie Matfeld
Commissary of Police... Carl Schlegel
Major Bone... Pietro Audile
Master of Ceremonies... Max Bloch
A Notary... Basil Ruyadai
An Innkeeper... Julius Bayer
A Sluicer... Paul Allhouse
Three Orphans—Louise Cox, Rosina Van Dyck, Sophie Braslau.
A Miller... Frieda Martin
A Plunky... Ludwig Burgstaller
An Animal Vendor... Alfred Sappo
A Little Negro... Ruth Weinstein
Conductor... Alfred Hertz

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

"Der Rosenkavalier" by Richard Strauss was revived last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Mr. Alfred Hertz conducting. His name must be mentioned first, because he devoted so much conscientious energy and such unusual abilities to the production last winter. He elaborated it into something like perfection.

This opera was bitterly censured and idiotically judged on its first appearance here. Strong protest was made in the columns of this journal against the insensate malevolence that refused to the highly-wrought and brilliant work the appreciation due it. But many of those who expressed their dissatisfaction with "Der Rosenkavalier" have come to recognize its startling merits. Many who had drugged themselves with morbid acid, and tried to bespatter others with the sickly compound have thrown the bottle and its contents onto the midden and permitted themselves to revel in the broad and manly humors, and the strongly designed musical hearties of a masterpiece.

The Genius of Strauss.

The present reviewer has little to add to the summary that he wrote last year.

The genius of Strauss is the salient fact of contemporary music. One may not approve of this composition, that man's intelligence may be stirred into unusual and painful activity by another. Still the fact remains that the name of Strauss is on the lips of every one. The writer of "Heldenleben," of "Tod und Verklärung," of the exotic and psychopathic madnesses of "Salome," of the whirlwind excesses of "Electra," and of the sardonic humors of "Don Quixote" is one of the living artistic issues of the day. He rides roughly and tempestuously over a large field of human feeling. He bruises in his course. Anger, but also wonder often follow in his path. You may gird at him as you choose. You may strike, but you must listen. One is glad that he has writt a comedy for the lyric for "Rosenkavalier" with all its buffooneries and extravagances is preferable to the eternal lust—murders, stablings, suicides and butcherings that so many writers regard not only as operative material, but apparently the only operative material.

A Music Drama.

To put matters succinctly it may be said that the mood and method of "Der Rosenkavalier" are the mood and method of "Die Meistersinger." "Rosenkavalier" is a music drama written along the logical and constructive lines of a music drama, properly so-called.

Strauss has woven a web of some hundred pungent and descriptive guiding themes, illustrative of the persons, activities, emotions, progress and mutations of his drama. These are developed, shaded, cross-referenced, subdued, suggested, proclaimed as he imagines occasion may require.

The character of the Princess Von Werdenberg is a triumph of literary and musical portrayal, if for no reason other than that the authors have created a character.

Character of the Princess.

But in the Princess he has portrayed in music a large hearted woman, who is the counter part of Hans Sachs, one who like him stands philosophically and wisely and gravely observant outside the action and intrigue of the piece; whose soul, like his, realizes the sabbatic calm of self-sacrifice and whose love, transcending the barriers and boundaries of self, seeks eventual peace for the one she loves.

Once more the comic presence of the regal and fragrant presence of Mme. Frieda Hempel, the strong artistic sense of Mme. Margaret Ober, as Octavian, and the consummate comedienne of Otto Goritz, as the amiable, supersensuous Ochs, drawn in strong contrast to the tender character of the Princess, and the boyish impulsiveness of Octavian.

NEW SOPRANO IS HEARD

Richard Strauss arrived at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. This is another way of saying that "Der Rosenkavalier" had its first performance of the season. The audience which assembled to hear the work was of good size, but it did not quite fill the house. There is no need to add for the information of those acquainted with present conditions in the theatrical world that houses not quite full are the rule, not the exception. On the other hand, it has already become an accepted fact that "Der Rosenkavalier" lacks some of the essential elements of popularity.

The manner in which the opera is performed at the Metropolitan throws all the burden of its want of attraction on the work itself. The principals concerned in its presentation last winter were all heard again last night, with one exception. The role of Sophie, formerly in the hands of Anna Case, was entrusted to Elizabeth Schumann, a new German soprano. Miss Schumann disclosed the possession of a light lyric soprano voice of beautiful natural quality. She used it generally with fine technique and her style had much taste and sentiment. She will surely prove to be a valuable addition to the list of younger singers in the company.

Miss Hempel repeated her exquisite impersonation of the Countess, one of the most artistically finished creations at present before the operagoing public. All the young students of vocal art in this town ought to be sent to hear what can be done by the employment of repose, dignity and quiet style in singing. Mme. Ober, who sings Octavian in the same opera, is also delightful in characterization, but her singing leaves much to be desired.

Mr. Goritz was heard and seen again with amusement in the role of the Baron. The other members of the cast did well those things which they did last season. Mr. Hertz conducted, but in the first act the orchestra was by no means as settled as it might have been.

A NEW SOPHIE IN THE CAAST

Miss Elizabeth Schumann Makes Good Impression on First American Appearance.

Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," which was the chief German novelty of last season, was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, before an audience which might well have been larger, but which was of unlimited enthusiasm.

Strauss knows well his public, and in this opera he has tried every trick his fertile brain could conjure; he tickles his public and ne jabs it in the ribs, and both of these methods have saved more plays than one would care to remember; he mingles idyllic sentiment with unlawful passion, and he tops all off with a moral end—we may question the sincerity of it all, but doubt its diabolical cleverness we cannot.

If "Der Rosenkavalier" is not a second "Barber of Seville," it is none the less a most interesting and at times a most entertaining work. Repeated hearings only confirm the first impression of the inordinate length of the opera. Cuts are needed, and needed badly, especially in the scenes of so-called humor—humor that is so utterly Teutonic that much of it is incomprehensible to nations possessing less of Prussian kultur. It is understood that Mr. Hertz is extremely adverse to any prunings, but for the sake of the continued success of a work in which this able and enthusiastic conductor so profoundly believes, it is greatly to be hoped that he will recede from his position and shorten the action by a good twenty minutes.

When, however, Strauss breaks into spontaneous song, as in the love duets and the entrance of Octavian, he shows himself the genius whoselieder have delighted the concert halls of the world. For these too brief moments we can almost forgive the insincerities of other portions of the score.

The cast, with one exception, was the same as at last year's performances. Mme. Ober repeated her superb impersonation of Octavian, an impersonation so graceful and whimsical and boyish that her Ortrud of two nights before seemed a visitor from another world; Mrs. Hempel's Feldmarschallin has marked the height of her achievement, enforced as it is with dignity and pathos, and sung and expressed with an exquisite delicacy. She was not in good voice last night, but that we can forgive her. Mr. Otto Goritz did all he could to bring Ochs's heavy humor across the Atlantic, and largely succeeded, because is Otto Goritz; and Mr. Weil was an adequate enough

recital, though scarcely the typical parvenu.

The new member of the cast was Miss Elizabeth Schumann, who took the place of Miss Anna Case, as Sophie. It was Miss Schumann's American debut, and it was at once evident that we have secured a new artist who will mean something to opera in New York. Miss Schumann disclosed a voice of rich quality, great range and unusual firmness of texture. She sang, moreover, the difficult music with great skill, with legato, and with admirable shading. In action she was perhaps less successful, but even here she evidently knew what she was doing, and in movement, as in song, proved herself a trained and authoritative artist.

Mr. Hertz, of course, conducted, and the stage management of Loomis Taylor was most admirable.

Richard Strauss's comic opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," was one of the operas most frequently sung last year at the Metropolitan, where it was but just to keep it on the list for this year, and it enjoyed the honor and advantage of being presented during the first week. Repeated hearing of it breeds the conviction that it is not likely to be a permanent addition to the repertory. It lacks melody in the vocal parts, and without melody in the vocal parts no opera flourishes—witness the fate of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," in which melody is deliberately tabooed. What musical charm the opera possesses—and there are two or three fascinating episodes—is due chiefly to the orchestral score. There are a few waltzes—yet even those lack distinctive, ingratiating melody. Johann Strauss would hardly have used them even in his operettas, and he would have orchestrated them even more beautifully. The story on which the opera is based owes much of its effect to humor of an altogether unsavory kind, and the general lack of real musical inspiration makes the "Rosenkavalier" a good deal of a bore, despite its cleverness.

The performances of "Der Rosenkavalier" were among the very best given at the Metropolitan last year. They helped to make Frieda Hempel the great favorite she now is; they revealed the best qualities of Mme. Ober, and gave the inimitable Otto Goritz plentiful opportunity to give vent to his humorous impulses. It was a delight to see him back in the fold last night, after the disquieting rumors current some time ago. He was at his best, and so were the others in the cast, without any important exception. One felt sorry not to see Anna Case in the part of Sophie, which she did so well last year. But Miss Case is only an American, and therefore, presumably, not a *persona grata* at the Metropolitan. Her place was taken by a German newcomer, Elizabeth Schumann, who proved to be the possessor of an agreeable voice. Whether she can sing well, she will be able better to demonstrate in a more melodious opera later on. She is said to have been engaged largely as a successor to Bella Alten. If she can take Mme. Alten's place in "Hänsel and Gretel" satisfactorily, she will achieve a miracle. It remains to add that Alfred Hertz conducted the complicated score, which really makes him the prima donna of the opera, with zeal and splendid musicianship.

Two Recitals.

Nikolai Sokoloff, who was at one time first violin in the Russian Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Sokoloff plays in a musicianly way, with good intonation and technique. His programme included works by Bach and Handel on the German side, Lalo, Chausson, and Saint-Saëns on the French.

In the evening a piano recital was given in the same hall by Victor Wittgenstein, who has enjoyed the advantage of having been able to study with both MacDowell and Joseffy, an advantage which was evident in his phrasing as well as in his technique. He closed his recital with an étude by MacDowell, and another American, Rubin Goldmark, was represented by two pieces, "Weeping Willows" and "Restless/Ceaseless." These the present writer was unfortunately unable to hear because of the call of the opera. With three Brahms pieces which opened the recital Mr. Wittgenstein probably made few converts to that composer. He got tremendous applause for his brilliant playing of a presto by Scarlatti. He brought out clearly the many beauties of Beethoven's sonata opus 31 No. 3, and was also heard in pieces by Franck and Chopin.

Following is the list of operas brought forward in the season of the Century Opera House with the date of each production:

Romeo and Juliet.....	September 13
Armen.....	September 15
William Tell.....	September 22
La Traviata.....	September 24
Tosca.....	September 26
Madam Butterfly.....	October 10
Jewels of the Madonna.....	October 12
La Bohème.....	October 27
Tales of Hoffmann.....	November 2
Aida.....	November 10
La Gioconda.....	November 17

Each work had performances distributed through two weeks. Two operas were thus given alternately in each week, and a new one was brought forward every Tuesday. The total number was eleven, of which four were French, six Italian and one German. All were, of course, given in English, though there was one performance of "La Traviata" in the original.

Since it is understood that the company is to return for a completion of this interrupted season, it is not essential that any attempt should be made at this time to summarize the achievements of the first half of the series. The one formidable and important undertaking was the revival of Rossini's "William Tell." The opera, fairly well performed, made an impression similar to that which it has usually made in recent years. Much water has flowed under the bridge since people became excited over Arnold's high tones, over the aggressive trio, or the melodious weepings of the unfortunate Matilda.

Perhaps one of the best things accomplished by the revival was the historical information it gave to several youthful philosophers whose treasure houses of knowledge are by no means overcrowded, but who nevertheless do not hesitate to offer free instruction to their elders.

Meanwhile let us be happy in the remembrance that the Century Opera Company showed desirable improvement. Some harmless, unnecessary singers departed and better ones took their places. One or two good ones who were promised did not appear, Misses Amsden and Craft, for instance. The chorus and orchestra were much better than they were last season. More than this it is not imperative to say just now.

A DAY'S CONCERTS.

Music for Young People and a Popular Wagner Programme.

The first of the series of symphony concerts for young people by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damrosch in his preliminary remarks said that as last season the concerts were to illustrate the individual instruments of the orchestra, this season they would exhibit how composers grouped them and used them in combinations. The orchestral numbers were the last two movements from Brahms's second symphony in D, Felix Mottl's orchestration of Liszt's piano piece, "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," and Elgar's overture "Cockaigne." Mr. Damrosch played themes from some of the orchestral works upon the piano, and illustrated how the composers used them in development.

The soloist was Efreim Zimbalist, who played Mendelssohn's violin concerto with admirable skill. The Philharmonic Society has added to its regular scheme of concerts a series of four Saturday evening performances at popular prices, the first of which was given last evening. The programme was made up entirely of overtures to the music dramas, and excerpts from them, from "The Flying Dutchman" to "Parsifal"; all being familiar and never ceasing in their potency to interest and thrill lovers of Wagner's music. The playing of the orchestra was at its best; and though the audience was not so large as most of the audiences that have attended recent concerts of the Philharmonic Society, it showed great interest in the performance.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
STANDARD CONCERTS
FRANK GITTELSON, Violinist.
Mlle. BORI, M. MIDDLETON.
Entire Met. Orch. Cond. HAGEMAN.
Mon. at 8—Maggie Flute, Destinn, Hempel, Schumann; Urius, Braun, Goritz, Reiss, Cond. Hertz.
Wed. at 8—Gloconda, Destinn, Ober, Duchene, Cui, Amato, Segura, Cond. Polacco.
Thurs. (Thurs. Day) Madama at 8—Parsifal, Matzenauer; Sembach (debut), Braun, Whitehill, Goritz, Schlegel, Cond. Hertz.
Thurs. at 8:15—Traviata, Hempel, Egner, Matfield, Botta, Amato, Bada, Cond. Polacco.
Fri. at 8—Carmen, Farrar, Bori, Caruso, Whitehill, Rother, Reiss, Cond. Toscanini.
Sat. at 2—Romeo and Juliet, Ober, Delanoy (debut), Dider, Althouse, Rother, Bada, Reiss, Segura, Cond. Toscanini.

THE FRIENDS OF MUSIC.

Unfamiliar New Compositions Presented by Draper and Sapirstein.

The Society of the Friends of Music, which has been introduced to a chosen circle of music not readily afforded a hearing in concerts of the usual kind, gave a concert yesterday at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. There was a large gathering in the concert room, and music was performed that concert-

ever might be able to produce on their own account. Mr. Sapirstein sang, and Mr. David Sapirstein played the piano. The songs included some of the less familiar of Brahms and Karol Szymanowski's series of six "Hafis Liebeslieder." Mr. Sapirstein played a sonata by Szymanowski, Op. 21, and both these were marked "first time in America." He also played shorter pieces by Julius Weissmann, Cyril Scott, Maurice Ravel, Michael von Zadora, Laurent Cellier, and McNair-Igenfritz, and he joined Mr. Draper in Szymanowski's cycle, playing the extremely difficult accompaniments.

Mr. Szymanowski's sonata is also difficult in technique and in its appeal to the listening ear. Probably many, or most, or perhaps all of the listeners found difficulty in discerning thematic material in the first movement, or anything more than disjointed phrases of incessantly shifting harmony, or any logical development into what is connoted by the word sonata. The second movement, consisting of several unchained sections, is more easily grasped; there were moments in which the music made out a case for itself. Of the shorter pieces several showed agreeable traits, as the two by Julius Weissmann, though the "Wienkiedel in Goldene" by emerging into a somewhat clearer light of day, betrayed something like a commonplace; and the "Kirsische Skizze" of Michael von Zadora had a vigorous individuality.

Mr. Sapirstein played these pieces with much zeal and with every evidence of good faith; also with much technical skill and with the command of coloring that is indispensable to many of them. Mr. Draper's voice sounded less well than it did in his recent recital; and it could ill spare any beauty of tonal quality that it then showed. Intelligence in phrasing and in delineation of the mood and significance of the songs marked his performance, as well as an excellent diction. The songs by Szymanowski make little impression of beauty or poignancy on a first hearing. They offer great difficulty to the singer in intonation, which Mr. Draper met successfully.

Society's First Concert Has Novelties—Laperstein and Draper Soloists.

The Society of the Friends of Music, an organization formed a year ago to promote the best in the art, began its second season yesterday afternoon with a concert in the Ritz-Carlton. Almost four hundred persons, most of them prominent in society, heard seven piano compositions and six songs never before performed in this city.

Other musical works already well known were presented by David Sapirstein, pianist, and Paul Draper, tenor, who were generous in their offerings. The quality so far as the novelties were concerned was not of the highest possible order in the field of creative music.

A pianoforte sonata by a Polish composer, Karol Szymanowski, had the position of honor on the programme because of its pretentious character. In two movements this sonata will interest only those of the musical elect who delight in cacophonous sounds. It is technically well made, and at places in each movement there are genuine beauties, but there is a dearth of originality in the work which makes it tedious and causes the listener to realize its lack of spontaneity.

Mr. Sapirstein, whose progress during the past two years has been reported in these columns, played a sonata, with all the scholasticism demanded. In fact, his technical clarity and well managed dynamics presented the composition in as happy a light as was possible, which was attested by the perfunctory applause of the audience. "Kirsische Skizze," by Michael von Zadora, and "Lude," by Laurent Cellier, two particularly short pianoforte bits of skillful workmanship that reflected talent of similarity, were interrogated by Mr. Sapirstein with just the variety of aural color demanded.

He was nearly as successful in his presentation of "Wienkiedel in Gruenen," by Julius Weissmann, and "Danse Chinoise," by McNair-Igenfritz. These works, somewhat large in mould, very odd in the thematic material used and calling for much power from the pianist, were as pronouncedly modern as the others.

Two more compositions new to the musical public of this city were played by Mr. Sapirstein—"Nachtliche Garten," by Julius Weissmann, and Cyril Scott's "In the Temple of Memphis." In the group with these was the "Jeux d'Eau" of Maurice Ravel. In addition to five excellent Brahms songs, with which he opened the concert, Mr. Drapersang a half dozen selections by Szymanowski, announced as being offered for the first time in America. Because of the smallness of the auditorium, Mr. Draper appeared to somewhat better advantage than he did in Aeolian Hall a few days ago when he made his debut here in recita-

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Draper's evident musical taste and intelligence should not be accompanied by a more sonorous voice.

MUSIC FRIENDS CONCERT.

New Composition by Szymanowski Has Interesting Traits.

The first concert of the season of the Society of the Friends of Music took place yesterday afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Paul Draper sang five songs of Brahms and after the instrumental part of the concert six songs by Karol Szymanowski. David Sapirstein, pianist, played Julius Weismann's "Nachtlicher Garten," Cyril Scott's "In the Temple of Memphis" and Maurice Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau." After these he played Szymanowski's second sonata, opus 21. He followed this with Weismann's "Wiegendes im Gruenen, Von Zadora's "Kirgisische Skizze," Laurent Celler's "Lude," and a "Danse Chinoise," fathered by a strangely hyphenated pair, McNair-Ilggenfritz. The sonata and the succeeding group were heard for the first time in New York.

The Society of Friends of Music is an organization which commands respect for its undaunted courage and its faith in the value of opportunity. It takes faith to believe that some of the musicians afforded hearings at these concerts are worthy of the glory which descends upon them, and it also needs courage to listen to some of their doings.

The Szymanowski sonata will be performed in public by Mr. Sapirstein at his coming piano recital and perhaps more may be said of it at that time than it seems imperative to say just now. The composer is young, he is gifted with a real talent, he knows the resources of the piano and he writes with artistic conviction. His melodic idiom is of the latest type. It is founded upon strange scales and long sustained successions of dissonant chords. It is not deficient in rhythm nor in definiteness. But it leads to music displaying temperamental impetuosity and a vast amount of uncontrolled energy rather than to anything capable of leaving a clear and satisfying impression.

This is not due to a want of real skill in the handling of material, for this young musician has a big technic. His utterance is at least in this sonata too tumultuous, too unsparing in its prodigality of detail, to publish directly his intent. There are some indisputably noble pages in his sonata, as, for example, the full song of the slow movement, and the fugue near the end of the composition is most brilliant and powerful. But the sonata is one of the most formidable technical overlaid with piano difficulties. It will undertake in the repertoire of any one who studies it. This is in itself a fault. But possibly the work will be more luminous at a second hearing. Mr. Sapirstein played it superbly. His performance of Ravel's sparkling color piece was also a fine display of the better sort of keyboard virtuosity.

Messrs. David Sapirstein and Paul Draper Are Soloists at Opening of Season.

Beginning its second season, the Society of the Friends of Music had a concert yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where its concerts last winter were given. The modern music played and sung, while it all may not have been enjoyed by the audience, was at least interesting as showing the trend of modern composers, and the artists did with the compositions all that could be done.

It is the object of the society to provide hearings for compositions little known or unknown here, and whatever may be the merits of the myriad works of the present day writers, the society is to be commended for its purpose. Last year it brought out an interesting piano quintet by Florent Schmitt.

The programme yesterday was begun with a group of the songs of Brahms sung by a young American tenor, Mr. Paul Draper, who made a favorable impression in a recent recital in Aeolian Hall. The songs seemed strangely out of place with the ultra-modern works, but it is interesting to know what is being done in the way of expanding the art of Bach, Beethoven and Wagner.

The principal composer represented was Karol Szymanowski, several of whose songs have been sung here, but all those sung yesterday were new. Mr. David Sapirstein, one of the most serious and talented of the younger pianists of this city, played his piano sonata No. 2 opus 21. So many shifting tonalities, so much chromatic treatment, such a lack of all that is melodious from the viewpoint of the melodies of the old masters has rarely been heard here outside the works of Schoenberg. After the single hearing the sonata gave the impression of being logically written along a definite line. Dis-

sonances were rarely lost, it waited in vain for anything resembling the simple harmonic progressions of the masters. It moved quickly, both of the two movements were allegros and the changes of keys, if any such thing existed, were so abrupt and made so quickly that only those whose ears find the same charm in the chromatic scale that they formerly did in the diatonic scale could appreciate the work. The applause would indicate that few persons enjoyed it, although it was admirably played by Mr. Sapirstein.

Extremely difficult to sing were six songs of the same composer which were sung by Mr. Draper, and so exacting were the accompaniments that the soloist, Mr. Sapirstein, played them. Mr. Draper is deserving of praise for his almost perfect intonation in the most chromatic of songs, but the same lack of definite tonality made all of the works a little too modern for most hearers.

Several small piano pieces of other composers were played by Mr. Sapirstein. Among them were "Nachtlicher Garten" and "Wiegendes im Gruenen" by Julius Weismann; "In the Temple of Memphis" by Cyril Scott; "Kirgisische Skizze" by Michael von Zadora; "Lude" by Laurent Celler, and "Danse Chinoise" by McNair-Ilggenfritz.

THE BARRERE ENSEMBLE.

Season's First Concert Devoted to American Music, 1914

George Barrere has a new Barrere ensemble. All that is left of the old one consists of Mr. Barrere himself and Irving Cohn, oboist. But the first concert of the season, given in the Belasco Theatre last night, served to show that the performances of the new organization would continue as good as those of the old one. The music offered for the delectation of last evening's audience was all made in America and some of it was decidedly good. None of it was bad and all of it was pleasing.

The numbers were a suite in old style by M. W. Hill, the prologue to Henry Hadley's "The Atonement of Pan," the "Flint Song" from W. J. McCoy's "The Cave Man," "The Frogs," and a scherzino by George Chadwick, a song called "Ecstasy" by Ward Stephens, Howard Brockway's "Eclogue," songs by Woodman, Homer, Elbel and Gilbert, and two pieces entitled "Solitude" and "Humoresque" by Victor Herbert, conducted by the composer. The singer was David Bispham.

Mr. Bispham made some explanatory remarks about the two excerpts from the festival plays of the Bohemians of San Francisco. Both were appetizing and made the hearer wish to hear more of the works, and Mr. Bispham sang them with manifest relish. Ward Stephens's song called for an accompaniment of 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, an English horn, 2 French horns, 2 bassoons, 1 contra bassoon and piano. In the performance the contra bassoon was replaced by a contrabass clarinet. The composition, effective in itself, seemed hardly to justify the presence of so much apparatus.

Mrs. Hill's suite is melodious and unaffected in character and it fit quite well into the scheme of the evening. Mr. Brockway has added two movements, an evening song and a scherzino to his eclogue. The "Murmuring Water" idyl, however, continues to be its most successful part, although the scherzino is almost its peer in clever employment of the instruments.

But setting aside Mr. Herbert's music, which has been heard with pleasure before, the most stimulating moments of the evening were found in the two pieces of Mr. Chadwick, whose brilliant skill in making contrasts of character and tonal significance was most advantageously displayed. Furthermore, both of his numbers showed fancy, and the first one, doubtless inspired by a walk on the shore of Boston's famous frog pond, was full of infectious humor. Mr. Barrere's ingenuity and industry in finding interesting new material for his delightful concerts are most commendable.

Bispham with Barrere Ensemble.

The final "s" has disappeared from the Christian name of Mr. Barrere, who is now plain George, the silver flute he plays was "made in America," and so was all the music heard at last night's concert in the Belasco Theatre. Music is the one international and universal language, and any composition which fails to measure up to this definition lacks in value, for which reason a distinctively national programme awakens misgivings in the seasoned concert-goer. Especially is this the case where the nation to be exploited is America, which, however liberal in patronage or keen in appreciation, has just emerged from the sophomore stage in composition. With a past containing few great names, although the future seems hopeful, Mr. Barrere's experiment with present-day composers was courageous, and found its only possible justification in success. The Barrere Ensemble of wind instruments was considerably augmented for the occasion, and the performance was admirable throughout. David Bispham, with ripened art and voice unimpaired by long service, received a most cordial welcome. He sang the prologue from Henry Hadley's "Atonement of Pan," and the Flint Song

from William J. McCoy's "Caveman," prefacing them with a brief account of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, which gives festival plays such as these annually at its high jinks in the Red Wood. Later he sang a group of songs by Huntington Woodman, Sidney Homer, Louis Elbel, and Henry F. Gilbert, with "Danny Deever" as an encore. The novelties of the evening were numerous: George W. Chadwick was represented by "The Frogs" and a Scherzino, the first a fine bit of realism; Howard Brockway, by an Eclogue, which contains some excellent descriptive writing, and Ward Stephens by "Ecstasy," text from Hugo, translated by Charles Henry Meltzer, sung by Mr. Bispham, with the composer at the piano, and the Barrere Ensemble. The concert closed with Victor Herbert's Solitude and Humoresque, both conducted by the composer. Altogether, Mr. Barrere's experiment was a revelation of musical progress, and warranted the enthusiasm displayed by a large audience, which included a fair proportion of the professional element.

New Basso Heard at the Opera Concert

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening the first of the Sunday concerts took place. There were only three soloists, Miss Lucrezia Bori being the only one who had appeared at any previous concert. Mr. Arthur Middleton, a new American basso of the company, who had been heard only in one small role, made a favorable impression at his initial appearance in concert. He has been known for years as a leading oratorio singer, so it was to be expected that as an interpreter of song he would succeed. His first song was "O du mein holder Abendstern" from "Tannhauser," and later he presented the "Air du Tambour Major" from "Le Caid" by Thomas. He had to add several encores. Miss Bori was suffering from a cold, and sang with more reserve than usual. In consequence, she substituted a short aria from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" in place of Micaela's aria from "Carman," which was to have been her first selection. She repeated part of it as an encore, later she sang the aria "Un bel di" from "Madame Butterfly."

The only soloist from without the Metropolitan forces was Mr. Frank Gittelton, American violinist, who made his local debut with the Symphony Society two weeks ago. His selections included Bruch's G minor concerto, a Hungarian dance of Brahms, D'Ambrosio's "Canzonetta" and Kreisler's "Liebesfreud."

The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Richard Hageman, played the overture to "Die Meistersinger," the Ballet Suite from Massenet's "Le Cid" and Saint-Saens' "Marche Heroique."

Mme. De Pasquale Sings at Aeolian Hall—Other Programmes.

Sunday is the day of days for the concert givers, and yesterday was only the beginning of the deluge.

Mme. Bernice de Pasquale was the first to enter the lists with an afternoon recital in Aeolian Hall, at which a large audience manifested much pleasure. Mme. de Pasquale is remembered from her association with the Metropolitan Opera Company, of which she is still a member, though she has not sung there for several years. Her voice was never a great one, nor was her skill in coloratura such as would bring back the glories of Donizettian days, and she showed little change in her song recital yesterday. She was, too, afflicted with a tremolo. Yet on the whole her singing possessed not a little merit, and in her group of old Italian songs she brought out their spirit with understanding and sympathy.

Other numbers on her programme were the great air from "Hamlet," Mozart's "O Dolce Contento," songs by Vanzo, Wolf-Ferrari, Fouldrain and Tschakowsky and an American group. The afternoon closed with Ernesto Kohler's "Eco," for which a flute obligato, played by Marshall Lufsky, had been written for Mme. De Pasquale by Professor De Lorenzo. In short, the American soprano's recital was interesting and in many respects worthy of praise.

To the lovers of the esoteric in music there was pleasure in the season's first concert given by the Barrere Ensemble at the Belasco Theatre in the evening. The concert was given in conjunction with David Bispham. Mr. Bispham's voice has not improved with the passing years, but his enthu-

siasm is as great as ever. He sang, besides a number of songs, two excerpts from the "California Forest Festival Plays," one of which, the Prologue from Henry Hadley's "The Atonement of Pan," was both melodious and dramatically effective. Mr. Bispham also sustained the solo part in Ward Stephens's "Ecstasy," the words by Victor Hugo, in a translation by Charles Henry Meltzer, to an accompaniment of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, to French horns, one English horn, two bassoons, one contra bassoon and a piano. The composer himself was at the piano.

The composition began promisingly, but the vocal part was less pleasing, though the effect was not enhanced by the barytone's voice. Other numbers on the programme were two short pieces by George W. Chadwick, amusing and amusingly played; a Suite in the Olden Style, by Mr. W. Hill; Howard Brockway's "Eclogue," "Solitude," and a Humoresque by Victor Herbert, in which the ensemble was directed by the composer himself. Mr. Barrere had devoted the entire evening to works by American composers, a very praiseworthy and not unsuccessful effort in bringing out compositions native to our soil.

The Barrere ensemble fills a noteworthy place in New York's musical life, and if its appeal is only to a limited public, it is an appeal that is none the less genuine. Far from the top notes of tenors and the crash of brass there is surely a place for the still, small voices of the flute, oboe and clarinet.

The first of the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House brought forth an audience of moderate size. The singers, who were Miss Lucrezia Bori, who sang very charmingly an air from "Manon" and "Um bel di" from "Madama Butterfly," and Arthur Middleton, the new American barytone of the company, whose singing of "The Evening Star" and "The Air du Tambour Major" emphasized the favorable impression made by his Herald in "Lohengrin." His voice, while not a large one, is well trained and of firm texture and musical timbre, while his diction, both in French and German, was more than excellent.

Frank Gittelton played the Bruch violin concerto in G minor and a number of shorter selections, and the orchestra, under the baton of Richard Hageman, gave the "Meistersinger" overture, the Ballet Suite from "Le Cid" and Saint-Saens' "Marche Heroique."

On Saturday afternoon one of the most popular operas at the Metropolitan, "La Boheme," was given, and "Aida," quite as popular and far greater, was the opera of the evening. The usual Saturday audience, minus most of the crowd of standees which fill in the house at Caruso performances, cordially applauded the singers, new and old.

Two new names, neither of them especially likely to become famous, were on the programme. Riccardo Tegan, a baritone with a pleasant voice, sadly marred by a tremolo, took the rôle of Schaunard, while a new light tenor, Luca Botta, impersonated Rodolfo. The new Rodolfo compares more than favorably with the acquisitions in the way of lyric tenors, which the Metropolitan Opera House has suffered from in late years, but that does not place him in a very high rank. However, he has an agreeable voice without as much nasal pinching and whiteness as the average Italian tenor, and his singing is true to the key. He has a pleasant personality and evidently found favor with the audience. All singers love the Saturday matinee audiences, their attitude is so much more friendly and enthusiastic than that at the usual evening performances, and that explains why Saturday matinees are almost invariably good.

In spite of the fact that Miss Bori was evidently somewhat indisposed, she was a beautiful and touching Mimi, and she sang her part with much charm, although she did not have quite her usual vocal freedom. Miss Elizabeth Schumann, the Musetta, did not efface memories of Bella Alten in that part, although she sang and acted it acceptably. The others in the cast have appeared so often in their respective parts that it is only necessary to say that they were all as good as ever.

To Mr. Polacco the chief honors of the occasion are due. He freshened the hackneyed score with many interesting de-

tails, and brought out new beauties in the orchestral parts. The present writer remembers few more impassioned orchestral moments than the prelude to the love duo in the first act and the reconciliation in the third. The great beauty of the music which precedes Mimi's first entrance was brought out entrancingly. Many people who have thought they were tired of "La Boheme" would have changed their minds had they heard Mr. Polacco's conducting on Saturday.

In the evening, "Aida" was sung before

another large audience. The performance brought forward no new features over previous seasons, the cast including Destinn as Aida, Matzenauer as Amneris, Martinehl as Rhadames, Amato, Didur, and Rossi in the parts of Amonasro, Iamfis, and the King. It was a beautiful performance with only two or three details to quarrel with. The scenery is beginning to look shabby—at first glance there seemed to be a fleet of aeroplanes in the sky when the curtain rose on the first act. Closer inspection metamorphosed the flying machines into water stains. Mr. Toscanini's conducting was as masterly as usual—one criticism, however, seems to be justifiable. In the finale of the second act there is an ensemble containing three principal melodies running together in the manner, almost, of a famous passage in "Die Meistersinger." Of these, the only one that was audible at all was the march theme, played by an enormous stage band. In Verdi's score this part for stage band is condensed on two staves, and marked "Banda," leaving the details to be carried out by each individual conductor. A stage band in ancient Egypt would certainly not have been composed of the instruments on the stage Saturday night. But if they had been fewer, or had played with less vigor, Verdi's polyphony would have been heard. On the other hand, how exquisite Mr. Toscanini made that wonderful picture of the Nile at night, at the beginning of the third act! Here is a musical Corot, one of the finest orchestral canvases ever painted, and the conductor set it forth in all its beauty. His error in judgment just referred to must be owing to the fact that at the conductor's stand he cannot judge the effect in the house. Doubtless Toscanini heard all three simultaneous melodies, but no one else did.

YOUNG VIOLINIST'S RECITAL.

Mr. Frank Gittelton Appears for First

Time in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Frank Gittelton, a young American violinist, who has played here twice recently with orchestra, gave his first regular recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The programme included Pietro Nardin's concerto in E minor, with a short cadenza of his own; a Bach chaconne for violin alone, three characteristic national dances—Slav, in A flat, by Dvorak; Spanish, in A major, by Sarasate, and Hungarian, in A major, by Brahms—and a concerto in B minor by D'Ambrosio.

Mr. Gittelton's playing suggests the work of a serious musician playing in a straightforward way without seeking to attract by skilful violinistic feats. His tone is small, and in many places it was rough yesterday, and his handling of technical difficulties never was entirely satisfactory.

His best playing was in the three little dances, which he played gracefully and smoothly, there being no great technical difficulties except in the Sarasate Spanish dance.

AUSTRIAN OPERA

AT METROPOLITAN

Mozart's "Magic Flute" Begins the Second Week of the Season.

PERFORMANCE HAS MERIT

Those who make a special point of noting the nationality of each opera given at the Metropolitan Opera House will be pleased to add to their record "Die Zauberflöte," an Austrian opera, which was sung last night. The composer was born in Austria, and the work was produced in 1791 in the Theatre an der Wien, in Vienna. The drop curtain of that theatre still bears a large picture of characters from this opera, one of whom is represented as Schikaneder, the manager, who wrote the extraordinary libretto.

In these troublous times, when Austrian intelligence is not too highly rated in Germany, it is well occasionally to recall historical facts. Before Mozart there was no German opera. Since he wrote "Die Zauberflöte" there has always been a distinctly German type of lyric drama. It owes its origin naturally to many influences which were commonly operating in Berlin as well as Vienna. Mozart's work in giving the German opera definite shape and purpose was precisely what was necessary to establish it for all time.

People do not go to hear operas, however, on account of their place in musical history nor their contribution toward the development of a national art. That the Austrian capital provided an intellectual climate highly favorable to the development of German genius, such as Bee-

thoven, Schubert and Brahms, is interesting and might easily lead to a field of delightful speculation, but it is perhaps not to the purpose at this moment.

The performance of Mozart's opera was heard by last night's audience with manifest pleasure. There are no great moments of excitement in this score, and hence outbursts of applause are rarely heard. Nor do the classic calm of its artistic temper and the lyric character of its song speech stir the pulses to passionate throbbings. The auditor sits intent upon its ceaseless flow of melodic beauties, which he hears with profound satisfaction and spiritual enrichment. The singers were recalled after the first act half a dozen times. The applause was solid and earnest. People had evidently heard their Mozart in some such way as that just described.

There were two impersonations not offered in last season's performances. These were the *Speicher* of Carl Schlegel and the *Papagena* of Elizabeth Schumann. Mr. Schlegel deserves much praise for the smoothness and elegance of his style. His delivery would have been somewhat more impressive had it been free from a slight tinge of mournfulness.

Frieda Hempel's *Queen of the Night* was vastly better than it was last winter. There was a firmer and rounder voice, a greater volume of tone, and hence a broader and more vigorous style. Mme. Destinn repeated her familiar *Pamina* and Mr. Braun again sang *Sarastro* with much dignity and artistic poise. Mr. Goritz was the same amusing *Papageno* and Mr. Urtus was a rather unhappy *Tamino*. His style is not well suited to such music, or it might be frank to say that he has not the technic needed for Mozart. Mr. Hertz conducted the performance with good judgment.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE, opera by Mozart.

Sarastro.....	Mr. Carl Braun
König der Nacht.....	Mme. Frieda Hempel
Pamina.....	Miss Emily Destinn
Erste Dame.....	Miss Vera Curtiss
Zweite Dame.....	Miss Rita Fornia
Dritte Dame.....	Miss Lila Robeson
Erster Knabe.....	Miss Lenora Sparks
Zweiter Knabe.....	Miss Louise Cox
Dritter Knabe.....	Miss Marie Mattfeld
Tamino.....	Mr. Jacques Urtus
Speicher.....	Mr. Carl Schlegel
Erster Priester.....	Mr. Paul Althaus
Zweiter Priester.....	Mr. Julius Baye
Papageno.....	Mr. Otto Goritz
Papagena.....	Mme. Elizabeth Schumann
Monchinos.....	Mr. Albert Reiss

MR. BORWICK'S RECITAL.

Piano Playing Which Is Dignified Yet Emotional.

Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. His programme began with a jig in B flat minor by Graun, Couperin's "Barricades Mystérieuses" and an allegretto in F minor by Scarlatti. After this group he played Beethoven's great C minor sonata, opus 111. Then came a Chopin group, consisting of the D minor prelude, nocturne in G, etude in E minor, from opus 25, and the A flat waltz, opus 42. The final group was made of Ravel's "Ondine" and two pieces by Debussy, namely, "Bruyeres" and a toccata.

Those who have become acquainted with Mr. Borwick's admirable art will quickly see that in this list he found a fine field for the exercise of its most engaging as well as its most commanding qualities. The cooperation of both was luminously displayed in the strong, yet tender reading of the Beethoven sonata. In his performance of this often abused composition Mr. Borwick displayed a clean, facile and vigorous technic, which had among its resources beautiful clarity and some exquisite tonal tints.

The technic was utilized with the intelligence and sensitiveness of a genuine artistic temperament. Mr. Borwick read the sonata with a large dignity, a well sustained poise and an authoritative simplicity. Yet there was no moment of gentler thought that had not its affectionate sympathy in the musician's interpretation. The variations were played with mastery skill and with most fastidious appreciation of their intrinsic beauty. The double shakes were not

treated as a virtuoso feat, but as an expression of Beethoven's musical conception.

As a Chopin player Mr. Borwick must be accorded rank among the best. His performance of the stormy D minor prelude was filled with tempestuous sweep and power, but the musical contours of the work were never blurred, and its strength was therefore made all the more manifest. In the nocturne the pianist read especially the middle portion with lovely sentiment. It was a truly poetic interpretation and he aroused much enthusiasm with it.

But it is not essential to a sincere admiration of Mr. Borwick's art that all his excellences should be itemized. Its chief characteristics have been enumerated in this place before now, and it is only necessary to remind readers that Mr. Borwick is an artist who unites nobility and simplicity with strength and tenderness. His vision is singularly clear and undisturbed, but it is not dull. His emotion is never hysterical, but it is distinctly influential. He should be heard often, for his art is sound and healthful.

Parisian Music and Tango Salad.

Which is more whimsical—American up-to-date gastronomy or modern French music? The question is suggested by the playing of some pieces in the latest Paris style in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon by Leonard Borwick and the printing of a

recipe for a "tango salad" in one of the morning papers. This recipe directs that ripe, juicy pears should be peeled and halved and then enriched with a dressing having among its ingredients lemon, vinegar, olive oil, salt, mustard, paprika, chili sauce, cream cheese, and pimentoes! Is not the natural, unadorned flavor of a ripe, juicy pear one of the most delicious things one can eat? Why maltreat and annihilate it with such incongruous condiments?

The case of modern French music is not quite as bad as that, though similar. Usually the ripe, juicy pear—that is the melody—is missing and we get little or nothing but condiments. This was the case with "Ondine," the first of "Three Poems for Piano" by Ravel. To unravel this piece, Mr. Borwick had inserted in the programme a slip of paper on which was printed a poem by Bertrand, on which Ravel's piece is based. It tells of a starry sky, water-sprites, tangles of lotus tears and laughter, and the music is appropriate enough; but it has no substance—nothing but condiments, mostly dissonant. The dressing is made with French skill, and—well, being a Parisian M. Ravel probably would not have seasoned his pear if he had had one.

Mr. Borwick also played two similar pieces by Debussy; they were piquant and spicy—that's all; no pears.

Before he got to these French pieces, the English pianist played compositions by Graun, Couperin, Scarlatti, well chosen and daintily executed; Beethoven's last sonata; and a group of Chopin pieces. In one of these, the nocturne in G, opus 37 No. 2, the limitations of the English temperament were shown in a lack of an instinctive sense for fluctuations of tempo, miscalled rubato. In his playing of the minor prelude there was a splendid virility which made the audience want to hear him again; and the same was the case after his performance of a seldom-played etude in E minor, and the A flat waltz. As an extra he added another prelude by Chopin.

Mr. Borwick has been praised repeatedly in this journal as one of the best and most interesting pianists of the day. His touch is particularly good and varied; it enables him almost to exhaust the possibilities of beauty and power inherent in a Steinway grand, possibilities which place America above all European rivalry. He was at his best in the Beethoven sonata, opus 111, a work concerning which opinions still differ widely, some of the foreign commentators considering that it "sinks into insipidity" in the final variations, while to others this same music is as "the soul soaring to the heavenly regions with fervent and holy rapture." The two most commendable things about Mr. Borwick's playing of these variations were his gossamer delicacy and the skill with which he kept the melody in evidence amid all the rather rapid and maundering tinklings in the upper octaves.

MR. SEARCH PLAYS.

Second Recital by Young American Violoncellist.

Frederick Preston Search, the young American cellist who gave a first recital here a few days ago at Aeolian Hall, was again heard in the same place yesterday afternoon. At his first hearing he made a good impression through disclosing in his work a musical tone and taste and some style, but his technic was shown to be inadequate.

Yesterday his programme was of a better order than before and comprised Beethoven's sonata in G minor, Saint-Saens's sonata in F major and a group of shorter pieces, an "Andante Religioso" by Hugo Becker, an adagio cantabile of Tartini, a "Wiegenlied" by Julius Klengel and a minuet of his own. In the two sonatas he had the assistance of Robert Lippitt, who was also the accompanist.

Throughout his programme Mr. Search did himself fuller justice than at his first recital. He had himself evidently under better command and with the result that his performance was more deserving of praise. His technic was shown more favorably in such work as the Saint-Saens sonata and in the one by Beethoven some good phrasing claimed attention. His work lacks general incisiveness, but it always contains a touch of sentiment and musical feeling. As a player he possesses many of the favorable qualities peculiar to the violoncello in its more quiet realm among string instruments and he will no doubt take advantage of their possession and continue with their development.

MISS STARR'S CONCERT.

First Appearance Here of a Canadian Violinist.

Evelyn Starr, a Canadian violinist, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her recent number was the "Scotch Fantasia" of Max Bruch. This was preceded by two classical pieces, a chaconne by Vitali and Corelli's "La Folia." After the Bruch music came several shorter numbers, concluding with Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscou."

Miss Starr is young still and indeed just fresh from the instruction of Leopold Auer, the now universal violin teacher. The young woman clearly showed the benefits of this distinguished master's teaching, for her schooling was sound and her technic well grounded. Unfortunately the same statements could properly be made about the latest graduates from some of the best music schools in this city.

A solo performer must have something more than technic and good style to offer, and this something more did not make any convincing appearance in Miss Starr's playing.

ITALIAN VIOLINIST PLAYS A "SERIOUS" PROGRAMME IN CARNEGIE HALL.

Mr. Arrigo Serato, the Italian violinist, who made his first appearance here recently as soloist at one of the Philharmonic concerts, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme was a dignified and interesting one, and neither the programme nor his performance of it, showed the traits that are conventionally associated with Italian musicians and Italian musicianship. It may be that our notions of these things have been formed upon insufficient knowledge and experience. Italian opera singers are not, after all, especially in this day and generation, the only representatives of Italian art, nor their ideals the only Italian ideals.

Mr. Serato began with the long and somewhat severely archaic chaconne by Vitali that violinists have played frequently in recent years, and a sonata in E minor by Bach, with accompaniment for piano (extended from a figured bass) in that violinists very rarely play. In these the dignity and breadth of his style were to be admired; his performance of them was sincere, and was a serious attempt to represent their style. But there might be a little more amelioration of the severity of Vitali's long series of variations than he permitted by reading into them a little contrast, and there is unquestionably more poetical feeling in Bach's sonata, especially in the adagio, than Mr. Serato found there. In a word, his style is cold and repressed, and this impression is intensified by the coldness of his tone. It is a large tone, with carrying power, but it has little appealing quality, and sometimes discloses a rough edge. Mr. Serato's technique is ample and can be brilliant, as he showed in Wieniawski's D minor concerto, especially, and his playing most rarely offends the ear through lapses from correct intonation. He is an artist whose accomplishment and evident high aims are worthy of much respect, yet he is not one, so far as he has yet shown his powers, to excite a great charm or to stir the deeper feelings of his listeners.

NEW ITALIAN VIOLINIST IS VERY RUGGED IN PLAYING.

One would expect an admittedly great Italian violinist to have, above all things, a noticeably sympathetic tone. Coming for a first visit to this country, Arrigo Serato was expected to move his hearers as some singers have done. But at his introductory recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the newcomer impressed chiefly through his prowess as a virtuoso, concerning which there is no doubt.

A fortnight ago when he made his formal debut here with the Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Serato played the Beethoven concerto with musicianship and authority, though with a tone almost harsh in its virility. This quality was apparent again yesterday in every composition presented.

Mr. Serato's tone is true, it is big, it is vibrant. But very seldom in poetic phrases does it possess the velvety charm which some musicians are pleased to term "melting." On this account his finished style and musical intelligence are not adorned with a quality which other distinguished violinists display and which gives them their wide popularity.

Among the late arrivals were Fritz Kreisler and Mrs. Kreisler. The great violinist limped to a place near the rear of the auditorium and speedily became the centre of attraction.

"LA GIOCONDA" SUNG AT METROPOLITAN

PERFORMANCE EXCELLENT

Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" was given last night at the Metropolitan Opera House before an enthusiastic audience of good size. The performance was in many respects an excellent one, though in general it offered no new features for special consideration other than those that have marked the presentations of past seasons. Of first importance it is, however, to be said that Mme. Destinn appeared again in the title role and Mr. Caruso repeated his impersonation of Enzo Grimaldo.

The opera is one of the favorite works in the standard list at the Metropolitan Opera House and its early reproduction during a current season by Mr. Gatti-Casazza was readily to be taken for granted. At each presentation of "La Gioconda" cause is thereby given for bringing to mind wherein lies the steady popularity of the work and this is found to consist in the many and fascinating operatic delights provided for and at once by the score. The music is both melo-

quous and dramatic; several leading singers are necessary to carry the important roles; the chorus has effective numbers; the ballets are unusually brilliant and the stage setting elaborate in richness.

No opportunity for expression of approval was allowed to pass by the audience last night as the presentation of the opera progressed from act to act. First honors went without doubt to Mr. Caruso. Enzo is one of his most advantageous roles and naturally so, as it affords him opportunity for some fine singing and heroic acting. He was at his best in all respects and new to appearance, as he was, without the mustache he sometimes wears in the part and to the loss of his manly charm. In the "Cielo E mar" as in other numbers, he sang with great beauty of tone and evoked the familiar outbursts of applause.

Mme. Destinn does not find herself quite as happy in the title part as in some of her other roles, the music is not as well adapted to her voice. Last night she furthermore and not infrequently, had some trouble with her intonation; but on the whole her singing disclosed much beautiful tone and intensity in action.

Miss Ober was heard as *Laura* and sang with more feeling than finesse, though her voice is always rich in quality. Mme. Duchene was conscientious in her artistic endeavors as *La Cieca* and Mr. Amato as *Barnaba* gave, as usual, an impersonation of excellence both vocally and in action. The ballets, and especially the "Dance of the Hours," called forth much applause. Mr. Polacco conducted with skill.

November 17, 1914
Almost unheralded a violinist of the first rank has appeared before the New York public for the first time this year. Arrigo Serato gave a recital Wednesday afternoon at Carnegie Hall which served to strengthen the splendid impression he made at his recent debut with the Philharmonic. Fritz Kreisler, in spite of his lameness, was at the concert and was one of the most enthusiastic of Mr. Serato's hearers.

His programme began with Vitali's "Clavconna," which Ysaye played so frequently when he was last here. Next came Bach's Sonata in E minor, then Wieniawski's Dwtisch played them in a way which made lied," and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." Besides these the player added several others he played again and again, and finally pulled out his watch and with a smile and gesture indicated that he must stop, for the time limit for a recital was reached and his wife still had several songs to sing.

Mr. Serato distinguished himself especially in his playing of the Bach sonata. The purity and beauty of his style and the richness of his tone were most enjoyable, especially in the beautiful slow movement. He showed much taste in his treatment of Wieniawski's concerto, which he played with a virility which transformed it from a mere show piece to something worth listening to. The other numbers on his programme were likewise treated with the sure touch which denotes a master.

Ossip and Clara Gabrilowitsch.

Literary folk as well as music-lovers were attracted in large numbers to the joint recital given in Aeolian Hall on Wednesday evening by the famous Russian pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and his wife, for she is the daughter of Samuel L. Clemens. But though the daughter of America's greatest author and humorist, she takes her art most seriously. Her opening number was Beethoven's "Ah, perfido" aria. In its first part it did not show the singer at her best, obviously because of nervousness; but there was also a certain "nasal" quality in her tone which had not been noticed before, and is probably due to unwise teaching. It became less noticeable as her voice warmed to its task, and there was abundant reason for the warm applause bestowed on her by the audience for her singing of four gypsy songs by Brahms, in which she showed those temperamental qualities which enhance the charm of her singing. She also succeeded in revealing the appropriate sentiment in Faure's "Automne," Debussy's "Mandoline," and Henschel's "Morning Hymn," in all of which her delicate shading and finished style were deserving of high praise. The only thing to be regretted was that she did not include on her programme one of the excellent songs composed by her husband, which she sings incomparably well, especially the one which was inspired by his Clara (like Schumann's) in the days of courtship. It is needless to say that the enthusiastic audience was not content with the numbers on her list, but demanded repetitions and extras.

When Mr. Gabrilowitsch made his first American tour he scored a big success, owing to the dash and bravura of his playing. But he was not yet a mature artist. On his second tour he proved his right to a place in the first rank of

musicians. His performance of the great Tchaikovsky concerto, in particular, was an artistic achievement of the highest order—a brilliant and fervent performance which may have helped to win the love of Clara Clemens—*quien sabe?* It is to be hoped he will play the same work during his present tour. His recital opened with Beethoven's opus 81, the only sonata to which that composer gave a "programme"; "Les Adieux—L'Absence—Le Retour." He played it in the classical style which is approved in Germany, yet with no lack of the impetuosity which Beethoven himself displayed at the piano, according to the testimony of his contemporaries and pupils.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch is not afraid to test the receptivity of an audience. In Germany, last year, he gave a series of concerts in leading cities at which he played nineteen of the great concertos, besides conducting overtures and symphonies in a manner which greatly pleased the critics as well as the audiences. In Aeolian Hall on Wednesday, he did not hesitate to add Schumann's second sonata to Beethoven's. In view of the fact that his hearers were sure to be largely literary folk, not, perhaps, deeply versed in music, this might have seemed unwise; but the tremendous applause he got after it justified his daring. After all, a sonata in most cases is simply a group of four unconnected short pieces. Schumann's opus 22 is not one of his most inspired works, even though it is dedicated to one of the many women with whom he fell in love; it is therefore the more to Mr. Gabrilowitsch's credit that he made such an impression with it.

His third appearance on the stage was devoted to the playing of twelve of Chopin's preludes, opus 28, those wonderful tone-poems, of which another great Russian pianist, Anton Rubinstein, once said that if all pianoforte music had to be destroyed with one exception, he would vote for saving the preludes. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's audience break in repeatedly with the applause he tried to avoid. When all was finally pulled out his watch and with a smile and gesture indicated that he must stop, for the time limit for a recital was reached and his wife still had several songs to sing.

TWO OPERAS GIVEN AT METROPOLITAN

Mme. Hempel Is Heard in the Evening as the Heroine of the Verdi Opera.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Parsifal," a stage-festival-dedication play in three acts, by Richard Wagner.

The Cast.

Amfortas	Clarence Whitehill
Titurel	Carl Schlegel
Gurnemanz	Carl Braun
Parsifal	Johannes Sembach
Klingsor	Otto Goritz
Kundry	Margarete Matzenauer
A Voice	Sophie Braslau
First Knight of the Grail	Julius Bayer
Second Knight of the Grail	Carl Schlegel
First Esquire	Lenora Sparkes
Second Esquire	Marie Matfeld
Third Esquire	Albert Reiss
Fourth Esquire	Max Bloch
Conductor	Alfred Hertz

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

It is not long since Marinetti, that smile on the face of the dull gray earth, classified "Parsifal" with the tango as belonging to "pastism." The Apostle of the Futurists meant by this that the fashionable tad for "Parsifal" was over and that society had tired of it. Nothing is more certain than this and nothing less important. "Parsifal" will retire to Baureuth and when Europeans have done butchering each for no valid reason that any of them could adduce, it will be performed on special occasions as a festival play before cosmopolitan audiences. Then it will become fashionable again. It was revived yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, and drew an audience which must have included every schoolmistress within a hundred miles of the city. There was the usual contingent of hardened sinners who compound for a year of neglect of church by going once to "Parsifal" under the impression that it is in some way a religious function or that it emphasizes some emotional moral or other.

Philosophy of "Parsifal."

As for the philosophy of "Parsifal,"

I must confess that it is as unintelligible to me as the celebrated remark of Gurnemanz to Parsifal, "Now time becomes space," to which no one ever could assign a meaning, except possibly "If you wait here long enough you will find your self somewhere else," which is a cheering promise, but impossible of fulfillment.

There are other inexplicabilities. Who can give any assent to the doctrine that pity brings enlightenment, and why the odious lecture on vegetarianism that Gurnemanz, the eternal, delivers in the first act? Why the proclamation of the nauseating doctrine that there is something vile in the love of women, and something corrupting in the passions that bring us into the world? The poem of "Parsifal" reeks with the stench of mediæval rags and bones of this kind. It is this and certain other considerations that caused Nietzsche to voice his bitter taunt, that Wagner "had sunk down, helpless and disoriented, at the foot of the symbols of religion."

Music and Philosophy Mingled.

Many persons confuse the philosophy with the music, and the music with the philosophy, until they imagine that the work has some sort of valuable ethical power and is part of some new system of thought. Ultra-Wagnerians always live in a cloud of this kind. Sensible persons should think clearly and refuse to intoxicate themselves with the fumes of ill-fermented ideas merely because they are set to wonderful music.

Ernest Newman says in referring to the extraordinary creatures who deport themselves in "Parsifal" looking at the strange group of beings, the like of which has scarcely been seen upon the stage before or since, one becomes vividly conscious of the genius of the man who could breathe the musical life into them, and of the immense superiority of his dramatic gift to that of any other musician. The work is a veritable "tour de force." To take these shadows and give them dramatic life before us this half metaphysical poem of sin and redemption with its current of ethical psychology so remote from that of many of us, and yet to hold us as we are held by perhaps no other work of Wagner's, to make us feel that "Parsifal" is in many ways the most wonderful and impressive thing ever done in music—this is surely genius of the highest and rarest kind. These are the words of truth and soberness.

A New Tenor.

A new German tenor—Johannes Sembach—appeared as Parsifal. His gifts were reasonable rather than overpowering, his appearance sturdy and intelligent rather than poetic. The voice is good sound and musical.

The overflowing amplitude of Mme. Margarete Matzenauer prevented one from associating her too closely with any conceivable illusion of an Aphrodite of Klingsor's garden of temptation. Mr. Clarence Whitehill appeared in the character of the disappointed theologian Amfortas and gave the benefit of his fine voice and splendid presence. Mr. Hertz conducted the mighty score. "Traviata" was performed in the evening, with Mme. Frieda Hempel as the Strayed One.

"PARSIFAL" GIVEN AT METROPOLITAN

MATZENAUER AS KUNDRY

Wagner's "Parsifal" had its first performance of the season yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. The last music drama of Wagner is particularly well suited to days of religious observance and for such occasions it has now come to be almost exclusively reserved in this city. That public sympathy with this employment of the drama is large was shown by the size and demeanor of yesterday's audience. It filled the house, and its attention to the representation was one which showed both absorption and reverence. As is customary, the few scattered attempts at applause after the ceremonial close of the first act were promptly hushed.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza has brought together a new combination of interpreters for this season. Mme. Matzenauer is Kundry, Clarence Whitehill as Amfortas, Carl Braun as Gurnemanz, Otto Goritz as Klingsor and Johannes Sembach as Parsifal are the chief members of the present cast. Of these only Mr. Sembach is new to the Metropolitan, where he effected his first appearance yesterday afternoon.

Mme. Matzenauer has been heard before as Kundry, but only as alternate to Mme. Fremstad. She will now, of course, acquire the role as her own, since Mme. Fremstad is not in the company. Mr. Whitehill, who has sung Amfortas before at the Metropolitan, has not been heard there since the season of 1909-10. It should not be forgotten, however, that he was the interpreter of the suffering king when Mr. Savage produced the drama in English and that he afterward sang the part with artistic honor at Bay-

reuth. His performance yesterday was admirable. His voice was in good order and he sang with confidence and with beautiful eloquence. His delivery of the complaint was characterized by unusual musical beauty and poignancy of feeling.

Mme. Matzenauer's Kundry is a genuinely great impersonation, one of those creations which will probably become a tradition. It reaches this distinction in spite of serious obstacles. No admirer can be blind to the fact that the physical illusion demanded in the second act is for Mme. Matzenauer impossible, but her delivery of the music is so dramatic in the true sense of that abused word that she makes her Kundry convincing. Her first act is quite adequate, though some may wish that she did not make Kundry's face so repulsive. Wagner calls for a deep, reddish brown complexion, but it does not seem necessary that the face should look unwashed. However, this is a small blemish upon such a large and commanding work of art as this.

Mr. Sembach made a sympathetic and interesting figure of Parsifal. There have been more powerful Parsifals and some with a larger capacity for passionate utterance. But Mr. Sembach's agreeable quality of tone and his ability to sing a sustained phrase with musical intelligence are valuable items in a generally serviceable equipment. This tenor, who appears to be young, has some imagination, and his lyric speech has the quality essential to the publication of emotion. He wants yet that knowledge of stage routine which will enable him to plan all his action and gesture to the best purpose and to move through a role with at least a semblance of authority.

Mr. Braun's Gurnemanz has the merit of being less remote and more human than some other interpretations of the role. Naturally his voice is at home in such music. The general features of yesterday's representation were good, albeit some were not as good as they should be. The solo voices in the choir of flower maidens were below the level of necessary excellence. On the other hand there were evidences that the whole work had been rehearsed with care. The scenery had been touched up and some awkward devices replaced by better ones. Mr. Hertz conducted with his customary enthusiasm. The orchestra played well, indeed in some places very beautifully.

In the evening the opera was "La Traviata." A work of this type is chosen for the sake of expediency to follow "Parsifal." It is short, needs only three important singers and can be given with small chorus and orchestra. That the old opera still has vitality was shown by the good size of the audience which assembled to hear it. The performance was uneven in merit, but sufficiently good as a whole to give the listeners pleasure.

Frieda Hempel as Violetta, Luca Botta as Alfredo and Pasquale Amato as Giorgio Germont were the chief singers. Miss Hempel sang well except in spots where she indulged in injudicious assaults upon high tones. For example, her "Ah, fors e lui" was beautifully sung except in the last two measures, and her "Semprie libera" had a fine spirit. Mr. Botta was in poor voice and was unable to sing with the ease and freedom which he exhibited in "La Bohème." Mr. Amato's Germont is always excellent, and Mr. Polacco conducted the performance with a wise insistence upon vivacity of movement.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—LA TRAVIATA, opera by Verdi.

Violetta	Miss Frieda Hempel
Flora Bervoise	Miss Minnie Egan
Annia	Mme. Marie Matfeld
Alfredo	Mr. Luca Botta
Georgio Germont	Mr. Pasquale Amato
Gastone	Mr. Angelo Bada
Barone Douphol	Mr. Vincenzo Reschiglian
Marchese D'Obigny	Mr. Bernard Regus
Dottore Grenvil	Mr. Paolo Anselmi

Thanksgiving night was melodiously observed in the Metropolitan Opera House with the season's first performance of Verdi's "La Traviata." There were no new singers, but it was a generally satisfying performance.

There was much applause, particularly after the first act and after some of the well remembered solo numbers with which the opera abounds, such as the Di Provenza, well sung by Mr. Amato, who filled the rôle of Germont the elder.

Miss Hempel, looking very pretty in new gowns, sang the florid music of Violetta with extreme ease and beauty of tone all except in the high notes. This applies particularly to her singing of "Ah! fors e lui," which she began beautifully but did not end so well.

The new Italian tenor, Mr. Botta, did not distinguish himself after having made a favorable impression on last Saturday afternoon. He was the Alfredo. He sang with little beauty of tone and in the first act he was noticeably nervous, but this wore off and his singing improved. Mr. Polacco conducted with good effect. The dancing of Miss Rosina Galli was graceful and earned applause.

MR. BOURSTIN'S RECITAL.

Arady Bourstin, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Mr. Bourstin had been heard some time ago here and more recently he has been devoting himself to study with Marteau at the Berlin Hochschule. He presented a programme suitable for putting to severe test his powers in technic and style and by its performance secured unvoted appreciation from a large audience of discriminating taste.

The list comprised Handel's E major sonata, the Bach "Chaconne," Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," and a group of small works, the "Serenade Melan-

Raymonde Delaunoy, made her debut in the small role of *Theodore*. She showed a good knowledge of the stage, but an appreciation of her singing could hardly be obtained from the part she had yesterday.

FELICE LYNE GETS STIRRING WELCOME

Frances Rose, Another American, Makes Debut in Concert.

Both of our chief symphony orchestras gave offerings yesterday afternoon. At Carnegie Hall the Philharmonic played Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, excerpts from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Smetana's "Ultava," and Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite—a long programme when to it is added a solo performer.

This artist was an American singer, Mme. Frances Rose, said to have some fame in the lands beyond the Rhine. It is certain that Mme. Rose possesses a dramatic temperament, but her singing of Beethoven's "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?" was altogether too explosive and lacking in any attempt at legato to please any but a German audience. She also sang songs by Bungeit, Grieg and Sinding.

Mr. Stransky has given many more effective readings than that of the symphony, but it was none the less well played. The audience was not large.

There was another singer at the Symphony Society's concert at Aeolian Hall. This was Miss Felice Lyne, who once sang in "Hans, the Flute Player" at the Manhattan Opera House, and later went to London, where she scored what was called as a "triumph" at Mr. Hammerstein's Opera House. Some of the London critics even dubbed her as the successor to Melba and the rival of Tetrazzini. Exactly why they should have made these comparisons was not evident yesterday.

Miss Lyne proved to be a very pretty young woman, possessed of a very pretty voice, but neither in her arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" nor from "Dinorah" did she display any heaven scaling qualities. She was distinctly nervous, which resulted in some slips in intonation, and she ended very much more effectively than she began. Besides her charming voice, she showed a very neat trill and some skill in coloratura. She was rapturously applauded.

The orchestral portion of the programme was devoted to the dance, in which the final number, Ravel's symphonic fragment, "Daphnis and Chloe," was receiving its first presentation in America. It proved to be an exceedingly well made and stirring composition, built very much in the ultra-modern French style, yet vibrant with an almost savage sense of life. It is a real contribution to modern French music, and, despite its abandonment of the old scale, free from any taint of anæmia. Mr. Damrosch and his band gave it a superbly vital performance.

The other ballet music was from Rameau, Gluck, Delibes, Massenet and Saint-Saëns.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

An American Soprano Makes First Appearance Here.

The Philharmonic Society gave the second concert in its Sunday afternoon series yesterday at Carnegie Hall. The programme was appropriately arranged to suit the occasion and save one number was of lighter character. The selections played by the orchestra were Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, three excerpts, the nocturne, scherzo and "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Smetana's symphonic poem "Vltava," and the "Nutcracker" suite of Tchaikowski. In the symphony the playing of the orchestra was delightful in spirit. In the performance of the other compositions the men were also in excellent accord and played with fine tone qualities and much brilliance.

The soloist was Mme. Frances Rose, soprano, who was heard first in the great aria "Abscheulicher" from Beethoven's "Fidelio," and later in a group of songs. Mme. Rose is an American singer who has been heard in opera houses in Germany. Unfortunately it cannot be said that her appearance here yesterday was productive of artistic results. Her singing disclosed a voice of large but uneven range and much worn in quality. Her chief asset seemed to be an abundance of dramatic fervor and this she employed in a degree highly exaggerated both in the aria and the songs.

Mr. Stransky Exhibits His Orchestra in Its Lighter Vein.

The Philharmonic Orchestra was exhibited yesterday afternoon at its concert in Carnegie Hall by Mr. Stransky in its lighter vein. The instrumental portion of the programme comprised

Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, the Nocturne, Scherzo, and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Smetana's Symphonic poem, "Vltava," and Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite. The concert also brought forward for the first time here Mme. Frances Rose, an American soprano, who has appeared abroad. She sang "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?" from Beethoven's "Fidelio," and songs by Bungeit, Grieg, and Sinding.

The orchestra's numbers constituted as agreeable and charming a programme combination as a conductor may hope to happen on. The symphony was played capably. With Mendelssohn's music the orchestra reached a high level, the Scherzo in particular being given with a brilliance and finish that could hardly have been surpassed. In this number one was struck also with the fine playing of the inner parts, especially the clarinets and flutes. Smetana's symphonic poem furnished just the necessary contrast of seriousness between the Mendelssohn composition and Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite, which ended the concert. This last was splendidly performed, with all of its wit and fantastic charm finding perfect utterance.

Mme. Rose's voice is large in volume and she sings with a certain temperamental force, but the quality of her tone is not always good and her voice seems sometimes unwieldy. It would be straining a point to consider her equal in attainments as a concert singer to those who usually appear as soloists with the large symphony orchestras.

MUSIC OF BALLETS

LED BY DAMROSCH

New Composition by Maurice

Ravel in Latest Fashion of

French Art.

The Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch, conductor, gave its fifth Sunday concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was planned to illustrate the ballet music of France from Lully's time to the present. The numbers were the overture and gavotte from Rameau's "Platée," ballet airs from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulis," three movements of Delibes' "Sylvia," four dances from Massenet's "Le Cid," the bacchanale from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," and a symphonic fragment from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis et Chloe." There were also two vocal numbers, sung by Felice Lyne, soprano.

The subject matter of the instrumental programme might easily be made the text for an essay on the whole progress of music in France and with a special temptation to enter into extended discussion of the contemporaneous art. But despite the brilliant and stimulating contrast furnished by the performance of Ravel's music after that of the august dean of the conservatives in France this temptation must be resisted.

The most interesting of living critics of music and musicians, Romain Rolland, has pointed out a great danger which stands in the path of French music. In spite of the growth of the democratic spirit in the nation its tone art is still aristocratic. It is as if anything more so than ever before, and M. Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" is an admirable example of its latest tendencies of thought and methods of expression.

But reference can again be happily made to M. Rolland, who declares that the present musical thought of France, while possibly not the strongest in Europe, is certainly the most original. About this there can be no question. We may not like such music as Debussy's or that of his comrades in the forward movement, but we cannot be blind to the fact that it is the only musical art in Europe to-day that has a clearly defined individuality and a brilliant originality of style. Whether it has come to stay or to be succeeded by something still further removed from the speech of the fathers no one can say, and this purely speculative question need not concern us.

It is sufficient for the moment to note that the symphonic piece made from M. Ravel's ballet music and delineating certain scenes in the dance of action is firmly drawn, picturesque in character, rich in new and ingenious orchestral combinations utilized with artistic meaning, and that it has none of the vagueness of purpose which so often puzzles listeners to the so-called futurist music.

In Aeolian Hall its heavily scored dynamic climaxes were not well placed. They sounded much too loud. But the less insistent parts of the composition disclosed large and captivating beauties in which rhythmic strength and melodic specialty united with the newest harmonic combinations. Furthermore, this music has poetic imagination. The composition was admirably played, but at the end of this record of first impression remains the doubt as to the general appeal of this truly aristocratic type of music.

Miss Lyne was once upon a time a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company here and afterward in London. In the latter city she achieved much distinction as a coloratura singer. It was in coloratura that she was at her best yesterday. Her delivery of the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" was facile and had heavy tone, but her previous singing of a Mozart air had little suavity, pose or style.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Mr. Damrosch devoted the fifth Sunday concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, to illustrating ballet music in France from 1749 to 1913. The first date is that of Rameau's ballet of "Platée," the second that of Ravel's ballet of "Daphnis et Chloe." As Mr. Damrosch remarked before he began to play Ravel's ballet, there is a whole world between the two, and more than one epoch of musical history has been begun and finished between them.

The overture and gavotte from "Platée" and ballet airs from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" represented the elder style. There is here an extreme of simplicity; the excerpts from Rameau are the more elaborate, and show a more vigorous musical invention and a stouter structure, though it would not do to draw too sweeping a conclusion, or perhaps any conclusion at all, from this fact, and from these particular pieces. There was more familiar matter in the selections from Delibes' ballet "Sylvia," the ballet numbers from Massenet's opera "Le Cid," the bacchanale from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," all of which are music in style current; music that is "diverting" to present-day listeners and that require no close attention and no allowances.

Very different is Ravel's ballet, of which a long and elaborate fragment was given, heard then for the first time in America. Other music of Ravel is already tolerably familiar to concert goers, as of the modern French school; so are the salient characteristics of that school: the kind of tonality it affects, the direction of its melodic line, in quality of its harmonics, largely resultant therefrom. The ear of the frequent listener, upon whom these things come first as new and strange, hence unintelligible and harsh, is now already well inured to them, and ready to find beauty and musical significance of their own kind in them. Listened to from this point of view, Ravel's ballet music is an absorbingly interesting, even stirring composition. Such music, intended as the accompaniment and the interpretation of action upon the stage, necessarily loses something when played in concert; but there is quite enough in this composition to enable it to be heard and enjoyed as music. There are atmosphere, swiftly changing moods, movement, abundant life in it; vivid color; manifold ingenuities and novel effects in the orchestration. There are certain climaxes of a power that are somewhat taxing to the ear in Aeolian Hall, which is better adapted to a less violent style of orchestration, and the music might be better heard in a larger auditorium. As it was, however, the composition, on fragments of a composition, had a moving power all its own, while its style is so strongly marked as that prevailing in France today, it seemed a personal utterance.

There was a soloist in the concert; not that she contributed anything to the elucidation of ballet music in France, but she gave the programme moments of contrast. It was Miss Felice Lyne, a young American soprano who appeared in Mr. Hammerstein's light opera production of "Hans the Flute Player" in New York a few years ago, and then excited attention in London as one of his "discoveries," singing in works of a higher flight. Miss Lyne's voice is light, a small voice; but of crystalline clear quality, and when it is heard at its best, singularly pure, though with little warmth of color. She sang Susanna's air, "Deh, vieni," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and the "Shadow Song" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah." She was best in the latter; some of the florid music in it she sang clearly, and almost brilliantly. She has a less secure command of the pure legato and the polished style that are indispensable for the proper performance of Mozart's air. Miss Lyne's vocal technique, in fact, is not wholly finished; a pity, for the voice is one that has a delicate and individual charm of its own. She was especially applauded after Meyerbeer's air.

Metropolitan Concert.

At the Metropolitan Opera House concert last night the soloists were Frieda Hempel, Jacques Urlus, and Adamo Didur. Miss Hempel sang an aria from Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail" and a vocal arrangement of Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz. Mr. Urlus sang the Prayer from "Rieuzy" and songs by Richard Strauss, Jensen and Schumann, while Mr. Didur's numbers were the Prologue from "Pagliacci," an arioso from Rubinstein's "Demon," and a Tostl ballad. Under the direction of Richard Hakeman the orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Ringside Cafe Overture," Charlier's "Rhapsody," Esplanade and Halvorsen's "Triumphal Entry of the Bojars." It was a very satisfactory concert and both stars and orchestra received liberal applause.

Dec. 1, 1914

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

AT METROPOLITAN

Geraldine Farrar Heard Again

With Pleasure as Unhappy

Japanese Girl.

AUDIENCE ENTHUSIASTIC

Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" was

chosen by Mr. Gatti-Casazza to begin the third week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It is no news that this opera is one of the most popular in the entire active list and that Geraldine Farrar's admirers cherish her

impersonation of the unhappy Japanese girl above all her other creations. Perhaps this fact may come to have a new significance since the gifted American soprano has added the role of *Carmen* to her acquisitions.

There may be many opinions about the manner of impersonating the gypsy heroine of Bizet's masterpiece. It is unlikely that in this generation there will be more than one about the interpretation of Puccini's wedded child, who was not in the least Japanese, but just an embodiment of love. It would be though indelicate, without doubt, to discuss Miss Farrar's capacity for conceiving the character of the successive chapters of sex history which constitute the personality of *Carmen* or the pathetic trustfulness of the one complete surrender which involved *Cio-Cio-San* in tragic destruction.

But there is indeed a world of difference between the woman who betrayed all lovers and was slain by one, and the other who was faithful to the faithless and slew herself. Both of them leave something to the imagination of the auditor beyond what the composers found for them; but it is undeniable that Puccini, with all his theatrical device and his habitual sacrifice of text to music, rose to unwomanly heights of sincere tenderness in *Butterfly's* best scenes.

One may confess in secret that Miss Farrar never marches quite in line with such scenes. But she does come close to realizing the general design of the composer, and her *Cio-Cio-San* remains her best role. It is true that technically she does not sing it as well as she sings *Carmen*, but dramatically she does, and the general results are more satisfying.

Last evening Miss Farrar's *Butterfly* was uncommonly well sung. There was a greater continence of tone and consequently a greater evenness in her scale than usual. When she did essay to push her tones a little they were not good. But on the whole she was praiseworthy. Her interpretation of the part has matured, but it has not lost its simulation of ingenuous youth in the first act.

To a generally creditable presentation of the opera, Mr. Martinelli contributed a very good *Pinkerton*. His voice was free and elastic, and he delivered his phrases with excellent tone and good intent. This gifted young tenor has shown progress this season, and it is a pleasure to hear his fresh, vibrant voice used as effectively as it was last evening.

Mr. Scottie was the same admirable *Sharpless* we have known so long. Mr. Toscanini conducted with his customary skill. The other items that went to make up the presentation were not a kind to call for special mention. There was a large audience, and the applause was of the genuine type.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—"Madama Butterfly." On opera in three acts. By Giacomo Puccini, after the work of John Luther Long and David Belasco.

The Cast.

Cio-Cio-San	Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki	Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton	Helen Mapleson
B. F. Pinkerton	Giovanni Martinelli
Corso	Antonio Scott
Sharpless	Angelo Bada
Yamadori	Pietro Audisio
Lo Zio Bonzo	Bernard Begue
Yakuside	Francesco Cerri
Il Commissario Imperiale	Giulio Romolo
Conductor	Arturo Toscanini

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Yes, Madame Butterfly. I am addressing you. I am not talking to Puccini or to George, or to Jerry, or to any one but yourself, and yourself in character. You are one of the most arrant lumbags in opera or in the fiction of which opera is a part. You consent to be married for a fixed period of time according to the customs of your country. But when the period is over and your temporary husband leaves you you discover a set of emotions of an entirely European nature. Then you give us two acts of spurious and derivative pathos. Good souls from the Bronx and Williamsburg weep over you. Your atmosphere and your marriage code are all Japanese. Your attitude to both is entirely that of a Muncie or Altoona women's club. You get it both ways, you artful little wretch.

But I have never wept over you. My withers are unwrung. I have always seen the falsity of your appeal to the tender and susceptible heart of the American mother and the American sister, and even that noblest of institutions the American aunt.

The same persons weep over "Camille." Ah! What if they knew! I have always ventured to think you were invented especially for our domestic consumption, and that whenever you are played here that a great deal of winking goes on in Milan where you were born, or rather deftly manufactured.

You were very unkindly received when you were first exposed to the gaze of the Italians. They recognized very much of the music which surrounds you, and became angry. And they did not believe in you. I know that others love you, and love you the more, when Miss Farrar embodies you. I cannot believe in you like the Italians, and I cannot listen to you, try as I may. It may be my fault. I know it is my loss. And now, my sweet little hypocrite, I am going to take leave of you for one long year, to bury myself in nightiness and eternal sincerities in

...and other things which are not palpable simulacra, and ingeniously devised commercialisms.

Oh! I should not have said so cruel a word as that!

But before I say good-by, good-by forever, parting is such sweet sorrow that I must linger and whisper in your ear that Martinelli was never in better voice, and that Scotti looked quite the most human consul one could imagine.

Arturo Toscanini conducted, and Rita Poria was embowered with much singing.

Dec. 2, 1914

FRANCES ALDA

IN SO'VG RECITAL

Other Concerts at Aeolian Hall and at Biltmore Hotel Also Well Attended.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Madame Francesca Alda (I have been reading Dante lately and especially the Francesca da Rimini episode, so I cannot call her plain Frances) was heard yesterday in Carnegie Hall, in a programme of songs of various nations. Mme. Alda is the only New Zealand singer in captivity, and is known in private life as Mme. Giulio Gatti-Casazza. So she can impress you many ways.

However all that may be, her concert drew a large and representative house, proving that she had many admirers and enthusiastic supporters. The musical world was there in full force.

Mme. Alda is a handsome woman of engaging platform manners. As for dressing and costuming yesterday they were in the perfection of taste. The dresses of prima donnas on the concert stage are often so loud that you cannot hear their most piercing notes.

Madame Alda was garbed in solemn black, but in style of surpassing elegance. The recitalists were carried out of the hall with jealousy at the crushing glory of simplicity. They had appeared at their own recitals in habiliments suggestive of dimmed and intoxicated rainbows.

Madame Alda's programme was an artistic and well-planned one. Her English is excellent and unusually well enunciated. I cannot go into contortions of enthusiasm over her first three songs—all of them old-English—because the artist had not warmed to her work. But the air "Nel Con Piu" by Paisiello, the autecdent of Rossini, in the composition of "A Barber of Seville" was cleverly rendered. Madame Alda has some very good high notes, which were emphasized for all their value.

Among Her French Songs.

The dramatic song "Schlaflied," by Moszkowski, was rendered with color, variation and pathos. In French music Madame Alda is always at her best, and her Gallis contributions consisted yesterday of songs by Debussy, Hue and Borodine.

A charity concert was given at the Aeolian Hall in the afternoon in aid of the National Red Cross, and the Night Camp Auxiliaries of the New York Throat, Nose and Lung Hospital.

The chief attraction was the English singer, Wilfred Douthitt, who sang several songs from the baritone repertory. His splendid voice made a deep and general impression. Among the patrons Zimbalist is heard.

The Russian violinist, Zimbalist; the opera singer, Didur; the actress, Nazimova; the Russian Cathedral Choir and the Russian Symphony Orchestra were heard last night at the Biltmore Hotel in an entertainment the proceeds of which went to the aid of Russian war sufferers, through the Committee of Mercy. The orchestra played for the first time in New York Scriabine's "Smell and Light" Symphony.

The Music League of America gave its first concert last night at Aeolian Hall. The aim of the society, which has strong social backing, is to advance young abilities and teach the young musical idea how to shoot straight at the box office.

M. Nikolai Sokoloff played the violin with considerable effect.

The Columbia chorus also entertained its friends at Carnegie Hall.

Mme. Alda Sings at Carnegie Hall—Music League Starts Subscription Season.

There were two concerts yesterday afternoon and large audiences attended both. At Carnegie Hall Mme. Frances Alda gave her annual song recital, and almost every one in the operatic world was there. Mme. Alda was evidently exceedingly nervous during the first few numbers, a group of old English and Italian songs, and as a result her voice was unsteady. She soon, however, gained control of herself and sang Moszkowski's "Schlaflied" and Blech's "Tausend Sterne" with clear tone and with feeling. She was even more per-

fectly at home in her repertoire, a group which included Debussy's "Les Cloches" and Borodine's "Melodie Arabe," the latter receiving its first American production.

Mme. Alda showed a marked gain in her understanding of the requirements of song interpretation over her appearance last year. There was less of the dramatic fervor of the operatic artist and an increase in the use of color and of nuance.

If Mme. Gatti Casazza is not yet a complete mistress of the concert hall, she is evidently on the right road. She was on the whole in excellent voice, though at times she had difficulty with her upper tones, due perhaps to nervousness. Needless to say she was showered with flowers, which piled upon the piano until the instrument completely vanished.

At Aeolian Hall there was a benefit for the National Red Cross and the Night Camp Auxiliaries of the New York Throat, Nose and Lung Hospital, the benefit being given by Wilfred Douthitt, assisted by Miss Blanche Manley and the Stanley Quartet.

Mr. Douthitt is well known as the barytone of the Dippel Opera Company. His voice is a beautiful one and he uses it well, and he sang the "Pagliacci" prologue very effectively. His want of fervor and of temperament were his chief drawbacks, with the result that he imparted little added interest to Coleridge-Taylor's none too interesting "Sons of Sun and Shade."

In the evening Aeolian Hall saw another concert, this being the first subscription concert of the Music League of America. This organization, which was recently formed to give young artists a chance for public appearance, deserves well of all who have at heart our city's musical welfare.

It would be too much to state that last night's concert produced an unusual talent, though each artist who appeared had virtues that were marked. Perhaps the most completely satisfying was Salvatore De Stefano, harpist, who played Godefrid's "Danse des Sylphes" with delicacy and life.

Robert Gottschalk, a young tenor, displayed a light voice of not a little beauty, but as yet imperfectly placed, and Miss Challet-Balme, soprano, showed a voice of ample power and real beauty, but, unfortunately, explosive and at times very far from the correct pitch.

Putro Yon played a number of organ selections, including Pagella's "Prima Sonata," and the programme closed with an operetta by Emile Bourgeois, participated in by Greta Torpadie, soprano, and Einar Linden, tenor.

Young Artists Show Talent at Concert

Last night in Aeolian Hall the first subscription concert of the Music League of America, an organization including many wealthy men and women of society, which is helping young and talented artists, was held.

Most of the musicians heard show undoubted talent. Perhaps the best work was done by Mr. Nikolai Sokoloff, a Russian violinist, at one time with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His tone is large and of good quality and he has temperament and a fairly good technique. Most of his playing was in tune. His selection was the adagio movement from Bruch's concerto in D minor.

Mr. Robert Gottschalk, a tenor, who also sang, has a naturally beautiful voice, but as yet he has not developed it to its full extent, and his style of delivery and enunciation needs some adjustment. His songs were from Messenet, Bomberg, Persord and Matthews. The other singer, Miss Challet Balme, a soprano, has a tendency to sing a little off the key. Her talent is along the line of interpreting the songs of modern France, three of which she presented—"L'Enfant Prodigue," by Debussy; "L'Herese Exquise," by R. Hahn, and "Le Furet du Bois Joli," by Breuille. Mr. Pietro A. Yon, a capable organist, played Pagella's first sonata and two works of his own, and Mr. Salvatore de Stefano, an accomplished harpist, played Hasselmann's serenade and Godefrid's "Danse des Sylphes." There also was a performance of a short operetta by Emile de Bourgeoise, in which Miss Greta Torpadie, soprano, and Mr. Einar Linden, tenor, were heard.

MUSIC LEAGUE GIVES ITS FIRST CONCERT

The Music League of America, formed primarily to give deserving young musicians opportunities to be heard publicly, offered its first subscription concert last night in Aeolian Hall.

Numbering among its officers and

directors, Mesdames E. H. Harriman, Willard Straight, Otto Hahn, Linzell Blagden and W. K. Vanderbilt and Messrs. Dovo Hennen Morris, Alvin H. Krech, Hollins Cottenet and Rudolph E. F. Plinsch, the endeavor of this semi-philanthropic society was attended by a large audience.

In order to establish at the outset an artistic standard that would help the series of concerts, the Music League selected to appear with the unknown young musicians, two artists of recognized position and one who achieved a distinct success at his recent debut here.

These three were Pietro Yon, organist, Salvatore de Stefano, harpist, and Nikolai Sokoloff, violinist.

An over-long programme, placed at the close the appearances of Miss Greta Torpadie, soprano, and Einar Linden, tenor, besides permitting Robert Gottschalk and Miss Challet Balme to offer more songs.

Mr. Gottschalk displayed a light tenor voice of excellent timbre, a musical style and commendable intelligence in the interpretation of four compositions by Massenet, Bemberg, Persord and Matthews.

The singing of three songs and an operatic air by Miss Challet-Balme, on the other hand, was not notable even for one presumably inexperienced.

Her soprano voice is one of warmth in the lower portion and ample power, but as displayed the high tones were both unduly forced and shrill, and in Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" not true to pitch.

If at its next concert the Music League finds it possible to correct some of the shortcomings of last night there should be a generous response to and recognition of a praiseworthy enterprise which has done so much in the first ten months of its existence for worthy young musicians.

Dec. 3, 1914

"DER ROSENKAVALIER"

AT THE METROPOLITAN

Richard Strauss's opera "Der Rosenkavalier" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. At the previous performance of the work the audience was one of moderate size, but last evening it was apparently larger. The work has not established itself as one of the most popular in the repertory of the lyric theatre, but it has acquired a sufficient measure of favor to warrant its repetitions. That this should be the case need excite no astonishment, for the excellence of the performance is great enough to give point to every merit of the score and to command general admiration.

Doubtless "Der Rosenkavalier" would be more attractive to the typical operagoer if it afforded more numerous opportunities for the display of the purely lyric style of singing, which arouses the largest enthusiasm. And it is equally probable that more operagoers would be pleased if the hero of the play were impersonated by a man and not by a woman.

The want of real artistic sincerity in the score is perhaps not clearly discerned by every auditor, but that it makes itself felt is altogether likely. It is only in the first act that the composer rises above his familiar level of mere cleverness. His cleverness is great and his technical skill is extraordinary; but such qualities have never brought about a large or lasting success for any musical play. If Mr. Strauss had been able to put into his second and third acts such psychology subtlety as is found in the Countess's scene in the first act, he would have given the world an art work of considerable dimensions.

But after the charmingly pictorial episode of the presentation of the rose in the second act there is little of real interest till the duet in the final scene. The comedy becomes cheap and at times even coarse in fibre, and the operagoer who does not look for broad farce in an opera house becomes wearied. If it were not for the admirable and devoted manner in which the members of the cast interpret the work its weaknesses would be more clearly seen.

Praise has frequently been given to Miss Hempel's finely wrought impersonation of the Countess, which continues to be one of the most symmetrical and artistic contributions to the gallery of portraits in contemporary opera. The soprano was in good voice last night and won hearty applause. Mme. Ober's Octavian continues to be a delightful delineation of youthful ardor and sentiment, and Mr. Goritz's broad humor finds a congenial field in the role of Baron Ochs. The other members of the cast are competent, the orchestra plays excellently and Mr. Herz conducts with enthusiasm.

SASLAVSKY QUARTETTE HEARD.

Isabel Hanser, pianist, and the Saslavy String Quartet, consisting of Alexander Saslavy, first violin; Nathaniel Finkelstein, second violin; Hans Weiss-

man, viola, and Jacques Renard, violoncello, began their seventh season with a concert given at Aeolian Hall last evening. This organization has had a rapid and merited growth among local chamber music bodies and last night an appreciative audience nearly filled the hall.

The programme consisted of three numbers, Joseph Miroslav Weber's second string quartet in B minor, Dominos Sonata, opus 108, for piano and violin, by Brahms, and Saint-Saens's quartet, opus 41, for piano and strings. A programme note stated that the Weber quartet was first performed in 1892 at Petrograd and was the composition which in the same year and in the same city had won first prize at an international competition of chamber music, Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakow and other well known composers being the judges.

Last night the quartet, which consists of an allegretto, minueto, comodo and allegro furioso, was ably set forth by the four players. Abounding in interval throughout by much piquant melody and rhythmic figures both in solo and ensemble work, it gave to each performer opportunity for acquainting himself well individually and as a part of the whole.

Miss Hanser is a good pianist and her qualifications fit her especially well for performance in chamber music. In the Brahms sonata she played with a delightful spirit and she has a most happy colleague in Mr. Saslavy. Together the two artists gave a performance of the work that drew forth much applause.

Players Open Their Eleventh Season

Beginning its eleventh season the Sinsheimer Quartet, composed of Messrs. Bernard Sinsheimer, Lajos Fenster, Joseph Kovarik and Willem Dureux gave a concert in Rumford Hall last night. The fifth quartet of Glazounov, one of the best of Russian composers, had its first presentation here. Other numbers on the programme were Mozart's Quartet No. 12 and Brahms's Quintet, opus 34, with Mrs. Bernard Sinsheimer at the piano.

Interest attaches itself to the metropolitan debut of Mme. Beatrice Gjersten, dramatic soprano, who more than distinguished herself on the Continent and who will appear for the first time in New York city at the Aeolian Hall in a song recital on the evening of December 3. Before the present war hostilities manifested themselves Mme. Gjersten was the possessor of a contract for another season at the Royal Opera House, Weimar, at which place she sang for several seasons. Mme. Gjersten, although racially a Norwegian, was born in Minneapolis, Minn., and her preliminary musical education was received in that city. She comes to this country with the distinction in title of "Kammersaengerin" which honor was conferred upon her at the close of the opera season in Weimar in 1913 by the Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

Dec. 4, 1914

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Dr. Muck put the audience at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert last evening in Carnegie Hill to probably the severest test it has ever been subjected to, of its capacity to absorb new music. The result was scarcely less than a proof of iron endurance. His programme was made up of three modern compositions—Jean Sibelius's fourth symphony in A minor, Emil Reznicek's "symphonic biography," as he calls it, "Schlemihl," and Paul Scheinplug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare." Of these the first and last had been heard in New York before, but were at least unfamiliar to most of the listeners and new perhaps to many.

Sibelius's symphony was played in March, 1913, by the New York Symphony Orchestra. It was at that time scarcely intelligible to many of its listeners; last evening it was no more so. Its four movements are strangely disjointed, fragmentary, thin in substance. It was remarked when it was first heard here that it signifies a sudden and complete departure of the composer from all his previous musical ideals as they have been represented in other of his orchestral compositions known to New York.

It seems still hemmed in with doubts of his own raising; uncertainties, half-hearted attempts, beginnings without issue. His themes are long and diffuse, but they are developed with little progress toward any definite result, vaguely, with an irresolute touch. They are dropped and something else taken up; they vanish mysteriously and leave no sign. The movements wander on and expire like a candle blown out. Their substance and method are wholly rhapsodical. The second, an "allegro molto vivace," begins somewhat more coherently than the others, with a rhythmically striking theme in the feeling of a scherzo, but the mists soon gather around it, and it vanishes into nothingness with an abruptness that leaves the audience for several seconds bewildered. The composer gathers himself finally in the third movement for a strong and eloquent passage, and again in the last movement, but they are very brief, and he returns to his wandering unisons, his fragmentary reiterations.

The instrumentation is very light and transparent. There are "modern" effects of the "whole tone scale." The themes are often presented in imitation by one and another choir with a harmonic background thin to the verge of barrenness. They are set against each other in biting dissonances with perfect unconcern. The performance was a remarkably finished one, and the

analysis of the work to which Dr. Muck's reading subjected it seemed to lay bare its thinness pitilessly.

The symphony, at least, gives the impression of being the work of a musical personality, however, misdirected. Reznicek's long "symphonic biography," "Schlemihl," however is the pretentious and bombastic attempt of a commonplace imitator of Strauss. The elaborate frame work of a "programme," given by the composer in detail, is such as Strauss uses with infinitely greater talent. Some of the tunes, such as that which opens the work, representing "the man," show their source without much guile. There is the whole outfit of biographical detail, which the music pursues with a fidelity purely literary, wholly incompatible with a real musical significance.

It is full of the conventional signs, signals, and earmarks of the musician bent more on a programme than on music, and without the talent to produce a plausible compatibility between them. At the end "the word" must be allowed to enter, to give full expression to the climax; and Mr. Paul Draper sang the short solo which is a setting of Goethe's "Wanderer's Nachtlied." The orchestra played the work with great finish and with elaborate bravura.

Schopenhauer's overture was played here by the Boston Orchestra, under Max Fiedler's direction, in March, 1900, when it gave pleasure as a clever piece of musical humor, with traits of a true comic spirit.

Schienpflug's "Overture to Comedy of Shakespeare" Saves Programme.

OTHER NUMBERS TECHNICALLY FINE

Sibelius's Fourth Symphony and Reznicek's "Biography" Brilliantly Played.

The orchestra from Boston came to us again last night, and Carnegie Hall held an audience such as gathers there only when Major Higginson's musicians honor us with their presence. It was an audience which contained all that is most brilliant in New York's musical public; it came hoping and expecting to be conquered—and despite the programme it was conquered, solely by the magnificent playing of the band under Dr. Muck's baton.

It must be said at the outset that the programme was one of the duller ever given by Dr. Muck at a Boston Symphony concert. It contained only three numbers, of which only the last, Schienpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare," brought happiness. This overture was a bright and very characteristic composition into which is worked a charming English melody of the sixteenth century. It sent the audience away bappy, and almost willing to forgive the boredom which had gone before. The two preceding numbers were Sibelius's Fourth Symphony and Reznicek's "Schlemihl," a symphonic biography for full orchestra, tenor solo and organ.

We have made a larger acquaintance with Sibelius's music since he first charmed us with his "Finlandia" and his early symphonies. His music, based on incidents in the Finnish epic, "Kalewala," has aroused a sincere admiration for his genius, as an interpreter of the national spirit in music. But his fourth symphony is still repellent, or we are still rebellant. It still seems to us that if it is not it ought to be irritating to all who have not made it a point to see beauty and significance in every kind of expression in the art, provided it departs sufficiently far from the accepted canons of taste. This is one of the affectations which will no doubt be rooted out of music as one of the results of the catalysm through which civilization is passing now. After it will come a greater tranquillity of thought, a sincerer devotion to aesthetic principles, less arrogant assertion of the privilege of doing what one pleases, based on the notion that the layman is an ignoramus and the critic a pedant, and that an artist needs only say that he feels it to be right to do as he is doing, and that, if an observer disputes his right to paint a red house with blue pigments, the observer simply does not see with artist's eyes.

The latest of Sibelius's symphonies is crude and rude in its thematic material, and in its harmonization seems purposely designed to pain the ears of its hearers. As was said here a year and a half ago, it is an individual expression beyond question, but it will be hard for anyone to believe that the composer wrote it because it was the voice of any aesthetic or emotional utterance crying within him for utterance. Some things in it might be explained on the ground that it was designed to be delinative of outward incident, like some of the "Kalewala" music, but unless this explanation be adopted, and the programme confessed to leave the mind of the normal

Needless to say, the great band gave it a splendid performance, a performance which brought out most effectively the technical excellencies of the work and the composer's mastery of orchestral effect. The audience gave the symphony only a polite reception.

The Reznicek "Symphonic Biography" was very much in the school of Richard Strauss. It portrayed the "life and fate of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence," and portrayed it in the usual mood of flamboyant pessimism so prevalent in musical Germany of to-day. It was in spirit a sort of compound of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," "Don Juan" and "Symphonia Domestica." It possessed some melodic inspiration, which was overwhelmed by a mass of Straussian dissonances, and it was in addition entirely too long. In fact, there seemed altogether too much ado about a very uninteresting character, the chief merit of the composition being its sense of orchestral technical mastery.

The tenor solo in the composition was sung by Mr. Paul Draper. Why Mr. Draper should have been selected to sing it must have roused much wonder.

Dr. Muck's Revenge.

Dr. Carl Muck is not in sympathy with the cubists and futurists in music. Why then did he dismay, bore, and ruffle his large audience in Carnegie Hall last night by inflicting on it nearly two hours of the duller and most bizarre music of the cubist-futurist school? Judging by the remarks he made when he came back from Berlin a few weeks ago, one might fancy that he did this in order to get even with at least some of the Americans for siding with the Allies. It is more likely, however, that he has put this music on his programmes because he was sharply censured in Boston last season for not doing this very thing. If this is the explanation, he was justified in having his revenge by playing this sort of stuff in Boston; but why make New Yorkers suffer for the insistence and challenge of H. T. Parker and other Bostonians?

It is pretty safe to say that very few of those who heard the fourth symphony of Sibelius as rendered by Walter Damrosch on March 2, 1913, in Aeolian Hall, were anxious to hear it again. It was played last night in a much more polished manner, it is needless to say; but the music seemed as incoherent, empty, dull, and pointless as before. Here and there there were a few bars of striking harmony, or of lovely orchestral coloring usually reminiscent of Wagner; but as a whole this symphony did not deserve the honor of being performed by so splendid an orchestra as the Boston Symphony. There was little applause, and, during the ten-minute intermission following it, many of the most loyal subscribers were in open mutiny. More than a dozen of them expressed themselves to the present writer in emphatic language as to the deplorable waste of time. "I have only five opportunities every year to enjoy the Boston Orchestra," said one, "and I don't want to hear such stuff." "Dr. Muck," said another, "is not a good programme-maker, but this one is the limit." "He is abusing his privilege," said a third; and a fourth exclaimed: "He ought to let Strinsky make his programmes."

The following number threw the audience from the fryingpan into the fire. The Sibelius symphony was, at any rate, the work of a composer who, by his earlier works, established his claims to originality; but the so-called "symphonic biography" called "Schlemihl," by Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek, which was presented as a novelty, proved to be, as the "programme" provided by its composer led one to anticipate, an imitation of the methods, tricks, and frills of Richard Strauss. What these methods, tricks, and frills are everybody knows. One of them is to soak the audience in vinegar or brine for ten minutes, and then, by contrast, enchant everybody by treating it to a few bars of sugar-water, which, under ordinary conditions, would seem insipid. Another is to suddenly introduce in the midst of the cacophony a few bars of a folksong. In this case it was "O du lieber Augustin." But the most ingenious of these tricks is, after straining the endurance of the audience to the limit, to build up at the end a stupendous, thrilling climax of sound, involving all the orchestral forces, which inevitably overwhelms the audience and makes it burst out into loud applause. That happened last night; and it was only fair that the orchestra should be made to rise for its superb performance of a work which, it is to be hoped, will not be again

MME. GJERTSEN HEARD.

A Soprano of Distinguished Appearance Gives Recital.

Mme. Beatrice Gjertsen, soprano, gave a song recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. Mme. Gjertsen, who is an American by birth, comes from the Opera House in Weimar, where she has been singing for several seasons. She furthermore bears the titular distinction of being a "Kammersängerin" to the court of Saxe-Weimar. Her programme comprised the aria "Dich theure Halle" from Wagner's opera "Tannhaeuser"; a group of songs by Schumann, Wolf, Brahms and Wagner, namely, "Widmung" and "Die Lorelei," "Verborgene Welt," "Der Schmied" and "Traume"; a number of songs by present day writers and an operatic excerpt, "Minneleide's Farewell," from Hans Pfitzner's "Die Rose vom Liebesgarten."

In connection with Mme. Gjertsen's performance let it be said first of all that she has an unusually fine stage presence. In fact wearing a crown on her head as she did she made a regal appearance. Of her singing less enthusiastic things can be said. She disclosed a voice very powerful and one that must have been once of extended dramatic possibilities. Her use of it was very unskillful. It was without the distinctive qualities of which good singing consists and therefore could give little or no artistic pleasure.

Florence Austin's Recital.
Florence Austin, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She played Handel's sonata in A major, Goldmark's suite in E minor, the Vieuxtemps concerto in D minor and some shorter numbers. Miss Austin played in the same place last season and made a pleasing, if not large impression; but her performance of yesterday did not fulfil the expectations then raised. Her tone was rough and her intonation inaccurate, and there was little disclosure of valuable musical qualities.

Miss Florence Austin's Recital.
Miss Florence Austin, a young violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She did the same thing about a year ago; but Miss Austin is not yet ready, she has not all the skill and musicianly accomplishment that are needed in any who profess to summon the public to hear their performances. There is a certain responsibility involved toward the art in general, toward the composers whose works are chosen, toward one's self, indeed, as well as toward the people who pay their money, or at least devote a portion of their time. It is not too lightly to be assumed. Miss Austin played a sonata by Handel, as most other violinists do now days; Goldmark's suite in E, Vieuxtemps's D minor concerto, and sundry shorter and generally less exacting pieces. There was much to be desired in the quality of her tone and in the accuracy of her intonation. These are two indispensable fundamentals of violin playing.

Isadora Duncan's Pupils Appear with New York Orchestra.

Six young disciples of the art of the dance as Isadora Duncan has conceived and expounded it, were presented yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall with the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra, under direction of Victor Kolar, the assistant conductor. There was a large audience and it enjoyed itself.

The young dancers proved themselves well trained in the style which Miss Duncan has made known as her own, though perhaps they did not succeed in making it so expressive and plastic as their instructress has done. The numbers which were played by the orchestra were the Allegro Moderato of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony; Schubert's "Ave Maria" and the "Krug Stephen" Overture of Beethoven.

The dance programme comprised Schubert's "Marche Heroique," German Dances and "Marche Militaire," dances from Gluck's "Orpheus," and Robert Schmitt's "Waltzes," "Raffet d'Allemagne," Mme. Namara-Tove, soprano, also took part in the entertainment, singing songs of Schubert, Gluck, and Beethoven. Edward Falck was her accompanist.

An Ambitions Attempt at Psychology in Music Made by Reznicek.

PORTRAYS FATE OF MAN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second evening concert of the present season at Carnegie Hall last night. The programme comprised Sibelius's fourth symphony, Reznicek's "Schlemihl" and Schienpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare." The Sibelius composition was first played here by the Symphony Orchestra of this city under the direction of Walter Damrosch and gave rise to some diverse comments. The Schienpflug composition also had been heard before last evening, but Reznicek's work, which he calls a "symphonic biography," was a novelty.

The title of the work is in a sense arbitrary, because the music is not related to Chamisso's story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who lost his shadow,

Reznicek tells us that his composition is intended to portray in music the life and fate of a modern man who is destroyed by the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. This man he essays to exhibit to us at his best and his worst. He even rushes him through Aubrey Beardsley's "Comedy of Marionettes," with its female dancer, flute player, marionette orchestra, humpbacked dwarf and slinging woman.

The man becomes respectable and marries. There is a child. But the man suffers from too much ego. He struggles, rests, remembers happier hours, gets sick, sees approaching death, struggles some more, and finally in sheer disgust disappears in the beyond.

This is a not inconsiderable programme, which seems to aim at beating Richard Strauss at his own game. At any rate it appears to unite elements which enter into the schemes of that musician's "Til Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" and "Death and Apotheosis."

It is unnecessary to enter into any extended comment on Reznicek's performance of his self-appointed task. His composition disclosed a picture of a good man laboring prodigiously, not without intellect, not without art, not without feeling, but alas! without ideas. The influence of Strauss—himself as much a "demolition product" as Wally Dad on the city wall—lies upon the whole composition. Its uglinesses are of the familiar stopped trumpet variety and its beauties are created by permitting fundamental harmonies to emerge occasionally from the general refuse heap.

But this symphonic biography is not worth discussion. It has all been done before, done better and done with a nearer simulation of dignity. During the performance of the weird and difficult Sibelius symphony and this Reznicek disturbance the audience was palpably bored, but it rendered its unfailing tribute of applause to the splendid playing of the orchestra. The Schienpflug overture was a relief to those who remained to hear it. Every one will sincerely hope that the stern moods of Dr. Muck will pass away and that he will cease trying to educate New York to enjoy such dreadful things as the Reznicek composition.

Sixth Performance of German Opera Reached in Middle of Third Week.

MERITS OF PERFORMANCE

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. This was the fifteenth performance of the current season and six of these have been devoted to German works. This should be convincing demonstration of the catholicity of taste possessed by the present impresario. Whether there may not be danger of offering too much German opera to that important part of the public which is unalterably hostile to it because of its serious character is a question which will in all probability be met by Mr. Gatti-Casazza. It speaks well for the liberality of the directors of the Metropolitan, as well as for their business acumen, that they do not permit themselves to be disturbed by the complaints of that large number of persons who go to the opera to be amused, and not to be thrilled.

For all these "Tristan und Isolde" is the last word in gloom. On the other hand, for that larger body of music lovers who regard opera as a dignified form of art, this work is an embodiment of the noblest ideals that can be brought within the expressive powers of music. It wears perhaps better than any other of Wagner's works, not only by reason of the elemental character of its story, but also because of the balance of qualities in its music.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, in his perceptive description of this opera, says: "Up from the symphonic depths the melodies emerged and developed, interrupting one another, replacing one another, mingling, dissolving, melting away, disappearing in order to reappear." This sentence points to that feature of the Wagnerian system (carried to its logical conclusion in this work) to which most violent objections were formerly made, but which provides that endless variety and contrast necessary to keep the works ever fresh.

However, comment on the extraordinary contents of this unique music drama might wander on to indeterminate length, while more to the immediate purpose is some description of the items of last evening's performance. It was one of nobly planned proportions and made a profound impression upon the great audience that was present. Those engaged in it had been heard in their various parts during recent seasons. Mr. Toscanini conducted and under his baton the combined forces of orchestra and singers were carried along by a master hand and produced an ensemble of musical beauty and power.

Mme. Gadski's *Isolde* is an impersonation in which she is wont to achieve some of her highest artistic results, both vocally and in acting. Last night she was in unusually good voice and gave an impersonation of the Irish princess marked by a remarkably fine declamatory skill. Her singing in the love duet disclosed much tonal beauty and was impressive through an exquisite feeling in the nuance of expression.

Mr. Ullius's interpretation of the role of *Tristan* was a vital one in the utterance of much that is genuine in musical

Beauty, and in the first place, was in full accord with the mood of the scene. The other principals were Mme. Matzenauer, who as *Brangäne* gave a superb display in voice and action; Carl Braun, who was excellent as *Koenig Marke*, and Mr. Well, who made a good *Kurwenal*.

Miss Bori and Mr. de Segura Give "Chansons en Crinoline."

At the first of four Thursday morning programmes of "Chansons en Crinoline" in the Plaza Hotel yesterday two members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Miss Lucrezia Bori, soprano, and Mr. Andrea de Segura, barytone, were the artists.

Mr. de Segura pleased the audience with Grig's "La Jeune Princesse," Fontenailles' "Sals-Tu" and Chamlade's "Volsinage." Miss Bori's contributions were all novelties. "En Avril," by a young Italian composer, Sibella, and a group of four songs, by Wolf-Ferrari, were delightfully sung. Then there were a duet by the two singers, Martini-Fevrier's "Plaisir d'Amour," and a costume sketch, "Vida en Espana," arranged by Miss Bori and Mr. de Segura. The ballroom was filled and the singers were applauded heartily.

MISS GJERTSEN'S RECITAL.

American Soprano Excels in Dramatic Singing.

Miss Beatrice Gjertsen, American dramatic soprano, who has sung in opera in Weimar, Germany, gave her first local song recital last night. The most striking feature of her singing is the enormous size of her voice. The quality of tone is not always beautiful. Last night her high notes sounded pinched. She seems to excel in the purely dramatic side of singing.

The programme was a mixed one. Starting with an aria from "Tannhauser," she sang two groups of songs by Schumann, Wolf, Brahms, Wagner, Greig and Kleurif and closed with an aria from Hans Pfitzner's "Die Rose vom Liebesgarten," sung in costume. Miss Gjertsen was assisted by Harrison Wall Johnson, pianist, who played a modern dance suite by Leo Lachmund Schmied and Chopin's Polonaise opus 53.

MISS AUSTIN'S RECITAL.

Young Violinist Receives Liberal Applause in Aeolian Hall.

Miss Florence Austin, who gave a violin recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, is in many ways a capable player, and were it not for the fact that her intonation varies from the true every now and then her playing would be very interesting. Her tone and technique are fairly good. Her programme was well arranged. Beginning with Handel's sonata in A major, she introduced an interesting work of Goldmark not often heard here, the suite in E major, opus 11. Viex-temp's concerto in D minor, Paganini's Romance from concerto in D, two short pieces of Cecil Brligh, "Souvenir," by Weitzel, and Wieniawski's "Capriccio Valse" were her other numbers. The applause was liberal and there were many flowers.

Dec. 5-1914 PUCCINI'S "TOSCA" AT METROPOLITAN Farrar, Martinelli and Scotti in a Performance of Unusual Merit.

A WORD ABOUT SCARPIA

The first performance of Puccini's "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening must serve as the occasion of some critical comment of the kind which is imperatively demanded. Three personages carry the action of this lyric drama, namely *Tosca*, *Mario Ca varadosi* and *Scarpia*. The power which moves the whole machinery of the play is the last named of the three. People talk much about Miss Farrar's *Tosca* and say less about the *Scarpia* of Mr. Scotti. The reverse should be the case.

This is not because Miss Farrar's *Tosca* is not meritorious, but because Antonio Scotti's *Scarpia* is one of the most notable impersonations which have been seen on the operatic stage in many years. Mr. Scotti has been long in the Metropolitan Opera House. Some people are tired of him. Some people get tired of everything. The only thing of which they do not tire is change. Such patrons of the house would be willing to hear a far inferior barytone provided only he was another. Those to whom the word art has some significance prefer to hear Mr. Scotti.

His voice is not what it once was. This is often said with deep impressiveness and an air of revelation. The same thing, however, happens to be true of almost every one of the older members of the company. Voice is not everything in

operatic impersonation, and Scotti has quite enough voice for *Scarpia*, which is distinctly not a lyric role. His interpretation of the character, in which his singing plays a part quite as important as his action and facial expression, is a masterpiece of theatrical composition. It is to be hoped that it will remain on exhibition at the Metropolitan for a long time.

Miss Farrar's *Tosca* has gained much on the histrionic side, and is now a commendable impersonation, though not one of great tragic force. Lyrically it has improved in discretion, but it is still deficient in certain climaxes of utterance. But on the whole this is a good *Tosca*, earnest, well and consistently carried out and capable of commanding both interest and sympathy.

Mr. Martinelli has made decided progress since last season. He sang *Ca varadosi* excellently last night. There was breadth and judgment in his phrasing, intelligent accent and color in his nuancing and a general warmth in his style. Many young singers have learned much at the Metropolitan. After his experience of last season Mr. Martinelli went back to Italy and put in several months of hard study. This is to his credit. He has an uncommonly beautiful voice and he has ambition. His future looks bright.

Mr. Toscanini conducted the performance. Perhaps he does not love "Tosca" as deeply as he loves some other works, and possibly he makes sacrifices to the singers. At any rate he does not disclose the content of the score with such complete success as he does those of some more difficult works.

MME. GLUCK IS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT. Walter Damrosch Conducts Interesting Programme to Sold-Out House in Aeolian Hall.

Once again has Walter Damrosch demonstrated to the satisfaction of critical observers that he is a skillful maker of orchestral music programmes. That performed yesterday afternoon by the New York Symphony Orchestra under his direction in Aeolian Hall, not only comprises interesting compositions, but their order of arrangement was effective.

Beginning with the always welcome "Eroica" symphony by Beethoven, came three settings of British folk-songs and dances by Percy Grainger, an Australian composer whose instrumental treatment of his material disclosed refreshing spontaneity, brilliance and variety of color.

"Molly on the Shore," appropriately termed a "typical example of the fiddle tune type," gained vigorous applause from the largest audience the Symphony Society has yet had. The capital melodies were so cleverly passed by Mr. Grainger from one group of instruments to another, that the ear was continually treated to agreeable tonal surprises.

The "Irish Tune" (from County Derry) proved more sustained and broader. "Shepherd's Hey," closely kin to the North English tune, "The Keel Row," was, like the first of the three settings, of jig type.

Florent Schmitt's suite, descriptive of Nuremberg, Dresden and Munich, was the closing portion of the programme for orchestra alone. In every work the musicians played with unusual precision.

Mme. Alma Gluck sang the Mozart air from "Die Entfuehrung aus den Seraglio," and three Charpentier songs. Her voice was smooth and lovely in quality.

SYMPHONY CONCERT STRICTLY NEUTRAL Beethoven, Mozart, Charpentier and Grainger Represented on Programme.

Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony Mme. Alma Gluck in an aria by Mozart and songs by Charpentier, a string of British folk dances and three orchestral impressions of German cities (by a Frenchman) comprised the Symphony Society's programme yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. Damrosch had again arranged an afternoon of thoughtful taste, pure musical pleasure and, in this case, of unimpeachable neutrality.

The most interesting features of the afternoon were the three folk melodies developed for the modern orchestra by Percy Grainger, a young Australian composer, whose work is well known in America, though this is his first visit to this country. The songs were particularly delightful, being graceful and characteristic, and the house seemed quick to appreciate their peculiar quality.

Mme. Gluck was in excellent voice. Her singing was effective in the group of Charpentier songs, while she gave the Mozart air with much suavity, and the soprano did not entirely satisfy; she proved, nevertheless, how far superior she is to most of the singers who at the present time are attempting to sing the music of that master.

The programme ended with three impressions of German cities by the French composer, Florent Schmitt. It is difficult to see why they were selected for any symphonic programme. In each a pretty and not very suggestive theme is developed in a manner clever but rather conventional.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE An Opera in Three Acts by Giuseppe Verdi			
The Cast.			
Flora Tosca	Giuseppe	Antonio Scotti	Antonio Scotti
Mario Ca varadosi	Giovanni Martinelli	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Il Barone Scarpia	Antonio Scotti	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Il Capitano	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Il Sagrestano	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Spoleto	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Scarlone	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Il Carcere	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Il Pastore	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa
Conductor	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa	Angelo Roa

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

That idyllic study in the Roman manners at the beginning of the last century, to wit, Puccini's "Tosca" was revived last night at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is noticeable in the case of Puccini that of all the composers who have been scribbling their hearts out since Verdi and Wagner died, his operas are among the few that, having once managed to get upon the boards, have contrived to stay there. This may or may not be an achievement, just as you may choose to look at it, but it is an achievement for which every composer is striving. High-sounding grapes are often sour to those who have neither the strength nor the ingenuity to reach them. I am skeptical about the mighty works lying unperformed. But "Tosca" is a very good example of M. Puccini's gifts and methods. His dramatic sense is very acute, and strange as it may seem, no one can write an opera unless he knows the stage. Wagner was born in the very shadow and benediction of the theatre, his sisters, his relatives, his Egerias, like Mme. Schroeder Devrient, were actresses and operatic singers. Verdi was not born in the same shadow, but he soon came with him, for failure after failure taught him the lessons that made him master of operatic stage-craft.

During the rehearsals of "Mona" one of the very high authorities of the Met was enthusiastically applauded, as it also the use of stage terms and ideas of notion of *Canio* aroused the usual amount of great rarity. The remark was addressed of emotion. His chief associates in the great fantasy interlude. They answered hopelessly, "We don't know anything about that sort of thing. Now, that sort of thing is just the sort of thing about which the operatic composer interest and sympathy by the large and down in a study to write a stage piece, personation of *Turiddu*, and succeeded in the with neither dramatic instinct nor knowledge of the stage to guide him, one must confess is ludicrous. The terrible exaggerations of the theatre will soon enervate the penitent rash intruders who attempt the Luputan task. Consider a while the leftness and effectiveness of some of M. Puccini's musico-dramatic effects in "Tosca," effects which have very little to do with M. Sardon, the ingenious contriver of Tosca's disasters.

There is the finale of the first act, with the climax in the music. There is the distinctly imaginative episode at the beginning of the third act; the song of the shepherd, the bells of the churches of Rome sounding out the hours in melodic tones, the gradual breaking of the silence that broods over the vast city, the music appropriate to all these things, its ironic sweetness and calm preceding the deeds of agony and blood that are to happen. These arrest the attention. They appeal to the fancy. They are theatric and dramatic in the highest sense of the terms. Opera is not a perambulating oratorio, and never will be. M. Puccini has the gift of the theatre. Let us be grateful for it. Let us find some others who have it combined with the picturesque melodic charm of his music.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, M. Antonio Scotti and M. Martinelli were heard in the work last night, and M. Toscanini conducted.

Dec. 6-1914 THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Music by Strauss, Ropartz and Beethoven at Afternoon Concert.

Dr. Muck gave another programme chiefly of modern music, at the afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday. It comprised Strauss's "symphonic fantasia," "Aus Italien"; J. Guy Ropartz's fourth symphony, and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." By an unusual slip, the programme book announced Ropartz's symphony as played then for the first time in New York; it was first given here by the Philharmonic Society on Nov. 27.

The symphony scarcely re-enforced the effect it made on its first hearing a fortnight ago. It still seems to be written in sincerity and conviction by a man under the influence of César Franck's strong individuality. This appears not only in outward form, in the use of a "generating theme" and the manner in which it is made to contribute to the material of the work, but to some extent in harmonic scheme and in melodic line. And yet, this music shows a physiognomy of its own, though not a commanding one, nor does it seem to denote a deep and essential originality. It is admirably made, with a technical command of the orchestra that is made contributory to a true symphonic structure, not exploited in the search of new and strange effects.

Strauss's "Aus Italien" is an early Strauss, written from a standpoint that he has long since passed by, though it denotes an abandonment of his car-

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est nature, that of writing music purely for music's sake, for it is a programme of the widest sort, concerned with evoking moods, more the expression of feeling than tonal picturing. Strauss has already gained a high technical mastery of the orchestra, and there are pages in this work of his twenty-third year that already show the spirit of adventure and innovation in orchestral technique. Some of these have beauty and effectiveness. But the work on the whole is sadly deficient in pregnancy and originality, in true musical inventiveness. The thoughts are often deplorably commonplace; the development a long attempt to make bricks without straw. There is ingenuity in the use of the tune "Pineapple Funicula," but, as is so often the case in the attempt to make such tunes into symphonic material, it is a barren ingenuity, and the tune itself is better than anything it is turned into.

The orchestra played this piece with a marvelous finish, an exquisite representation of all the color schemes and thematic elaborations imagined by the young composer. So, too, it did the symphony of Ropartz. It is hard to imagine either composition played with a nearer approach to what the composers must have conceived for their music. Dr. Muck was recalled, and he shared the applause with his men.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" Crowd the House.

The immense audience at the Metropolitan Opera House had an opportunity yesterday afternoon to enjoy what has been facetiously called a "bargain-counter" performance. In other words, a double bill consisting of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" was offered, and it called into requisition the services of two prima donnas, two tenors and two barytones. Of course in "Pagliacci" the hero was Mr. Caruso, whose famous solo on the bass drum was received with the familiar approval.

His singing of the equally famous "Vesti la Giubba" at the close of the first scene was enthusiastically applauded, as it also the use of stage terms and ideas of notion of *Canio* aroused the usual amount of great rarity. The remark was addressed of emotion. His chief associates in the great fantasy interlude. They answered hopelessly, "We don't know anything about that sort of thing. Now, that sort of thing is just the sort of thing about which the operatic composer interest and sympathy by the large and down in a study to write a stage piece, personation of *Turiddu*, and succeeded in the with neither dramatic instinct nor knowledge of the stage to guide him, one must confess is ludicrous. The terrible exaggerations of the theatre will soon enervate the penitent rash intruders who attempt the Luputan task. Consider a while the leftness and effectiveness of some of M. Puccini's musico-dramatic effects in "Tosca," effects which have very little to do with M. Sardon, the ingenious contriver of Tosca's disasters.

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THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.
Dr. Muck Conducts a Programme of Little Importance, 1914
The afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday was attended by a very large audience, which seemed not always sure of anything except that it was listening to good playing. The programme comprised Richard Strauss's suite, "Aus Italien"; Guy Ropartz's C major symphony and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. The house programme stated that the Ropartz symphony was to be played for the first time in New York, but it is only a few days since the Philharmonic Society performed it.

The second hearing of the work was pleasing, but it did not deepen the impression made by the first. It is good music, but has no great utterance to make. The French always write elegantly and even aristocratically. They have much judgment, taste and technique. Incidentally their music is usually urban. It smacks of Paris, and there is little in the intermezzo to suggest whether Ropartz had seen the peasants anywhere except out of the window of a train between Nancy and the capital. However, it is a pleasing symphony and it was beautifully played. Dr. Muck seemed to love it in a fatherly way and he conducted it with much tenderness.

There appears to be no particular reason why the Strauss suite should be played in these days. It is poor stuff and it does not represent the composer's best powers. It has very little to say, it says it weakly, and it takes too much time to do it. Without doubt, after the comparatively small results of the first two numbers the Beethoven overture must have made most hearers happy.

The two concerts of this second visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have left the admirers of the organization in an unhappy frame of mind. If the amiable Dr. Muck has lost his love for New York it is our misfortune, but it will perhaps be a help to the local orchestras. Let us hope that the distinguished conductor will favor us next time with a little Mozart.

A Programme of Chopin Brings Large Audience.

Harold Bauer gave another pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. The auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity with an audience of high class music lovers, even to the extent of many chairs placed on the platform that were extended to within elbow length of the piano itself. The enthusiasm of approval began at the start and lasted until after the encore played at the close of the programme, when the piano had to be closed and the lights lowered.

The programme presented by Mr. Bauer at his recital a few weeks ago consisted of compositions by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Yesterday, in continuation of the development of

ianoforte literature as a subject, he gave one consisting of works by Chopin and so arranged as to compass in selections almost entirely the different phases of this master's genius. The list began with the C minor etude, opus 25; this was followed by three posthumous etudes and then the great fantasia, opus 49. The centre of the programme was taken up by the sonata, opus 35, and the F minor and A flat ballads. The closing group contained a barcarolle, a nocturne, the one in C minor and the B flat minor scherzo. Although the player was recalled to the platform three and four times after each group, yet nowhere did he break the unity of his printed programme except after the two ballads, when he finally consented to give an encore and played the "Butterfly" etude.

Mr. Bauer is a performer who never fails to be in splendid form artistically. Yesterday he seemed to take special delight in portraying the evasive moods of the composer of the afternoon, and his performance generally was such as seemed to furnish unalloyed delight. During the first number, the etude, strange to say, Mr. Bauer's playing lost a trifle in its wonted smoothness, but the disconcerting cause could easily have been the unexpected proximity of the listeners, whom he found so close at hand when he seated himself at the piano. In the little etudes that followed he was master of the situation and played them with exquisite grace and feeling. Of Mr. Bauer's readings of the other and larger compositions, suffice it to say that he gave an eloquent display of his art.

Oct. 7-1914

American, German, and Russian Music

Yesterday afternoon's Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall was another illustration of Josef Stransky's rare skill in programme-making. He began with the best orchestral work ever composed by an American—MacDowell's "Indian Suite." This was followed by Schumann's great A minor concerto, which remains unexcelled among German compositions for the pianoforte. After the intermission came the best of Richard Strauss's tone poems, "Don Juan"; and, by way of dessert, two of the lighter works of Russia's two best composers: the "Italian Capriccio" of Tchaikovsky, and the ballet music from Rubinstein's "Feramors." Here were variety and contrast to please everybody.

The orchestra was in excellent form—what a superb body of players Mr. Stransky has under him! and there was well-deserved applause for every number. The performance of the difficult and multi-colored "Don Juan" was simply incomparable; when it was over the orchestra had to rise in a body before the excitement could be abated. The exquisitely delicate playing of the oboe solo over a ravishing accompaniment in the episode which portrays the loveliness of Anna will long be remembered by those lucky enough to hear it. In the soloists of its different choirs of instruments the New York Philharmonic has no equal; and that means a great deal.

Mr. Stransky has included a considerable number of American compositions in his programmes this year, and, judging by his reading of MacDowell's "Indian Suite," he is going to devote to the study of these works the same loving care and sufficient rehearsing as to the foreign music. Never before has the strength and virility of this suite been so eloquently revealed. There may have been some who thought that Mr. Gilman, in his excellent book on MacDowell, exaggerated in speaking of the legend as "a masterpiece of the first rank; a page which would honor any music maker, living or dead"; but after hearing the Philharmonic performance of it no doubt could remain; nor of his high rating of the dirge. The wonderful instinct for coloring betrayed in this suite increases the agony of the thought that its composer was stricken by his terrible malady just as he was about to return to orchestral composition.

Carl Friedberg played the Schumann concerto not only correctly and beautifully, but entertainingly, thus coming up to all of Hans von Bülow's standards for pianists. It was good to hear again this splendidly melodious work which has of late been incomprehensibly neglected. It was a pleasure, too, to hear once more the Rubinstein ballet music which so often delighted the audiences in the days of Theodore Thomas.

At Aeolian Hall the Symphony Society repeated its Friday programme, with Percy Grainger's British folk-music settings and Alma Gluck, as soloist. At the Metropolitan, in the evening, a large audience heard Zimbalist play, and

Anna Case, Mme. Delaunoy, and Mr. Sembach sing. At Aeolian Hall, Maximilian Pilzer gave a violin recital which afforded him opportunity to display to even greater advantage the excellent qualities which have often been admired in his quartet playing, and which secured him the highly honorable position of concert master of the New York Philharmonic. At Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, also in the evening, a joint concert was given by Charlotte St. John Elliott, Richard Durrett, and Clemente Macchi.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The Philharmonic Society's concert yesterday afternoon had something of the popular character that Mr. Stransky sometimes gives these Sunday concerts by omitting a symphony and putting certain diverting pieces at the end. He diverted yesterday with the ballet music from Rubinstein's opera, "Feramors," not quite so nearly forgotten as the rest of the opera, and Tchaikovsky's "Italian Capriccio," which has more recently appeared on the Philharmonic's programme, but is not of the stuff to stand too frequent repetition. Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," also not long ago played, and MacDowell's "Indian Suite," which has not been lately heard in New York, were the other orchestral numbers.

MacDowell's suite was heard with interest and pleasure. It does not, in the course of time, seem quite to justify the unmeasured praises of his indiscriminate admirers; but it is perhaps his best piece of orchestral writing. In nothing else has he written with so sure a touch and with so ample a command of rich, delicate, and varied color. The suite is especially valuable as a demonstration of what can be done with "Indian music," as artistic material. Indian music is mostly not very musical—hard, rude, and unyielding to treatment. It was not, in truth, very plastic in MacDowell's hands; but nobody else has treated it with so much skill or so much success. He has molded it into something really musical, and has given the several movements something of the character that he sought and has expressed in their titles. But it is to be observed that after this suite he did not throw himself heart and soul into making "American music" out of Indian tunes, and seems to have thought this experiment in ethnology sufficiently successful to leave without a successor. Mr. Stransky played it with much zeal and devotion and gave a very excellent performance of it—the best performance of the afternoon. The playing of Strauss's brilliant "Don Juan" was stirring.

The soloist was Mr. Carl Friedberg, who played Schumann's concerto. He did it well, with discernment of its poetical nature and a large measure of success in realizing it. Somewhat less of rubato and a franker and firmer rhythm than he presented would have become the music better; but his performance greatly pleased the audience and he was several times recalled.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Carl Friedberg Not Happy in Schumann Concerto.

The third Sunday afternoon concert given by the Philharmonic Society took place yesterday at Carnegie Hall, and in spite of the unfavorable weather there was an unusually large audience. Conductor Stransky offered a liberal programme, which contained two numbers of leading interest, MacDowell's "Indian" suite and Schumann's concerto for pianoforte, which was played by Carl Friedberg.

The MacDowell suite, which was written some twenty years ago, is not played as frequently in its entirety as the beauty of the work would warrant. It stands as the chief monument to MacDowell's genius among his works for orchestra, and aside from this national interest in the composition the origin of its themes, from Indian sources, leads to still another interest of like importance. "Legend," "Love Song," "In War Time," "Dirge" and "Village Festival" are the titles of the five movements. Some of their respective themes come from such sources as an Iroquois harvest song, a love or war song, or a dance. The musical characterizations of the themes wrought out in the work are admirably summed up in the following quotation, taken from Lawrence Gilman in his book on MacDowell, which was printed in the programme notes on yesterday's concert: "In the suite as a whole he has caught and embodied the fundamental spirit of his theme: these are the sorrows and lamentations and rejoicings, not of our own day and people, but of the vanished life of an elemental and dying race; here is the solitude of dark forests, of illimitable and lonely prairies, and the sombreness and wildness of one knows not what grim tragedies and romances and festivities enacted in the shadow of a fading past."

The composition was beautifully played by the orchestra. The men seemed to be in special sympathy with its musical content and imparted to the delivery of the different movements delightful tonal beauty and feeling.

The soloist of the afternoon, Mr. Friedberg, who had been heard here recently in a recital, now made his first appearance in New York with orchestra. He certainly disclosed a dignified and musicianly taste in the choice of the composition in which he appeared. His performance of Schumann's splendid work contained features of interest and first of all a delicacy of touch and much technical fluency. His reading as a whole, however, lacked the necessary breadth and brilliancy of style and it furthermore suffered through an inadequate smoothness

on the part of the orchestra in the playing of the accompaniment in the final movement. His playing of the work was evidently much enjoyed by the audience and he received prolonged applause at the close of his performance.

The last half of the programme was taken up by Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," the "Italian Capriccio" of Tchaikovsky and the ballet music from Rubinstein's "Feramors." This music was all well played by the orchestra and frequently with a very fine brilliancy in finish. Perhaps its best display in tonal smoothness and precision was done in the number of Tchaikowsky.

Mr. Pilzer's Recital.

Mr. Maximilian Pilzer, one of the best of local violinists, who has been acting as concertmaster of the Philharmonic Society this season, pleased a large audience at his recital in Aeolian Hall last night. His tone is warm and his playing interesting, if not brilliant.

Beside the usual Bach concerto in E major, the Tchaikowsky "Serenade Melancolique" and Sarasate's "Zapateado" he played two humorous pieces by Mr. Victor Kolar, one of the first violin players of the Symphony Society, some of whose orchestral works have been played by that organization. A berceuse and orientale of his own and a mazurka of Zarzycki completed the list of novelties. The audience applauded his efforts.

The Metropolitan opera concert was, despite the storm, was well attended. The assisting artist was Efram Zimbalist, who played the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in E minor and several of his own dances. Needless to say, he gave the pleasure that comes only from well grounded and well matured art.

Miss Anna Case, in the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia" and in Musset's waltz song, showed that she had made great strides since last season in the authority of her singing and in the strength and warmth of her voice. She gave the difficult coloratura of the Donizetti air with real brilliancy and clarity of execution, and won long continued and enthusiastic applause.

Miss Raymonde Delaunoy sang "Connais tu le Pays?" with much sweetness, and Johannes Sembach gave the Spring Song from "Die Walküre" and Walters's Prize Song.

Richard Hageman led the orchestra with spirit.

FLONZALEY QUARTET OPENS SEASON WELL

Instrumentalists Introduce Part of a New French Work in Aeolian Hall.

One of the best intentioned string quartets in this country as well as one of the ablest is the Flonzaley. Every season the instrumentalists comprising this organization offer at their several New York concerts two or three musical novelties. Last evening, in the performance of the first local programme of the year at Aeolian Hall, the Flonzaleys introduced two movements from the quartet for two violins, viola and cello, by a young and unknown French composer, Darius Milhaud.

Barely twenty-four, the creative musician whose resources were exposed to critical fire last evening has allied himself with those modernists of his own country who are blazing new paths in harmonies.

The opening movement of the Milhaud work, modelled on lines of suavity, quickly showed the influences of Debussy and Ravel. Not overlaid with thematic originality, this portion made no marked impression upon the hearers.

In the livelier and more rugged "Rythmique" which followed seemed to be a greater musical independence, but apart from ingenuity of arrangement the French composer conveyed no special musical message. A work of mild interest in so far as these two movements are concerned, it disclosed no elements of importance.

Its presentation by the Flonzaleys was distinguished by the carefully worked out qualities of expressiveness they later brought to the dignified Beethoven B major quartet and a unanimity of technical effort to be admired. No better playing of the evening was that provided for the E flat major quartet of Tchaikowsky. In this colorful composition its vitality was fittingly displayed.

Sympathetic understanding, agreeable tone and incisiveness of phrasing were the qualities uppermost. Save for occasional moments of roughness in the allegretto and andante movements, the players

Quartette by Milhaud, Disciple of Debussy, Is Feature of Programme.

The rain did not prevent the admirers of the Flonzaley Quartet from turning out in force last night at that organization's first concert of the season. Aeolian Hall was almost, if not quite, filled, and the audience listened with all the attention that has become proverbial at these concerts.

It was an audience assembled to enjoy the best there is in the field of chamber music, and if the programme did not entirely fulfil this requirement, at least no one could cavil at the final number, Beethoven's quartet in B flat major, Op. 18, No. 6. The other two numbers were the Tchaikowsky quartet in E flat major, Op. 30, and two movements from Darius Milhaud's string quartet, the latter being a novelty to New York audiences.

Darius Milhaud is one of the younger French composers, who swear not by the gospel of Gounod and Massenet, but who follow the banner of Claude Debussy. In the two movements of the Quartet, as revealed last night, Mr. Milhaud displayed the finesse and subtle nuances so beloved of all this school, and also more than its usual amount of vagueness and tortuous wanderings. Masculinity the composition did not have, but its esoteric meanings will no doubt be sought for by the faithful.

Needless to say, the Flonzaleys gave the work of their best, even though at times the damp weather seemed to lessen the resonance of their strings.

The Flonzaley Quartet were received with a very cordial, even enthusiastic, welcome when the four players appeared on the platform of Aeolian Hall last evening for the first of their concerts. The quartet had added something really valuable and highly appreciated to the musical life not only of New York, but also to other cities in this country where chamber music is cultivated, and it may be said that they have made a similar contribution to cities in Europe. Their audience was large last evening, and gave frequent evidence of great pleasure in the performance.

The programme comprised Tchaikowsky's quartet Opus 30, two movements of a quartet by Darius Milhaud, and Beethoven's Opus 18, No. 6. The quartet by Tchaikowsky is not so often played as the other two that he contributed to chamber music literature; perhaps one reason for this is the gloom that enshrouds a god deal of it. The third movement is funereal in character, and the composer has called it so in his superscription. The work is not, on the whole, one of Tchaikowsky's most fortunate productions. It has a sort of febrile unrest, an insistence on certain almost querulous melodic formulas, particularly in the first and last movements. The musical development partakes of monotony. There are skill and ingenuity in the writing, success in gaining striking effects of instrumental combination, and the scherzo, in which these are notable, made a special impression upon the audience. There are certain passages of difficult intonation here in which the players made one of their rare and unusual failures to attain correctness. The performance otherwise was on a high plane of excellence in quality and balance of tone, in deep and delicate carving of the phrase in care for all the minutiae of dynamics.

There were all these things likewise in the movements of the quartet by Darius Milhaud, which also presented numerous difficulties to the performers and some to the listeners. Milhaud is an adherent of the younger French school, a follower of Poulenc; for the younger French school itself has its various movements, an dall do not follow the same prophets. This music seems scant o specifically musical ideas and devoted more to exploiting effects of modern harmony and color schemes. On a first hearing it seems to wander far afield in search of them. The musicians played it as if enamored of it, and it is not difficult to see how the problems it presents might prove fascinating in the solution.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The first concert of the season of the Flonzaley Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised Tchaikowsky's E flat major quartet, two movements from a quartet by Darius Milhaud, and Beethoven's B flat quartet, opus 18, No. 6. The concert was attended by a large audience. This has been the usual condition accompanying the Flonzaley entertainments in recent years, and public favor has been honestly earned by serious artistic effort.

The playing of this excellent chamber music organization has at times been subjected to searching scrutiny and gently rebuked for its insistence upon the sentimental possibilities of melodic utterance. Perhaps the most fastidious taste would be better reached by a style avoiding a too frequent employment of the effect known as portamento and an equipment of nuances which might be gathered

under an application of the general term "con lagrime."

But such a manner of treating music is essentially Italian and it would be strange indeed to find it entirely abolished from the performances of a quartet governed by Italian thought and feeling. It is only a few days since general astonishment was expressed at the absence of this style from the playing of an Italian violinist, Arrigo Serato.

Accepting, then, the Italianism of the Flonzaley Quartet as an expression of its individuality, we can easily lose ourselves in admiration of the finish of its technique, the purity of its tone, the perfection of its intonation, and the perfection of its ensemble. We can, too, obtain large and elevating pleasure from the intelligence of its interpretations and the splendor of its interpretations.

"CARMEN" IS RENDERED AT THE METROPOLITAN Large Audience Braves Storm to Enjoy Third Presenta- tion.

"Carmen" was heard by a very large and brilliant assemblage last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was the third presentation of the popular French work as revived here recently by Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

With a splendid ensemble of orchestra, chorus and setting under Mr. Toscanini's baton and one which contained stars of such magnitude in the two leading roles as Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso, the artistic results of the first production were those to make it seem assured that now the opera would have a permanent place in the repertoire of the house. This apparent success continued with the second performance when popular interest had become such as to pack the auditorium to its extreme limit.

Last night, however, the final and culminating seal of approval was still to be set upon it, as it is a Monday night audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, which in the end gives or withholds the crown of social glory. The reception accorded the presentation was, as could easily have been surmised, an enthusiastic one and of a degree which possibly exceeded expectations. Intense interest was maintained throughout and much applause was given during and at the close of each act.

The performance was maintained on the same admirable lines as heretofore and as was to be expected continued to even gain in smoothness of detail over previous presentations. Miss Farrar in the title role allowed few opportunities for fine work in singing and acting to pass without filling them with delightful and captivating results. Mr. Caruso's Don Jose was again an effective impersonation. He was a splendid voice and dramatically he made as much as he could of the role.

Miss Bori as Micaela was in much better condition than the last time she was heard in the part and sang delightfully. Mr. Amato took his turn, alternating with Mr. Whitehill, and was again a spirited Escamillo. Those in the minor roles, the chorus, the dances, and the superb playing of the orchestra, were each and all features in the general whole that went toward making excellence in the production.

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9 Mrs. King-Clark's Recital. 114

Yesterday afternoon a large and appreciative audience listened at Aeolian Hall to the first recital given by Mrs. Frank King-Clark, the widow of the American teacher who earned fame for himself in Paris. It is rare to hear a voice so well controlled as that of this singer, and, while the voice is not, in itself, a notably beautiful one, it gives connoisseurs pleasure to hear its skilful use and the ease with which it responds to the demands made upon it. Moreover, Mrs. Clark's diction is unusually fine.

Her programme included, among other songs, Paradies's "Quel Ruscelletto," four songs by Schumann, Percy Grainger's interesting "Willow, Willow," some Russian songs of Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, and Gretchaninoff, and the usual final group in English. Except for Kurt Schindler's song and that of Marshall Kernochan, both serious in their efforts, if not strikingly original, these songs were not of a high order. Mme. King-Clark would do well to examine some of the compositions of William Arms Fisher and Henry Holden Huss, not to mention Chadwick, MacDowell and a few others, for songs which would have fitted better into the scheme of her programme. Mr. Schindler played her accompaniments sympathetically. At the end the singer was compelled to add several encores.

Proves Right to Place Among
Best Artists at First Ap-
pearance Here.

HAS REMARKABLE VOICE

Mrs. Frank King Clark, an American singer hitherto unknown to local music lovers, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mrs. Clark is the widow of an American teacher of singing, Frank King Clark, who was for years located in Paris and afterward in Berlin. She was his assistant in recent years and for that reason did not appear in public. She came here without any preliminary heralding and without any undue ceremony walked quietly yesterday afternoon into a place among the best concert artists before this public. Mrs. Clark is a splendid illustration

of an accomplished and faithful teacher. She has a remarkably beautiful natural voice of uncommon character. It is a mezzo soprano, with a strongly marked contralto quality and is particularly well suited to the duties of a song recital.

Her tone production is almost perfect. From the bottom of its scale to the top this voice sings every tone in the same place. Not one falls into the back of the throat; all are forward, smooth, round and clear. Hence the "registers" are perfectly equalized. Mrs. Clark has breath support which will be the envy of many ill trained singers and en- phrases with breadth and ease. Her tones are easily sustained and graded in her long phrases, and at no time yesterday did she seem to have exhausted her breath resources.

Her enunciation is of the first order in all four of the languages in which she was heard. She sang all her vowels purely in every part of her scale and indulged in no violent modification. She formed her words neatly and without interference with her tones. There was no difficulty whatever in understanding the text of her songs.

Her singing, however, cannot rest upon its admirable technique alone. For that reason it is pleasant to add that while she did not display any great depth of emotion she showed a fine mastery of style, fastidious taste, delicate and sometimes tender sentiment, and touches of archness and fancy. She began with "Quel Ruscelletto," which was well sung, but she gave the first disclosure of the full measure of her art in Rontani's "Se bel rio," which was delivered with great beauty of style and expression.

Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," a good test in this town, where it is so often sung, had to be repeated after an exquisitely polished delivery. Her singing of the last line of the song in one phrase instead of two—as it is usually sung, to the detriment of Schumann's melody—was an excellent example of her application of her breath support to artistic purpose. "Jemand" gave her opportunity to show her delicate humor, while Tchaikovsky's "Pendant le Bal" and Moussorgsky's "Aux Bords du Don," both sung in French, revealed charming moods of poetic reflection.

On the whole, then, Mrs. Clark claims serious consideration as a singer who has the voice, the mechanism and the intelligence to give much pleasure to lovers of really good singing. She arrived quietly, but it is likely that her stay will be long. Kurt Schindler played the accompaniments with excellent taste.

BORWICK PLAYS SCHUMANN MUSIC English Pianist in Second Recital Gives Treat for Many Concert Lovers.

It was in the Schumann fantasia, Op. 17, in C major, that the many music lovers gathered yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall to hear Leonard Borwick's second recital began to realize that a virtuoso of the first order was before them. His playing of this composition was distinguished not solely by faultless execution, but also by an intellectual grasp of the contents and so fine and scholarly a treatment that it can be justly described as an interpretation.

One might go a step further and say that the spirit of Schumann, with its dark mysteries, its flights of fancy and its golden dreams, was revealed by the English pianist. Hidden melodies were lifted out of the musical web, and underlying harmonies supporting them were brought forward and combined with unusual taste and great skill.

The fantasia closed the first part of the programme, in which an arrangement by Mr. Borwick of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" and two other eighteenth century numbers—an arietta by Leonardo Leo and a prestissimo in B flat by Scarlatti—prepared the way for a fine climax. Mendelssohn's "Characteristic Piece," Op. 17, No. 4, in A, so delighted the audience that there was nothing to do but to play it again, and his captivating rendition of Schubert's "Moments Musical," Op. 94, No. 3, in F, was likewise encored. Mr. Borwick had full opportunity to show his technique and poetic feeling in Debussy's "Reflets dans l'Eau," No. 1 of Images, and in it his fluent scales and beautiful legato were unassumingly made evident. Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 12, was brilliantly given.

In addition to the qualities already mentioned, Mr. Borwick's playing is characterized by a refreshing healthfulness and an utter abnegation of himself into the work he is for the moment vivifying. The enthusiasm of the audience indicated that the new pianist is likely to become a popular favorite. Many stayed to demand a last number not on the programme. Mr. Borwick responded to the request by another Mendelssohn piece from Op. 17, "Distinguished English Pianist Again Plays Admirably."

Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, gave his third recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. His programme comprised Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, Schumann's C major fantasia and compositions by Leo Scarlatti, Rachmaninov, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Debussy and Liszt. It was a programme well suited to a display of his finer interpretative powers, as well as to a disclosure of his skill as a virtuoso.

Mr. Borwick is first of all an interpreter and only secondarily a virtuoso. So a work as Schumann's great fantasia, which stands quite alone in the literature of the piano as a publication of the thought and emotion of a singularly sensitive and imaginative spirit in a song of unsurpassable beauty, a song uniting passionate and also meditative utterance, may perhaps call for a deeper probing of the heart than the listener is likely to find in Mr. Borwick's playing, but the justness of his perception, the breadth of his sympathy and the sound manhood of his style are sufficient to give his reading of the composition a high importance.

For those who have regarded this pianist as a thinker only, his performance of Debussy's remarkable and difficult tone picture, "Reflets dans l'Eau," must have been a surprise. And his playing of the twelfth rhapsody, Liszt at the end of his programme was very brilliant and effective. He was applauded by an audience of good size.

Two movements from a string quartet by Darius Milhaud, one of the younger French composers, were played by the Flonzaleys last night at the first concert in their Manhattan subscription series at Aeolian Hall. "Intime, contenu" disclosed a fine lyric quality, with perhaps fewer of the dissonances which so often mar ultra-modern music than might have been expected from a follower of Ravel.

"Rhythmique," of less melodic value, was more "modern." It was played with an zeal indicating that close study had made the members of the Quartet admire it. Tchaikovsky's E flat major quartet, op. 30, and Beethoven's B major quartet, op. 18, No. 6, completed a programme of pure music by classic examples which lose nothing of their charm by familiarity. The Flonzaleys have now been playing together without change of personnel for nine years, and by a devotion to one class of music rarely found in these days, have built up a large following in the musical centres of two continents. The audience last night was typical in its attitude of sympathy and admiration, and there seems no need to give more space to the evident facts of technical proficiency and unified intelligence in interpretation which this little organization again demonstrated.

ORATORIO SOCIETY GIVES ELGAR WORK "The Dream of Gerontius" Re- peated After Silence of Over Five Years.

AN ENGLISH MASTERPIECE

The Oratorio Society gave the first concert of its season at Carnegie Hall last night. The work chosen for the occasion was Sir Edward Elgar's masterpiece, "The Dream of Gerontius." This great oratorio, or cantata (it may fall into either category), was first given here by the Oratorio Society on March 26, 1903. It had not been heard previous to last evening since March 20, 1909. That it must from time to time be repeated is inevitable, for it retains its place as one of the best compositions of its kind.

When it was brought out here eleven years ago the present writer was moved to say: "No other English master has given us such a glorious work of this type." Not since Mendelssohn's "Elijah" has England been the birthplace of such a sacred musical drama. This declaration has not been shaken by the flight of years. "The Dream of Gerontius" remains England's noblest contribution to the world of music in the department of oratorio. It may be questioned moreover whether this work will not in time be accorded a place beside the best British creations in any branch of music. It may be set beside the operas of Purcell and the majestic ecclesiastic music of Tallis, Byrd and others of the great English cathedral schools.

It is not incumbent upon us to set such matters. All that we need to know is that when "The Dream of Gerontius" is announced for performance an opportunity is offered to hear a work which sings the faith of the Roman Church with the fulness of a deep conviction and the compelling spell of poetic imagination, work which reaches a potent and inspiring dramatic utterance without violence to its own religious character, a work which, except in its reference to purgatory, can give as much spiritual joy to the Protestant as to the Catholic.

and the treatment of the work of widely different schools.

The new music of Darius Milhaud bears the trade mark, made in France. The composer is not known here, but his school is that of which Debussy and Ravel are the leading masters. The productions of the minor writers of this school are very precious. They are somewhat touched with anemism and they sometimes sound as if they were pre-Raphaelite water colors translated into tone. However, the Zoellner Quartet purposes to play the whole of this young Frenchman's work next Sunday evening, and perhaps it may then seem to have more stamina. Last night's two movements did not seem to signify greatly.

The Tschalkowsky Quartet does not wear very well. It seems to be somewhat thin and padded in these days. Perhaps this is partly by reason of its repetition of certain patterns used to better purpose in another and more familiar quartet by the same composer. The performance of it last evening was not up to the best standard of the Flonzaleys players, whose intonation failed in some of the very trying passages. In the Milhaud music the playing was altogether admirable.

Quartet, Which Has Made No Change in Personnel, Plays Interesting Work by French Composer.

At the first concert of the Flonzaleys Quartet of the season in Aeolian Hall last night a new and interesting work of a French composer, Darius Milhaud, was presented for the first time in this city.

The quartet, which has made no change in its personnel, played up to its usual standard in all respects. An organization of young men seems particularly well fitted to play the chamber music of the modern composers, which is more brilliant, more full of motion and variety than the quartets of Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart.

Probably no quartet heard here surpasses the Flonzaleys in playing such works as the Tschalkowsky quartet in E flat, opus 30, or the new Milhaud quartet, two movements of which were heard last night. The first entitled "Intime, Contenu," was beautiful in its melodic content and in its working out. Not too modern in its harmonies it pleased not only because it was played extremely well from the viewpoint of tone, the blending of instruments, the individual technique of the players and the general ensemble effect, but also because of its musical worth. The second movement "Rhythmique," was interesting more from its quick moving rhythmic character than from its melodiousness.

Following the new work of Beethoven's quartet in B, opus 18, No. 6, was heard. It is one of the finest of classical quartets and it was performed well. The audience was as large as the hall would hold and it contained many of the prominent musical artists.

NEW RUSSIAN VIOLINIST MAKES NEW YORK DEBUT.

Wassily Besekirsky Shows Fair
Abilities, but Appears Handi-
capped by Weather Conditions.

Had the damp atmosphere not exerted an untoward influence upon the strings of his violin, Wassily Besekirsky would doubtless have made a more favorable impression at his American debut in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

The Russian seemed to be very nervous, which may have caused him to play the air and prelude by Bach at too fast a tempo and without the shading required to interpret these compositions as they should be.

Mr. Besekirsky was more successful in his performance of a cavatina by Cui, but he played out of tune, as he did in Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata. A good, though not unusual tone, was displayed by the violinist throughout his recital, which was liberally attended.

Mr. Wassily Besekirsky Shows Him- self To Be a Player of Many Excellent Qualities.

At his first New York appearance in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Wassily Besekirsky, Russian violinist, showed himself to be a player of many excellent qualities. Perhaps it was the damp weather that made his intonation faulty often during the afternoon, but there was too much wandering from the true pitch for sensitive ears.

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Mr. Besekirsky has a facile finger technique and plays his runs and thrills with smoothness and precision. In Tartini's "Le Trille du Diable" this was particularly noticeable. His tone in the faster passages had many imperfections. Here the weather may have had a bad effect also, as his tone in the slow works, such as an air from Bach, was warm and pure. Musical intelligence and good taste, together with an unaffected manner of presenting his music were always to be noted. Among the works played were several short compositions, one of them a "Reverie" of his father's and others by Cui, Dvorak and Tschalkowsky, a Suite of Sinding and Hubay's "Carmen" fantasia brillante. He was cordially received.

It should also not be forgotten that this creation brings into brilliant prominence the singing of the chorus. There is a smaller vogue here for choral music than there ought to be in view of the master creations which have been made for the purpose of introducing it. Sir Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" claims a place among the distinguished compositions in the choral field and its splendid handling of vocal polyphony as well as its nobly declaimed solo parts, is something which every music lover can enjoy.

The performance of the work last evening was one of high merit. Louis Koennenich, conductor of the society, had engaged Gervase Elwes, the English tenor, to cross the Atlantic especially for this concert. The contribution of the tenor to the evening's music proved the wisdom of Mr. Koennenich. Mr. Elwes's voice was always a peculiarly even one, but it is capable of conveying feeling, and the singer has skill in his use of it.

Furthermore, despite of his long service as an interpreter of "The Dream of Gerontius" it was plain last evening that the music still awoke his deepest sympathy. He sang it with great beauty of style, with good phrasing and with much emotional warmth. His delivery of the great solo beginning "Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus," was an admirable specimen of oratorio declamation of the best type.

The other soloists were Mildred Potter, contralto, and Frank Croxton, bass. The orchestra was that of the Symphony Society and Frank Sealy was at the organ. The choruses had been very carefully rehearsed and as a rule they were beautifully sung in respect of gradation and phrasing. The quality of tone was usually fairly good, but there will continue to be room for improvement in this so long as so many of the veterans keep their places in the ranks.

Mr. Koennenich's reading showed a real appreciation of the composition and both his tempi and his treatment of the nuances called for commendation. And, in fine, "The Dream of Gerontius" is so fresh and virile that it need not rest for another five years.

Oratorio Society Concert. 9/14

Last night's performance of Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius," by the Oratorio Society and New York Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Louis Koennenich, set a new standard for choral singing in New York. The visits of the Toronto Choir showed what can be done in sheer tonal beauty, and now Mr. Koennenich has added the one great quality, emotionality; the choir of the Oratorio Society now has a soul. Mr. Koennenich's most sanguine friends could not have hoped to hear such results in so short a time, and despite the fine work done last season, the audience was unprepared for such a superb performance.

The improvement in tone quality is particularly noticeable in the tenor section, which sang like a highly trained soloist. The tremendous technical difficulties of the score were given with satisfying mastery. To one who did not know the work there were no difficulties. What a delight it was to hear the trebles attack their highest notes with the certainty of a concert master, and the quality of a solo violin. The sudden top notes of former years have been replaced with round, brilliant, and vital head tones. The altos have kept pace with their sisters, and their tone has the warm contralto throb that reaches the heart. The basses did not have so far to go as the other sections, but they also have advanced. There was a diapason sonority without gruffness, and better than this, there was perfect intonation. But it is unnecessary to speak of the different sections; they have been welded into a unified body that will bear comparison with any choir in the world.

It is difficult to imagine a finer trio of soloists than that heard last night. The brunt of the work fell upon Gervase Elwes, and his performance left absolutely nothing to be desired. A well-schooled voice always on key, perfect diction which made the maligned English language sound as fluent as Italian, and a musical and dramatic interpretative intelligence of the highest order, make him the foremost oratorio tenor in the world. When here last his singing lacked warmth. Last night it had everything. He is to-day a worthy successor of Sims Reeves.

No American artist has grown as rapidly as Miss Potter, and there is no singer who can equal her in the task she had last night. There was a transcendental quality in her art that made the listener forget the singer and see beyond the sky. She has more than fulfilled her promise, and bids fair to do things that will make the stories told of the

great singers in the past credible. Mr. Croxton was third merely because he had less to do than his associates. What fell to him he did as well as they did their parts. There are few basses who could stand the strain of the opening measures of his score and be able to sing in tune afterwards. His top notes were perfectly produced, and throughout his range there was no change of quality, but there was a wide range of tone color.

The orchestra of the Symphony Society played superbly. The prelude and interludes were delightful and the accompaniments perfect. Conductor, choir, orchestra, soloists, and audience combined to make the first concert of the Oratorio Society a completely satisfying evening and a great achievement.

George Hamlin's Recital.

Among the good things American this week brings are two of the leading musicians of Chicago. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler will give one of her uniquely enjoyable piano recitals at Aeolian Hall on Saturday afternoon, and yesterday afternoon the much admired tenor, George Hamlin, gave a recital in the same hall, which was heard by a large audience, although the management had announced that no free tickets would be distributed.

Mr. Hamlin has been a member of the Chicago Opera Company, but in this city he is known only as a concert singer. He added to his good repute yesterday by his satisfying interpretation of more than a score of airs and songs by German, Austrian, French, Scandinavian, and American composers. It cannot be said that all of them were masterpieces, or that all were equally well sung; but on all of them Mr. Hamlin had evidently bestowed the conscientious labor necessary for technical accomplishment; and to this he added the good taste, the distinct enunciation, and the other good qualities for which he is distinguished.

Philharmonic Plays Korngold.

When the Philharmonic Orchestra, two years ago, performed "An Overture to a Play" by Erich Korngold, the fourteen-year-old boy whom the Viennese acclaimed as a new Mozart, it was pointed out in this journal that Mendelssohn was seventeen when he composed the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," while Schubert was eighteen when he wrote "The Erlking," and that Korngold had shown in his piece no evidence of the creative power in the line of melody which made those works of Mendelssohn and Schubert immortal. At the same time, it was admitted that "the way the Viennese lad lays on the colors and varies them is astonishing; and, strange to say, the results are nearly always beautiful, seldom cacophonous. If Erich Korngold discovers a golden vein of melody he will grow into a master who will make R. Strauss, Max Reger, Schönberg, and the rest of them seem small, indeed."

Last night Mr. Stransky and his Philharmonic virtuosos gave the first performance in America of the "Sinfonietta," opus 5, of the same Korngold, composed when he was a year or two older. From some points of view it proved to be even more remarkable than the "Overture to a Play"; but the "golden vein of melody" was, alas! not discoverable. There are plenty of themes, but most of them are more serviceable than original, and the hearer is again obliged to seek solace chiefly in the orchestration and the laying on of colors. More use is made of ultra-modern dissonances than in the earlier work, and the lad has neglected none of the instruments of percussion now in favor.

Throughout the "Sinfonietta" (he might as well have called it a Sinfonia, for there is nothing diminutive either in its structure or its duration, which is nearly three-quarters of an hour) good use was made of the celesta, the new four-octave keyboard instrument (its hammers strike small plates of steel), which seems to have become indispensable to up-to-date composers. In the first movement, Viennese color is imparted by a false theme. There is a harp glissando; euphonious use is made of the brass choir, and at the close there is an effective pedal point. In the first part of the scherzo there are a considerable number of dissonances for dissonance's sake, quite in the current style, but consonance wins after a while. In the third

movement the celesta is used with a novel choppy effect, there is a suggestion of Debussy (Korngold also pays his compliments to Puccini and R. Strauss), but more and more the lack of original melodic ideas becomes noticeable. In the final movement bell tones are introduced, followed by fine strains for the brass choir, and the close is effective.

This last movement, with its amazingly complex, ever-changing, and conflicting rhythms, is extremely difficult; but the orchestra played it as if it were a simple Mozart symphony. What a delight it must be for a conductor like Mr. Stransky to have control of a hundred men who play as one, following his subtlest intellectual or emotional intentions! The audience continued its applause after the "Sinfonietta" until all the players had got on their feet to share it with the conductor.

The same thing happened—there simply was no getting away from it—after the "Tannhäuser" overture, which opened the second part of the concert, and the final climax of which, with the trombones playing that glorious Pilgrim melody, triumphantly proclaims the Hymn of God, the victory over the evils of the Venusberg. There are not a few blasé music-lovers who think they are tired of the "Tannhäuser" overture and the other Wagner selections that are so often put on programmes to lure the public. Let them go and hear Stransky and the Philharmonic, and they will enjoy thrills which will make them change their minds promptly. Last night's list included also the "Meistersinger" and "Rienzi" overtures, the Waldweber from "Siegfried," and the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal."

KORNGOLD'S MUSIC

BY PHILHARMONIC
Symphony by Vienna's Boys

Composer Heard for First
Time Here.

WORK DISPLAYS TALENT

The concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last evening was divided between two composers, Erich Korngold of Vienna and Richard Wagner of Bayreuth. The latter was represented by several numbers which have been familiar to the world for some years and which are expected to be so for many more. They were the "Tannhäuser" overture, "Waldweber" from "Siegfried," Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger," "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and "Rienzi" overture. Mr. Korngold was represented by his "Sinfonietta," opus 5, played for the first time here.

The world "do move." Mr. Korngold is 17 years old. His "Sinfonietta" lasted forty minutes or more, and it required a full modern orchestra with even contrabass and tuba, two harps, celesta, piano and two large bells. Mozart's symphonies were much shorter and did not require nearly so much apparatus. Even Beethoven did not need so much. But young Korngold finds himself embarked as a juvenile prodigy in the times of Richard Strauss. Truly a desperate case.

The "Sinfonietta" is really a symphony in extent and character. It has the usual four movements—an allegro at the beginning, another at the end, a scherzo as the second and a slow movement as the third. The work is overlaid with thematic materials to such an extent that only in the scherzo is a clear and logical development attained. The trio is admirably written and has genuine musical beauty.

In the slow movement also there is much to arouse hope for the boy's future. The symphony as a whole shows more youthfulness of spirit than the earlier works heard here, works which seemed to have been written by an old man, and an unhappy one at that. The very disjointedness, redundancy and erratic developments in this work speak of the prodigality and wilfulness of youth.

The works heard here in the past indicated that Master Korngold had been living with the scholars. He had read Jadasohn and Rheinberger, and he may have been permitted to glance over the scores of Mahler and Bruckner, two of the gods of Vienna. But since that he has been out and about. He has met Dr. Strauss, smiled with "Til Eulenspiegel" and wept with "Don Juan." He has been at the opera; discovered Puccini and fallen incontinently in love with "Madama Butterfly."

All of which is human, normal and not greatly to be deplored. Of course if Master Korngold were the genius we are told he is, he would have such tunes of his own as would make Strauss and Puccini but teachers of idioms for him. On the other hand, the boy has a real and valu-

able talent, which may in later years produce something of lasting worth. He perhaps learn that adhering to the general lines of the sonata pattern does not necessarily mean that one is a master of form and he may learn that the greatest art is simple.

There are many interesting things in the boy's orchestration, and none is more than his use of the two harps, celesta and the piano as a separate choir. On the other hand, there are places, as in the first movement, where the low place of the middle voices of the harmony, the use of heavy instruments to sing the makes his orchestration heavy and opaque. The work was excellently played and conducted by Mr. Stransky with authority and enthusiasm.

New Work Shows Erich Korngold as Real Musician

That Erich Korngold, one time a prodigy, is no longer to be judged by a standard applied to a "boy wonder" but a real musician, was demonstrated last night when his Sinfonietta was played the first time in America by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Mr. Josef Stransky. Few persons who heard it would go so far as call it a masterpiece, as German critics have done, but it is undoubtedly a well worth hearing.

Mr. Korngold has made a reputation of himself as a breaker of all musical rules but his Sinfonietta, a rather modest work for a work which lasts three-quarters of an hour, is extremely conventional compared with many of the modern compositions imported from Europe. At the beginning of the first movement, which is a rather long drawn out succession of conventional chords, some women were heard to remark that it was "pretty," a term usually applied to dissonant music.

One striking point of the "Sinfonietta" is its clearly defined form. Little of the haphazard methods of composers striving merely for effect are to be noted in his writings. His themes are joined smoothly and worked out logically. Melody is neither predominant, nor is it entirely lacking. He can be dissonant times and melodious at others, so melodious as to sound almost sugary.

It is astounding how the most mode of orchestral effects, such as muted trumpets and the many varied string effects, have been used without seeming to be merely clever. In his rhyme he has shown great variety, as in his orchestration, and at the end he has built up a beautiful climax.

It is of little consequence that the occasional passages which suggest Strauss and others suspiciously like Viennese waltzes of a popular nature. It has written interesting and original music which shows him to be well past the stage of a novice. If not an inspired work, the "Sinfonietta" is at least more than a piece of skilful workmanship.

Following Mr. Korngold's music several selections from Wagner were played. It was the Philharmonic Society plays draws as much applause as the "Tannhäuser" overture. Mr. Stransky seemed to put a new life into it, and as played last night it was the cause of so much applause that the conductor called upon his men to rise. Other selections were from "Siegfried," "Die Meistersinger," "Parsifal" and "Rienzi."

"The Magic Flute," With Sembach as Tamino.

Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" was given for the second time this season last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. The chief features of the presentation remained the same as before, excepting the role of Tamino, which was taken for the first time here by Mr. Sembach. He replaced Mr. Ullrich in the part. The audience was a large one and gave much genuine applause throughout.

The performance was again a marvel of beauty in the succession of stage pictures. The music of the opera received a delivery that was on the whole excellent, and came into a delightful harmony with the fine pictorial environment prepared for it. Mme. Destinn won much favor by her singing in *Pamina*. She has the vocal style necessary for the role and when she is at her best, as she was last night, her contribution to the great ensemble of the presentation is one of fine merit.

Miss Hempel as *Koenigin der Nacht* acquitted herself brilliantly by her admirable singing. Mr. Sembach as *Tamino* was well suited to the part, both vocally and in appearance. His bejewelled costume in shades of green and rose made an especially effective bit of color in his surroundings of the opening scene. His delivery of the music disclosed an advantage the lyric quality of his voice and in style it was well adapted to smoothness to the classic beauty of the score. His action was fairly good.

Mr. Brann sang the part of *Sarastro* with impressive sonority of tone. Carl Schlegel was the *Sprecher*. Mr. Gottlieb Schlegel was a very lively *Papageno*, who made again a very lively *Papageno*, was in his gay little partner, *Papagena*, was impersonated by Miss Schumann. Mr. Her-

22-12-1914

DIE WALKÜRE SANG AT METROPOLITAN

THE PERFORMANCE UNEVEN

Wagner's "Die Walküre" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. There was an audience of good size, which applauded with great warmth. There were features in the performance well worthy of the applause, but there were others which must have caused nothing but regret to those long devoted to Wagnerian ideals. The merits were chiefly those of fervent devotion and earnest endeavor, and in some instances these were united with artistic excellences of such a nature as to give genuine worth to some individual impersonations.

It is not essential that a catalogue of details should be made. The stage directions of Wagner are very clear and explicit. There is no reason why they should not be followed closely, for it is not easy to improve on them. But in the end the chief demands of "Die Walküre" are musical, and when these are not wholly satisfied the performance cannot be regarded as one calling for enthusiastic laudation.

This music drama is rich in lyric climaxes. In no other work did Wagner better demonstrate the value of his newly fashioned song speech than in this. The semi-melodic dialogue readily breaks into staccato declamation when that is needed and with equal readiness melts into flowing and beautiful lyric forms, such as the love song of Siegmund, the "Todesverkündigung," the last words of Fricka to Wotan and the latter's farewell to his sleeping child.

The whole score sings, and it must be sung. In the bygone days of the so-called "Wagner singers" there was little real singing in a performance. There is much more now, but "Die Walküre" clamors for more. There were times last evening when the heart was made very glad, as in Mr. Ullius's utterance of the summing up of Siegmund's narrative, "Nun weisst du, fragende Frau." There were splendid musical movements in Mr. Braun's Wotan and in Mme. Matzenauer's Brünnhilde. There was a splendid breadth in Mme. Ober's Fricka.

But it is impossible to avoid an expression of regret that the great duet of Siegmund and Sieglinde in Act I was not sung with more lyric quality by Mr. Ullius and Mme. Gadski. The latter seemed to be tired and to sing with much labor and with shortness of breath. Mr. Ullius, except in the passage already mentioned and in the invocation of Walse, sang with the hard and brittle staccato held in such esteem at Bayreuth. All the artists in the cast were filled with the dramatic spirit of the work, though some of the acting was stilted and inexpressive. Mr. Ruysdael's Hunding was excellent and the Valkyr choir was generally efficient. Much more might be said about his performance, which was interesting despite its defects.

Alfred Hertz, who seems to have acquired moderation with the flight of years, conducted. The orchestra played with much beauty of tone and with elasticity. There were moments when there was too much tone, but when operagoers recall the vast volumes they used to get they should be grateful for the new dispensation.

Nibelung Tragedy Sadly in Need of Rescue from Vice of Affected Pathos.

"Die Walküre" has always been the most popular of the dramas composing Wagner's Nibelung tragedy, and, as a rule, is the first to receive representation each season at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was given there last night by the same artists that were employed in last season's performances, three of them of notable excellence, viz., Mme. Matzenauer (Brünnhilde), Mme. Ober (Fricka) and Carl Braun (Wotan). When these three took possession of the drama in the second act a great change came over it. Those concerned in the first act were Mme. Gadski (Sieglinde), Jacques Nclus (Siegmund) and Basil Ruysdael (Hunding). Good voices have these three but finer voices and finer intelligences have the three others. Throughout the first act the conviction haunted the experienced lovers of Wagner's art that "Die Walküre" needs much to have its dramatic and musical face well washed. The vice of affected pathos against which the poet-composer railed so persistently held riot on the stage—not a word found natural utterance, scarcely a musical phrase found unconstrained expression except those that came from the thrice admirable orchestra. Mr. Ullius, who has it in him to make a virile hero over, ver-sentimentalized every characteristically lyrical phrase and dramatically was such a weakling that the sight of the sword knocked him flat on his back. Mme. Gadski gasped out her chopped phrases, and Mr. Ruysdael, most distinct of all in his enunciation of the text and most consistent in his dramatic conception, yet

embodied within with his voice and added a "habile" "mit Wollen wehr" (rich der mann-ah) to the final consonant of nearly every fearful phrase. And the vernal zephyr blew in the whole side of Hunding's hut to let in the moonlight necessary for Siegmund's love song.

Thirty years ago this device called forth no criticism; it even met with praise. But New York's Wagnerites were young then; they are entitled to stronger food now. The opening door prescribed by Wagner would suffice them. The stage directions of such a master of stagecraft as he can now safely be followed. It would be well if all the Nibelung dramas were put through a thorough process of purification. Much of their strength has departed since the first German regime.

First of "Moments Musicaux" Held at Waldorf.

The first of a series of "Moments Musicaux avec Danses Modernes et Classiques" was held yesterday afternoon in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. The soloists appearing were Carl Jörn, Vera Barstow, Paolo Martucci and Lucy Gates, and the musical director was Fernando Tamara. There were also interpretive dances by Thomas Allen Rector and Miss Rena Manning, and following the entertainment there was general dancing participated in by a large portion of the audience.

These "Moments Musicaux," which will take place on ten consecutive Friday afternoons, are under the patronage of a number of the singers of the Metropolitan Opera Company, including Enrico Caruso, Frances Alda, Pasquale Amato, Lucrezia Bari, Sophie Braslau, Anna Case, and Emmy Destinn. Judging from the size and enthusiasm of yesterday's audience, the series ought to prove a success.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Die Walküre," a music-drama in three acts, by Richard Wagner.

The Cast.

Siegmund Jacques Ullius
Hunding Basil Ruysdael
Wotan Carl Braun
Sieglinde Johanna Gadski
Brünnhilde Margarete Matzenauer
Fricka Margarete Ober
Helmwig Lenora Sparkes
Gerhilde Elisabeth Schumann
Ortlinde Vera Barstow
Waltraute Rita Fornia
Rossweisse Lila Robeson
Grimgolde Margaret Ober
Walttraute Marie Mattfeld
Siegne Maria Duchen
Schwertleite Alfred Hertz

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Ernest Newman, one of the wisest and sometimes the most courageous of the critics of the works of Richard Wagner, in referring to the "Ring of the Nibelung" of which "Die Walküre" was revived last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, finishes his estimate of the cycle with a passage of considerable eloquence.

"The work," he says, "is like some immense quarry with huge figures of gods and men and beasts standing sculptured of the rock. They are not statuesque. They are not plastic. They are not submissive to the ordinary standards of the sculptor's art. They are sometimes fascinating, sometimes terrifying, sometimes unpleasant, but always impressive by reason of their strength, their strangeness, their suggestiveness of the whole range of sub-human, human and superhuman life. Against such a work the ordinary formulas of criticism are impotent. We may tell the creator of it that he did wrong in conceiving it, but it holds us and draws us back for all that. When criticism has said its worst against the 'Ring' there remains nothing but to bow the knee and worship it."

There is much here to question. I do not quite know the meaning of "super-human life," unless it means an attempt to portray beings of a power greater than human. But "man" in immortal words which should be engraved upon our hearts "is the measure of man," and fantastic attempts to depict by artistic means something greater than man have always met with failure and often with ridicule. Mr. Newman finds some of these "superhuman" creations in the "Ring" impressive. There are others who find the Ring deities as well as its minor zoology inartistic and inexpressively tedious. Who cares about the gods in "Rheingold"? What insufferable weariness the riddlemease scene in "Siegfried" inflicts upon us: Tarnachas and dragons are nursery matters. And when in "Goetterdaemmerung" the whole paraphernalia and machinery of gods are burnt up who minds? Who has a pang? I view the destruction with equanimity, nay with relief as I draw on my overcoat. Mind you I am not speaking of the music to which these things are done; I am speaking of their dramatic import.

Wagner is greatest when he is most human, when he is most natural. The gods, intolerable but for that divine flood of music in "Rheingold," become men and women in "Die Walküre," and the moment they do so, our hearts find

spirits are human. The music, as in the farewell of Wotan to his daughter, deals with an emotion worthy of it; and simple and strongly. It goes right to all that is tender and pathetic in us. It is human. Yes, Wotan is a father. Brünnhilde, for all her capacities of aerial equestrianism, a daughter. Fricka an eloquent and imperious moralist, a shrew, what the Germans call a loose dragon, but a familiar character, not a mask, a simulacrum. Not an attempt, like an Egyptian religious statue, to visualize the non-existent.

The artists who took part last night included Mme. Matzenauer, Mme. Gadski, M. Carl Braun and M. Jacques Ullius.

The performance was a good one. No one can doubt the vigor or the enthusiasm of Alfred Hertz, who loves his "Die Walküre," and conducts it with unbounded spirit. The Brünnhilde was sung by Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, who was in admirable voice, while her impersonation had a stolid rather than impulsive majesty. Mme. Gadski took the poetic part of Sieglinde, devoting a noble voice and an admirable method of presentation to the role.

Mme. Margaret Ober was heard as Fricka. The thing we must beseech of her, that is to discard certain Baireuth gestures which have no dramatic pungency and are imitated and retained on the sickening plea that they are traditional. Traditional is the putrefactory germ of acting; the tyranny and the degradation of the theatre.

M. Jacques Ullius showed deper feeling as Siegmund and M. Carl Braun no partial richness of voice, even if magnificence of appearance as Wotan.

MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL.

Enormous Audience Grets War-Worn Violinist in His Best Form.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler had a measure of the esteem in which he is held by the musical public, and its satisfaction that he escaped from the perils of war in so far as to be unharmed in the vast audience that filled Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon at his first recital. The hall that probably never held a greater throng; all the seats were filled, and as many were put upon the platform as it would hold, and people stood as well. The greeting that was given him when he appeared was long continued, warmly demonstrative and enthusiastic.

He has not returned wholly unharmed from the war for he came upon the stage with a limp. But his admirers were fain to notice that the limp was minimized as far as it could be. It was not exploited as a subject for commiseration, as it conceivably might have been by some. Mr. Kreisler is too much an artist and a gentleman to do that; he possesses the many assets of an artistic kind. It immediately appeared when he began to play that he was in full possession of them all.

His programme was made up much as his programmes in the past have been: Handel's A Major Sonata, Fortini's Sonata called "The Devil's Trill," the chaconne from Bach's solo sonata, in D minor, and then groups of shorter pieces, mostly arrangements, by Schumann, Gluck, (part of the "pantomime" from the third act of "Orpheus," Mozart, (a rondo in G.) Kreisler's arrangement of Dvorak's "Indian Lament," his own "Caprice Viennois," and Paganini's twenty-fourth Capriccio, provided with a pianoforte accompaniment, which the original has not.

Mr. Kreisler in playing this music was at his best; his tone was beautifully warm, rounded, and poignant in its quality; his technical proficiency seemed to have suffered no lapse, and these things were made the means of interpretations of commanding nobility, as in the music of Handel and Bach, of tenderness, grace, delicate fancy, and poetic feeling. The sonata by Handel was played with magnificent breadth and repose, with a warmth that yet did not impart into it a sentiment inappropriate. This, as well as Bach's Chaconne, has been often heard of late; it was good to hear them both played with superlative mastery. It was good to hear the Chaconne again made to sound like a beautiful piece of music, of an infinite variety of expression, and not like an exercise in various kinds of technical difficulties.

Mr. Kreisler gives a good deal of indulgence to his audiences, and always has, in the way of providing them with sweetmeats. The proportion of such on his programmes is large, and it was large yesterday. They were, of course, received with the utmost rapture, and Mr. Kreisler had to repeat his "Caprice Viennois," which has so much of the insinuating Viennese charm. He added after his third group an arrangement of Couperin, "Chansons et Pavane," one of his familiar stock, and at the end there was a little strengthening tonic in the contribution as an extra piece of variations by Tartini.

MME. FANNIE ZEISLER PLAYS

Pianist Again Displays Brilliance and Grace in Her Recital.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler gave her annual piano recital in New York yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The largest number of her programmes was Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57. There was also a menuet in G from the collection of six menuets by the same composer, Schubert's Moment Musical No. 3 from Op. 94, five Chopin compositions, Paderewski's Theme Variations in A, an Etude de Concert by Schlozer, and an Arabesque no. 1 from the "The Beautiful Blue Danube" arranged from Strauss by Schütz-Elyer. If this programme set forth more that was graceful and ingratiating than was profound or emotional, perhaps it carried its own justification with it, for it needed the theatre. In the evening

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Mme. Zeisler's playing is no quantity that are more characteristic than its brilliance, its grace, and its facility. These qualities she exhibited again yesterday in manner to delight the large audience of admirers who had come to hear her playing.

TO FRITZ KREISLER A GREAT WELCOME

Famous Austrian Violinist Returned From Battlefront and Heard in Recital.

HIS PLAYING MASTERLY

If the lance of a charging Cossack had put an end to the career of Fritz Kreisler, the famous Austrian violinist, the world would have been much the poorer. Without doubt the great audience which assembled at his first recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was a demonstration of the deep gratitude which is felt here for the preservation of this supreme artist. Something too is due to the consideration of the Austrian Government, which is willing to regard him as unfit for the resumption of his military duties.

Every seat in the auditorium was sold and all the boxes were occupied. The stage was filled with chairs, all in use by interested listeners, and the standing room at the rear of the orchestra seats was crowded. The violinist was welcomed with a long and hearty salvo of applause. Without doubt his wounded leg still troubles him, albeit he walked upon the stage very slowly and with every intent to conceal his lameness. Mr. Kreisler is not the kind of public performer who parades such things. He relies upon his art, and he has no need to ask aid of anything extraneous.

His principal numbers yesterday were Handel's A major sonata, Tartini's sonata known as "The Devil's Trill," and Bach's chaconne. There were several short numbers, including a romance by Schumann, Mozart's G major rondo, the violinist's own "Caprice Viennois" and a capriccio of Paganini to bring the list to an end.

An adequate review of such a recital as that of yesterday afternoon should include a retrospect of violin playing for many years back, perhaps of all within the experience of the reviewer. But however inspiring the story of the violinist's art from the day of Vieuxtemps to the present it would need more than a morning news report to tell it. For this reason it is expedient to limit the present account to the customary record of concert doings.

To say that Kreisler played beautifully is not enough. He played like the great master that he is, one of the greatest violinists the world has ever been happy enough to possess. If there was anything in the department of perfect technical finish that was absent from the recital at least one hearer did not know it. Such crisp, clean staccato playing, such broad and noble legato, such an infinite elasticity of bow—which would certainly have delighted Tartini, himself the author of "L'Arte del Arco"—and such sustained beauty of tone can rarely be heard by any audience.

But Mr. Kreisler's technical skill, which discloses itself so spontaneously, apparently so unpremeditatedly, and which never obtrudes itself as an end, is by no means the greatest item of his unsurpassable art. Thoughtful people in the course of years weary of tempestuous temperamental players who seem to lack all mental balance and who have no conception of the true meaning of the word "art."

To such people nothing is more satisfying, more restful, more joy giving than Mr. Kreisler's almost impeccable taste. He has plenty of temperament, but it is mastered by judgment. He is a truly emotional player, but his fastidious appreciation prevents him from disturbing the artistic structure and character of a composition.

He played Bach's chaconne yesterday with enormous breadth, dignity and power; yet the reading was filled with emotion, which went hand in hand with the keenest musical sensitiveness, and with an infinite variety of light and shade. It is possible that this unique movement of Bach's has been as well played here, but certainly it has never been played better. The performance was a compendium of all that is finest and most inspiring in the violinist's art. Mr. Kreisler will give another recital, at the close of the month, and no real lover of music should miss it. "Madama Butterfly" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon with Geraldine Farrar in the title role. Mr. Martinelli was the Pinkerton and Mr. Scotti the Sharpless. The performance was in all its essential features similar to its predecessor and it gave profound or emotional, perhaps it carried its own justification with it, for it needed the theatre. In the evening

Verdi's "Aida" was given for the benefit of the Italian Hospital. Mme. Destinn as Aida, Mme. Ober as Amneris, Mr. Caruso as Rhodame and Mr. Amato as Amnassaro were the chief singers.

The audience was large and received the performance with every evidence of satisfaction. It was an admirable presentation of the popular work. The artists engaged were the chief singers.

Dec. 14, 1914

Fritz Kreisler Very Much Alive.

After Fritz Kreisler had returned to Vienna in a hospital train from the battlefield at Lemberg, where he had been obliged to shoot a Cossack to save his own life and do his military duty, he was extremely despondent, not only because of the horrors he had witnessed, but because he felt that his career as an artist was practically ended. He might still have occasion, now and then, to play in Austria, Germany, and the few countries that in the world war had remained neutral; but he could never, he thought, appear again before an audience in England, France, and Russia, in all of which he had been for years a special favorite.

How unreasonable these apprehensions were he learned in the most agreeable and impressive manner in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon. Since that hall was opened, in 1892, it has held many crowded and enthusiastic audiences, but none more so than that which greeted him when he played his violin in public for the first time since last July. To be sure, New York is more or less American and neutral; but in that audience there were more women and men who were descended from the British, French, and Russians than from Germans and Austrians; yet all united in bestowing on him plaudits that rose in crescendos like storm-winds, both when he first appeared and after each of his numbers. The applause came from the stage as well as from the auditorium, for after every seat had been sold and every box crowded as never before, room was made on the stage for three hundred more. Other hundreds were turned away disappointed at the box-office, and fancy prices up to \$20 for a seat were offered.

Some of this excitement was due, of course, to the recent newspaper talk about Kreisler's adventures on the battlefield. But it is safe to say that those who came to see rather than to hear will come next time chiefly to hear—to hear the violinist who has gradually won first place in the public's favor, without ever stooping to conquer with cheap fiddlers' tricks. He needs them not, for he knows how to make Handel and Bach as entertaining to the general public as Paganini or Vieuxtemps. Handel was represented on this occasion by one of his two sonatas in A, and Bach by the great Chaconne for violin alone; both were played à la Kreisler.

Fritz Kreisler's appearance on the stage is always manly, dignified, and unaffected. The limp resulting from his wound was scarcely noticeable when he began; but it showed distinctly after he had stood and played an hour and a half and responded to the numerous recalls. If either of his arms had been similarly injured, he would have never played again. How little the military episode in his life had affected his skill and his artistic manner was shown in the pieces named, and still more in Tartini's "The Devil's Trill," that marvellous piece of eighteenth-century virtuosity which has undergone such a delightful sea change into something rich and strange in the hands of Kreisler. The story goes that Tartini in a dream heard the devil play this piece just as he wrote it down. He ought to have heard Kreisler do it! The devil for once has proved a bungler.

More modern and better adapted to revealing the rich, luscious tone of the Viennese violinist and his emotional qualities were a Schumann Romance in A major, a Gluck Melodie in D, and a Mozart Rondo in G, which followed the Chaconne. To the Mozart piece Mr. Kreisler added a sort of cadenza, as delightfully individual as his Tartini version. But it was in the last group of pieces that the violinist was most unique in his art of bewitching the public. It included his own "Caprice Viennois," his arrangement of Dvorák's "Indian's Lament," and Paganini's twenty-fourth Caprice, which in his hands is not merely a show-piece abounding in dazzling tricks, but a piece of music with emotion. Did Paga-

lani to a good-sized audience. Her programme contained nothing ultra modern or sensational; it began with two "short and easy pieces"—Schubert's "Moment Musical" in F minor, and the favorite Beethoven Minuet in G major. Then came the Sonata Appassionata of the same master, which was played with due appreciation of its essentially orchestral character, but without ever unduly forcing the tone. A Chopin group came next, a mazurka, two études, a valse, and a Ballade, supplemented by the D flat Valse as an encore. The études were the one in C major, op. 10, No. 7, and the "Revolutionary" Etude in C minor. In the latter, Mme. Zeisler succeeded in maintaining a terrific tempo by relieving the left hand by the right whenever the latter was unoccupied, which happens frequently enough to give the left hand a good deal of rest in its enormously difficult part. The Ballade was the infrequently heard op. 52, in F minor, which was beautifully played. In the hakeney C sharp minor Valse, Mme. Zeisler quite distinguished herself by not bringing out that supposed "hidden melody," an effect uniformly abused by every third and fourth-class pianist, and all amateurs without exception. The final group contained a theme with variations by Paderewski, which was replete with charming pianistic effects; an Etude by Schloezer, and Schulz-Evler's "Arabesque on themes of the Waltz 'On the Beautiful Blue Danube,'" which is much more elaborate and much less effective, except from a bravura standpoint, than the original Strauss Waltz. The audience still wanted more, and Mme. Zeisler added two more numbers, including her old war horse, the Marche Militaire of Schubert, as arranged by Tausig.

Sunday Concerts.

The Society of the Friends of Music gave an unusually delightful and instructive concert of eighteenth-century music yesterday afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton, thanks to the direction of Franz Kneisel, the Kneisel Quartet, and the aid of a group of assisting artists. The Abbate A. Vivaldi, an Italian virtuoso, who wandered into Germany before settling down as a composer and conservatory director in his own land, seems to have frequently inspired Bach to new contrapuntal developments of his work. His concerto in B minor for four solo violins with an accompaniment of strings has been modernized by Frank Damrosch, who arranged a piano part, and it received a spirited performance under Mr. Kneisel's direction at the hands of a group of young musicians: Miss Henriette Bach, Miss Helen Jeffrey, Sascha Jacobson, Elias Breeskin, Clarence Adler. Following this came Bach's paraphrase of the same work for four pianos with an accompaniment of strings, more sonorous, of course, and more polished. With soundboards down and full knowledge of the difference between the modern instrument and that for which the Leipzig master wrote, the piano parts were admirably performed by August Fraemcke, Ferdinand von Inten, Gaston Dethier, Clarence Adler. They were assisted by a sextet of strings composed of Samuel Gardner, Louis Bostelmann, Robert Toedt, Conral Held, Hyman Elsenberg, David R. Oliver. The Kneisels opened the programme with Bach's quartet in G minor, and then played Boccherini's quintet in C major, Hyman Elsenberg taking the doubled part for 'cello.

At Aeolian Hall the New York Symphony Orchestra had the incomparable Mme. Schumann-Heink as soloist yesterday afternoon. She first lent her glorious voice to the interpretation of Andromache's Lament from Bruch's "Achilles," and then recalled the good old times at the Metropolitan by singing, as only she can sing, the "Erda" scene from "Rhinegold" and the Waltraute episode from "Götterdämmerung." There was much enthusiasm over her art. The orchestra was heard in Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, Fuchs's Serenade, and Liszt's superb "Mephisto" Waltz.

A Spanish concert was the rather unusual offering at the Metropolitan last night. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has the great good luck of possessing two such sterling Spanish artists as Bori and De Segura. Both were heard last night and, as usual, gave much pleasure. The novelty of the occasion was the appearance of Pablo Casals, whom Fritz Kreisler considers the greatest of all artists who wield the bow, in Spain or elsewhere. His playing, certainly, was on a level seldom reached by others. The extremely difficult con-

Saens was executed by him with a skill that was simply astonishing without being showily obtrusive. No less admirable is the variety of tone color he gets out of his instrument. He also played a Bach suite for 'cello alone and Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," as well as the inevitable extras. It is said that this was to be the only appearance with orchestra of this superlative artist, but that cannot be. Surely the Philharmonic and Symphony Societies will secure his services. In any case he will appear later with Harold Bauer.

Zoellner Musicians Heard in Modern

Selections, but Beethoven Melody Is Undimmed.

Hammed in by two modern French works, Beethoven's quartet, opus 13, No. 2, proved to be the only really enjoyable selection on the programme of the Zoellner Quartet's first and only concert of the season in Aeolian Hall last night. It was well done, especially as regards ensemble playing. The tone was satisfactory, taking into account the damp weather that played havoc with the strings.

First of the novelties was the quartet of Darius Milhaud, presented in part of the last concert of the Florenz Quartet, the members of which were in the audience. It has undoubtedly charm in parts, but the whole is not altogether satisfying. The other work from France was from the pen of Gustave Samazeuilh, a Paris critic. Although it was written in 1910, it, as well as the other works of its composer, has never been heard here.

It did not impress one as a work of lasting value. Harsh dissonances followed by rollicking tunes was the rule that seemed to guide its maker. Certain tunes were almost singable, but the dissonances had little to commend them except that some of them were written in original effective rhythms.

The Zoellner Quartet is one of the most efficient of chamber music organizations heard in this city, and even though the works were not such as to attract wide interest, they were carefully prepared and well executed.

Compositions of Boccherini, Vivaldi and Bach on Programme Given by Kneisels and Other Artists.

One of the aims originally set forth by the Society of the Friends of Music was the presentation of old works for unusual combinations of instruments, works which are heard seldom, and yesterday afternoon's concert in the ball room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel brought forth three such compositions.

The Kneisel Quartet, which was the special attraction, opened the programme by playing Bach's quartet of G minor. It was his first appearance of the season here for Mr. Hans Letz, second violin of the quartet, who was detained in Europe because of the war and whose place had been ably taken at the early concerts by Mr. Samuel Gardner.

After the Bach number the old novelties began with Boccherini's Quintet in C major for string quartet with an extra 'cello. Mr. Hyman Elsenberg played the additional part. A Vivaldi Concerto in B minor for four solo violins with an accompaniment of strings and piano enlisted the services of Misses Henriette Bach and Helen Jeffrey and Messrs. Sascha Jacobson and Elias Breeskin, violinist, and Mr. Clarence Adler, pianist. The final number was a concerto by Bach for four pianos, with string accompaniment. Messrs. August Fraemcke, Gaston Dethier, Ferdinand von Inten and Clarence Adler played the piano parts.

The whole concert was under the direction of Mr. Franz Kneisel.

Metropolitan Artists Heard in Airs of Their Native Lands in Enjoyable Concert.

It was a large and enthusiastic audience that attended the Metropolitan Opera Company's popular concert last night and it heard one of the most interesting programmes of the season. As a special feature certain of the singers presented groups of songs of their own countries. Miss Lucrezia Bori sang three Spanish songs, "The Mountain Girl," by Friexas, "The Gypsy," by Serrano, and the well known "La Paloma," and Mr. Luca Botta sang two Neapolitan songs. Mr. Andrea de Segura represented his native Spain in Spanish songs. All three singers sang well and earned much applause.

The soloist from without the Metropolitan forces was Mr. Pablo Casals, 'cellist. His playing of the Saint-Saens A minor concerto was admirable. A full round tone, excellent intonation and a finished technique were evident. He has a fine sense of tone values and plays with feeling and good taste. Under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman, the orchestra played his accompaniments in the concerto, and also in Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," and also contributed several orchestral numbers.

The Great Spanish Violoncellist Appears at the Metropolitan.

The Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House was made notable last evening by the first appearance here for several years of the great Spanish violoncellist, Pablo Casals. The audience was large and in it were number of the most notable players of stringed instruments now in New York and other musicians. Mr. Casals was heard in Saint-Saens's concerto for the violoncello and in Max Bruch's concerto called "Kol Nidrei." After the concerto he appeared again and played the prelude from Bach's solo C major suite and after the "Kol Nidrei" the gavotte from another solo suite.

Mr. Casals's playing aroused profound admiration, as the work of a consummate artist. The violoncello, heard in concertos intended to "display" the instrument, is seldom a joy. It was joy in Mr. Casals's hands. His playing has the lightness and flexibility that belong to the violin. There is none of the heaviness and awkwardness of bravura passages that have been compared on high authority to the capping of an ox. For once the passage work in Saint-Saens's concerto seemed natural, inevitable, and appropriate to the instrument. His playing of it has Gothic grace and urbanity, repose and great distinction. Every phrase had a turn of perfection, its subtlety of romance; his tone was of delightful purity and depth, and the most elaborate passages were as impeccably correct in intonation as they were unostentatious in execution. It was a memorable performance, and so were those of the pieces by Bach and Bruch, notable in their different ways for breadth and the simplicity of a perfectly concealed art.

It was a Spanish evening, whether or not in honor of the great Spanish musician. The orchestra played Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish Caprice and Spanish dance by Moszkowski; the two Spanish singers of the company sang Miss Bori Micaela's air from "Carmen" and three Spanish songs, and Mr. Segura contributed others of the same origin. The orchestra, which was directed by Mr. Hageman, also played Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, and Mr. Luca Botta sang the "Paradiso" air from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and Neapolitan songs.

Such Chamber Music, Old and New, Is Heard by Interested Audiences.

SCHUMANN - HEINK SING

Concerts filled the afternoon and the evening yesterday. That which led serious artistic interest was the concert of the Society of the Friends of Music in the afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The programme, as is customary at the entertainments of this society, was of uncommon character. The Kneisel Quartet played works by Bach and Coccherini the latter with the assistance of Hyman Elsenberg, 'cellist.

Then followed the chief number of the entertainment, to wit, Vivaldi's concerto in B minor for four solo violins, with accompaniment of strings and clavier heard first in its original form and after ward in Bach's paraphrase of it as concerto in A minor for four pianos with string accompaniment. The violin soloists were Henriette Bach, Helen Jeffrey, Elias Breeskin and Sascha Jacobson. The four pianists were August Fraemcke, Gaston Dethier, Ferdinand von Inten and Clarence Adler.

In regard to Bach's version his biographer, Dr. Spitta says: "As in his other arrangements of Vivaldi concertos Bach has given the basses greater independence and worked out the middle part more richly and fully. It gives the solo instruments more work in counterpoint and here and there the violin passages display a character more suited to the clavier. He also often adds a fuller accompaniment, not unfrequently varied with episodes. But even here the accompaniment is generally used only to fill in and support the harmonies. And yet the work affords new evidence of the master's ingenuity in writing four obbligato parts, even in the lightest style."

The work was excellently played in both its forms, albeit there were moments of hard tone and some of uncertain intonation in the original version. The solo violinists were hardly more than neophytes, scarcely clear of the leading strings of the conservatory. The pianists were more seasoned artists and played with the confidence to be expected of them.

The Symphony Society's concert at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon provided pleasures for those who are not searching after the more recondite things in music. Wagner and Mendelssohn furnished the chief numbers, and Mme. Schumann-Heink, the soloist, sang first Andromache's "Lament" from Max Bruch's "Achilles," and later two Wagner "Achilles" scenes from "Das Rheingold" and the Waltraute scene from "Götterdämmerung."

The first selection gave the singer opportunity for a display of opulence of voice and much dramatic fervor, while the Wagner music she relied more on the expression of feeling. Each appearance of the distinguished singer evoked prolonged applause. Walter Damrosch, who the orchestra opened the concert with the good performance of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony. The orchestra gave a graceful presentation of the movements from one of Robert Fuchs's charming serenades for strings. The closing number, brilliantly performed, was Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."

In the evening the Zoellner Quartet gave a concert in Aeolian Hall.

quartet, Beethoven's opus 1, No. 2. Gustave Samazeuilh's quartet in D. Two movements, the first and second, of the Milhand composition were given at the recent concert of the Flonzaley Quartet, but last evening's was the first local performance of the work in its entirety.

The writer of the third quartet on the list is a pupil of Chausson and D'Indy, and this composition was published in 1900. Much might be written about the music of these young Frenchmen, but it would have to be largely technical. Their employment of novel chords and chord combinations and their disregard of the time honored tonalities of music offer matter of absorbing interest to the professional musician and to the student of the art, but since it is well nigh impossible to explain to the layman what puzzles him in this music nothing can be said except that it is worth hearing and that its difficult harmonies are a greater burden than the skill of the Zoeller Quartet can triumphantly bear.

Because of the interest which professional players find in the so-called impressionistic music we shall certainly hear more of it, and when such quartets as the two novelties of last evening are skillfully performed it will be time enough to discuss them.

ARCHAIC MUSIC AND FOLKSONGS NEGRO MELODIES AT MUSIC SCHOOL

Tribune
Mr. Johnson Entertains Mr.
Grainger, Who Repays with
British and Irish Airs.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

It has been impossible hitherto to feel an interest in the concerts of the Society of the Friends of Music for the simple reason that they did not offer anything which could not be heard to better advantage, or at least to the better advancement of the art of music, in public concert rooms. The time is long gone by since chamber music was reserved for the delectation of the aristocratic few, though its inception was in such a purpose. It is now become democratic, and the privilege of hearing it belongs to the many. It has seemed to this writer that a society of friends of the art could promote it more effectively by encouraging public concerts than by arranging more or less exclusive affairs in a hotel ballroom on Sunday afternoons when other concerts of at least equal value were giving. The society gave a concert at the Ritz-Carlton yesterday, however, which was in a different case, inasmuch as nearly all the music was of a kind not likely to be heard in public. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Franz Kneisel, and enlisted not only the members of his quartet organization (himself, Mr. Letz, Mr. Svecinski and Mr. Willeke), but also some of the present or former artist pupils of his class at the Institute of Musical Art (Miss Henrietta Bach, Miss Helen Jeffrey, Sascha Jacobsohn, Elias Breeskin, Samuel Gardner, Robert Toedt, Louis Bostelmann, Conrad Held, David R. Oliver and Hyman Eisenberg) and such trained and tried artists as the pianists August Fraemcke, Gaston Dethier, Ferdinand von Inten and Clarence Adler. The programme consisted of the so-called String Quartet in G minor by Bach; a string quintet by Boccherini; a concerto in B minor, for four violins, with string and piano-forte, by Vivaldi (the piano-forte part being a transcription of the original *continuo* made by Dr. Frank Damrosch), and Bach's paraphrase of the same composition for four piano-fortes (claviers, to speak by the card), the key changed to A minor.

All of this archaic music proved to be interesting from an historical point of view, and most of it, especially the Boccherini quintet and the Bach concerto for four claviers, delightful to hear as well.

The so-called Bach quartet had been played here at Mr. Kneisel's concerts twice—once in 1904 and once in 1908. It invited more curiosity than any of the other compositions, for their histories are thoroughly well known to students. Musical antiquaries have disputed over the question whether or not it was designed by the composer to be played as a string quartet, and to this writer the argument seemed to be against such a notion. In the only existing manuscript of it, which is not in Bach's handwriting, it is called "Overture." In the Bach Society's edition the composition is presented as for string orchestra, with parts for first and second violins, viola and harpsichord, the last set down in the form of a figured bass (a *continuo*), from which the player was expected to extemporize a full accompaniment, according to the custom universal among musicians in Bach's day and much later. In the trio of the minuet, however, this part is marked to be played by "violoncello

Some eleven or twelve years ago Professor Hermann Schroeder, brother of the cellist Alvin Schroeder, published an article in which he declared his belief that the piece was meant for the four instruments of the string quartet, playing either singly or as a string orchestra and that, in the latter case the harpsichord was used only to reinforce the violoncellos. These instruments were comparatively rare then, and Professor Schroeder thought that Bach and his contemporaries might have found difficulty in supplying them in sufficient numbers. That difficulty has disappeared long since, and Professor Schroeder believed that the composition might be regarded as a string quartet and played as such without the support of the harpsichord. So Mr. Kneisel played it before, and so he played it yesterday. On the earlier occasions it proved to be effective in this dress, and so it did again yesterday. Much admiration was also elicited by the fine ensemble playing of Messrs. Fraemcke, Von Inten, Dethier and Adler in the clavier transcription by Bach of the Vivaldi concerto. In this work, long considered an original composition by the old German master, the themes, their polyphonic development and the harmonization of the original concerto for violin are retained, Bach having done little more than change the figuration and add counterpoint to suit the keyboard instrument. The two works thus brought into juxtaposition provided an interesting study.

In the course of an extremely interesting series of lectures and recitals at the Music School Settlement for Colored People, in West 131st st., which have folk-song for their subject, some of the teachers of the school, headed by J. Rosamund Johnson, the supervisor, entertained Mr. Percy Grainger yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Grainger, in return, entertained the school and its guests. Mr. Johnson, in a quite imitatively ingenious way, let the audience into the secret of how "Under the Bamboo Tree" had been composed by him, and how it chanced to be like and yet not like one of the tunes to which "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See" used to be sung by the slaves. He also played the piano-forte part of an arrangement for piano-forte, violin and violoncello of a song written for Pasquale Amato. Felix Wier, violin, and Leonard Jeter, violoncello, played some of their arrangements of Afro-American folk-songs for violin and violoncello. Miss Richardson, a teacher at the school, played two of Coleridge-Taylor's transcriptions of African dances capitolly. Miss Natalie Curtis, who is managing the affairs, introduced Mr. Grainger, who, after expressing his delight at the music he had listened to, gave a short piano-forte recital of thrilling interest. He played a transcription of his own of an Irish folk-song and an English morris dance, prefacing this with a fascinating mock-morris of his own, a piece delineative of his feelings excited by the scenery of his native Australia, and a folk-song and springtanz by Grieg. He is a pianist of fine capability and a musical folklorist of deep insight and capacious enthusiasms, as the work which he has done for British folk-song bears witness. His playing and his compositions were greatly admired.

The recital next Sunday afternoon promises again to be one of great interest. Miss Eva Gauthier, a Canadian mezzo-soprano, who has made concert tours with Mischa Elman and Harold Bauer, will sing, in costume, a number of Japanese folk-songs which she learned during a four years' residence in Java.

Within a few weeks there will come from the press of G. Schirmer and the Boston Music Company two works of large dimensions, composed by Horatio Parker. One is the opera which won the prize of \$10,000 offered by a committee of the citizens of Los Angeles, and designed as a part of the summer's festivities in connection with the Panama Exhibition. The other is a cantata, though, we believe, the composer thinks that the novel style of the work calls for a different designation, as if cantata or secular oratorio did not possess sufficient elasticity, and so will call it a musical poem, or choral poem, or something of that sort. The opera, we believe, has also novel features which involve some of the elements of a pagant, so called, but its title will be "Fairyland." The cantata is called "Morven and the Grail." Both books were written for Professor Parker by Brian Hooker, whose exceedingly clever "prentice hand" was first practised on "Mona," which carried off the Metropolitan Opera Company's prize three years ago and had too few representations at the proud institution on Broadway. Both subjects also were drawn by Mr. Hooker from British legend and the contents of the cantata may be guessed at from its title. It was written for the centennial celebration of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and will have its first performance by the society on April 13, 1915. Two works of such magnitude give striking evidence of the gifts and industry of the authors. Professor Parker wrote the opera while enjoying his Sabbatical year in Europe; he completed the cantata, all but the orchestration, at his home in Hill, Me., last summer. Mr. Emil Schenauer will conduct the performance of the Handel and Haydn centennial. Professor Parker has suffered something of a breakdown in his health, but no doubt as a conse-

quence of this great application to work, and is now seeking recuperation under his physician's orders in Jamaica. He will resume his labors at Yale University with the first of the new year.

Dec. 15, 1914

DER ROSENKAVALIER AT METROPOLITAN PERFORMANCE EXCELLENT

Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was the first time this season that the Monday subscribers had been given an opportunity to hear this characteristic product of Dr. Strauss's philosophy of art. The audience was not increased by large numbers outside of the body of subscribers, but the Monday evening assemblies are always interesting.

Just how much delight these listeners get from this opera it would be difficult to conjecture, but there ought to be a sufficient amount of material in the work to send them away in a comfortable frame of mind.

There is a fairly large amount of melody in the work and the brilliant orchestration ought to attract the interest of most hearers. The comedy too is of a kind which can easily be enjoyed by persons not familiar with the German language. The deeper psychology may escape some, yet even this is not entirely incomprehensible to the mere spectator. Furthermore the whole performance is so good that the best points of the opera are made very clear.

The cast continues to be the same. Comment on the impersonations of Miss Hempel as the Princess and Mme. Ober as young Octavian can only be a repetition of what has been said before. If "Der Rosenkavalier" had no other claim to consideration, it would deserve regard because it enables these two singers to present such striking characterizations. Mme. Ober's infectious glee and buoyant youthfulness in her role make a perfect foil of Miss Hempel's denotement of the emotions of the somewhat weary and disillusioned woman of the world.

Miss Schumann makes only a tolerable figure of the ingenuous Sophie, but she manages to sing the troublesome parts of the music fairly. Mr. Goritz continues to be a funny Baron. The orchestra is still a star of the performance, and Mr. Hertz conducts with enthusiasm.

MR. BAGBY'S MUSICAL MORNING.

Miss Geraldine Farrar and Giovanni Martinelli the Soloists.

Miss Geraldine Farrar and Giovanni Martinelli of the Metropolitan Opera and Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, were the soloists at Mr. Bagby's musical morning yesterday and in consequence the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was filled.

Miss Farrar was in good voice and she sang the Habanera from "Carmen" and with Mr. Martinelli the duo from the third act of "Tosca." She sang also a group of English songs and others by Grieg, Massenet and Gretschaninow. Mr. Martinelli gave an aria from Tosca and several Italian songs. Miss Sassoli played compositions of Bach, Scarlatti, Sinding and Chaminade. Richard Hageman was at the piano.

Miss Geraldine Farrar and Mr. Giovanni Martinelli Sing.

An audience that left no seats unoccupied in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria attended the second of Mr. Bagby's morning concerts this season yesterday. Miss Geraldine Farrar and Mr. Giovanni Martinelli, of the Metropolitan Opera, and Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, were the artists, the latter opening the programme with three selections for the harp by Bach, Scarlatti and Guiliot-Martin. Mr. Martinelli's first number was an aria from "Tosca," and to conclude the programme appeared with Miss Farrar in a duet from the same opera. Miss Farrar, in addition to two groups of songs, one being in English, gave the "Habanera," from "Carmen." Mr. Martinelli also gave a group of three songs.

Dec. 16, 1914

MME. GABRILOWITSCH HEARD.

Mme. Clara Gabrilowitsch gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the Little Theatre. She sang songs in German and English and had the valuable aid of her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the distinguished pianist, as her accompanist. Among the more ambitious numbers on her list were Schubert's "Die Allmacht Halt" and "Am Grabe Anselmo's," Brahms's "Immer leiser wird mein Schlumberl" and Tchaikowsky's "Die Trane bebt." She also sang songs by her husband, by Horatio Parker and Mrs. Deach. Mme. Gabrilowitsch was heard to better advantage than at the joint concert given some time ago by herself and her husband. She was free from the nervousness which affected her at that time and her voice was steadier and had more elasticity. Furthermore in the intimacy of the Little Theatre the finer qualities of her interpretations, often of large artistic value, reached her hearers with more certainty. That Mrs. Gabrilowitsch can be an interesting singer was shown in yesterday's

recital. Her vocal equipment is not of a rich order, and her technique is not wholly adequate; but she has taste and insight. Indeed what impressed the hearer in some of her songs was her beauty of conception which sometimes rose to poetic heights, but which her execution did not always enable her to publish in its fullness. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, it is hardly necessary to add, played the accompaniments admirably.

THE MUSICAL ART SOCIETY

First Concert of its Twenty-second Season in Carnegie Hall.

The Musical Art Society enters its twenty-second year with the interest of the part of its supporters apparently unabated, and gave the first of its concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall before an audience in numbers and in quality as fine as those that have listened to its work since the beginning. The Christmastide spirit that has often been made prominent in its December programmes was less so in that of last evening's concert, though it was not absent, and was suggested by three of the numbers at least: Calvisius's setting of the Christmas hymn, "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein"; Nann's "Hodie Christus natus est"; and Cornelius's song, "The Adoration of the Magi," ingeniously arranged by Walter Damrosch, from the ingenious original, in which the solo voice is written contrapuntally around a familiar German chorale.

Many of the numbers on this programme had repeatedly appeared before on the society's programmes, and raised the question why there should not be a further exploration into the great storehouse of choral music, accompanied and unaccompanied. Yet it cannot be denied that the pieces heard were all of approved and unquestionable beauty. The most important number was Bach's cantata, called "The Actus Tragicus," a profoundly beautiful funeral service for chorus and solo voices, with an orchestra of strings and flutes. In this the solos were sung by all the contraltos, tenors, and basses, respectively, in unison. Another important number was Brahms's "Fest und Gedenksprache," superbly vigorous eight-part choruses in contrapuntal style.

The programme offered nothing more interesting and unfamiliar than the two madrigals performed for the first time probably, in America, by Claudio Monteverdi, the greatest and most original of the Italians who were the first experimenters in opera. These madrigals show a remarkable adaptation of the madrigal style to a directer expression of emotion and of vivid and even realistic effects than his predecessors attempted. There was also a new "choral" song, "Dreams All Too Brief," by Sir Edward Elgar, one of his latest compositions, also sung for the first time here.

The chorus of the Musical Art Society, necessarily changing somewhat in personnel from season to season, is sometimes better and sometimes less good. Last evening it seemed somewhat less good than it has in some previous seasons; less good in quality of tone, particularly in the tenors. Nor was its singing always on the high plane that has been established for itself by the society.

There was some uncertainty of intonation in the great "Salve Regina" for three choirs, by Palestrina, with which the concert began; but this was overcome in later numbers, especially in those of simpler texture. There was something lacking in vitality and depth of expression in the performance of Bach's cantata, in which there was a certain perfunctoriness.

As has been done for many years, the choir sang before the first number set down on the programme. Dr. Damrosch's setting of the old German Christmas song, "Stille nacht," to the obvious pleasure of the audience.

Interesting Novelties at the Concert of the Musical Art Society.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

There was more of the glad spirit of the Christmastide in the last part of the concert given by the Musical Art Society in Carnegie Hall last night than in the preceding parts; more in the mood of the music and much more in its performance. As usual, Dr. Frank Damrosch prefaced the set programme with the lovely little German Christmas song, "Stille Nacht," which, beautifully sung (as it always has been), yet failed to put the audience in the mood of quiet receptivity as it used to do. Palestrina's "Salve Regina" followed as the beginning of the regular order. It has been sung before by the society and sung better, but never so well as last night. Under such good conditions, for Damrosch separated the first and second choirs by the width of the platform, and ranged the third alone back. Much depends upon the antiphonal effect of much of this old ecclesiastical music, and this effect has often been lost at the concerts of the society, nor will they ever be heard in their full potency until one of our cathedrals opens its doors to them.

organization to which we owe all that we have learned in twenty years about the music of the Roman Church in its golden age. The fine climax achieved by last night's arrangement atoned for the defects in the performance. The choir, however, it seemed (since Nanini's "Hodie Christus natus est" did not go much better) had devoted most of its study to the secular pieces of the last part, though the marvellously gracious beauty of Calvisius's "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein," was well brought out. Still the audience was unmoved, and until the third part of the programme was reached was warmed into an expression of enthusiasm only by Cornelius's "Adoration of the Magi" (arranged by Walter Damrosch for solo and chorus from the original setting for solo and pianoforte). In this piece the melodic and harmonic substratum consists of one of the loveliest chorales in the German hymnbook ("Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern"), the story of the three kings being told in a beautifully expressive counterpoint melody sung above the chorale by a solo voice.

There was some spirit, but less volume than might have been put into it had the organ been judiciously used, in Schütz's "Sing to the Lord," which is one of the finest compositions that Dr. Damrosch has introduced to us, but, but little in Bach's "Actus tragicus," which belongs to the Lenten rather than the Christmas time. Monotony of color and of performance pervaded this piece, for reasons which it would consume too much time and space to discuss. After it came the secular portion, with the only novelties of the evening—two madrigals by Monteverde, and a new Serenade by Elgar, the latter setting of a Russian poem translated by Mrs. Newmarch. In them, but especially in Brahms's "Festival and Commemorative Sentences," in which the composer showed that he was a true son of Bach as well as the great classic romanticists, Beethoven and Schumann, the glory of the choir shone at its brightest. The Monteverde madrigals proved to be delightful to the ear and less archaic in feeling than any of the ecclesiastical music of the first part. It was particularly interesting to note the outcropping in them of the feeling for modern Italian melody, as well as the dramatic expressiveness which students of music may remember as marking the composer's opera "Orfeo" when it was given in concert form on a Sunday night at the Metropolitan Opera House two or three years ago. Dr. Leopold Damrosch's setting of Tennyson's "Ring Out, Wild Bells," brought the concert to a spirited close.

First Concert of Twenty-second Season of Musical Art Society Pleases.

A CHOIR MUCH NEEDED

The first concert of the twenty-second season of the Musical Art Society at Carnegie Hall last evening was arranged largely to celebrate the Christmas time. But the programme was skillfully varied so that contrast was continually afforded and the hearer's appetite whetted. Of course the evening's music began with "Stille Nacht," which is never on the programme but always prefaces the Christmas concert. The regular list was as follows:

Part I.—"Salve Regina," Palestrina; "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein," Calvisius; "Hodie Christus natus est," Nanini; "Three Kings Have Journeyed," Cornelius; "Sing to the Lord," Schütz.
Part II.—"God's Time Is the Best" (sacred cantata), Bach, accompanied by violas, cellos, basses and organ.
Part III.—"Inere Vater hoffen auf dich" (opus 109), Brahms; "Two Madrigals," Monteverde; "Serenade" (new), Elgar; "Ring Out, Wild Bells," Leopold Damrosch.

This array of music offers food for much more comment than a morning record can contain. Even the programme annotator, with abundant space and time at his command, found himself hard put to it to restrain the historical ardor aroused in him by the entrance of Claudio Monteverde's name for the first time into a Musical Art Society programme.

The magnum opus of the evening was the Bach cantata, but nothing more imposing was heard than the great three choir "Salve Regina" of Palestrina. Mr. Damrosch stationed the three bodies of singers as far apart as possible on the limited stage and thus obtained results fairly approximating the correct antiphonal effect.

At any rate the final union of the three choirs was productive of good tonal quality. The work as a whole was well sung and the masterly polyphony was brought out as clearly as the acoustics of Carnegie Hall would allow. Nanini's "Hodie Christus" went very well indeed, and in it the excellence of the tenors of the choir was well displayed. Much enthusiasm was evoked by the arrangement of Cornelius's "Adoration of the Magi" for solo and chorus, an arrangement which practically transforms a song with pianoforte accompaniment into a motet.

however, cannot be highly profitable. The singing of the choir was on the whole better than it was last winter. There was a more remote time when the quality of tone was richer, but so long as the presentation of the works of the old fathers is as good as it was last night there will be cause for gratitude that the Musical Art Society continues its ministrations in this lovely department of the tonal art.

There has never been a time in the history of New York music when such an organization was more needed for the preservation of a certain purity of taste than now. And still more do we need to hear this old music breathing the spirit of reverential devotion, free from the turbulent utterances of human passion, lifting its aspirations always upward.

For our time is exceedingly prone to materialism and our musical art leans to realism of the frankest type. The mission of the Musical Art Society is beneficent. The music which it offers is beautiful not only in its thought but as pure music. The performances are meritorious and the audiences represent the best musical taste of the city.

Louis Siegel, violinist, was heard in a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. The programme was of interest in arrangement. It contained Bach's E minor sonata, a transcription by Mr. Siegel of Godowsky's "Renaissance," five pieces in dance form, a sarabande, minuet, gavotte, "Musette en Rondeau" and tambourin, by Rameau, and pieces by Chopin, Richard Strauss, Brahms and Wieniawski.

The player showed seriousness of purpose in his various attempts, but otherwise his work hardly justified public appearance. His playing of the Godowsky number was not without the interest of musical feeling, but in the Bach sonata and other pieces calling for a varied sense of style it disclosed deficiencies of good tone and coloring which led to much monotony.

DEC. 17-1914 MME. FREMSTAD IN FOLK SONGS Soprano Gives Interesting Recital Yesterday at Carnegie Hall.

Mme. Olive Fremstad, who until this season illuminated for many years the Wagnerian heroines at the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Mme. Fremstad's departure from the field of opera was one of those inexplicable things in which that particular field abounds. It is certain that the Metropolitan has not yet found her successor, though we must await the advent of Melenie Kurt. We remember her Isolde, her Brünnhilde, her Sieglinde, her Kundry, her Venus, her Arminde as impersonations that may come but once in a generation. If the gods are very good the younger generation, the generation that knew not Lehman and to whom Fremstad was their avatar in all these parts, may see her like again, but, alas, the gods who rule in Helicon are not always good! Yet Mme. Fremstad is still with us, and the audience which greeted her yesterday proved that she still holds her place in our esteem.

It would be idle to assert that Mme. Fremstad finds her allotted place on the concert platform. She is too fundamentally a woman of the theatre, too primarily a singing actress to be altogether at home in the restricted atmosphere of this more intimate form of art. She has always been an actress trained in the "grand manner" and a mistress of that manner, and it is but natural that the more subtle nuances of lieder singing should constrain and irritate her. Yet she proved yesterday that a true artist and a fine musician can please in any field.

Mme. Fremstad was in excellent voice in her middle and lower registers; her upper was less admirable. She was, in short, once more the mezzo-soprano whose reaches she had deserted for the heights upon which dwelt Isolde and Brünnhilde. Her group of Schumann songs were not of great interest; her Grieg, which she sang in their original language, of greater. There was a group by Hugo Wolf, a number of folk-songs, among which she included, perhaps to the surprise of the judicious, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and a final group of Tchaikowsky, Sibelius, Sjogren and Weingartner. In all of them she proved herself the mistress of tone color she ever has been, all of them she sang with sympathy and feeling. If in many of them the ultimate note was lacking, if often there came the regret that she was not singing with the accessories of costume and score setting, we were grateful that we were able to hear her at all. In whatever she undertakes Mme. Fremstad is always the artist, and yesterday's audience, with its insatiable demand for encores, gave abundantly of its esteem.

Rehearsal Held by Newly Organized Orchestra.

At a rehearsal of the newly organized American Symphony orchestra, directed by Mr. Julian Carrillo, recently of Mexico City, a new symphony was played in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon before a few musical men and women. The conductor,

who is the composer of the new work, is a Mexican by birth and was a violinist under Mr. Arthur Nikisch in the Gewandhaus orchestra, in Leipzig.

The new symphony showed little originality. There seemed to be no definite style and the orchestration was often too cumbersome to bring out the ideas of the composer in the clearest way. Some of the melodic material seemed to be catchy and pleasing.

It was one of the first rehearsals of the organization, so that the playing of the men was sometimes a little rough. The American Symphony Orchestra will give six concerts here in the course of the season.

Olive Fremstad Gives Recital.

Madame Olive Fremstad appeared yesterday for the first time before a New York audience as a singer of songs. She selected a programme including songs seldom if ever seen on local lists, although some of them, at least, deserve a better fate.

The most interesting numbers on her programme were four by Grieg—five, to be more accurate, as she sang one for an encore—and an Algerian-Moorish folk-song, "Ma Gazelle." The Grieg songs, and all the other modern works, would have been improved if Mr. Epstein, the accompanist, had realized that he was dealing with an operatic, not a parlor, voice and therefore given more body to the piano part, which is quite as important as that for the voice. Through his fault, the audience failed to grasp the rare beauties of the first Grieg song, "Spillemaend," or "Minstrel's Song," with its poignant discords, which are quite as striking as any in the present-day works, and have the advantage of being used for a definite musical purpose. The other Grieg songs were "Twas on a Lovely Eve in June," a song which breathes the very soul of Norway; "The Wounded Heart," often heard here in its orchestral arrangement, and far too seldom as a song. The fourth was "The Fame-Seeker," brilliant, but not marked unmistakably with the impress of Grieg's genius. As an encore, Mme. Fremstad added the delicious "First Primrose."

Every lover of local color must have been grateful to the singer for bringing forward the fascinating oriental folk-song, "Ma Gazelle." The audience insisted on a repetition, having fallen captive to its rhythmic charm. Four of Schumann's least interesting songs opened the recital, and Wolf contributed three. It would be interesting to know whether, if the composer's names had been omitted, a single hand would have been raised after any of these songs, except as a tribute to the singer.

Mme. Fremstad was in good voice, better than when she was heard here some weeks ago, and she pleased her admirers by her interpretation of the songs. It is a singular thing that she was at her best in a Scotch lullaby, instead of songs of more dramatic color and depth. Her programme was a long one, but she added many encores, accompanying herself in several.

DEC. 18-1914 PHILHARMONIC HAS FERRARI-FONTANA PROGRAMME IS BRILLIANT

The Philharmonic Society gave its fifth regular evening concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The conditions attending the occasion were those to assure generally a feast of musical delights and the audience assembled was one of large size.

The programme offered as a soloist the Italian tenor Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, who made such a success at his debut here last season when he appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House as *Avito* in Italo Montemezzi's opera "L'Amore del Tre Re." As orchestral numbers, Russian, German and Hungarian music was presented. The first two selections were less familiar on the society's programmes and all were brilliant in character. They comprised the symphonic suite "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Till Eulenspiegel and His Merry Pranks," and Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody.

Mr. Ferrari-Fontana was heard in Beethoven's son "Adelaide" and an operatic aria, the "Oh! tu che in seno agli angeli," from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino." The beauty of his voice made a strong appeal and on the whole he used it with the excellent taste remembered in his former singing here. Its robust quality, combined with remarkably strong dramatic power, would seem to fit him first of all for the performance of music operatic in caste. His delivery of "Adelaide" last night in a measure confirmed this conclusion, though a sense of loss it contained was largely due to his use of Italian text

and a style in phrasing that was somewhat uneven. But on the whole he sang the song with taste and feeling.

The performance of the orchestra was of much interest. The compositions it rendered were well adapted for affording a display of power in fine tonal balance, brilliance of finish and the building of dramatic climaxes. These are all qualities in which the organization has excellent resources and its work last night again drew richly upon them and thereby added to a fine record of past achievement. Maximilian Pilzer, the concert master, deserves a special word of praise for his playing of the solos in the Rimsky-Korsakoff suite.

The Philharmonic Society's concert last evening was devoted to a programme made up of modern music, but music that now seems of the less strenuous sort in its exactions upon the attention and receptive powers of the audience. For today even Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel," is no longer an inextricable and bewildering maze of sound, but is intelligible in its cleverness and dexterity, its brilliant command of orchestral technique. As for Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," it offered few difficulties twenty odd years ago when the Philharmonic Society first performed it, and still seems one of the most spontaneous and ingenious of its composer's orchestral works, with its individual and insinuating melody, its suggestion of the rolling sea, and its contrivance of Oriental color and Oriental rhapsodic passage work, its clever representation of the Oriental narrative.

These, with Liszt's orchestral version of his first Hungarian Rhapsody were the orchestral numbers. They were not played with all the precision and bravura to which Mr. Stransky has brought the orchestra in its recent concerts. The players did not seem in their best form, either collectively or in the solo passages which occur in the same frequently in the music preformed. The tone in quality and cohesiveness, too, left something to be desired. But in response to the applause which greeted "Scheherazade," and "Till Eulenspiegel," Mr. Stransky had his men rise to bow.

The solo singer was Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, the tenor who so successfully took part in last season's representations of "L'Amore del Tre Re" at the Metropolitan Opera House, being dispatched for that purpose to New York from the Boston Opera. His first number was Beethoven's song, "Adelaide," in Italian, with accompaniment arranged for orchestra, his singing of which was distinctly disappointing. It suggested that he was not fully versed in the purely lyric and flowing style demanded by the work. Neither in phrasing nor in the feeling for legato, which is conspicuously demands, did he meet its requirements, and his voice was not at its best, as it was remembered from his memorable operatic performances. There was unevenness in its quality and excess of colorless tone. He was more at home in a recitative and aria from Verdi's opera, "La Forza del Destino," and sang it in several respects better, his voice itself taking on finer and more agreeable quality and adapting itself with more certainty to the dramatic and pathetic accents of the music. It was plain that Mr. Ferrari-Fontana is a dramatic singer rather than a lyric one.

It was doubtful for hours yesterday if Miss Farrar would be able to sing in last night's repetition of "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House because of a severe cold, but she pluckily decided to sing, and did so with honor, her second act aria, "Vissi d'Arte," being extremely effective and arousing great applause.

Mr. Martinelli, as Mario, was in brilliant voice, and Mr. Scott's fine Scarpia also added to the enjoyment of the audience. The rôle of the Sacristan fell to the lot of Mr. Leonhardt for the first time, and he acquitted himself with credit.

Although he had rehearsed "Euryanthe" all morning, Mr. Toscanini conducted with tremendous dramatic effect.

RECITAL BY JAN SICKESZ.

Jan Sickesz, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His programme consisted of Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata, opus 27; No. 2, Schumann's C major fantasia, opus 17; two intermezzi, a capriccio and a rhapsody of Brahms, two preludes of Rachmaninov and Liszt's "Petrarch Sonetto" and sixth Hungarian rhapsody. The programme called the Beethoven composition the "Moonlight" sonata. Fanciful young adepts of pianists may be permitted to use this title, but artists should exclude it from their printed announcements. Beethoven did not give his compositions this sentimental name.

Mr. Sickesz was heard here in the latter part of the season of 1907-8, when he satisfied his auditors that he possessed a fluent, if not always accurate, technique, and not much more. It can be said for him that he has made progress in the mechanics of his art, for his touch has gained in variety and he has some good tone color at his command. His playing yesterday was heard at its best in the first movement of the Beethoven work, which he performed with singing tone and with the repose of style.

self-control in the performance and the passages were sometimes too hurried and carelessly accented to keep their symmetry. Schumann's great fantasia in C, which is a composition calling for immense breadth, profound tenderness and deep introspection, lay beyond the range of the pianist's expression. He played it superficially, with something like correctness, but without communicative emotional quality. *sun*

Dec. 19, 1914

Gabrilowitsch, Soloist.

Walter Damrosch has often been praised in this journal for his good taste in programme-making, which, unfortunately, is not infrequently more commendable than his conducting. Yesterday afternoon, in Aeolian Hall, he deserved praise both for his programme and his manner of interpreting it. He provided an excellent accompaniment to a Russian concerto played by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and gave interesting readings of the two French works which constituted the purely orchestral parts of the programme—the C minor symphony of Saint-Saëns, and Debussy's "Iberia," which is one of those piquant and fantastic productions of the Impressionistic style in which melodic pattern and harmonic sequence are discarded as superfluous.

Particularly agreeable to hear again was the Saint-Saëns symphony, a work which will doubtless be played much more frequently in the future than it has been in the past, and long after the Debussyan style of mixed pickles will have disappeared from the menus. As Saint-Saëns, in composing his delightfully realistic symphonic poems, followed the example of Liszt, so in this longer and cyclical work he applied Lisztian improvements on the traditional symphonic form. These, however, would not have helped his work to survive had it not been replete with original and beautiful musical ideas, elaborated with true French delicacy, brilliancy, and lucidity. The coloring, too, is noticeable for its charm, even in these days. The added piano part, it is true, does not contribute anything that might not have been better achieved by the harp; but the organ part gives a rich and sonorous substratum most agreeable to hear, and bearing witness to the fact that Saint-Saëns is himself a master welder of that instrument.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the second concerto of Rachmaninoff. It is an entirely uninspired work, mere Kapellmeistermusik, but often extremely brilliant and effective, at least when played by such a master pianist as Gabrilowitsch, and he fully merited the tumultuous applause which followed its performance.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch Gives Fine Performance of Concerto by Rachmaninov.

MUSIC BY DEBUSSY PLAYED

The concert of the Symphony Society of New York at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was one of interest. The programme comprised the C minor symphony of Saint-Saëns, Rachmaninov's second concerto for piano and orchestra, and Debussy's "Iberia." The solo performer was Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the distinguished Russian pianist. The concerto chosen by him was first played here by Raoul Pugno, the eminent French pianist, at a Russian Symphony Society concert on November 13, 1905. It rested then till November 12, 1908, when Tina Lerner attempted it.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played it with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on December 3 of the same year, and the composer himself was the pianist at a Boston Symphony matinee on November 13, 1909. It has been played since that time, but not in a noteworthy manner. The composition, like many others, improves upon repetition, but it must always rely largely on the excellence of its performance. It is good if not great music, and when interpreted with sympathy and high technical skill must always be agreeable to hear.

That it contains ideas of genuine beauty is indisputable and in some pages of their treatment the composer has sung his instrumental song with poetry. But there are other pages in which the connection is not clear and the impression is made that the composer is concealing his want of resource with a prodigious display of piano virtuosity.

But the concerto is one with which a real artist may come before an audience with dignity, and with which he can disclose the best qualities of his playing. Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a musician of singularly fine fibre, of exquisite taste, of

genuine temperament and of large technical ability. His performance of his countryman's concerto yesterday was a brilliant achievement. He played the strenuous portions of the work with immense power and with great opulence of color. In the tenderer parts he disclosed a lovely insight and a most admirable variety of expressive nuances.

His interpretation of the composition as a whole brought out all that was best in it and made it interesting even in its most tenuous passages. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has grown steadily in artistic stature since he first came to this country, and must now be accorded a position in the very small body of players who unite force, brilliancy and intellectual quality and the power to publish emotion. The accompaniment furnished by Mr. Damrosch and his men was of the best kind.

It is not necessary at this time to put forth an essay on the other two works on the programme. They are not unknown to local music lovers, and both were excellently performed by the musicians of the Symphony Society orchestra. The programme will be repeated at the concert of to-morrow afternoon.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Saint Saëns's Symphony and Debussy's "Iberia" Played.

At the concert of the New York Symphony Society yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, the symphony was Saint-Saëns's in C minor; the soloist was Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who played, as he did once before in New York just six years ago, Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto; and this was followed by Debussy's three pieces for orchestra called "Iberia."

Saint-Saëns's ambitious symphony, which has been known in New York for a quarter of a century, does not often appear upon programmes of the orchestral societies, although it is by no means generally "shelved." It is long and very serious, his most elaborate attempt in orchestral composition, and enlists besides the usual orchestral apparatus the organ and the piano, not as solo instruments, but as part of the collective instrumental forces. He has also adopted in it some more or less original ideas of his own concerning form, one of whose results is that the work appears in two main divisions, containing within them the four traditional movements, but with certain abbreviations or omissions of some of the customary repetitions. He has also made use of a "germinal theme," as others have done before him, which appears in various transformations and furnishes some of the material for all the movements.

Like most of Saint-Saëns's music, this symphony is more interesting than inspiring or inspired. Its beauties are sober and self-restrained; there is ingenuity in the development of the central idea, and in some of the contrapuntal passages. It has something to say, though it does not rise to lofty eloquence or poetic fervor. The elaborate instrumentation, to which the composer called attention when it was first produced, no longer seems especially noteworthy. If it ever did, the use of the piano, played sometimes by one performer and sometimes by two, is singularly ineffective and unnecessary. That of the organ, however, makes a real contribution to the tonal substance.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the concerto in a masterly style. He has developed since his first appearance in New York a dozen years ago into a commanding artistic personality. There were fine, sinewy vigor, poetic feeling and splendid rhythmic inclusiveness in his performance, which was marked by admirable self-restraint. It was a performance dominated evidently by affection for the work and devotion, and set forth the concerto in its best light. It has been many times heard in New York; but even so excellent a performance as Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave does not establish its place very high. There are pages of real beauty in it, certain climaxes of impressiveness. If the theme of the slow movement were not so insistently repeated it would leave a more fragrant memory than it does.

Debussy's "Iberia" consists of three pieces, all evoking the atmosphere of Spain by day and by night, as he has been fond of doing in other compositions. They are all, of course, what is called "impressionistic," vague in form and substance, depending more upon orchestral color, capriciously shifting harmonies and dissonances, and strongly defined and intricate rhythms than upon thematic material for their effect. They show great cleverness in the manipulation of slide materials; but he has done similar things before with greater subtlety and charm.

Mme. Raymonde Delaunoy Heard a "Moments Musicaux."

In the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel yesterday afternoon the second of the series of Friday afternoons called "Moments Musicaux avec Danses Modernes et Classiques" was held, attracting a large audience. The first part of the programme, the concert division, enlisted the services of Mme. Raymonde Delaunoy, Belgian contralto, who sang modern and ancient French songs and a number by Moussorgsky, Dr. Anselm Goetzl playing her piano accompaniments. Mr. Alois Reiser, cellist, and Mr. Milo Picco, barytone, also contributed solos.

Miss Lola and Mr. Lambert danced some solo ballet dances, after which the floor was cleared for general dancing, in which the audience participated.

DESTINN IS ILL; OPERA'S CHANGE

MME. GADSKI AS SANTUZZA

How Germans Get Into the Atmosphere or Stimmung of Italian Opera.

Owing to the indisposition of Mme. Destinn "La Gioconda" was not performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," the gold-dust twins took its place.

Mme. Destinn could not sing Santuzza's "Cavalleria Rusticana" for the same reason that she could not sing the misadventured street singer, so Mme. Gadski had to be called into the breach. Mme. Gadski had expected a quiet evening at home last night at the Langham and had ordered for her and Hans dinner the following menu:

- Noodle Soup a la Scarborough.
- Swine Cutlets with Von der Goltz Sauce
- Sauerkraut a la Metz
- Schauerbratt a l'Empereur
- Bombes a la Zepplin
- Bernastler Dekor
- Oberingelheimer Rothwein
- Englandsaas Pfeffer

Just before dinner she got an alarm call from Gatti-Casazza to the effect that she was to sing Santuzza. When Amalia brought her the menu prima donna said, "Impossible. I can not eat a German dinner before an Italian opera. It would put me out of the Stimmung." Hans sympathetically telephoned over to Giorgio Polacco for some macaroni and chianti. These arrived almost at once. Mme. Gadski ate the meal, put on a black wig, donned a Sicilian accent and some Italian nuances out of her trunk, rushed to the opera and nearly sang the head off sympathetic old Mamma Lucia. When congratulated on her good form, she said "Ach! Mein children. Stimmung is alles." (Atmosphere is all.)

Mlle. Bori, Enrico Caruso and Pastoretto Amato were others who took part in the twin performance.

Illness of Mme. Destinn Brings Change to "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

"La Gioconda" was to have been sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, but it could not be given because of the indisposition of Mme. Destinn. The distinguished soprano contracted a cold early in the week and was unable to sing the title role of "Aida" in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening, but the opera was given with Mme. Rappold as the needed substitute. It was expected that Mme. Destinn would be able to sing last evening and the announcements of "La Gioconda" were continued. But the soprano did not recover, and as there is no other singer of "La Gioconda" in the company "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were given.

This change had no effect on the size of the audience, for operagoers seem never weary of hearing Mr. Caruso in the role of Canio. Furthermore the familiar double bill gave the listeners opportunity to hear two prima donnas, Mme. Gadski as Santuzza and Miss Bori as Nedda. Mr. Amato, who would have sung Barabba in Ponchielli's opera, was heard as Tonio in Leoncavallo's. Mr. Tegani sang Alfo in the Mascagni work and Mr. Botta was the Turiddu. The audience was very enthusiastic and the performances deserved the approval.

EURYANTHE GIVEN AT METROPOLITAN

Old Masterpiece Has Brilliant Revival After Twenty-six Years Rest.

- Euryanthe..... Frieda Hempel
- Eglantine.....Margarete Ober
- Adolar.....Johannes Sembach
- Lysart.....Hermann Will
- King Ludwig VI.....Arthur Middleton
- Bertha.....Mabel Garrison
- Rudolf.....Max Bloch

Weber's "Euryanthe" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon after a silence of twenty-six years. The reproduction of this remarkable contribution to the operatic treasures of the world is due principally to the enthusiastic admiration of Arturo Toscanini, whose singularly un-Italian taste is peculiarly fitted for an appreciation of its profound character. The

audience which sat through the reproduction of yesterday was a typical Metropolitan matinee assemblage, but if demeanor foreshadowed what may be expected from evening audiences the chaise will take on a new lease of life.

The story of "Euryanthe" has already been told in this place, and at this moment all that is necessary is a repetition of the assertion that it is a tale of virtuous stupidity, villainy, misblundering and improbability supreme. In its original shape, the "Historie Genard de Nevers et de la belle et vertueuse Euryanthe de Savoy, sa mie," was good enough to furnish material for a tale of Boccaccio and for the "Cymbeline" of Shakespeare, but in the hands of the adipose and gelatinous Helmi von Chezy it was transformed into a chronicle of vapors and tears.

However, beneath the incoherent, disjointed incidents and flatulent situations are foundations of feeling upon which the genius of Weber reared a musical school of extraordinary beauty and dramatic power, whose lovely message would more quickly reach the public heart if the minds of operagoers were not attuned to the more spectacular music of Puccini and the more dazzling theatrical displays of "Aida," "La Gioconda" and similar works.

Every person familiar with Wagner's music dramas will be struck by the appearance in "Euryanthe" of much that seems to be in the very blood and spirit of Wagner's art. Even some of the incidents and details of Weber's opera to make a most obvious jest, are stolen from "Tannhauser," which was given to the world twenty-two years later. The hall of song, the entrance of the guests, the minnelied of Adolar, the fury of Eglantine after she has received Euryanthe by a display of tenderness, the hunting horns of the king in the mountains, and even the bearing away of the unconscious heroine by the huntsmen—all will inevitably bring to the mind of the most casual observer incidents in Wagnerian drama.

Weber Anticipated Wagner.

But these are only superficialities. The true resemblance lies far beneath the surface. Weber anticipated Wagner in the theories of the music drama, and in "Euryanthe" we are confronted with work written with a profound seriousness and with deep artistic conviction. Weber himself said of it, "Euryanthe" is a simple, earnest work, which strives for nothing save truthfulness of expression, passion and delineation of character. It lacks the varied changes and stimulating agencies of its predecessor." He spoke here of "Der Freischutz," which is a striking stage effects wholly absent from this opera.

In his endeavor to concentrate himself upon freeing the emotional spirit of play and defining the personalities of characters Weber was splendidly successful. It is therefore incumbent upon us to try to receive from the work what the composer strove to put into and not to declare that we are "disappointed" because it is not something other than what it was intended to be.

We shall find little of that kind of bustling and insistent stage pictures which even the dramas of Wagner entertain us. We shall meet with little music which seeks to impress upon us its own sensuous delights rather than to publish the emotion of the moment. We shall hear measures which proclaim tragic passions in tremendous accents, and others which sing tenderness in melting tones. But we shall have to readjust our standards if we are to get sustained enjoyment from all this. We shall have to bar the familiar idioms of Puccini and Verdi and even the more elastic formulae of Wagner. We must bring ourselves to a mental condition which will recognize that this is the music which preceded Wagner's, which was its artistic ancestor, and indeed its model.

We shall then be prepared to discern the lovely character of Weber's gentle melodies, such as are chiefly associated with Euryanthe herself, the brilliant setting of the chivalric spirit of romance belonging to the period, as found most in the essentially German "Gschengere" choruses, the knightly utterances of the unnecessarily bewildered Adolar and the tremendous outpour of the horrible passions of Eglantine and Lysart. We shall perceive the fervent feeling of this music, the firmness of its artistic texture, the originality of its quality. We shall see the clearness of Weber's character drawing, one of the most important achievements in operatic writing, and we shall prodigal in our admiration of the melodious beauty of the composer's method of expression.

Weber's Great Vocal Forms.

Possibly we may also prasp the artistic value and significance of Weber's grand declamation, which becomes more pregnant with meaning when considered historically and in its relation to the musical speech of Wagner. We bear in mind that the prince of the dramatic stage of the time was Rossini, with "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" dates from the same time, whose brilliant vocal concerto, "Serafide" was produced in the same year. Weber's opera, in his "Otello" he abandoned the old fashioned style of conversation known as "secco recitativo," in which the dialogue of dramas was customarily carried on by occasional chords usually played on a

hard or piano.

Rossini used what is called "recitativo" or orchestrated recitative throughout his "Otello"; but the old way was not immediately discontinued by other composers. Weber's powerfully orchestrated declamation, which in its melodic phraseology has little resemblance to Italian recitative, but shows a closer connection with the great recitative of Mozart and of Beethoven's "Fidelio," imparts to his entire work a virile and truly dramatic manner, which finds its logical development in the song-speech of Wagner.

The extended vocal pieces of Weber, best described as dramatic scenes, are the product of the union of this grand recitative with cantilena and bravura. This type of vocal number is found in embryonic shape in *Donna Anna's* great scene, beginning "Don Ottavio, son morto," in "Don Giovanni," and the definite form appears in the tremendous "Abscheulicher! Wo willst du hin?" of Beethoven's "Fidelio." Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," in "Oberon," is the perfected specimen.

In "Euryanthe" the one most brilliant example is *Eglantine's* "Bethoerte, die an meine Liebe glaubt," a mighty outburst of tragic rage and hate. We of to-day are astonished to hear in this and in the great duet between *Eglantine* and *Lysiart* of florid passages for the voice. There is not time now to examine the character of this feature of Weber's music; but it will suffice to say that the most cursory comparison of the floridity of Weber with that of Rossini in his "Semiramide" will disclose the fundamental difference between the latter, which is purely ornamental coloratura, and the former, which is the true dramatic bravura. Weber's musical genius found in bravura an instrument for expression, and it is one of the most brilliant features of all his overtures and of such other compositions as his "Concertstuecke" and his sonatas for piano.

A Score of Great Variety.

The score of "Euryanthe," then, offers us a combination of tender or sentimental melodies, suited to the personalities of the two lovers, with boldly conceived and temperamentally written tragic scenes for the two conspirators, and a background of peaceful tune, alternating between the publication of the urly spirit in aristocratic choruses, and the delineation of the rustic life of the land in peasant song and dance. It is a score of extraordinarily rich texture and its finer beauties will certainly not be fully appreciated at a first hearing. Its forcefulness and the brilliant individuality of its method can be recognized perfectly only by hearers who bear always in mind that this was the score before the Wagnerian era began. At this point the comments of Robert Schumann, the keenest and wisest music critic the world has yet known, become apposite. They occur in his operatic notebook:

"We read about this ['Euryanthe'] and we had not done about anything for long time. The music is too little known and appreciated. It is Weber's noblest heart's blood, and this opera certainly cost him a part of his life—but to render him immortal by its means. It is a chain of sparkling jewels from beginning to end—all intellectual, masterly, low glorious, how characteristic are some of its details, especially in the music of *Eglantine* and *Euryanthe*—and how the instruments ring! They speak to us from the profoundest, most inward depths. We were full of it—talked long of it. I think the most genial number of the opera is the duet between *Lysiart* and *Eglantine* in the second act. The march in the third act is also admirable. However, the crown must be awarded to the work and not to separate passages."

This one paragraph grasps the heart of the matter and points to the essential splendors of the drama.

Traits of the Production.

The production of this opera was an act of artistic devotion on the part of Mr. Gatti-Casazza. The doubtful glory of popularity may not be the fate of a work so deeply felt and so nobly written, but the revival will sustain the prestige of the theatre. All that could be done to make the representation brilliant scenically has been done. The settings are excellent, that of the rocky pass in the third act notably so. The costuming, stage management, preparation of the vocal singing and other items have been on the liberal scale to which the present manager has accustomed us.

Mr. Toscanini has entered into the musical study of the opera with prodigious enthusiasm and with a fastidious appreciation of the character of the music.

In his reading there was authority, and there was also love. Nothing of the etic beauty of the score escaped him. The familiar overture did not sound like as brilliant as it does in the concert hall, we must remember that the orchestra does not boast so many things as concert organizations, and Weber's musical style clamors for strings. Of the impersonation of the principals not much need be said at this time. We honor easily fell to Miss Hempel *Euryanthe*, and Mr. Sembach as *Adolar*. They sang admirably and fitted themselves nicely into the dramatic scheme. Mr. Weil rose above his own level in

the arduous role of *Lysiart*, but he left much to be desired. As *Eglantine*, Mme. Ober aroused astonishment at the extent of her physical endurance and regret that it should not have been employed with much more gratifying results.

The first *Eglantine* was one Mme. Gruenbaum, of whom Fells tells us that she had a rare dramatic talent and a vocalization so brilliant that she was called "the German Catalani." The great role of *Eglantine* needs just such an equipment. Those who have often listened to the vigorous deliveries of Mme. Ober could not have been disappointed by her inability to meet the requirements of Weber's declamation of his bravura. The typical opera singer of to-day has not the school for this music. Mr. Middleton was vocally satisfying as the paternal monarch, though royalty throned itself upon his brow with some difficulty. However, all the singers were so heartily in sympathy with their tasks that the general effect of the performance was admirable.

Dec. 21-1914

A Great Opera Revived.

Never in the thirty years of its existence has the Metropolitan Opera Company done anything more redounding to its glory than the brilliant revival, on Saturday, of Weber's "Euryanthe." It is not too much to say that this opera is interesting and important from more points of view than any other ever composed. The extraordinary success of Wagner has kept from many the truth that while his operas have influenced all composers, he himself owed to Weber, and particularly to "Euryanthe," nearly all the suggestions for changing the old-fashioned opera, or "concert in costume," into a genuine music drama.

Were it only for this, "Euryanthe" would deserve to be kept in the repertory. But the purely musical reasons for restoring it are very much more potent still. A composition may be historically important without being otherwise interesting; but "Euryanthe," as Schumann truly remarked, "from end to end is one chain of sparkling gems."

Evidently Saturday's audience found it so, for there was a tremendous amount of applause. Mr. Gatti-Casazza had provided an excellent cast, including Frieda Hempel, Margarete Ober, Johannes Sembach, Arthur Middleton, Max Bloch, and Mabel Garrison, with the great Toscanini at the conductor's desk; and the scenic splendors were, it is quite safe to say, greater than those seen at any previous production of this wonderful opera anywhere in the ninety-one years of its existence.

There was only one thing to be regretted. Knowing how conscientious Mr. Toscanini is in the matter of respecting the wishes of the great masters, those who know and love "Euryanthe" expected, in the course of the overture, that the curtain would rise for a moment to disclose the following tableau: "The interior of Emma's tomb; a kneeling statue is beside her coffin, which is surrounded by a twelfth-century baldacchino. Euryanthe prays by the coffin, while the spirit of Emma hovers overhead. Eglantine looks on." The makers of the Metropolitan scenery evidently did not have in mind this wish of the composer, and so it is impossible for the conductor to respect it.

The importance of this tableau lies in this, that it focuses attention at the very beginning on the pivot on which the whole opera revolves. Its plot has often been sneered at as puerile and unintelligible; but if the spectator knows the mystery of the tomb there is no trouble at all in following and understanding the story. Before the events narrated in the opera occurred, Emma, hearing that her lover had fallen in battle, had committed suicide by sucking poison from her ring, appearing thereafter as a ghost to Euryanthe, who is engaged to Count Adolar. The tears of an innocent maiden moistening this ring alone can release her from the curse of ghostdom. Adolar had told this secret of the tomb to Euryanthe, under pledge of absolute secrecy; but she, her feelings harrowed at sight of the ghost, gives away the secret to Eglantine, whom she supposes to be her friend, but who is her jealous and unscrupulous rival for the love of Adolar. Adolar had spurned her, but as soon as she has discovered the secret of the tomb, she breaks into the tomb, secures the ring, gives it to her villainous accomplice, Count Lysiart, who succeeds with its aid in convincing Adolar that Euryanthe has broken her faith. For this she is condemned to death, and Adolar leads her into the forest to slay her. They are attacked by a serpent, and Euryanthe risks her life to save his, whereupon he takes his sword and leaves her to her

late. She is found dying by the king, and his hunters, explains to him what she should have explained sooner, and is taken back to court. There Eglantine makes a public confession of her crime, and is stabbed by Lysiart. The lovers are reunited, and Emma's ghost is appeased because the tears of Euryanthe had moistened her ring.

Much abuse has been heaped upon the woman who concocted this libretto. She was one of those sexless beings formerly called bluestockings. Weber always referred to her, not as "die Chezy," but as "das Chezy." He made her rewrite the libretto nine times. In its first form it must have been weird, indeed; why did he ever choose it, when many other plots were submitted to him?

He had the best of reasons. Amidst these mediæval absurdities his genius discovered tremendous operatic and dramatic possibilities. Among the operatic features were the chances for airs, processions, and scenes at court; among the dramatic, the hunting music, the expression of tender feelings of love, opposed to the ravings of jealousy and hatred. But above all, it was the keynote of the plot, the tomb mystery, that appealed to Weber's musical imagination. The weird, ghostly music in the overture (which should be explained by the momentary rising of the curtain) is heard again when Euryanthe confesses the secret to her false friend. Without even excepting the thrilling scene in "Don Giovanni," when the ghost of the murdered commander appears to the libertine, which represents the climax of Mozart's genius, there is nothing in opera previous to Weber equal to this ghostly music in "Euryanthe," which Dr. Spitta described in these words: "Four muted violins whose long sustained notes are supported by quivering violins, and violas, also muted, with stifled moans from low flutes, suggest a spectral form, only half visible in the moonlight, hovering overhead and muttering words which die away indistinctly on the breeze."

Not only is there nothing musically, realistically, and emotionally superior to this episode in any opera written previously to Weber; there is nothing to surpass it in modern operas and music dramas, including Wagner's. Ever since Weber's splendid biography by his son was published the world has known how astonishingly Wagner was indebted to Weber for dramatic and musical suggestions. The biographer counted up how many leading motives his father used, showing Wagner the way. Who that had the enviable privilege of hearing "Euryanthe" on Saturday did not in dozens of places say "there's the model for 'Tannhäuser'—there for 'Lohengrin'!" Nay even the later music dramas are occasionally hinted at!

Weingartner's war cry "Back to Mozart!" should have been "Back to Weber!" for Weber gives us as much melody as Mozart, without so many old-fashioned trimmings, while emotionally and harmonically he appeals more to modern taste. Very little, indeed, of the music in "Euryanthe" is antiquated. Most of it is as refreshing and modern as "Tristan" or "Die Walküre." Mr. Toscanini achieved marvels in entering into the spirit of this masterpiece of German romanticism; it was the climax of his conductorial art, and the audience gave him a tremendous ovation at the beginning of the second act. There was also much applause for the singers, but details regarding their admirable work must be reserved till after the second performance, which takes place a week from to-night, and to which the writer of these comments looks forward with the eagerness of a child waiting to see the Christmas tree. Briefly be it said that both Frieda Hempel and Margarete Ober showed themselves greater singers, and artists than ever before, while Sembach, Middleton, and Weil also deserve high praise for their success with anything but easy parts.

CHEER KREISLER TILL TIRED OUT Great Audience at Opera House Gives Ovation to Artist Wounded in War.

Fritz Kreisler was the assisting artist at last night's concert, and the result was one of the largest audiences the Metropolitan Opera House has ever had, and it was enthusiastic beyond the rule of Sunday night audiences. The applause for the great violinist ceased only through very weariness.

Mr. Kreisler played the Tchaikovsky concerto in D major to the accompaniment of the orchestra, under the direction of Richard Hageman, and a number of shorter pieces, including Cottenet's "Chanson Meditation," Couperin's "La Précieuse" and the violinist's own "Caprice Viennois," all to the piano accompaniment of Carl Samson. Mr. Kreisler was distinctly in the vein, his bowing broad and vigorous, his tone large and rich, his sense of rhythm splendidly incisive.

Whether in the concerto or in the delicate tracteries of his latter group, he was the great master, whose art remains to us despite an inadvertent Cossack charge.

Mme. Frances Alda sang songs by Massenet, Hué, La Farge and Woodman to general satisfaction, and Arthur Middleton, an air from "The Messiah," and Walter Damrosch's "Danny Deever" with the same smooth, even tones he displayed in Saturday's "Euryanthe."

Mr. Hageman gave spirited readings with the orchestra of the "Rienzi" overture, the Ballet Music from Saint-Saëns' Henry VIII and Tjalvorsen's "Triumphal Entry of the Bojors."

FINE MUSIC AT PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Miss Maud Powell as the Solo Violinist Enthusiastically Greeted.
Tchaikowsky's 'Pathetic' Given
as the Chief Orchestral Number

At the People's Symphony Society's first concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall an ambitious programme was presented in praiseworthy manner.

Maud Powell, the celebrated violinist, played the opening movement of the Beethoven concerto in D major and Saint-Saëns' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Miss Powell was in excellent form and invested her interpretation with breadth of style, lovely quality and exact technique. She was enthusiastically and deservedly applauded.

The orchestra offered as its chief number Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, and demonstrated a commendable ability in the breathless passages, a more than ordinarily good balance in the ensembles, and a power and vigor that aided materially in the several great climaxes.

Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz" opened the concert, and Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" was the closing number.

Dec. 22, 1914 "LA TRAVIATA" SUNG AT METROPOLITAN Old Time Verdi Opera Given With Frieda Hempel in Chief Role.

MR. AMATO SINGS GERMONT

The Monday evening audience at the Metropolitan Opera House was not greatly extended beyond the ranks of the subscribers last evening. Doubtless the fact that it was the beginning of Christmas week had its influence, but it must have been small, for the patrons of opera are not greatly touched by such matters. The real reason was probably the offering of the evening, Verdi's old time opera "La Traviata." It is an excellent work of its kind, and there are still many people who cherish it, but for the general public it has little attractiveness unless at least two brilliant stars are to be heard in it.

The cast of last evening comprised Miss Hempel as *Violetta*, Luca Botta as *Alfredo* and Pasquale Amato as *Giorgio Germont*. The soprano and the barytone are accounted stars, but the required binary system would have the tenor instead of the barytone. Mr. Botta, a singer of agreeable qualities but of no distinction, cannot yet meet the requirements. And it was a comparatively dull performance last evening, too, for there seemed to be little spirit on the stage or in the audience.

Miss Hempel is a more than ordinarily good *Violetta*, but not until the first act is over. Coloratura is by no means her happiest field, whereas in the more lyric passages she is heard to advantage. Last evening she was not in her best voice and her singing lacked freedom and elasticity. Her impersonation of *Violetta* is in general well planned and it has moments of tender loveliness.

Doubtless she might make her effects more plausible if the *Alfredo* were more

Mr. Botta sings his music in this opera in a tolerable manner (and no more) does not impart much personality to his role. The result is that Mr. Amato's Germont, somewhat too staid and stentorian at times, but always forceful and direct, dominates the scenes in which he is present. Mr. Polacco has been assigned to the duty of conducting "La Traviata" of late, and he discharges his duties with skill.

"La Traviata" at the Metropolitan.

Verdi has been praised because, after having dealt almost entirely in melodrama of the most transparent description, he succeeded so brilliantly in "drawing-room tragedy" when he composed "La Traviata." This opera, in its psychological subtlety, foreshadows "Otello" and "Falstaff," while at the same time possessing a superior melodic interest. The orchestral score, as interpreted at the Metropolitan last night by Mr. Polacco, contains many a titbit for the ears of musical epicures. The cast was headed by Frieda Hempel, who was in excellent voice, and who gave an impersonation of Violetta seldom equalled here. With Luca Botta as Alfredo and Amato as Germont, she succeeded in entirely satisfying the large audience.

Dec. 23, 1914
Mr. Bauer Plays in Concert with Kneisel Quartet

Only one string quartet was played at the second of the season's concerts by the Kneisel Quartet in Aeolian Hall last night. The rest of the entertainment was taken up with two numbers which require the services of a pianist, and Mr. Harold Bauer was the artist selected. He has become known here favorably in past seasons, not only as a soloist but as an ensemble player.

Mr. Hans Letz, the second violinist, who was detained in Europe at the time of the other concert of the series, made his reappearance, but was heard in only the first number, Dvorak's Quartet opus 34, which was played with the usual Kneisel perfection of detail and fine balance of parts. Thereafter Mr. Letz turned the pages for Mr. Bauer.

First of the miscellaneous chamber music selections was Brahms' sonata in E major for violoncello and piano, in which the pianist supported Mr. Willem Willeke, cellist of the quartet. It was a very satisfying performance. At times Mr. Bauer, the soloist, got the better of Mr. Bauer, the ensemble player, and Mr. Willeke's playing, which always was that of a player devoid of virtuoso tricks, was dimmed by the brilliance of his fellow artist. But Brahms' music requires before everything else a sound musical understanding, and the little faults of ensemble could not make much difference in the generally excellent interpretation of the music.

In the last number Schubert's Quintet in A major for violin, viola, violoncello, doublebass and piano, Mr. Bauer's ensemble playing was faultless. The doublebass part was played by Mr. Ludwig Manoly and the other parts were played by the members of the quartet, Mr. Franz Kneisel, violinist, and Mr. Louis Svecenski, viola player, being the remaining members. It is a very melodious work, containing among other things a popular song with variations, and its very lightness gave pleasure. It was brilliantly played.

Kneisel Quartet Pleases Hearers by Playing Familiar Pieces.

At its second concert of chamber music for the season, which took place in Aeolian Hall last night, the Kneisel Quartet made no effort to open the devious paths pursued by latter day composers to the knowledge of its patrons. It brought forward three compositions which all lovers of chamber music know, and fulfilled a lovely mission by playing them with perfect devotion and great beauty.

The pieces were Dvorak's Quartet in D minor (Op. 34); Brahms' Sonata in E minor, Op. 38, for pianoforte and violoncello, and Schubert's Quintet in A major, with pianoforte and doublebass, which, because of its variations on the composer's setting of Schubert's dainty poem, "Die Forelle," is known as the "Forellen Quintet." In this Mr. Kneisel and his regular associates (including this time Mr. Letz, an Alsatian, diplomatically rescued from German military duty—the best of artists, like the best of scholars, are not too good for cannon fodder in the German conception—Mr. Harold Bauer and Mr. Ludwig Manoly).

The audience took occasion to demonstrate its pleasure at the return of Mr. Letz when the quartet first came upon the stage. Mr. Bauer, whom the waves of war have thrown upon our shores for a greater activity than was

contemplated in his original plans, played the Brahms Sonata with Mr. Willeke, and with Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Svecenski, Mr. Willeke and Mr. Manoly took part in the delightful quintet of Schubert.

There is no call for an account of how all the music of the evening was played, or how quick was the response of the audience to its beauties. It was serious music, all of it, without a moment's deference to the frivolity or sensationalism of the period, a circumstance forced upon the attention by the solidity and artistic sincerity of the ensemble in all the pieces. All thought of individual display was absent; indeed, it could have no place in the minds of artists like those engaged in the performance, and would have but offended the taste of those who gather to hear the Kneisel concerts.

Mr. Baker and Mr. Manoly were wholly in the spirit of the occasion and helped to make it noble and uplifting. If there was a hypercritical person present he had no opportunity to cavil unless it was because of a lack of virility in the first and last movements of the quartet—that quality being sacrificed in a measure to Mr. Kneisel's devotion to beauty and purity of tone.

H. E. K.

Dec. 25, 1914
MISS FARRAR AS MANON

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Manon," an opera in four acts, by Jules Massenet.

The Cast.

Manon Lescaut	Geraldine Farrar
Ponsette	Lenora Sparkes
Javotte	Sophie Braslau
Rosette	Maria Duchene
La Servante	Maria Savage
Des Grieux	Enrico Caruso
Le Comte des Grieux	Antonio Scotti
Guillot	Leon Rothier
De Breigny	Albert Reiss
L'Hotelier	Andrea de Seguro
Garde	Paolo Ananlian
Conductor	Vincenzo Reschiglian
	Bernard Begue
	Arturo Toscanini

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

There are two attractive characters in a play of Ben Jonson's who pass a whole scene in saying "It is," "It isn't." The cause of their staccato and persistent contradiction is some theological point. Bitter and enduring as are theological quarrels, there is no kind of intellectual affray that outdoes them in acridity. I refer to strife and disagreement over questions of musical opinion.

The critic Hanslick opined that there was no form or coherence in the score of Jules Massenet's "Manon," performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. "It consists," said he, "entirely of details. The most fascinating motives (short, pungent, distinctive melodies) swim down, down stream before our eyes like roses cast singly into the water. Seldom does he take us into a garden large or small where we can remain for awhile."

It may be said parenthetically that nearly every critic who writes about Massenet pays him the damning compliment of comparing his music to flowers or lilies or blooms. They will never let him out of a greenhouse. Massenet's latest biographer, the mystic enthusiast, Henry T. Finck, goaded to fury by this attack on his idol, puts a bomb under Hanslick—I am speaking metaphorically—explodes it and the pieces come down from the clouds to the great diversion of the spectators.

Being neither a mystic, nor an enthusiast, nor quite such a woebegone failure as a music prophet as Hanslick, the prototype of Beckmesser, the present writer begs to be excused from deciding so violently disputed a question. The fatal defect of Massenet's work consists in the fact of its failure to reproduce the spirit, the emotion, the passion of the Abbe Prevost's novel, "Manon Lescaut." There was much of the elegant trifle in Massenet, and he wrote many of his operas for reasons other than that he felt them.

The opera was well received for this reason, chiefly that it employs the artistic services of two very popular singers. It is essentially a French work, but its interpreters were of all nations. Manon herself was an American, though in accent, demeanor and the minutiae of presentation as Gallic as any Frenchwoman. Des Grieux, the student and theologian hero, was the ascetic-looking Neapolitan Enrico Caruso. Another Italian sang Lescaut. We were also favored with Mr. Albert Reiss, whose wife speaks French, and then, so that our taste for national motley variation should not have been sufficiently indulged, a stately Spaniard and a large-eyed Armenian, whose ancestors must have read the war correspondence of Xenophon, contributed their share to this remarkable and conglomerate study of Parisian life in the eighteenth century.

Miss Farrar in Title Part Gives Her Usual Fine Impersonation.

Massenet's "Manon," the chef d'œuvre of French operatic water colors,

was sung last night for the first time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Manon" has become one of the most popular works given at the Metropolitan. It was not so except when Jean de Reszke sang Des Grieux in days gone by. Sybil Sanderson, whose Manon has never been replaced in the hearts of the dwellers on the Seine, brought to the opera no great popularity when she carried it to her native land; even Miss Geraldine Farrar, who sang the part last night, was unable to win much greater favor for it when she first appeared in the part five years ago, unaided then by the potent name of Enrico Caruso. The Tenor of the Golden Voice is all conquering, and it is to him, and perhaps a little to Mr. Toscanini, that we owe Manon's presence in the repertoire. Therefore, we must neither cavil nor regret. Yet five years ago we listened to a Des Grieux who had stepped out of the pages of the Abbe Prevost; who in delivery of song, in distinction of bearing, in grace of movement, was all that Des Grieux should be. Edmond Clement was that Des Grieux, but all his exquisite art was powerless against the veto of popular indifference. Enrico Caruso, for all his golden voice and for all his sincerity, will never be that ideal Des Grieux; yet the public now counts "Manon" as one of its favorite operas. Great is the power of the Golden Voice!

But of Miss Farrar's impersonation there can be no two beliefs. It is perhaps the most perfect thing she has accomplished, and, though last night she was in far from good voice, we can forgive her that. What indeed can we not forgive, for her picture of youth, and beauty, and winsomeness and sweet fragility? If in Manon's veins flowed not the dark wine of the Puritans, if she was a flower whose pedals of passion were blown out upon a hundred different winds, her tragic fate leaves her none the less lovable. In her, the Abbe Prevost summed up an age exquisite in its artificiality, heartless, cruel, yet because of its perfection of form ever to be longed for, and perhaps never to be attained again. The Cerebus of democracy will probably guard us from any such invasion, just as democracy without the loadstone of a popular tenor, will probably guard most opera houses from "Manon." But "Manon" remains a masterpiece of its kind, even if that kind sups not with the gods of Olympus.

Mr. Caruso sang valiantly as Des Grieux, and if the result was not French it pleased to distraction the large audience. Antonio Scotti sang Sescant for the first time in five years, and made of the bravo a vital humorous blackguard. Mr. Rothier gave distinction to Le Comte des Grieux and sang his one air finely. As for Mr. Toscanini—well he is Mr. Toscanini—and in saying this we give the law and most of the prophets. This was the cast:

Manon Lescaut.....Geraldine Farrar
Ponsette.....Lenora Sparkes
Javotte.....Sophie Braslau
Rosette.....Maria Duchene
La Servante.....Maria Savage
Des Grieux.....Enrico Caruso
Le Comte des Grieux.....Antonio Scotti
Guillot.....Leon Rothier
De Breigny.....Albert Reiss
L'Hotelier.....Andrea de Seguro
Doux Gardes.....Paolo Ananlian
Conductor.....Vincenzo Reschiglian, Bernard Begue
Conductor.....Arturo Toscanini

OPERA TOLERABLY SUNG

Massenet's "Manon" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was an unusually large one for a Christmas eve. It was an exceedingly apathetic audience at the beginning of the performance and the evening seemed to give promise of dispiriting moods. Mr. Caruso's entrance was the signal for a slight demonstration of pleasure. It seemed as if the eminent tenor was impressed with the need of stirring the auditors, for he imparted an unusual degree of warmth to his first scene, and the result was happy. Thenceforward the listeners were in a very receptive state.

"Manon" is certainly not a one-part opera, but when Mr. Caruso is at his best and others are not, it is almost certain to become such. Curiously enough memories of the work are chiefly associated with impersonations of the Chevalier des Grieux. The Manons, except perhaps that the unfortunate Sybil Sanderson, too seldom heard, fade away before recollections of the three differently cast chevaliers of Jean de Reszke, Ernest Van Dyke and Edmond Clement. Mr. Caruso's differs from all of these. Of the four Mr. Van Dyke was without question the best actor and there were certain finely wrought details of his Des Grieux which none of the others equalled. But Mr. Van Dyke was a very poor singer and the dainty elegancies of Massenet's music fared ill in his delivery. Mr. Reszke's interpretation was the most noteworthy and he sang the music admirably. No one has ever given the thrilling utterance to "Fuyez, douce image" which he gave to it.

Present day opera goers will recall with delight the exquisite refinement of Mr. Clement's Des Grieux. In the investiture of the more fragile pages of the role with subtle and captivating charm he was brilliantly successful, and his interpretation will be remembered as that of the four

in which tenderness was their ostensible aim. If Mr. Caruso's presentation is less aristocratic than any one of the other three it can claim special distinction for the directness of its utterance, the positive assertion of its full blooded passion voiced in tone instinct with sensuous quality. In this it was at its best last evening and the enthusiasm of the audience was called forth when the famous tenor reached the climax of his vigor. Miss Farrar's Manon has inexpressible charm. She sings other roles better than this one, and last night she was not in the best of vocal condition. But her personality fits the character so aptly and her manner, if not always perfectly appropriate, is so engaging that her Manon becomes one of the most attractive of the living gallery of operatic portraits.

Mr. Gilly continues to dwell in the retirement of a military prison, and hence Mr. Scotti last evening returned to the role of Lescaut, which he acted capably, but which, owing to poor voice he did not sing effectively. The secondary roles were in the same hands as last season and were generally well done. Mr. Toscanini conducted the performance and showed his customary skill in the treatment of tempi and dynamics.

"Manon" Sung with Spirit at Opera House

Miss Geraldine Farrar Sings Title Role and Mr. Caruso Takes Part of Des Grieux.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.
MANON, opera by Jules Massenet.

Manon Lescaut	Miss Geraldine Farrar
Ponsette	Miss Lenora Sparkes
Javotte	Miss Sophie Braslau
Rosette	Mme. Maria Duchene
La Servante	Miss Maria Savage
Des Grieux	Mr. Enrico Caruso
Le Comte des Grieux	Mr. Antonio Scotti
Guillot	Mr. Leon Rothier
De Breigny	Mr. Albert Reiss
L'Hotelier	Mr. Andrea de Seguro
La Garde	Mr. Paolo Ananlian
	Mr. Vincenzo Reschiglian
	Mr. Bernard Begue

One of the few French operas that have a place in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Massenet's "Manon" was presented for the first time this season last night. There were no new principals, the parts being taken by the same singers as at last year's production with the exception of Mr. Antonio Scotti, who took the rôle of Lescaut in which he had not been seen in several years. It has been played of late by Mr. Dinh Gilly, who has been detained in Europe.

Mr. Caruso, as Des Grieux was in good voice. Many "Bravos" were heard amid the applause that followed his singing of "The Reve." Few operatic rôles offer so many opportunities for the display of his beautiful tones, and few are sung so well by the tenor.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was most engaging as Manon, the young girl who runs away with a young nobleman, rains his financially and drags him down to the lowest walks of life through her frivolity. Her costumes were gorgeous, and not the least of her success was caused by her singing, which was as good as any she has done this season.

Mr. Scotti was an interesting Lescaut vocally and especially otherwise. He acted his part particularly well. Mr. Leon Rothier was Le Comte and Mr. Andrea de Seguro was De Breigny. The orchestra and Mr. Arturo Toscanini, who was the conductor, did their parts brilliantly.

HUMPERDINCK'S OPERA, "Hänsel und Gretel" Sung at Matinee—"Tannhauser" at Night.

Christmas Day music was confined yesterday to the Metropolitan Opera House, where first performances of the season of "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Tannhäuser" were given. Humperdinck's fairy opera was presented at a special matinee, which also had as feature a number made up of a solo dance by Rosina Galli and "The Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda" by the entire ballet. The singers included Elisabeth Schumann, who was appearing for the first time as Gretel; Mmes. Matzenauer, Venus, and Mr. Wolfgram, while the remainder of the cast included Mmes. Sparkes, Cox, Var Dyck, Egener and Warwick, and Messrs. Braun, Althouse, Schlegel, Bloch and Ruysdael. Mr. Hertz conducted.

Jacques Urius sang the title rôle in Wagner's "Tannhäuser" in the evening. Mme. Gadsby was Elisabeth, Mmes. Matzenauer, Venus, and Mr. Wolfgram, while the remainder of the cast included Mmes. Sparkes, Cox, Var Dyck, Egener and Warwick, and Messrs. Braun, Althouse, Schlegel, Bloch and Ruysdael. Mr. Hertz conducted.

Dec. 26, 1914

CHRISTMAS OPERA AT METROPOLITAN

It was mothers' meeting day at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, at any rate in the afternoon. The corridors were filled with proud mamas comparing notes on boys and girls, big and little, fat and thin, dark and fair, but all apparently as happy as boys and girls ought to be on Christmas day. And if anything in the world could make them happier than just being boys and girls should make them it would surely be hearing "Hänsel und Gretel."

How they all seemed to hang on the words (which most of them could not understand) of the frightened Father when he told the tale of the Witch in the woods, and how they watched the two children, when they fell asleep in each other's arms under the great tree. And then the heavens opened and the beautiful angels walked solemnly down the golden stairs to guard the slumbering children and the curtains closed with certainly a hundred pairs of young eyes filled with tears because heaven was so close to earth and even in such days as these there were peace and love and faith that maketh all things glad.

And then when the curtains opened again and the children woke up and presently found themselves in front of the gingerbread house, what delicious shivers ran down the little backs when the old Witch appeared! And wasn't every one crowing with joy when those two clever children outwitted that Witch and threw her into her own oven! It was a just too lovely afternoon for children, and what is more, if there was any cross-grained and soured grownup that did not like it, he deserved to have no Christmas at all.

The persons who performed in this holiday spectacle were the same as last season, with the exception of Elizabeth Schumann, who replaced Bella Alten as Gretel. Miss Schumann had hardly recovered from her recent illness and could not sing her best, and perhaps, too, she was a little less vivacious than she will be when she is better. Mme. Matfeld as Hänsel, Mr. Goritz as the Father and Mr. Reiss as the Witch were the other chief singers. Miss Braslau as the Sandman deserves special mention for her weak singing. Mr. Hagemann conducted the performance excellently.

In the evening there was an audience of fair size to hear the first "Tannhäuser" of the season. Although the opera had not been given previously, the singers had all been heard before in their roles. Mr. Ullrich was the Tannhäuser, Mr. Weil the Wolfram and Mr. Braun the Landgrave. Mme. Gadski as Elizabeth and Mme. Matzenauer as Venus were the other two leading singers.

Mme. Gadski was in good voice and sang her music with freedom and confidence. When this is said those who are familiar with her impersonation of Elizabeth will understand that it was one of genuine excellence. Mme. Gadski has always sung the part well and when she is able to do herself justice in it she always commands praise. Mme. Matzenauer's Venus is distinguished for vigor rather than seductive charm, but it has vigor.

Mr. Ullrich is a conscientious Tannhäuser, but there is little magnetism in his performance. Little else can be said of last evening's representation. Mr. Hertz conducted with understanding, but succeeded in bringing the sum total of effort only to a level of artistic respectability. Everything was done properly, but there was no influential vitality.

Holiday Audience Pleased by Elisabeth Schumann at the Metropolitan.

Christmas without "Hänsel und Gretel" would to-day be like plum pudding without the sauce. Be the hearer German or Ally, if he has the heart of a child, he will kneel at the feet of Englebert Humperdinck and call him blessed, for the Humperdinck opera is of a Germany that has no enemies, a Germany unweaved by Kaisers or Crown Princes or 42-centimetre guns; a Germany of the heart, whose love is children and gingerbread and Christmas trees and comfort. Of such to many would be the kingdom of Heaven, and that kingdom the Metropolitan Opera House truly contained to the thousand and odd short petticoated and short-coussered youngsters who squirmed with joy in their seats there yesterday afternoon.

There was a new Gretel in Elisabeth Schumann, whose beautiful voice brought infinite pleasure and whose impersonation was as sincere and Teutonic, if less childlike, than that of her predecessor. The Hänsel of Marie Matfeld is a friend of many Christmas afternoons, and never more friendly than yesterday, while Miss Robeson as Gertrude, Mr. Goritz as Peter, and Mr. Reiss as the Witch gave

their usual admirable bits of character acting. Miss Braslau sang the Sandmannchen and again displayed her gorgeous natural voice even if the music of the part did not completely suit her. Miss Garrison's "Tannmannchen" was in song less satisfactory than the singer's sweet voice might warrant us to expect. Richard Hagemann led the orchestra with both feeling and discretion.

Following the opera Miss Rosina Galli gave further evidence of her ability as a dancer in a Valse by Galimberti. She was to have given a number of other dances, but these had been curtailed owing to the fact that she had only just got out of a sick-bed, and the programme concluded with Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," given with spirit by the corps de ballet. In the evening there was a very different atmosphere, when Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was sung for the first time this season. Tannhäuser is scarcely a novelty, and last night's cast has been heard again and again. Mme. Gadski has always found Elizabeth most satisfying to her abilities. In it no great primal emotion is needed, and the music lies well in the range of her voice. It would be idle to call her a really poetic conception, but it is womanly and at times appealing. Mme. Matzenauer sings the music of Venus beautifully. She looks more like Hebe.

The Tannhäuser of Mr. Ullrich is earnest and quite in the German tradition. He sings the music well, but his impersonation lacks romantic feeling. The same criticism may be made of the Wolfram of Mr. Weil. Mr. Hertz directed the orchestra with all the enthusiasm of which he is capable.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

TANNHÄUSER, opera by Richard Wagner.
Landgraf Hermann.....Mr. Carl Braun
Tannhäuser.....Mr. Jacques Ullrich
Wolfram.....Mr. Hermann Weil
Walther.....Mr. Paul Althouse
Biterolf.....Mr. Carl Schlegel
Heinrich.....Mr. Julius Baye
Reinmar.....Mr. Basil Ruysdael
Elizabeth.....Mme. Johanna Gadski
Venus.....Mme. Margaret Matzenauer
Ein Hirt.....Miss Leonora Sparke
Pages, Miss Louise Cox, Miss Rosina Van Dyck,
Miss Minnie Egner, Miss Venti Warwick.

In two days three operas have had their first performances of the season in the Metropolitan Opera House, the third being Richard Wagner's "Tannhäuser," which was sung last night.

There was nothing novel about the performance of "Tannhäuser." Mme. Gadski has long been admired as Elizabeth. She was in good voice and played the rôle with all the skill that has marked her performances in the past. Mr. Jacques Ullrich also has come to be regarded as one of the best Tannhäusers seen here in some years. He was not at his best last night vocally, but nevertheless, his performance was a creditable one in most respects. As Venus Mme. Margaret Matzenauer sang with fervor and was effective, although in appearance she was not so enticing as some other portrayals of the Goddess of Love.

Mr. Herman Weil was Wolfram, Mr. Carl Braun was Landgraf Herman, Mr. Paul Althouse was Walther and Mr. Basil Ruysdael was Reinmar.

Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted the orchestra in vigorous fashion, as is his custom. The audience, which was large, was not so enthusiastic as usual, though the performance was one of much merit.

Whoever invented the Christmas Day "Hänsel und Gretel" matinee was a genius, and his praise was sung yesterday afternoon again by hundreds of children, who fairly owned the opera house when their beloved opera was given for the first time this season. During the intermissions they thronged the lobbies, wearing their most fancy bibs and tuckers, to say nothing of hair ribbons of more hues than ever a rainbow contained. While the performance was going on they sat intent, listening and occasionally commenting aloud. At that crucial moment when the wicked witch explodes in the oven a lot of little hearts stopped beating for a fraction of a second, and then there was hearty applause of approval, for the children knew that never again would she bake innocent children into gingerbread.

From a grown up viewpoint it was a most enjoyable performance. It was the first time that Mme. Schumann had sung the rôle of Gretel here. She showed traces of her recent cold, but she was generally satisfying and acted the part fairly well. Mme. Matfeld as Hänsel, Mr. Goritz as Peter, Mr. Reiss as the Witch, Mme. Robeson as Gertrude, Mme. Garrison as the Dewman, and Miss Braslau as the Sandman all were capital. Mr. Hagemann conducted effectively.

After the opera Miss Rosina Galli, the new premiere danseuse, danced a valse charmingly, and the corps de ballet trod the melodious mazes of the Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda." The children had their fill of good music, fun and dancing, all of which spell happiness on Christmas Day.

Three Famous Operas.

Thursday and Friday added three first performances to the season's already long and diversified list at the Metropolitan Opera House—Massenet's "Manon," Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," and Wagner's "Tannhäuser." Concerning each of them a dissertation might be written, but there is room to-day for only brief mention. Dec 26 1914

The evening before Christmas is the most difficult in the season to fill up the auditorium. Mr. Gatti-Casazza therefore wisely offered the popular "Manon," with a big cast, including Geraldine Farrar, Caruso, Scotti, Braslau, Rothier, Reiss, De Seguroia. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Scotti back in the part which in recent seasons has been in the hands of Dinah Gilly. Mr. Caruso, as usual, sang the part of Des Grieux with passionate fervor as well as rare vocal beauty; but the chief honors fell to Geraldine Farrar, whose portrayal of the frivolous and unfortunate heroine of this opera is one of the most picturesque figures in her varied repertory. The delicious naïveté of the first scene, the passionate attempt to bring the novice back to her arms, and the pathos of the final scene were climaxes in an impersonation that was equally meritorious from the vocal and the histrionic points of view.

There is so much vocal melody in "Manon" that listeners are likely to overlook some of the many beauties in the orchestral score—the piquant harmonies, and delicious orchestral colors. But when a master like Toscanini reveals them one cannot escape the conviction that Massenet was indeed a great composer as well as a popular one.

Yesterday afternoon a very large audience, including, of course, many children, heard Humperdinck's delightful fairy opera "Hänsel und Gretel." It is needless to say that Miss Schumann could not make any one forget Bella Alten, who was Gretel herself. The rest of the cast was as usual. Much fun was provided by Goritz as the father, and Reiss as the witch.

In the evening, at the performance of "Tannhäuser," chief honors went to Mme. Gadski. She was in splendid voice and applied the refinements and beauties of genuine Italian bel canto in a way now, alas! so rarely heard in any opera. Her greeting to the hall of song was not only vocally, but in its depths of feeling one of the finest things ever heard at the Metropolitan, and her intercession in the second act was splendidly dramatic. Mme. Matzenauer also sang well in the part of Venus. The Tannhäuser of Mr. Ullrich started out badly, but improved from act to act. The general vocal ensemble left a good deal to be desired in the first act, but in the second it was excellent. Mr. Hertz and his players revelled in the tonal orgy of the bacchanale, and the wonderful introduction to the third act made a deep impression. The temptation to dwell on other excellent details must be resisted. The audience was much given to applause, even interrupting the music to bestow it twice on Mme. Gadski after her best numbers.

Dec. 28, 1914

PIANO RECITAL GIVEN BY HAROLD BAUER

Large Audience in Aeolian Hall
Is Aroused to Much
Enthusiasm.

WINS HEARERS BY HIS ART

It was plainly intended by the programme of the piano recital given by Harold Bauer yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall to excite the interest of the less curious among music lovers, those who would heartily subscribe to the definition of popular music as "that which we all know and love." Perhaps there is a notion that by coaxing people to hear a famous artist perform the so-called "Moonlight" sonata, Schumann's "Carnival," the "Berceuse" of Chopin and the "Ride of the Valkyrs" translated into the figuration of a piano piece, these hearers may be converted into habitual concertgoers. Let us all hope that such is the case. However, yesterday afternoon's audience appeared to be largely composed of those who are already given over to the concert habit and who are to be seen wherever good music in its highest forms is offered.

Mr. Bauer began his concert with Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," that amazing composition written 184 years ago and apparently suited only to the sonorities and brilliancy of the piano of to-day. The praise of commentators was long ago exhausted on this masterpiece and all that is now necessary to say is that Mr. Bauer's performance was

the clarity of its enunciation of the polyphony the interpretation was that of an artist of ripe powers. Young pianists might have taken a valuable lesson from the moderate tempo of the fugue. Mr. Bauer rarely is hurried, inferior players much too frequently are.

If people continue to bathe the C sharp minor sonata in "Moonlight," it is their own affair. Beethoven was not guilty of attaching boarding school romance to this tender and pensive work, which wakes to passion only in its third movement. It is true that the composition was the fruit of disappointed love and dedicated to Giulietta Guicciardi. Those who desire to weep over it should discard the moonlight and commit to memory the words of Marx: "Beethoven shows in his immortal C sharp minor sonata, that love, a secret flame burning itself out in the consuming fire of insatiable desire, lived on in his true heart."

Mr. Bauer played the sonata without any cheap sentiment, with exquisite tonal effects, with variety of expression, and with a fine feeling for tempi, especially fine in the arietta. Schumann's "Carnival" is not understood by any large proportion of those who hear it. How can it be, when every title in it has a direct reference to the composer's life at a certain period, or to his inmost reflections? But its wonderful range of character as pure music makes it interesting even to a miscellaneous audience.

Mr. Bauer has a remarkably clear and vital conception of the composition, albeit it differs much in details from those of several other pianists of the artist class. The performance was technically clouded in one or two spots yesterday and in one place there was some ineffective pedalling. But these items are mentioned here only because they fell below this player's habitual level of technical finish. The reading of the "Carnival" was so full of romantic spirit and so crowded with a wealth of significant and picturesque details that it will linger in the memory as one of the loveliest things of this busy season. The audience was aroused to much enthusiasm by it.

The other numbers on the programme in addition to those already mentioned were Chopin's A flat polonaise, Schubert's A flat impromptu and Liszt's etude in D flat. The hall was quite filled and many persons sat on the stage.

"Carmen" and Concerts.

A list of twenty-nine singers who have been heard in New York as Carmen has been compiled for the Tribune by Mr. Krehbiel. Fully four of them have been successful. Geraldine Farrar is one of them—there seems to be no dissentient voice on that subject. Some persons still growl because she is not just like Calvé, who was Carmen; but if Miss Farrar is not exactly like Calvé in this fascinating part, she is like Geraldine Farrar, which is the next best thing; and Calvé, it should be remembered, was popular in only this one part, while Miss Farrar has half-a-dozen in which she is equally great and popular.

She was heard for the fourth time as Carmen at the Metropolitan on Saturday, with Borl, Caruso, and Amato; and the large cast, combined with the popularity of Bizet's glorious opera, attracted an audience that not only filled the house, but filled the vestibule with so many disappointed ones clamoring for seats that the police had to be called to clear it out.

Why not give "Carmen" every week instead of every other week? There is no money-maker like this opera, and in this season, when most other things fail to attract the usual crowds, the management surely will be excused for giving this opera a dozen or more times, because of its manifold charms as well as the admirable performance under Toscanini.

This great conductor has as much to do with the brilliant success of the "Carmen" revival as the great cast, for the orchestral score of this opera, which is the climax of all French music, contains a simply bewildering number of fascinating details. The scholars and historians rave over it as much as amateurs do. Louis Adolphe Coerne, for example, in his excellent book on "The Evolution of Modern Orchestration" (published by the Macmillan Company) remarks that all criticisms of "Carmen" are indeed paltry in the face of such melodic and harmonic originality, such dramatic intensity, such orchestral color! Bizet's skill in discovering novel traits of instrumentation was little short of marvellous. The orchestra prepares, accompanies, and moralizes upon the action. There is a wealth of rhythm and color; absolutely truthful characterization and the finest of feeling for artistic details are revealed on every page. Is it a wonder that even the scholarly Brahms adored "Carmen"? There is no other work in the liking for which all classes of opera-goers are so unanimous.

Last night the Metropolitan again held

A large audience, attracted by the opportunity to hear vocal numbers by Glad-ski and Schlegel, violin solos by Arrigo Serato, and orchestral numbers conducted by Richard Hagemann.

The individual concert-givers gave the critics a well-earned rest yesterday, with the exception of Harold Bauer, who played in Aeolian Hall, and attracted so large an audience that more than a hundred had to be seated on the stage, and this regardless of the fact that he had already given several recitals this season. He began with Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, of which he played the fugue, in particular, stunningly. Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata came next, followed by Schumann's "Carnaval," of which the Chiarina, Chopin, Reconnaissance, and Valse Allemande were particularly well rendered. The heartiest applause was bestowed on the performance of Chopin's Berceuse and A flat Polonaise. A Schubert Impromptu and an étude by Liszt preceded the last number, Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." But the audience wanted more, so the pianist added the Fire Music from the same opera and a scherzo by Mendelssohn.

Mr. Arrigo Serato was soloist at the Metropolitan Opera house last night and he was accorded as full hearted approval as any violinist who has appeared there this season. In the first half of the programme he played Wienlaski's D minor concerto, and added an encore. Later he played a Bach aria and the Zeigrunervelsen by Sarasate, and so enthusiastic was the audience that no less than two encores satisfied them. His style of playing is exceptionally clear and the delicate shadings he gave to the many different sorts of passages in his programme was a delight.

The other artists on the bill were Mme. Gadski and Mr. Carl Schlegel, who received their full share of praise. Altogether it was one of the most successful concerts of the season.

Dec. 29. 1914

JAVANESE AND MALAY
FOLK SONGS PRESENTED

Miss Gauthier and Alexander Bloch Ap-
pear Before Members of New York
MacDowell Club

A delightful revelation of the wealth of melodic beauty in Javanese and Malay folk-songs entertained the members and their guests of the MacDowell Club of New York City on December 29, at the clubrooms, No. 108 West Fifty-fifth street, when Eva Gauthier, soprano, appeared in joint recital with Alexander Bloch, violinist, and Paolo Martucci, pianist.

A note on the program informed the audience that through the influence of the Dutch Government Miss Gauthier was permitted to reside in the palace of the Sultan of Java for the purpose of studying the native songs and folk-lore.

Miss Gauthier not only sang beautifully the different numbers, but told in a lecture-talk many interesting bits of information concerning the Javanese and Malay customs. She wore the costume presented to her by the Sultan upon which was stamped his own private pattern, and had at that time the distinction of being the only white woman ever seen in the palace. Her first group, collected and arranged by Paul Seelig of Java, contained a love song entitled "Djika begini," a pathetic, pleading melody which she has often sung to the accompaniment of the native players. "Pakai chinchin" ("I Want to Wear a Ring") and "Kupu, Kupu" (Butterfly) were both very pretty melodies, feelingly accompanied on the piano by Marguerite Baillé. The second group, collected and arranged by Constant van de Wall of Java, was similar to the Javanese songs, built upon a five-tone scale.

*Halts Music
at Opera to
Stop Talking*
Audience at "Euryanthe" Becomes Si-
lent When Orchestra, at Command
of the Conductor, Ceases to Play.

To silence talking operagoers Mr. Toscanini, conductor, last night stopped his orchestra when they were playing the introductory music to the second scene of the first act of "Euryanthe," which was given for the second time this year at the Metropolitan Opera House last night and which began the seventh week of the season.

Mr. Toscanini had hoped for silence in the orchestra, and thus he hardly repaid Weber for he began conducting the music, and for learning so much from him. But there is another reason why taking it for granted that silence would ensue began to conduct. But the talking "Euryanthe" is heard less often than its continued from various sections of the importance and beauty warrant. It is an auditorium. Some opera-goers liked the frightfully difficult. Weber deliberately talking ones, but even this failed to quieten made it so. "Pile difficulties on difficulties, so Mr. Toscanini stopped and waited until he urged his librettist. He him for a few moments. Then there was a self delighted in overcoming them, but sudden and complete hush and the opera the singers in most of the German and proceeded. Austrian opera houses could not

**"EURYANTHE" IS
SUNG ONCE MORE**
Second Performance of
Revival Draws Large
Audience.

Carl Maria von Weber's "Euryanthe," which Mr. Gatti-Casazza received last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, after an absence of twenty-seven years from the New York stage, was sung for the second time last night. The audience was a large one, especially large in the number of standees behind the rail—surely an encouraging sign in these days of war and financial stringency. Nothing that Mr. Gatti has done during his consulship has been more worthy of support than his revival of the little-known opera, a work of great intrinsic worth, as well as one historically of extraordinary importance. The perfect Wagnerites may fume and fret and deny, yet any sane person hearing that the Wagnerian music-drama was no concept of a single brain, but that it developed from its predecessors as all healthy art works ever have. Between the Weber of "Euryanthe" and the Wagner of "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" the resemblances are many and marked; and "Euryanthe," preposterously put together as the libretto is, is yet as true a music-drama as either of the two Wagnerian works. The dark characters of Eglantine and Lysiart and the serene purity of Euryanthe have their counterparts in Ortrud, Tebramund and Elsa; and Weber as well and as successfully as Wagner has painted their characters in his music.

Weber, however, put even a heavier task upon his signers than did Wagner. The music of *Eglantine*, in particular, requires a singer of almost superhuman physical powers as well as one well trained in the school of florid song. Mme. Margarete Ober possesses the former requisite in startling degree. Her vitality and vocal strength seem illimitable, and if she uses them as if she believed they would never fail, we can but admire their present plenitude. If she were more soundly grounded in the art of song there would be less reason for the herculean exertions she displays and less cause for fear lest her gorgeous voice meet an untimely fate. Yet she makes of *Eglantine* a figure that none will forget; tragic, dominant, terrifying.

Mr. Weil does not entirely satisfy Lysiat, his voice lacks the sombre power needed, yet withal it is a very creditable performance. Of the Adolphe of Johannes Sembach little can be said to displease, while Miss Hempel's Euryanthe has taken rank with her Marehallin and her Eva, being one of the most exquisite performances seen in New York in recent years. And in the conductor's stand stood again last night the little black-haired, vibrant Italian, whose baton is the wand of miracle. Whether it is among Sicilian mountains, or on the Lombard plains, or in German forests, or amid the box-bordered walks of Louis Quinze, Arturo Toscanini's soul is equally at rest; or, rather, equally aflame in New York. German opera has owned him much in the past and now it owes him Euryanthe! as Weber himself would surely have had his opera sound.

the Greatest Opera Before Wagner

Do you suppose that any proper composer will allow a libretto to be put into the hands of a hand like an apple?" asked Weber, when he was criticised for his choice of plot on which his "Euryanthe" is based.

he knew what he was doing—knew the story, with its eerie tomb mystique, provided opportunities for launching a new kind of opera verging, as we can see, on the music-drama. "Euryanthe," he said to his librettist, "must be something entirely new—must be quite alone on its height."

quite alone it stood until Wagner
posed "Tannhäuser" and "Lohen-
" and therein nurtured the seed
er had sown. Poor Weber's con-
poraries did not know what to make
his "new thing," and he was disap-
ed in his expectations. The Viennese
uded him when he conducted "
yanthe," but after he had left, they
ed it "Ennuyante" and neglected it.
as necessary for the public to be
ally educated by the operas of
ner to an appreciation of this mas-

AMERICAN MUSIC PLEASURES.

Dec. 29, 1914. *Handel*
Compositions of Mr. Ward Stephens
Played at Concert.

Compositions of Mr. Ward Stephens were featured at the second concert of a series devoted to works of American musicians at the auditorium of the John Wanamaker store yesterday afternoon. Before the programme began the hall was well filled, and the works of the native composer, who played all of the accompaniments in person, were applauded heartily.

Miss Mildred Faas, soprano, was heard in a group of three songs, "Only Thou Everywhere," "My Shadow" and "Summer-time," and following her Miss Marguerite Dupin, contralto, presented "Among the Sandhills," "What in Thine Eyes I Gaze" and "Devotion." Mr. Arthur Phillips, baritone, and Mr. Alexander Russell, organist, also was heard.

YEAR'S LAST BAGBY MORNING.

Jan. 1, 1915
January Series of Musical Entertainments Begins Next Monday.

Mr. Bagby's last musical morning for this month was held yesterday in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. The artists were Mme. Alma Gluck, Mme. Julia Culp and Pablo Casals, cellist. At the piano were Richard Hageman, Conrad Bos and Wilhelm Spoor. Mme. Gluck sang for one number an aria from Verdi's "Ernani" and later a group of Creole songs, accompanied by her husband, Efrim Zumbalst, who had arranged the songs.

"THE MESSIAH" GIVEN.

First of Oratorio Society's Christmas-tide Performances in Carnegie Hall.

The Oratorio Society gave the first of its two annual Christmas-tide performances of "The Messiah" yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall—its eighty-sixth performance of Handel's masterpiece. "The Messiah" audience was faithful, and appeared in large numbers in the face of the very un-Christmas-like weather of the afternoon. It was rewarded by a performance of altogether unusual beauty and vitality, a performance that made the work seem alive, eloquent, exalted, and that had few or no traces of the perfunctoriness that only too easily steals over the repetition of its familiar measures, when one more is added to eighty-five.

All choruses are supposed to know "The Messiah," but all do not sing it with the precision and correctness with which it was sung yesterday, with the vigor and enthusiasm, the variety and significance of detail, the flexibility and impressiveness that marked this performance. Mr. Koennenich approached the music as one with an open mind, seeking for its meaning and its potency without allowing tradition more than its due; at all events, without allowing it to hamper or to restrict. His tempos were elastic, as are the tempos of conductors in other music untrammelled by traditions. Some of them may have seemed more rapid than usual. But they were justified by the results.

The solo quartet gave valuable co-operation in the performance. Miss Hinkle's beautiful voice and thoroughly artistic style are familiar to concert-goers in New York, and were admirably employed in the soprano part. Mr. Reed Miller and Mr. Frederic Martin, who were heard in the tenor and bass solos, are somewhat less well known, but they are both well equipped and sang the music with real appreciation and understanding. Miss Marie Stone Langston, the contralto, seemed somewhat less at home in the music and the style; but her contribution was creditable and acceptable.

Dec. 31, 1914

There is any one thing that war or hard times cannot affect, it is the Oratorio Society's annual presentation of the "Messiah" at Carnegie Hall during Christmas week. The occasion is one that does not call for much analysis. Handel's great work fits in with the Christmas season; indeed, it may be said, with all reverence, that it has come to fill the place at this time of the year, for the religiously inclined, that corresponds in some fashion with the services of Good Friday in Holy Week. Last night's performance was the eighty-seventh by the Oratorio Society, and in some respects it was one of the most notable of the whole series. The chorus, under the brilliant leadership of Mr. Koennenich, sang with marked effect and gave abundant evidence of the new spirit that is controlling it. Miss Florence Hinkle proved a capable substitute for Mme. Rider-Kelsey, who has nearly monopolized the soprano rôle for several years past. The contralto soloist, Miss Marie Stone Langston, of Philadelphia, is new to New York audiences. Perhaps it would be unfair

to criticize her performance of last night, as she has been ill; but the fact is that her work was far from convincing, and made many of her hearers sigh for the old days when Miss Janet Spencer was one of the "Messiah" stars. Reed Miller never sang better, while Frederic Martin added to the excellent impression that he made at the rendition of this oratorio last December. But the chief thing about the 1914 performance of the "Messiah" was the proof of the great things that Mr. Koennenich is doing in the matter of rebuilding and training the big chorus.

MEYERBEER OPERA AT METROPOLITAN "Les Huguenots" Sung in Italian and in Variety of Styles.

THE ENSEMBLE ADMIRABLE

Meyerbeer's opera "Les Huguenots" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The work was not given last season, but was heard several times in the course of the season of 1912-13. Some of those engaged in last evening's representation were concerned in the doings of the previous ones, notably Mr. Caruso, Mr. Scotti, Mr. Braun, Mr. Rothier, Mme. Destinn and Miss Hempel. Bella Alten, who exhibited some extraordinary ideas of Urbano, the pretty page, was replaced by Mabel Garrison, a new member of the company. Mr. Polacco, of whom little has been heard this winter, conducted.

Serious discussion of the music of "Les Huguenots" is hardly required now. Most operagoers are familiar with the work and know its merits and its defects. It has many of the elements of popularity. It abounds in spectacular features, both visible and audible. Meyerbeer was a cunning craftsman and he understood thoroughly the importance of contrast and variety. These are provided very liberally in "Les Huguenots" and furthermore in this opera the composer reached the high water mark of his creative inspiration.

There are therefore some really effective and some even great pages in this score, and for the sake of these the sins of the composer have long been forgiven. It is hard to listen in patience to such unblushing trash as the ballet music and the stuff which is associated with the Queen in her first scene. On the other hand, the soldier song of Marcel has a certain rude force, the benediction of the poignards is skillfully written and in the duet of Valentine and Raoul Meyerbeer was for the moment a genuinely dramatic master.

The success of the opera with the audiences of to-day depends chiefly upon the singing of the principals. "Les Huguenots" requires seven artists of the first rank to do it justice. This, as the British are wont to say, is "a tall order." It is not filled at the Metropolitan at present, chiefly because it cannot be filled anywhere. Last night's performance had some solid merits, but it cannot fairly be said that the several impersonations when taken separately offered anything of signal brilliance.

The best effects of the evening were those of the ensembles, which were full of spirit and color. There was much dramatic warmth in the places where it was possible and Mr. Polacco kept his forces both on the stage and in the orchestra up to the mark. The big scenes went well. The poignards were successfully blessed and the great duet found Mme. Destinn and Mr. Caruso ready for its demands.

But no calm observer would be likely to see in Mme. Destinn an adequate representative of Valentine, nor in Miss Hempel a satisfying singer of the coloratura of Marguerite de Valois. As for the Page, this important role was entrusted to Mabel Garrison, a young American, who has just become a member of the company. She sang the music very well for so young an artist, but she has not the voice, the experience, nor the style demanded by the rôle. She promises extremely well, but she is not ripe for leading parts at what is said to be the leading opera house of the world.

Mr. Caruso sang Raoul with vigor, with devotion and for the most part with good tone, but the great Italian tenor is not at his best in French music, nor is he an ideal impersonator of courtly personages. Mr. Scotti as De Nevers and Mr. Rothier as St. Bris were more in the picture, but the former sang ineffectively by reason of poverty of tone. Mr. Rothier's singing was conventionally correct.

Of Mr. Braun's Marcel only this need be said just now. Although sung in Italian in a French opera, it was wholly German in manner, and thus added another type to a collection already motley. When the Metropolitan company sang in Paris Pierre Lalo wrote some caustic comments on the diversity of manners and the general want of style. He would have smiled if he had enjoyed the addition of Mr. Braun's Marcel to the other portraits. But, nevertheless, this is a striking and in most respects admirable impersonation, and if Mr. Braun's vocal premises are accepted it becomes one of the most important in the Metropolitan

"THE HUGUENOTS" GIVEN.

First Performance of Meyerbeer's Opera at the Metropolitan.

Marguerite de Valois.....Frieda Hempel
Valentine.....Leon Rothier
Count de Nevers.....Mme. Emmy Destinn
Cosse.....Antonio Scotti
Thavannes.....Pietro Audisio
Moulin.....Angelo Bada
Meru.....Paolo Ananias
De Retz.....Bernard Bégue
Raoul de Nangis.....Enrico Caruso
Marcel.....Carl Braun
Urbain.....Mabel Garrison
Conductor—Giorgio Polacco.

After a season's absence from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, Meyerbeer's opera of "Les Huguenots" was presented there last evening. "Gli Ugonotti" it should, perhaps, be called under the circumstances, for the management makes it one of the exceptions to its rule of giving opera in the language in which it is written, and gives it in Italian instead of French. There seemed to have been a large public interest in the revival, for there was a very large audience present that found frequent opportunity to express admiration in applause.

"The Huguenots," indeed, is one of the wise operatic manager's resources for stirring the public pulse and rousing the public interest when he has the means to do so in his company. It requires half a dozen, or even seven, of the best vocalists to do it justice; and such a display on the bills, such an opportunity for "money's worth" in this way is not often offered to the operagoer. There are other ways in which some find it difficult to do justice to "The Huguenots" or to obtain money's worth from a performance of it; but probably these are not to be considered.

The present is not a time when a great display of pure vocalism can be made, or when the style of the older French opera is generally possessed by operatic singers. Therefore, it is idle to expect a performance of Meyerbeer's opera that will recall memories of the days of "all star casts" of "The Huguenots" at the Metropolitan or of casts presented there in other days, not so styled, even though these memories are not of so very long ago. Last night's performance was better in some particulars than those that were heard here two seasons ago; but the cast was not one to bear comparison with the most distinguished ones of the past, nor did the performance as a whole have the "grand manner" in the operatic sense, of whatever value that may be.

The presence in the company of so admirable a coloratura singer as Miss Hempel was no doubt one of the compelling reasons for the production of the opera. It was the work chosen for her to make her first American appearance in two seasons ago. At that time she did not do herself justice, for she was far from being in command of her vocal resources. Last evening in the part of Marguerite de Valois she showed how admirably she could cope with the florid difficulties of Meyerbeer's music, and her singing had much brilliancy and purity, while her impersonation had dignity, repose, and a certain impressiveness. Mr. Caruso did much beautiful singing as Raoul de Nangis, but it would be idle to contend that he represented the character in figure or to grace of bearing, notwithstanding the wholly sincere and serious attempt he made to carry out a conception of the character.

Nor is Miss Destinn altogether on easy terms in meeting the vocal or histrionic demands of the part of Valentine; her great powers, both vocal and histrionic, are adapted to other ends. Miss Mabel Garrison did some highly praiseworthy singing, as Urbain the page; but it was a small voice, a small style, a rather timid personality, for a part that has been filled at the Metropolitan, in years gone by, by artists of larger calibre than this. Mr. Braun did a very creditable piece of work as Marcel; intelligent in all respects, well acted, and well sung. Finally, in Messrs. Scotti and Rothier there were two artists thoroughly familiar with the scene, the surroundings, the part they had to play in them, the music they had to sing, its style, and its traditions. But the list of these members of the cast shows that the Metropolitan cannot at the present day perform an opera of this sort in the manner that once was expected.

Much might be said as to the causes that have brought this about. It is enough to say now that the management made a serious effort to present the opera in as complete and satisfying form as possible in ensemble and in scenic setting. The choruses and all that pertained to the movement and groupings on the stage had been carefully prepared, and the performance moved with life under Mr. Polacco's energetic and authoritative direction. The stage setting, that which was used two seasons ago, is especially elaborate and handsome.

Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots."

In the latest volume by Saint-Saëns, "L'Ecole Bulsonnière," there is an eloquent essay on Meyerbeer, who is, in the opinion of this expert, not so black as he is painted. He even defends the last act, which is usually omitted, having heard it once in all its glory, with six harps and all the other details demanded by the composer. That Wagner, who despised Meyerbeer, nevertheless gushed like an infatuated school-girl over the love-duo in the fourth act, is generally known. The desire to hear it sung by Destinn and Caruso doubtless accounted largely for the big audience which assembled at the Metropolitan to hear the opera which for two decades in Paris, and in New York during the Grau régime, was the favorite of favorites.

Mme. Destinn, unfortunately, was not in good voice; but Caruso was, and his

French diction was, as always, as distinguished as his singing. Mme. Hempel's lovely voice lent its charm to the difficult florid songs assigned to Marguerite de Valois. Mabel Garrison won a sensational success with the audience in the part of Urbain. Her singing and conception of it, though still unfinished in part, had much to commend it. Rothier, Scotti, and Braun helped to round out a cast of considerable merit, as a whole. Mr. Polacco conducted the opera with

splendid spirit, making it seem really better than it is—a marvellous feat of its kind.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—THE HUGUENOTS, opera by Giacomo Meyerbeer.

Marguerite de Valois.....Miss Frieda Hempel
Count de Saint-Bris.....Mr. Leon Rothier
Valentine.....Mme. Emmy Destinn
Count de Nevers.....Mr. Antonio Scotti
Cosse.....Mr. Pietro Audisio
Thavannes.....Mr. Angelo Bada
Meru.....Mr. Paolo Ananias
De Retz.....Mr. Bernard Bégue
Raoul de Nangis.....Mr. Enrico Caruso
Marcel.....Mr. Carl Braun
Urbain.....Mme. Mabel Garrison
Maurice.....Mr. Glorio Rossi
Belle Rose.....Mr. Angelo Bada
Lady of Honor.....Miss Minnie Fagner
Night watchman.....Mr. Vincenzo Reschiglian

After having been allowed to rest for a season Meyerbeer's opera, "The Huguenots," was given last night at the Metropolitan Opera House with practically the same cast of principals that were heard in it two years ago. There was an all star cast, and the various favorites were applauded.

One feature of the performance was the first appearance on an stage of a Russian wolfhound, named Boris, owned by Miss Anna Case, but brought out last night on a leash by Mr. Scotti, who sang the rôle of the Count de Nevers. Boris is a picturesque dog, even when suffering from stage fright, as he was last night.

Another novelty was the appearance of Mme. Mabel Garrison in the rôle of the page Urbain, a part usually sung by a contralto. This young American soprano hitherto this season has sung small parts, but last night she had an opportunity to show that she is a deserving and excellent singer, for she sang her introductory aria, "Nobil Signor," very well and earned a round of hearty applause. Furthermore, she looked attractive in her—well, in her page's costume.

For the rest, there was Miss Destinn, making her first appearance at the Metropolitan since her recent indisposition, which kept her out of the cast for several weeks. She sang dramatically in the rôle of Valentine.

Mr. Caruso, as Raoul, was in splendid voice, and his first act aria was sung beautifully, while in the last act he exhibited in reserve dramatic force. Miss Hempel, as Marguerite, sang her florid music excellently.

Mr. Scotti's De Nevers was a beautiful bit of portrayal, Mr. Braun was an impressive Marcel, and Mr. Rothier was acceptable as Saint Bris.

It was a smooth and generally satisfying performance under the guidance of Mr. Polacco who made much of the music sound less threadbare than it really is.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Les Huguenots," an opera in four acts, by Meyerbeer.

The Cast.

Marguerite de Valois.....Frieda Hempel
Urbain.....Mabel Garrison
Valentine.....Mme. Emmy Destinn
Raoul.....Enrico Caruso
Marcel.....Carl Braun
De Nevers.....Antonio Scotti
St. Bris.....Leon Rothier
Conductor.....Giorgio Polacco

Richard Wagner said of Meyerbeer, whose "Les Huguenots," "Gli Ugonotti," "The Huguenots"—it is written three ways to avoid international complications—was given last night at the Metropolitan, that he was a banker who wrote music. His utterance of Wagner's was mainly due to the fact that Meyerbeer would not write checks. Our aesthetic pronouncements have sometimes peculiar origins. However that may be, the Metropolitan opera audience had ample means of adjudging the justice of Wagner's jibe. They had several of the most celebrated singers, if not the most suitable singers behind the guas, and, something like the mythical six hundred guns of Joffe, they were let off all at once.

Among them were Mme. Frieda Hempel, Mme. Destinn and Enrico Caruso. M. Polacco conducted.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler had an even greater audience at his second recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon than at his first one, two or three weeks ago. For on the stage was the seating arrangement used for the chorus of the Oratorio Society at the concert on Tuesday night, and waiting for use again last night; and this was filled completely by such of the audience as could not find accommodation on the floor of the hall, in the boxes, or in the galleries. It was probably as large an audience as has ever heard a concert in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Kreisler's programme was fuller musically than some that he has given,

and a more noble side of his art in greater measure. It began with a concerto in C major, by Antonio Vivaldi, an Italian contemporary of Bach, music of much strength and gentility, of a similar style was Corelli's set of variations on the tune "La Folia," much cultivated by modern players. It was interesting to hear Beethoven's two romances for violin played together—pieces of poetical beauty and romantic spirit, for all their repose and dignity. Mr. Kreisler completed the group with the Sarabande and its decorated "Double," and the Bourrée from Bach's unaccompanied sonata in B minor; and he added then a "Romance and Scherzo," also for violin without accompaniment, of his own composition. Three of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, in Mr. Kreisler's own arrangement, and his own "Tambourin Chinois" completed his list.

Mr. Kreisler played with the extraordinary distinction and vitality of style, the artistic warmth, and the intensely musical quality that have so often been admired in him; and with all his fullness, beauty, and searching quality of tone. Whatever he undertakes he makes beautiful, absorbingly interesting, touches it with ardent imagination, and gives it poetical significance. He played yesterday with repose, sincerity, and intensity of style, with a fine sense of proportion and beauty of phrasing. All this was felt by his listeners yesterday, submitted as they were to the communicating influence of his artistic personality.

Mr. Kreisler Charms as Ever at Recital

Holiday time had little effect on the size of the audience at Mr. Fritz Kreisler's second violin recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The stage had been specially fitted up with several tiers of seats to accommodate members of the oratorio society who sang "The Messiah" in the evening and all of these seats were occupied as well as the regular ones.

The programme contained many short pieces. The only concerto was that of Vivaldi in C major, which is a virtuosic piece, and was played with ease. Another work of the same class is Corelli's "La Folia" which followed.

Two romances of Beethoven in E major and G major were superbly played, and then Mr. Kreisler gave a brilliant interpretation of Bach's Sarabande double and Bourée in B minor for violin alone. Another unaccompanied piece had to be added as an encore. The last group of compositions were all arranged or written by the performer. Three Slavonic dances of Dvorak, arranged for violin, were beautiful examples of violin playing. In particular the one in G major deserves comment. There seems to be no violinist who can compete with Mr. Kreisler in playing such music, or his own Tambourin Chinois which closed the regular programme. At the end of the recital most of the persons on the stage remained and many in the orchestra crowded down the aisles toward the stage to hear the violinist play his own "Capriccio Vlennois" and several other encores.

FRITZ KREISLER GIVES A RECITAL HUNDREDS SEATED ON STAGE

Programme Consists of Corelli, Vivaldi, Bach, Beethoven, Played
With Perfection of Style.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The writer will not forget the first violin recital he ever went to. He was at that period of youth when one is very earnest and solemn, and one is unaware that institutions and even missions, after all, consist of nothing but men, and that even institutional men are, well, fallible. He therefore approached St. James Hall, London, where Sarasate was playing, and Mme. Bertha Marx was at the piano, with deep reverence.

The St. James Hall, since destroyed, occupied a peculiar position in men's minds. In itself it was devoted to the sternest culture of the austere Muses, but attached to it was the most flagrantly disreputable and immoral restaurant and the fastest bar in London. Papies and Corinth were beaten at their own game. It made all the difference in the world whether you had spent your evening at St. James Hall or at the St. James Restaurant. Ingenious youth, sallying forth from "Jimmy's," as the bawdy resort was called, and meeting accidentally with some maiden aunts, have been known decorously to inform those innocent ladies that they had been attending a concert of Mendelssohn's music, including several selections from his "St. Paul," rendered with affecting devotional spirit.

A Distinct Incentive.

It will be seen from this that "Jimmy's" was a distinct incentive to the vices of haunting evil company, and of impious deceitfulness. But the solemn hall was also the means of forming terrible habits, such as the perpetual yielding to the temptation of going to concerts. I owe my lapse from a bounding

space to that Sarasate concert, and to subsequent Richter concert, where I heard Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" played for the first time. I was ravished and delighted; the door of a new world had seemed to open to me. But the price of the key was terrible. I purchased, as we do in life, one illusion at the cost of another. I opened my paper next morning, and I was then told that Wagner was a fool without beauty or melody.

Alas! I did not believe it. My senses had told me otherwise. So my boyish faith in criticism was crushed by this ghastly blow. I have never quite recovered from it, though I have since been privileged to see criticism in some of its highest and noblest manifestations, as, for instance, a fur coat, a prima donna's limousine, or attempts (oleaginous or tyrannical) to destroy the free play of independent opinion. This much, however, I owe to St. James Hall—it has kept me for eight lustres out of Jimmy's and its congeners.

Why Do They Do It?

I remarked at the St. James Hall at the Sarasate recital twenty-two years ago precisely what I noticed yesterday at the Kreisler recital at Carnegie Hall—that is to say, that many of the men wore their hair as women do, and many women, on some compensatory principle, wore their hair as men do. The reason of it has always puzzled me. I have been as unable to find the link of connection between long hair and esthetic taste as I have been unable, for the most part, to find any between the generality of musicians and the art of music.

I counted, moreover, yesterday afternoon, seated in various parts of the auditorium, ten persons got up to resemble Shakespeare, three to resemble Byron, a Keats, a Shelley and half of a Lord Tennyson. In such manner does one art inspire manifestations of another. There were a dozen of rival professional violinists, of whom the dullest was not only dissatisfied, but attempted to cause dissatisfaction in others.

The audience not only crowded the hall, but overflowed onto the stage, and occupied the seat tier upon tier provided for the chorists for the evening performance of "The Messiah," from which another musical gathering departed late last night in that state of abject and emotional melancholy, which in certain humbler castes and strata of our social life is supposed to be a manifestation of the purest religious exaltation.

Wore Raincoat and Chewed Gum.

One man sitting in the front row of chorus seats, wore his raincoat throughout the concert and chewed gum in a rhythmic and a key invariably different to those in which the master violinist was playing.

My musical readers will, I trust, forgive me. I have up to now neglected to say anything about "double-stopping" or "passage work." Nor have I used any of the dreary jargon of the music hack, writing for a frowsy coterie of mutual admirers. Nor have I exploded into those eulogistic phrases, the ultimate end of which is to decorate the exterior of an ash barrel, announcing to bewildered ruralists the arrival of Mr. Kreisler in their vicinage.

This, however, must be recorded, that a vast audience heard Mr. Kreisler's recital and found themselves stimulated and refreshed by the richness and purity of his tone, the quiet yet lofty elevation of his style, his clear and effective reading of the Bach and Corelli and above all the Beethoven that he played. Even the Flonzaley Quartette, high skilled, had to enjoy it.

Fritz Kreisler Breaks Three Records.

An unprecedented sight met the gaze of those who entered Carnegie Hall at 2:30 yesterday afternoon. It happens occasionally that when the house is sold out, chairs are placed on the stage for the overflow. The second recital of Fritz Kreisler, however, drew such a crowd that the flat stage would not have held half of those who wanted to hear him but could not get seats in the auditorium. Fortunately, the Oratorio Society had built up its usual rows of ascending curved tiers for its choir of 500 singers, and these, too, were crowded with eager hearers, thus helping to make an audience larger by at least 200 than any one had ever seen in Carnegie Hall. That was the first record Fritz Kreisler made yesterday.

The second was in his playing. Many a time has this Austrian artist delighted audiences of musical epicures, but some good judges have heretofore been inclined to think that while he is one of the best of living violinists, there are others equally good. Yesterday's recital convinced even these that Kreisler is indeed among players of the violin what Paderewski is among pianists; and this in spite of the fact that in the Bach bourrée he played out of tune, having momentarily lost his nerve, as the greatest of sopranos and tenors, including Patti, Sembrich, and Caruso, have done on occasion. In view of the fact that everything else

was played with golden purity or perfection, this transient flaw would not be worth mentioning, were it not to encourage others with the knowledge that even the sun has spots.

At least four of the violinists who are nearest to Kreisler were in the audience—Maud Powell, Albert Spalding, Arrigo Serato, and Franz Kneisel. Mr. Kneisel, after the recital, took care of the precious Guarnerius while Mr. Kreisler was bowing and bowing, after all his bowing and bowing. That splendid instrument accounted for some of the beauty of Kreisler's tone, but by no means for all of it. Bowing is to a violinist what touch is in piano playing—from the same instrument different players evoke different tone qualities. It is safe to say that no violinist's bow has ever drawn a more luscious tone from an old Italian violin than Kreisler draws from his; yet that is only the basis of his art of his playing—the raw material of it one might say, if it were not so well done.

Musical historians say that Tartini (born 1692) was the first violinist who made effective use of the bow for purposes of expression in addition to technique. Now, Mr. Kreisler began his recital with a concerto (C major), by Vivaldi, and the "La Folia" variations of Corelli, both of whom were born before Tartini, and in both of them he made the most expressive use of the bow. Maybe that was all wrong from an historic point of view—or are the historians wrong. At any rate, the result was most artistic and enjoyable. There was a thrill in the close of the first Vivaldi allegro that lingers in the memory. Near the end of the "Folia" there was a cadenza which had in it more of Kreisler than of Corelli.

It is well known that he retouches most of the antique treasures he uncovers. Pedants may shrug their shoulders at such a procedure (in which Mr. Kreisler but follows the example of Bach and Liszt), but music-lovers are pleased, and the additions are justifiable because they make these pieces as fresh to twentieth-century audiences as they were when first played to those of the eighteenth.

In his second group Mr. Kreisler brought back the atmosphere of one Viennese period by playing two Mozartean (and rather empty) Romances by Beethoven. The thermometer of excellence rose again when he played, without accompaniment, Bach's Sarabande, Double, and Bourrée in B minor. But what the audience enjoyed most heartily was the last group, consisting of three delightful Slavonic Dances of Dvorak, the first of which, in E minor, has almost as lovely a melody as the slow movement of the "New World" symphony. Herein, and in his own "Tambourin Chinois" (which all violinists now play) Kreisler was on ground on which he wins all the trenches. Only those who have heard him play Dvorak's music and his own know what it means in the way of enchantment, poetry, melodic charm, rhythmic caprice, exquisite modulation, and an occasional dash of paprika to suggest Vienna.

Kreisler plays on the heart-strings of the public as well as the violin strings. He lost his company at Lenberg, but he has a regiment of admirers, who adore his own compositions as much as they do his playing. When Carl Lamson, who took good care of the piano parts, struck the first three notes of Kreisler's Capriccio Vlennois, given as an extra, there was a general outburst of applause, and a huge one at the end.

But Kreisler has done even better than that—and here is where the third of his records comes in. One of the extra pieces he played, after the first group puzzled the connoisseurs. "What was it?" they asked, and nobody, not even Maud Powell and the Martin girls knew. It was a novelty by Kreisler himself. The wailing string chords of the beginning suggested the thought that it might have been begotten in the dismal trenches, but it was composed before the war. "Introduction and Scherzo for Violin Alone" is its title, and it has Paganinian qualities of brilliancy as well as emotional depth; there are airy harmonies, weir harmonies, a bounding bow episode, and a few pizzicato chords bring it to an end. He calls it his "cubist" piece; but though bold, it has no cacophonous nonsense about it. It marks the beginning of a new epoch of violin music. Double stops abound—but in truth enriches many of the other pieces he plays with harmonies. It is a curious fact that two tones played together on a single violin are more thrilling than when played on two. This may account

for the fact that Kreisler indulges much in double-stopping. This is one of the ways in which he gives his audiences double the value of what they hear—one of many. Ah, but it is a delight to write about a man of genius!

Jan. 1-1915 Boris Godunoff Well Repeated at Metropolitan

New Year Eve's din of horns and raucous mixed dimly with the music of the Russian opera "Boris Godunoff," which repeated last night in the Metropolitan Opera House to the enjoyment of the audience.

No novelty marked the performance, printed slips in the programmes announcing the hoarseness of Mr. De Segurola, who sang the rôle of the bibulous priest Vasili, and the indulgence of the audience was asked. The matter of acting, however, Mr. De Segurola needed no apology as was attested by his calls before the curtain after the inn scene.

In every other respect the performance was identical with the earlier presentation of the opera here this season. Mr. Didt, in the title rôle, was again historically remarkable. Mme. Ober sang the part of Marina with much temperament. Mme. Delaunais was excellent as Theodora and Mme. Duchene and Miss Sparkes were good in their familiar rôles. Mr. Rothlie as the priest Pimen, was impressive and Mr. Althouse sang his rôle, that of the false Dimitri, effectively.

Mr. Toscanini conducted with unflinching nerve and the performance was marked by the spirit which has made the opera a favorite here.

"MANON LESCAUT" BRILLIANTLY GIVEN AT METROPOLITAN

Jan. 2, 1915
Singers and Orchestra Together

Make First Performance of
Puccini Work This Season
Please Big Audience.

"PARSIFAL" WELL DONE AT HOLIDAY MATINEE

Many Music Lovers From Out
of Town Among Those at
Festival Play.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," presented last evening to a large and demonstrative assemblage at the Metropolitan for the first time this season, received a brilliant interpretation.

Musically one of the best operas that Italian composer ever wrote, "Manon Lescaut" is a most satisfying work to those who admire virile treatment of Abbé Prevost's classic story.

There is not the grace or poetic beauty in the Puccini score which is to be found in Massenet's "Manon," but the former has infused into his music a color entirely lacking in the French composer's efforts.

Never Better Done Here.
The broad sweep of melody, so rich in its emotional content, was never heard to better advantage in this city than last night. Orchestra, principals and chorus alike shared in its admirable presentation and also in the less vigorous portions of the music.

Giorgio Polacco's conducting was distinguished by an authority he has not recently displayed, and his incisiveness resulted in a precision and firmness of the instrumentalists no less gratifying than their purity of tone.

Mlle. Bori as Manon succeeded the first time this season in equalling her best vocal standard. The soprano voice was more freely given than times before, and she sang the music with breadth of style, warmth and genuine dramatic value.

A worthy associate, from a musical standpoint, was M. Caruso, who

of Des Grieux as is Mlle. Boni. The vocalism had a fine legato.

Caruso's Wig a Jarring Note.

One respect alone did M. Caruso give a jarring note. It had to do with a Louis XIV. wig which he introduced in the second act of the opera. For a few moments the audience seemed on the point of releasing subdued mirth at the sight of the actor with long ringlets hanging over his shoulders, his round face surrounded by a mass of false curls. The detention abroad of Dinah Gilly made it necessary for Pasquale to assume the part of Lescaut, and no one was sorry. The distinguished baritone had never sung music before, which seems a bit odd, for it suits both his voice and his intelligent art made the character interesting and important. Andrea de Segur, Angelo Bado, Ananias, Maria Duchene, and Audisio, Giulio Rossi and Luigi Morandi sang the roles of the other characters.

Many at "Parsifal" Matinee.

A very large audience, in which were many persons from out of town, listened to the second performance of this season of Wagner's consecration festival play "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon.

Although the interpretation of this wonderful work did not reach the artistic plane that characterized the one given on Thanksgiving Day, was, nevertheless, of sterling quality. The work of the orchestra, under Fred Hertz's conductorship, was the most consistently fine achievement of a performance, which lasted from 1 o'clock until 6.

The singers were technically and musically above legitimate criticism. Mme. Matzenauer seemed not in her usual good voice and this prevented her from singing Kundry's music with her customary fluency and the depth of emotional feeling displayed in her previous appearances in the role.

Mr. Sembach, too, missed attaining one of the soulful qualities he revealed at his debut as Parsifal. He sang with authority, but not in so artistically convincing a manner as on the former occasion.

American's Work Perfect.

The Amfortas of Clarence White, on the other hand, had more of a spiritual feeling, the American baritone singing and acting this, his latest part, with vocal sonority, diction and appropriate dignity. Carl Braun's Gurnemanz was scarcely less admirable, the German basso's delivery of his phrases being noble and his action properly suggestive of very dramatic detail.

Singing Titirel for the first time, Arthur Middleton made his hearers feel the sincerity of his endeavors.

Though his voice was not steady at the beginning, he improved as the performance progressed and sang with resonant tone.

Mmes. Schumann, Garrison, Cox, Sparkes, Curtis, Matfield and Braslau, and MM. Goritz, Bayer, Schlegel, Reiss and Bloch all gave satisfaction in their roles. The stage management of Loomis Taylor and the handling of settings and lights by Edward Siedie, were almost flawless.

Jan. 3, 1915

MR. ZIMBALIST'S RECITAL.

Violinist Makes His Second Appearance in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Efrem Zimbalist's second violin recital, which took place yesterday in Carnegie Hall, gave again a deeply interesting disclosure of his remarkable art. His wonderfully large, warm, and absolutely even tone; his freedom and elasticity of bowing, his almost perfect security of intonation, and the exquisite taste and essentially musical quality of his playing were again to be greatly admired in this concert. He plays with a collectedness and repose that are remarkable, especially in so young a man. Indeed, some might wish that there should be at times something more in him of impulsiveness and the fire of youth.

It is of Mr. Zimbalist's temperament not to wear his heart upon his sleeve; and as there are hotter spirits that are cooled and refined by advancing years, so there are others that are ripened to a warmer glow and made more freely communicative by the same process. It may so befall him; in the meantime, there is enough to admire in his very beautiful playing, though it may not make so wide a popular appeal.

There was a special interest in his programme in that it contained two unaccompanied sonatas for the violin. Bach's in G minor and Max Reger's in A minor. Bach's he played with an altogether extraordinary purity of intonation and with an avoidance of the scratchiness of tone that his difficulties often induce; to attain this he took the tempos of the four movements unusually slowly; and there was not quite the feeling of the characteristic rhythm in the Siciliano, the third movement. But the performance was imposing in its breadth and power, its tranquil spirit, its unflinching musical beauty.

Reger has attempted to found his style in many ways upon Bach; and probably

it seemed to him that a necessary corollary of this intention was to follow him in the unaccompanied sonatas. The sonata heard yesterday seems too much like an attempt to solve a difficult problem, not enough like the spontaneous outpouring of a creative mind which selected this form as the meritable one for the expression of its ideas. There is the feeling that the ideas were devised and moulded, rather, to fit the form. There is little of the polyphony and the suggestion of polyphony that Bach has so marvelously achieved on the four strings of the instrument, and made use of simple thirds and sixths in the double stoppings; and there is the sense that an accompaniment is lacking to complete the expression of the musical ideas. Insofar, it seems that Reger's experiment has not been successful; for if an unaccompanied sonata for violin is to be justified it must convey in itself the impression of completeness. It may be added that the musical ideas themselves are not in this sonata notably inspiring; but Mr. Zimbalist played the composition with evident devotion and admiration for it, and assuredly presented it in its best light.

Among his other numbers were Beethoven's Romance in F, Spohr's mellifluous concertos in D minor on two of Joachim's transcriptions of Brahms's Hungarian dances. The concerto has lost favor with violinists, but it still has many beauties, if they are a little faded. Such music is easily sentimentalized, but Mr. Zimbalist played it in a style direct and wholesome, with a keen sense for its melodic lines and its polished utterance.

Young Russian Violinist Shows Real Progress in His Art.

Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme comprised Bach's sonata in G minor for violin (unaccompanied), Beethoven's romance in F, Spohr's D minor concerto, Reger's A major sonata (unaccompanied) and two Brahms Hungarian dances, transcribed by Joachim. The audience was of fair size and its applause was of the kind that betokens real enjoyment.

Mr. Zimbalist's art is ripening slowly and normally along the lines which were indicated by his first performances here. That he will presently occupy a commanding position in the world of music is beyond question. That he is already a player of large personal force is indisputable. The question of technical equipment need not be raised, because the possession of the means for attaining his ends was long ago demonstrated by this violinist.

Connoisseurs of violin playing, however, are aware that artists do make progress in one fundamental of technique, namely, tone, and in this Mr. Zimbalist has advanced very perceptibly. His tone is more noble, more searching, more suited to the embodiment of fine ideals of beauty than it was in the beginning of his American career. The ideals of this young artist are easily discerned and they command both respect and admiration.

Possessed of real temperament, he is not what the typical concertgoer calls a temperamental player. This is but another way of saying that his temperament inclines to pensive tenderness, to introspection, to rapt contemplation of pure beauty rather than to fiery outpourings of passion. If there is no elemental aggressiveness in Mr. Zimbalist's art there is high and serene beauty at all times, and with it are the communications of an imagination guided by a strong intellectual bent.

Thus the hearer receives genuine satisfaction from such a lovely performance as that of the Bach sonata yesterday, while in the Beethoven romance the tenderness already mentioned was published with grace and unaffected sincerity. Mr. Zimbalist holds his art in high veneration, and his self-effacement is by no means the least admirable of the merits which he brings before his public. He is modest of demeanor, serious in endeavor, a thoughtful and growing young artist whom it is always a pleasure to hear.

Mozart and Puccini Furnish Pleasures for Two Audiences.

The two performances which were given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday had no item of importance demanding discussion. In the afternoon Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" was sung and a large audience was apparently well pleased. Instead of Mme. Destinn, Mme. Gadske sang the role of Pamina and placed to her credit some of the most artistic singing she has done this season. The other members of the cast were the same as here before.

In the evening "Madama Butterfly" was presented, with most of the cast now usually heard in this work. Miss Farrar was the impersonator of the unhappy Japanese girl, Mr. Botta was the Pinkerton and Mr. Scotti the Sharpless. Mr. Herz conducted in the afternoon and Mr. Toscanini in the evening.

Jan. 4, 1915
Bohemian Compositions in Its Concert—Bourstin and Barrere Soloists

A cheerful and diverting programme, not heavily weighted, was given at the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, in which Bohemia was largely represented. Smetana, Dvorak, and Josef Suk were the Bohemian composers whose music was played. Smetana's

brilliant and witty "The Bartered Bride" was the main feature of the programme. It was followed by Dvorak's suite for orchestra, Op. 44, which took, as far as might be, the place of a symphony in this concert. The programme, in New York, was the first performance not supported by the facts. A very short search discloses at least two previous performances in New York.

It is a charming composition in five movements, (one of which, a minuet, was omitted in the playing,) with some of Dvorak's most ingratiating melody and most adroit effects of orchestral color, showing how such color may be obtained with modest resources by orchestral colorists who follow Sir Josiah's method and mix their pigments with brains. The music is facile and makes no pretense to depth; but it is characteristic of Dvorak's most spontaneous vein and in the last movement, a "furious" one, he exploits the rhythm and movement of one of the national dances, as he does in the second, a polka. Josef Suk's "Scherzo Fantastique," also set down as played for the first time in New York, fulfills the promise of its title without undertaking any abstruse function. The music is fanciful, sometimes fantastic; there are bizarre effects of orchestration, as well as some very pleasing ones. The piece is extended somewhat beyond the capacity of its thematic material, and the composer's treatment of it to maintain the interest, but it has enough in it to give pleasure and entertainment.

Arkady Bourstin, violinist, who had been heard a few weeks ago in a recital, and Mr. George Barrere, the distinguished flutist of the orchestra, were the soloists. Mr. Bourstin played Saint-Saens's B minor concerto with some unevenness. The disappearance of obvious nervousness which beset him at the beginning worked to the improvement of his performance as it went on. He is a player of intelligence and sincerity, with an abundant technical equipment; his tone is not always of the highest beauty or refinement of quality, nor has his style all the grace and finish that this music especially requires; but there were passages that he played with real beauty and appropriate expression, and passages of brilliancy and dash. His performance gave pleasure, however, the audience. The orchestral accompaniment was unfortunately crude and ill-prepared.

Mr. Barrere's contributions were slight; pieces by Faure, Hie, himself—original and delicate imaginative "Nocturne"—and Caplet. He played them all with consummate mastery and perfect skill, to the excellent pianoforte accompaniments of Mr. Damrosch.

Bourstin, Violinist, Makes Emphatic Success at Concert.

Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra have given weightier concerts than that of yesterday, but few which afforded greater pleasure to listeners. The persons who filled Aeolian Hall not only had the privilege of being present at the first presentation in this city of two compositions, but they also heard a violinist who should make a place for himself among the truly great artists.

This young man, Arkady Bourstin, won favorable consideration in these won favorable consideration in these columns three years ago, when he made his debut at a concert in the Century Opera House. That appearance was shortly prior to the time he sailed for Paris to study with Henri Morteau.

Yesterday he made his second public effort here since his return from abroad, and it was his first performance of a concerto with orchestra. Every prediction made for the young musician was fulfilled, for no newcomer this season has disclosed such violin talent and ability as did Arkady Bourstin in the course of his interpretation of Saint-Saens B minor Concerto.

The young violinist played the broad opening movement with a quality of repose and a musicianship that have not been displayed by any young player heard in this city since Efrem Zimbalist made his debut four years ago. The lovely andantino was equally finished, and given with pure and beautiful tone. But it remained for the finale to show Mr. Bourstin at his best.

This movement, which calls for breadth of style, a facile, large technique and brilliancy, was the one which prompted the audience to enthusiastic applause. The young man handled himself with the surety of a veteran.

An artistically admirable solo associate, on this occasion, was George Barrere, first flautist of the Symphony Society, who played a nocturne of his own composing, an andantino by Faure, "Petite Valse," by Caplet, and a serenade by Hue. Mr. Barrere's finished art was perfectly employed.

Dvorak's suite for orchestra is a splendid as well as a charming composition. It is comparatively light in scoring, the brass instruments being but little used, and yet the contrasts are ample.

The second novelty, by Josef Suk, son-in-law of Dvorak, did not disclose the same degree of originality. This scherzo fantastique is worth hearing, but it can scarcely be designated as important music.

Enthusiasm for Mr. Pablo Casals, the only cello soloist who has been playing in concert in this city this season, induced Mr. Giorgio Polacco, a conductor of the Metropolitan Opera company, to leave his bed, where he has been confined with the

grip, to hear him play at the regular Sunday night concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night. After hearing the Spanish player in Haydn's concerto in D minor he went home well satisfied, for seldom is the cello played as it was last night.

Continued applause from one of the largest audiences that have attended these Sunday night concerts failed to elicit an encore, but Mr. Casals later played Schumann's "Abendlied" and Saint-Saens' Allegro Appassionato.

Miss Emmy Destinn, who sang arias from "Don Giovanni," "Madama Butterfly" and "La Tosca" also won much applause. Mr. Luca Botta, the other soloist, pleased the audience with arias from "La Boheme" and "La Gioconda."

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman, played Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, the Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" and the overture to "Euryanthe."

PHILHARMONIC PLAYS

TSCHAIKOWSKY WORK

Mr. Stransky's Men Perform Popular

No. 4, Which Is to Have Three

More Hearings This Week.

If one is looking for a concert of well known popular orchestra classics, not too heavy for the average concertgoer, he is very apt to find it in Carnegie Hall whenever the Philharmonic Society plays a Sunday afternoon programme. Yesterday was no exception.

Mr. Josef Stransky got a "beat" on two other orchestra conductors by playing Tschaiakowsky's Symphony No. 4, which will be repeated by the Philadelphia Orchestra to-day and by the Symphony Society Friday and again next Sunday.

It is not as popular as the fifth or sixth symphonies of the same composer, but seems to be having numerous hearings of late. Mr. Stransky is well known as a Tschaiakowsky conductor, and the results yesterday were very satisfactory.

From Wagner two well known orchestra selections followed, "Traume" and the Waldwehen from "Siegfried." After these came the most popular of early symphonic poems, "The Preludes," by Franz Liszt, and, ending with something in a lighter vein, Delibes' ballet suite "Sylvia" was heard. The audience was very large and applause was hearty.

Jan. 5, 1915

STAR OF "AIDA" IS CARUSO AND HOUSE IS CROWDED.

Emmy Destinn, Mme. Matzenauer and Messrs. Amato and Didur

Also Are Effective.

With the spectacular "Aida" as the opera, and with Mmes. Destinn and Matzenauer and Messrs. Caruso, Amato and Didur singing the principal roles, it was a gala Monday night at the Metropolitan. The public's favorite tenor is not often heard now in the part of Radames, and his appearance last evening was the signal for a sold-out house.

While Caruso was not over lavish in his display of tone, he was in excellent voice, and his restrained and finished singing was highly acceptable. Mme. Destinn's Aida is one of her best undertakings. She appeared fully recovered from her recent illness, and her voice had its accustomed parity.

The work of the rest of the cast is familiar; the ballet and chorus were up to standard, and the various ensembles were stirring. In the triumphal entry scene the entire ballet music was played, giving Rosina Galli an opportunity to exhibit new prima ballerina steps.

Toscanini's magnetic leadership and his orchestra's response should not be overlooked.

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

A concert for the benefit of the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. For the purpose of creating unusual interest in this entertainment the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor, was brought across the plains of New Jersey, together with Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist, in private life the wife of Mr. Stokowski.

The programme offered for the delectation of the music loving public consisted of Vivaldi's A minor concerto for strings, Beethoven's E flat concerto for piano and orchestra, the dirge from Mr. MacDowell's "Indian Suite" and the fourth symphony of Tschaiakowsky. In regard to the last named composition a controversy as to priority has arisen between the representatives of Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Damrosch. It should be noted that Mr. Stransky of the Philharmonic conducted the same symphony on Sunday, thus leading both the others, who are declaring that they announced it first.

The Philadelphia Orchestra is not strange to this city. Its visits have always been interesting, and under Mr. Stokowski even exciting. It is therefore regrettable that yesterday's entertainment was not the equal of its predecessor. The laying of the orchestra was technically excellent throughout the concert, but the tonal qualities, especially the strings, left much to be desired. The performance of the Vivaldi concerto was accurate, well planned and commendable, but it was dull because the tone was dull.

The concert from the admired solo of Mielchewski was performed beautifully, with finish, color and with poetic spirit. This was Mr. Stokowski's highest achievement in the course of the concert. The technical excellence of the orchestra were displayed again in the symphony, and so were the tonal deficiencies. The conductor's interpretation seemed to indicate that he knew many things about the work which Tschinkowsky did not. At any rate he indulged in some remarkable changes of tempo in the first and second movements.

His heavy leaning on certain retardations and advances quite altered the character of the melodies and exaggerated the sentiment of the music till it became effeminate. The third and fourth movements had more masculinity. Mr. Stokowski is an admirable conductor in so far as routine goes, and when he was here before he gave a reading of the Brahms C minor symphony which commanded general enthusiasm.

It was an afternoon of gentle moods. Miss Samurow is a pianist who has facility and good tone, yet neither was displayed at its best yesterday. Some of her passages were blurred to an unwanted degree, and her tone seemed uncommonly hard and unsympathetic. Her reading of the great "Emperor" concerto was not such as to meet the demands of the work. It was smooth and respectful, but it wanted breadth and penetration.

Jan. 6, 1915 MUSIC LEAGUE GIVES ITS SECOND CONCERT Three Aspirants for Favor: Violinist, Soprano and Baritone, Are Heard.

The second subscription concert of the Music League of America took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The purpose of this organization is to afford opportunities for public appearances to musicians who cannot afford to undertake the expense for themselves. The league has a committee which hears the applicants and selects those who are to enjoy the benefits of the enterprise. It was said here after the first concert that important gifts were rarely discovered by such means, but that if even one worthy performer were brought to light, the existence of the league would be justified.

No revelations were made at the first concert, and the same verdict must be pronounced on last evening's entertainment. The three aspirants for recognition were Alfred Begerlin, violinist; Mlle. Lise Brias, soprano, and Vivian Gosnell, baritone. Mr. Megerlin, in Handel's G minor sonata, demonstrated that he was a player of fairly good schooling and of taste. That he performed quite as well as some of those who have engaged managers and hired the hall was unquestionable; but that he had anything to offer which rose above the level of respectable mediocrity cannot be asserted.

Mlle. Lise Brias was much affected by nervousness when she sang "Piedreux mes yeux," from Massenet's opera "Le Cid," a bit of dramatic music requiring for its effective delivery the voice, technique and experience of a considerable artist. Mlle. Brias displayed a voice of good natural quality and some glimpses of style, but her vocal technique was very defective and her delivery was marred by some objectionable mannerisms.

Mr. Gosnell emerged as a lieder singer and exhibited a voice of very poor quality, and a tone production which made it seem even worse. With such a weak equipment he could not have interpreted his songs eloquently even if he had so conceived them. Ethel Cave Cole played all the accompaniments conscientiously. Mrs. Cole, it should be noted, was not one of the league's candidates, but a professional of some years standing.

Belgian Violinist, French Soprano and English Bass Are the Aspiring Young Artists Heard.

There was a decided improvement in the artists who appeared at the second concert of the Music League of America in Aeolian Hall last night over those heard at the first concert. Only three artists were heard last night, and they were all of the "allies." The first was Mr. Alfred Megerlin, a Belgian violinist, who played Handel's Sonata in G minor without much temperament, but with due regard to the proper notes, a fairly good tone and with good intonation. He was not so successful in Wieniawski's Polonaise, which he played later.

Next came Miss Lise Brias, a French soprano, who has sung in the Opera Comique in Paris. She did not sing on the key with any great regularity, but displayed a voice not devoid of beauty and one of great power in an aria from Massenet's "Le Cid." She was heard later in some songs of Massenet, Berlioz and Delibes.

The most satisfactory performer of the evening was Mr. Vivian Gosnell, an English bass, who has a pleasing voice and showed considerable insight into the realm of German lieder. In singing songs of Schubert and Strauss. The accompaniments were all played sympathetically by Mrs. Ethel Cave-Cole. Neither Mr. Gosnell nor Mr. Megerlin have been heard here before.

Julia Culp's Recital.

Madame Julia Culp was prevented by illness from giving her first entertainment in December. Yesterday afternoon the belated recital took place at Carnegie Hall, where her many admirers greeted her with enthusiasm.

Her programme was made up of songs by Brahms, Strauss, Wolf, James H. Rogers, S. de Lange, and some arrangements of Indian tunes by Thurlow Lieurance. Mme. Culp showed all her well-known qualities, the fine volume of her voice, the ease with which she manages it technically; and she wisely kept to the more lyric type of song, which suits her best. Her hearers were especially pleased with "Schwalbe, Sag mir an," by Brahms; "The Star" of James H. Rogers, and "Mausfallen-Sprichlein" and "Heinrich," by Hugo Wolf. Much applause greeted the last line of the final song in which the word "Deutschland" rang out triumphantly from the singer—who comes from Holland, by the way. Mme. Culp placed on her programme Strauss's "Morgen," one of the best songs he ever wrote, although the beautiful ideas are contained almost entirely in the accompaniment. She also sang two soldier songs by Wolf. All the singers this year seem to refer by one song or another to the world-war.

A great artist stated some years ago that singers do not love masterworks. This seems to be the case generally when they choose American songs. Those on Mme. Culp's programme were effective for her voice, and that is all that can be said for them, as they were not of a high order as compositions. The Indian songs were of the parlor variety, as inappropriately harmonized as they were versified. Only an occasional musical phrase suggested the American red man, and the following lines, sung to a baby in the cradles: "Tears on your cheek sparkle like stars, soon he (the warrior father) will kiss them away," do not suggest the domestic manners of the primitive savage coming home with scalps hanging at his belt. Harvey Loomis has made a special study of Indian songs, and has added harmonies fitted to their untrammelled melodies; why not sing those? Mr. von Bos accompanied with his usual masterly skill.

Julia Culp, after considerable delay by reason of war conditions, recently arrived in this city and yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall gave a song recital postponed from December 10. The auditorium was filled and several prominent singers, and many teachers and students of singing listened intently to the distinguished artist. There was much warm applause and yet manifestations of discrimination.

Mme. Culp's programme was arranged in accordance with the plan of Quintilian's oratory, with the weakest arguments in the middle. The first group comprised five songs of Brahms. The second consisted of three "Indian" songs by Thurlow Lieurance, James Roger's "Wind Song" and "The Star" and de Lang's "Dutch Serenade." The third and last group contained two songs of Richard Strauss and four of Hugo Wolf.

The songs of Mr. Lieurance were entitled "The Weaver," "Her Basket" and "Lullaby." The first and second are good songs, but the third hardly deserved a place in Mme. Culp's list. How much of the Indian remains in these songs can only be conjectured by those acquainted with Indian singing and the white man's attempts at reproduction of it. But it is not a matter of importance, so long as music lovers are not misled into supposing that they are listening to real Indian music. These two songs have a certain character and some interesting melodic phrases. Other phrases are clearly commonplace and do not even suggest the savage.

Mme. Culp's voice was in excellent condition yesterday and her singing again gave delight by reason of its beauty of tone, its breadth of phrasing, its clarity of enunciation and its communicative temperament. Nothing could have been more eloquent than her delivery of Brahms's "Nachtigal" and "Schwalbe sag mir an." In these two songs she presented an epitome of her power. Her entire art with its delicate imagination and its deep tenderness of feeling.

Jan. 8, 1915

The third of the series of four Thursday morning "Chansons en Crinoline," under the direction of Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth and Charles K. Slayter, was given yesterday at the Plaza. "The Story of a Cotton Gown"

was presented. The stage was set to represent a cotton field in the South, and every process of the making of a cotton dress, from the actual picking of the cotton to the wearing of the completed gown, was shown. Mme. Frances Alda wore the cotton gown and sang songs of the South. Manuel Quiroga, the Spanish violinist, played and plantation singers were heard.

Mrs. Hawkesworth Gives Another Chansons en Crinoline at Plaza.

Another of Mrs. Hawkesworth's Chansons en Crinoline was given yesterday morning in the ballroom of the Plaza. In the first part of the programme Mme. Frances Alda of the Metropolitan Opera House gave two groups of songs, including some old English and French songs, the gavotte from Massenet's "Manon" and songs by Frank La Forge, the composer being at the piano.

The last part of the programme was a musical sketch entitled "The Story of a Cotton Gown," the stage being set to represent a cotton field. In this scene Mme. Alda sang a number of Southern melodies, including Foster's familiar "Old Folks at Home" and Ethelbert Nevin's "Mighty Lake a Rose." There were also Southern melodies sung by a quintet of colored singers and Harry Burleigh, colored baritone, of St. George's Church choir sang some plantation melodies. Incidental to this scene were dances by Lillian Emerson.

CORDELIA LEE'S RECITAL.

Cordelia Lee, violinist, was heard in a recital at the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon. This young woman, who comes from the West, and is a pupil of Leopold Auer, made her debut in Aeolian Hall in the autumn of 1911 and has been heard since that time as soloist with the Russian Symphony Orchestra and in other capacities.

Her programme yesterday began with the chaconne of Vitali, which was followed by the "Symphonie Espagnole" of Lalo. Other numbers were by Pugnani, Cartier, Kreisler and Paganini. What was said about Miss Lee's playing at her debut might be repeated this morning word for word, and this is not a good saying. There cannot well be any standing still in the career of an artist, one must go forward or backward, and yet Miss Lee has come as near to remaining in one place as possible.

She still has more temperament than artistic judgment, more boldness than finish, more dash than dignity. Her tone yesterday was very raw and rough and her intonation was frequently faulty. Nor was her finger technique always equal to the demands of the difficult passages which she was attempting. Much extravagance in the use of portamento and a profound fondness for sobbing effects conspired to mar the beauty of some pages of cantilena which might otherwise have commanded some praise. Her art was heard at its best in the first movement in the Lalo composition. She has not the clean finger work and rhythmic incisiveness needed for the last movement. Conrad Bos played the accompaniments in his customary artistic manner.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN GREAT CONCERT

Fritz Kreisler Plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto With Unusual Beauty and Power.

MOZART'S 'JUPITER' HEARD

The third evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Wagner's "Elne Faust" overture and "Siegfried Idyl" and Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The solo violinist was Fritz Kreisler. It was a concert to be cherished in the memory not only because of the beauty of the music but for the spirit of devotion which dwelt in it.

That Dr. Muck is not in ebullient humor in these troubled times must be manifest to the most superficial observer. It is by itself a matter of popular opinion in this country on the subject of the European war. It is immediately after receipt in the autumn of 1913, of \$775,000 from the Pullman Company, reported a year ago, undertaken the preparation of a plan to meet the situation once for all, and not to depend on the generosity of the Society's friends. After careful study under the advice of experts, and with the experience in other cities before them, the conclusion was reached that this object could be most readily attained through the ownership by the Society of, and the investment upon which he plays was heard with delight in the Mozart symphony, and with thrills in the overture, in which the conductor's artistic affections were woven into quickness and communicative power.

The distinguished conductor did his duty last evening, but he showed no cordiality in his demeanor toward his audience. Nevertheless the splendid instrumentality of the Society of, and the investment upon which he plays was heard with delight in the Mozart symphony, and with thrills in the overture, in which the conductor's artistic affections were woven into quickness and communicative power.

The "Jupiter" symphony stays young and filled with vigor. Lacking all the imposing apparatus of the latest orchestral productions and moving along the thin lines of the early symphonic form, it none the less makes clear its proclamation of genius; and the massive strength of the fugue which amazed Mozart's contemporaries as an item of symphonic composition still demands applause.

Perhaps there may be a special poignant significance in the "Siegfried Idyl" in these days when the brilliant and somewhat eccentric Cosima Liszt Wagner is sinking into the first scenes of her life romance and the burden of Bayreuth has fallen upon the shoulders of the young Siegfried who will have regretted it deeply. Mendelssohn's concerto is often performed, frequently played, and rarely enough interpreted but Mr. Kreisler's delivery of the first movement (all that THE SUN records) was a masterpiece of eloquence. The violinist has never played this peculiar music with greater splendor and technical art, with a finer insight, with a more irresistible personal utterance. It was a great performance, a worthy of both the player and the composition.

Emmy Destinn Appears Once Again in Role of "Elsa."

"Lohengrin" was brought forward the second time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. A potent charm that is first of all wrought upon Wagner lovers by the power, visionary mystery and great spirit, beauty found in this lyric drama seem again to cast its spell. There was a large audience assembled and it gave close attention to the scenes of the opera as they were one by one unfolded. The performance was again one of uniform merit. Perhaps the chief feature of interest it contained was the appearance of Miss Destinn in the role of Elsa. More frequent hearings of the work have come to associate in the mind of the listener the impersonation of the fair Duchess of Brabant with the name of a Galski or a Fremstad, though it is a part in which Miss Destinn was first heard here, back in the season of 1911-1912. Vocally she was then very successful in it and her characterization found interesting, first of all in its human aspect, rather than in that of visionary.

Last night Mme. Destinn's impersonation was again marked by much fine vocal achievement. Her voice in it at times lacked steadiness, but on the whole used it well and frequently with excellent effect. While in action the impersonation was a higher plane of interpretative ideal than before. It fitted itself exactly into the whole presentation, helped to make it not only one of much merit, but it moreover impressed hearers by an unusual poetic spirit, united with the elements of a real drama grandeur.

Mr. Urius as Lohengrin again found himself happy in a part well adapted to his voice and style. Mme. Ober also finds herself in one of her best parts as Ortrud. It is the role in which she made her debut at the Metropolitan and she has always as last night, invested it with some vigorous work vocally as well as splendid action. Mr. Ruysdael was the King and Weill the Telramund. Mr. Middleton, recently made his first operatic appearance here as the Herald, appeared praiseworthy delivery of the part. Singing of the chorus was excellent.

PHILHARMONIC ASKS SUPPORT

Society's Building Fund Campaign Halted by the War.

"Notice has been sent to members of the Philharmonic Society that although the war has hampered the raising of funds for the Society's proposed building, they should bear in mind the necessity of their personal support. As it is issued by the board of directors and signed by Rudolf E. Finsch, says in part:

"The income from the amount in the hands of Mr. Pullitzer is insufficient to meet the annual deficiency. No matter how much patronage the concert may have. Therefore, the directors are immediately after receipt in the autumn of 1913, of \$775,000 from the Pullman Company, reported a year ago, undertaken the preparation of a plan to meet the situation once for all, and not to depend on the generosity of the Society's friends. After careful study under the advice of experts, and with the experience in other cities before them, the conclusion was reached that this object could be most readily attained through the ownership by the Society of, and the investment upon which he plays was heard with delight in the Mozart symphony, and with thrills in the overture, in which the conductor's artistic affections were woven into quickness and communicative power.

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while activities must remain suspended, it is of urgent importance that members should bear in mind the continued and pressing necessity of their personal support, both in the direction of securing new members, and in the direction of securing new subscribers to the several series of concerts."

AMERICAN SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Jan. 7, 1915
Organization Conducted by Mr.

Julian Carrillo, Mexican Violinist, Plays Well.

A new organization calling itself the American Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Julian Carrillo, a Mexican who has played the violin in many large orchestras in Europe, gave its first public concert in Aeolian Hall last night.

Considering the short time that the organization has been together it played very well, and its conductor showed himself to be a capable musician, though his interpretations of Beethoven's overture "Leonore" No. 3, Wagner's "Albionblatt" and the Valse from a Serenade for strings by Tchaikowsky were more strenuous than those of German conductors.

The conductor presented for the first time here a symphony of his own which he called a private hearing about two weeks ago. It is well orchestrated, but lacks a definite style and does not interest greatly. There was one soloist, Miss Margaret Harrison, a local soprano, who has a fine voice and an attractive personality. She has heard in the Ave Maria from Bruch's "The Cross of Fire."

Jan. 9, 1915

Beethoven's Triple Concerto and Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela."

HOFMANN PLAYS CHOPIN'S CONCERTO

Symphony and Philharmonic Societies in Rivalry After Suspension of Activities.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

After a brief suspension of activities during the holidays, the rivalry between the Symphony and Philharmonic Societies was resumed yesterday afternoon, and will now be continued without cessation till the end of the concert season. The advantage in point of interest at the concerts given respectively in Aeolian and Carnegie halls lay indubitably with the Symphony Society, which not only had the help of Josef Hofmann, but also offered a programme of which only a single number could be called hackneyed, and that the soloist, Mr. Hofmann, spread a lively and sparkling freshness by his playing. It was Chopin's concerto in E minor. This was preceded by Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony, the last movement of which, because it is the most characteristically national utterance of the composer, takes on dignity and significance in proportion as the so-called "Pathetic" symphony (largely because of too frequent performance) fades them.

After the symphony came Sibelius's poem, "The Swan of Tuonela," which was not announced as a novelty, though we cannot, out of hand, recall a previous performance of it in New York. It was, however, a feature of the Norfolk festival last June, when it was conducted by the composer, and reference was made to it then in review of Sibelius's "Kalevala" music printed in this journal. If anybody were to set it down as the finest of the Finnish composer's inspirations, we should feel no temptation to quarrel with him. It is programmatic music of the highest order, a delineation of the mood evoked by the contemplation of Tuonela's Stygian stream on whose dark surface floated the swan which Lemminkäinen was commanded to shoot by the mistress of the Darkland. The fateful outcome of the rash adventure makes one of the most picturesque stories in Finland's great epic poem, but with the adventure itself the music has nothing to do. It is concerned only with the vision of the bird and the murky river which is its home. A singularly haunting melody played by the English horn, with a response by the violoncellos, lays over the harmonic flood quietly poured forth by the other instruments and takes hold of ear and imagination as a spell cast by a magician's incantation. It is quite without a parallel in music of its kind; a miniature masterpiece, more alluring, because so simple and direct in its appeal, than Debussy's marvellous musical depiction of the haunting afternoon dream of a faun. Mr. Damrosch gave an exquisite reading, and, indeed, of the orchestra's work under his direction was unusually good. After

the enthusiasm which Mr. Hofmann's splendidly virile, yet poetically refined, performance of Chopin's concerto called forth had died away (which it was long in doing) the concert was brought to a close with a performance of Ravel's symphonic fragment, "Daphnis and Chloe," which had won favor at a concert early in the season. The concert will be repeated to-morrow afternoon.

Music by Beethoven and Schumann made up the programme of the Philharmonic concert conducted by Mr. Strinsky. There were four numbers in the scheme. Between Beethoven's overtures "Coriolan" and "Leonore" No. 3 there fell a work which is heard not much oftener than once or twice in a generation—the same composer's concerto for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment, Op. 56, the concertante parts played by Germaine Schmitzer, Maximilian Pilzer and Leo Schulz. This triple concerto has never won popularity. It made a dire failure when first played in public at one of Schuppanzigh's summer concerts in the Augarten, in Vienna, in 1807, and was not played again in the composer's lifetime. In 1830 the pianist Bocklet, the violinist Mayseder and the cellist Merk revived it in the Austrian capital and won for it a measure of success. Popularity it has never gained, and probably never will, for the public taste has drifted far from the style which it represents, and even musicians are inclined to speak patronizingly of it as "interesting." It is that, at least, if for no other reason than that it is a comparatively modern exfoliation of the concerto grosso of the Bach period. Beethoven began it in 1803 and finished it some time in 1806. It was evidently written for his archducal pupil, Rudolph, whose skill was no doubt equal to the requirements of the pianoforte part, which is not as difficult as the music for the solo violin and violoncello. Its original failure was attributed to the fact that the players made light of their task. Yesterday's players were serious enough, but did not succeed in persuading the audience that they were bearers of a very weighty message of beauty. The Schumann number which concluded the concert was the Symphony in B-flat.

Offers Chopin's Concerto in E Minor at First Appearance This Season.

The Symphony Society, with Walter Damrosch conductor, resumed its Friday afternoon series of concerts yesterday at Aeolian Hall with a programme of music mostly by modern composers of later day time. Josef Hofmann was the soloist. He played the E minor concerto of Chopin.

Great interest was manifested in Mr. Hofmann's appearance, and this was no doubt partly due to the fact that it was his first hearing here this season, as well as being also the only time that he will play with orchestra, save at the society's concert to-morrow, when yesterday's programme will be repeated.

That the choice of Chopin's concerto in E minor as made for two occasions thus important would hardly be of a relative musical significance to best suit the taste of many of Mr. Hofmann's admirers here may readily be assumed, though it can be remembered that the guidance of selection in programmatic matter frequently belongs to such features as harmonic adjustment or the avoidance of future repetition, and hence is beyond the momentary control of either soloist or conductor.

The work is one that offers almost endless opportunity for the possession of a clean and clear technique, tonal beauty and resources of delicacy in the variance of colors. The message its poetic content has to bring, as being that which reaches to any unusual depth and breadth in interpretative profundity, is of less importance. Mr. Hofmann's performance of the concerto was very beautiful display in all the requirements it makes of the pianist's art. He played it with a lovely singing quality of tone, charming style and rare taste in feeling. It was a masterly delivery of its kind and one that exhibited in a due measure the brilliance of pianoforte virtuosity.

The first part of the programme was given over to Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony, a composition that had already received two performances here this week, each from different conductors. It was now indeed Mr. Damrosch's turn to add his own, and he entered upon its performance with evident sympathy and enthusiasm. It is a work that his orchestra is wont to play with fine interpretative power and skill, and yesterday this skill was again well displayed in the reading heard. It was one of finely planned proportions, which were closely followed in a delivery excellently supported by the qualities of fine tonal balance and color. The second and third movements lacked something in resonance of tone and brilliancy, but this lack was largely due to the acoustics of the hall, which are not well adapted to orchestral playing. The performance of the symphony as a whole was received with much favor, and this Mr. Damrosch had his orchestra rise and share with him.

The number following was "The Swan of Tuonela," by Sibelius. The full score of this selection, which is the third part of a symphonic poem in four parts, entitled "Lemminkäinen," bears, according to Daniel Mason's programme notes of yesterday, the following note: "Tuonela, the kingdom of death, the hades of Fin-

land, of which there is no rapid entrance upon which the Swan of Tuonela glides majestically singing." The music is quite effective in coloring and carries throughout a sad swanlike melody, though it suffers monotony through repetition in development. It was well played, however, and hence received an added interest. The symphonic fragment, "Daphnis and Chloe," of Ravel, which was in the list as a request number, served to bring to a close the music of the afternoon.

BEETHOVEN MUSIC AT PHILHARMONIC SCHUMANN'S SPRING SONG

The concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was attended by a large audience. The programme comprised Beethoven's overture to "Coriolan," his triple concerto for violin, cello and piano with orchestra, opus 56, and his overture "Leonore," No. 3, and Schumann's B-flat symphony. The solo players in the concerto were Maximilian Pilzer, violin; Leo Schulz, cello—these two members of the orchestra—and Germaine Schmitzer, pianist.

The triple concerto of Beethoven was begun in 1804, finished in 1805 and published by the Bureau des Arts et d'Industrie of Vienna in 1807. It is dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz. It accordingly belongs to the fruitful period in which "Fidelio," soon to be revived at the opera, was brought forth, a period in which the master's powers were ripe and full of energy. Doubtless the composition was new to almost every hearer in yesterday's audience, and hearing an unknown work by Beethoven is an interesting experience.

This concerto is rich in dignified melody and the slow movement has that singularly elevated mood which is so often found in the adagios and andantes of the famous master. The utterances are delightfully distributed among the three instruments, each of which has something to say perfectly suited to its individuality. The orchestra supplies a firm yet quiet support throughout and occasionally repeats in full song the leading thematic ideas.

That Beethoven would handle such a form with a skill which makes the production of the composition seem a simple task was to be expected. But those well acquainted with the art of writing for two or three solo instruments know that the undertaking is one in which failure may be accomplished much more swiftly than success. If, therefore, this composition sounds so smooth and facile it is because a master made it.

That it is not one of the great proclamations of Beethoven's genius goes almost without saying. The form is not one to invite the publication of such thoughts as would be suitable to the orchestra or to a single solo instrument or even to a chamber music body. Restful beauty and lovely sentiment are to be found in the concerto and for the musician fine art in the treatment. It was very well played by the three musicians.

Both the overtures are favorites with music lovers, and need no comment. Schumann's B-flat symphony is frequently called his "Spring" symphony. It was his first work in this form written early in 1841. He had begun with the piano and while inspired by his love for Clara Wieck had turned to the voice and poured forth many of his famous songs. His marriage with her after the removal of formidable obstacles seems to have moved him to seek fuller expression in the orchestra, and this bright and beautiful symphony was one of three which he composed in a year. The work was well played by the orchestra and conducted with enthusiasm by Mr. Strinsky.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

The concert of the New York Symphony Society yesterday afternoon was made notable by the co-operation of Josef Hofmann as soloist; it was his first appearance in New York this season. He played Chopin's pianoforte concerto in E minor, a piece that seems to have fallen lately out of the repertory of pianists. Mr. Hofmann's choice of it was interesting, not only on this account, but also because it was played in a room of the small dimensions of Aeolian Hall, surroundings for which it is peculiarly fitted by a certain intimacy of its character. It is not a piece for virtuosos to thunder in the vacuous reaches of great auditoriums.

Mr. Hofmann's performance of the concerto was entrancing. He seemed to have adjusted its scale in all respects to the surroundings, and his calculation was unerringly correct. He played it with a miraculous delicacy and tenderness. His dynamic range was small, but within its limits there was an endless series of values, not only of power, but also of color, of accent, and rhythm. The performance seemed the very embodiment of Chopin's spirit. The music has an elegiac grace, and so Mr. Hofmann played it, yet without effeminacy, without a trace of sentimentality. The ravishing beauty of his tone, the aristocratic phrasing, the delicate clarity of his articulation of the passage work, that gave it nothing of dryness and took from it nothing of its shimmering opalescence—these and many other details of Mr. Hofmann's affectionate treatment of the music were a source of unceasing delight. He had the advantage of an excellent accompaniment from the orchestra. The symphony was Tchaikowsky's fourth, which will be well understood in the consciousness of New York music

lovers by that it has its fourth performance here inside of eight days. There was much excellence in the performance of it: much vigor, brilliancy and determined rhythm. The other orchestra, the Schumann's "Swan of Tuonela," music that succeeds in evoking a mood; and the long extract from Maurice Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," that was played by Mr. Damrosch some six weeks ago. The noisy ending is tiresome; but before this sets in there is much beauty of color, both in harmonic texture and in orchestration; and there are atmosphere, swiftly changing moods, the suggestion of life and action and emotion, that can't be more definitely interpreted by the action upon the stage; for it should not be forgotten, the "Daphnis et Chloe" is a pantomime, and that a concert performance in so far does not do entire justice to the intention of the music. The music gains upon repeated hearing; and its style seems singularly individual, not an echo of the sounds that are, or were, before last August, so persuasively to be heard in Paris.

Mme. Frances Alda Appears as Mimi and Miss Schumann as Musetta.

Puccini's "La Bohème" was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Bohème" is not exactly a novelty, but it is more potent in its appeal than most novelties. It appealed again last night, when Mme. Frances Alda essayed Mimi and Luca Botta Rodolfo. Both artists were in good voice, and if they taught us nothing new about Murger's bohemians they made those bohemians exceedingly pleasant companions. Mr. Seguro being still indisposed, Mr. Rothier took his place as Colline, to the vocal betterment of the part. The inimitable Signor Scotti disported himself as Marcello. Signor Scotti is no longer of that "brave oge de vingt ans" of which Beranger sang so transcendently, but he makes every one believe it. Mr. Ananian as Benoit and Mr. Leonhardt as Alcimoro were a pair of amusing buffos.

Miss Schumann's Musetta is not of Paris, either of the grand or the exterior boulevards. Other things than the Rhine and Alsace-Lorraine separate Paris from Berlin. Let's forgive Miss Schumann, because a beautiful voice sang Musetta's music.

Mr. Polacco conducted with spirit and authority.

Moments Musical at the Waldorf.

The third of the series of Moments Musicales was held yesterday afternoon at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mme. Eva Gauthier sang, in costume, a number of Japanese and Malay melodies. The other artists were Mme. Lucile Collette, violinist; Mme. Aline van Barentzen, and the Morgan dancers. General dancing followed the programme. The series of musicales are being held under the patronage of the principal artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company, under the direction of Otto Bartik, many of whom were present. Jan. 9, 1915, Times

Josef Hofmann with Orchestra.

Aeolian Hall is much too small to hold all those who want to hear Josef Hofmann, but yesterday afternoon he had to play in that hall because it is the home of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which had engaged him to play with it Chopin's E minor concerto. The music-lovers who succeeded in getting seats heard the distinguished Polish pianist (who, by the way, was born in the city of Cracow, now so prominent in the daily war news) play this work as poetically as he did twenty-eight years ago, when he was eleven years old.

To those who know that Josef Hofmann was born a pianistic genius, this statement will not seem funny. In that very concerto of Chopin there are details (particularly in the larghetto) which no other pianist has ever played as exquisitely as he played them as a boy. It will be remembered that he broke down from overwork, and that for some years after his reappearance on the stage, he played with a certain indifference, due to his being more interested in electric experiments than in music; but that phase passed away. He has made some remarkable inventions, which would insure him a prominent place in the automobile show; but it is as a pianist that he is most adored, and most of those who enjoyed and rapturously applauded his playing yesterday are likely to be in the "Kreisler audience" that is sure to greet him at Carnegie Hall on January 30.

Chopin's E minor has been referred to as a sort of moonlight concerto, and when one takes into account the muted strings, and the many delicate half-tints, shades, and shadows, the name seems not inappropriate. All its exquisite delicacy and tenderness were revealed with romantic charm by Mr. Hofmann; and, without using the full power of his noble instrument, he nevertheless rose to some splendid climaxes. He succeeded in imparting interest even to the antiquated pages which reflect the spirit of Hummel—for this was an early work, in

which Chopin had not yet become original in every bar. Those of yesterday's hearers who had read the descriptions of Chopin's playing given by his contemporaries were amazed at finding how minutely Mr. Hofmann's playing corresponds with them. But he is not only Chopin's "Doppelgänger"—he is also Liszt's; who will ever forget his thrilling performance of the great Liszt sonata? It is to be hoped he will play it again this season.

The principal orchestral number on yesterday's programme was the fourth symphony of Tchaikovsky. Why Mr. Damrosch should have taken the scherzo about 40 per cent. slower than other conductors is a mystery. His tempo took all the sparkle out of it. Much better was the final movement, which ended in a blaze of glory, and brought the musicians to their feet in response to tumultuous applause. The concert closed with a repetition of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe."

A Beethoven-Schumann Philharmonic

The Philharmonic Orchestra yesterday afternoon played a programme devoted entirely to Beethoven and Schumann. Mr. Stransky began with the "Coriolanus" overture, a tone poem by the mighty symphonist, played in a masterly manner. The solo number was an unusual combination of chamber and orchestral music, Beethoven's "Triple Concerto" for violin, cello, and piano, the assiduous artists being Miss Germaine Schnitzer at the piano, besides Maximilian Pilzer and Leo Schulz, who played the two stringed instruments. The composition is interesting in its alternation of color, so to speak, between the solo combination and the orchestra; but it is not in the great master's happiest vein, although it has great moments. Evidently the composer felt that its unusual combination would preclude frequent performance, and did not devote as much care to it as to some of his other works. The performance was excellent; Mr. Stransky wisely made cuts in the over-long first and last movements. The climax of the first part of the programme, however, was in the third "Leonore" overture, which has seldom been played with such clarity of expression, and at the same time such intense dramatic feeling, as Mr. Stransky, conducting *con amore*, without score, put into this performance. The tones of the trumpet behind the scenes were absolutely thrilling, and the expectant hush in the orchestra in the passage between the two calls was even more eloquent, to mention only one detail in a memorable performance of this well-known work.

The concert concluded with Schumann's delightful "Spring" symphony, which received a splendid performance at the hands of Mr. Stransky and his men. This music, so sane in its expression, so lovely in its melodic contours, so rich in its musical fibre, makes some of the "ultra" modern music seem like muddy pools in a swamp beside the ocean of really great music. The day of Schumann is not past, and such performances as the Philharmonic Society gave yesterday afternoon help to keep it alive.

Jan. 10. 1915 MR. BAUER'S RECITAL AN UNUSUAL OFFERING Gives Poetic Interpretation of Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood."

Harold Bauer was heard once more in recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The conditions were the same as heretofore. The house was large and the enthusiasm of the auditors was great. Mr. Bauer sought to bring new interest to his entertainment by playing a seldom heard work of Schumann, the "Kinderszenen," opus 15. This is a set of easy pieces published by Breitkopf & Haertel in Leipzig, and standing, as its number shows, between such masterpieces as the "Papillons" and "Carnival" on the one hand and the C major fantasia on the other.

In regard to this work Schumann in a letter to Heinrich Dorn lets us know that he added some of the titles after composing the pieces, and this is a suggestion that we should not read them too literally as programme music. But they all have the delicate character so marked in the

more lovely appeal to our affection is made by a passage in a letter from the composer to Clara Wieck, afterward his wife:

"Whether or no in response to some words you once wrote saying I sometimes seemed to you like a child, I took flight and amused myself with working out thirty droll little pieces, twelve of which I have selected and christened 'Kinderszenen.' You will like them, though you will have to forget you are a virtuoso for the time being. They bear inscriptions such as 'Boys,' 'Blindman's Buff,' 'A Child's Petition,' 'Hobbyhorseman,' 'From Foreign Lands,' 'An Uncanny Story' and what not. They are descriptive enough, you see, and as easy as winking."

Mr. Bauer's performance of the composition was exquisitely beautiful in every detail. Poetic, tender, finished and rich in variety of mood and manner it was a satisfying exposition of the thought of a master whose fancy was always touched by humor and imagination warmed by love.

The other numbers on the programme were a Bach prelude and fugue in D minor, Mozart's F major sonata, Beethoven's sonata in F minor, opus 57, commonly called "Sonata Appassionata," Chopin's G minor ballade and pieces by Brahms, Dahn and Saint-Saens. The Mozart composition gave scope to Mr. Bauer's daintiness of touch and delicate feeling for melodic line and accent. The Beethoven sonata was well played, but only in the slow movement was the pianist equal to his best.

YOUNG "SIEGFRIED" AT METROPOLITAN

Music Drama of the World Youth Has First Hearing at Matinee.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the general director of the Metropolitan Opera House, seems to cherish a deeper respect for matinee audiences than many other amusement managers and certain chroniclers of dramatic doings entertain. It is one of his customs to bring forward important operas on Saturday afternoons, and sometimes even to offer the first performances of novelties which could not by any stretch of imagination be thought to interest the "matinee girl."

In pursuance of his custom he gave yesterday the matinee subscribers the first performance of "Siegfried" this season. Curiously enough, as it may seem to some casual observers, "Siegfried" is a popular matinee work. In the first place the children dearly love it. They revel in its fairy tale incidents, the bear, the dwarf, the linguistic bird, the slaying of the talking dragon and the waking of the sleeping beauty. And children, who are sometimes wiser than old folk, know enough to bathe their fresh souls in the outdoor atmosphere of the music drama and in its vibrating utterances of youth and ardor.

As for the grownups even the dullest of them cannot fail to enjoy the physical charms of the action in which a splendid young manhood goes galloping through obstacles to the shrine of its desire. The more poetic can throb with the rapturous development of human emotion which grows in a flaming crescendo through the three acts, and the intellectuals can ponder the psychologic subtleties of *Mime* and the pathetic dragon with his prophetic vision.

With all its awkward and limping makeshifts "Siegfried" remains the great operative embodiment of youth, enthusiasm and adventure. It is the spring song of all Wagner's lyric creations, and of the ponderous tetralogy it is perhaps the most genial member. If keen analysts are right in pointing out that the great third act has not the spontaneity of the first and second, its massive eloquence is none the less irresistible. Poor Wagner! The dire stress of life tore him away from his forest boy at the end of the second act.

"I have taken my young 'Siegfried' into the depths of a lonely forest," he wrote to Liszt; "there I have left him under a lime tree and said good-bye to him with tears in my eyes. It has torn my heart to bury him alive, and I had a hard and painful fight with myself before I could do it. . . . Shall I ever go back to him? No, it is all finished. Don't let us speak of it again."

Ten wonderful years passed—years in which *Tristan* came to life—before he did get back to it. But could the sunrise majesty of *Brünnhilde's* awakening have been conceived by the Wagner of Act 2? And in what other page of the tetralogy did the real divinity, the power and the glory of *Wotan* disclose itself as in the first pages of Act 3?

A great masterpiece, inspired and inspiring, is "Siegfried," and the reviewer shrinks from comparing the performances with the work itself. Yet yesterday's was on the whole a cohesive and generally artistic one. Mr. Urlus is a very sincere *Siegfried*, though one cannot help discovering one's largest sympathy with him when he is fling the sword of hammering

of the role are congenial to him and his impersonation in him a general buoyancy and fervor which give it interest.

Mme. Gadski, the *Brünnhilde* of the afternoon, was awakened at a late hour to sing with plentiful voice and warmth, albeit she fell a trifle short of one or two high tones. Carl Braun was an admirable *Wanderer*; it is one of his best roles and has the commanding dignity lacking in his "Walkure" *Wotan*. Mr. Reiss has not lost his cunning as *Mime*, and his subtly conceived impersonation is a prominent feature of the local "Siegfried."

Mabel Garrison, a young woman who is in much danger of being spoiled by over "booming" at the outset of her career, made an honorable, but not brilliant, effort at the delivery of the difficult measures of the *Forest Bird*. Mr. Hertz conducted well and the orchestra played excellently.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Kreisler Gives Brilliant Performance of Bruch's Scotch Fantasia.

The programme offered by Dr. Muck at the matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday in Carnegie Hall was of an entirely different selection from that presented at the organization's previous concert on Thursday evening. In plan, however, it again contained a classic symphony followed by music of the romantic and modern schools, and it again presented Fritz Kreisler as soloist.

The symphony was Beethoven's eighth. The other compositions for orchestra were Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, the "Shepherd's Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's oratorio "Christus." The composition played by Mr. Kreisler was Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs."

The Beethoven work, "The Little Symphony in F," fitted excellently into the scheme of music arranged for the afternoon's enjoyment. Vivacious in spirit, while clothed in a tonal garb of rare poetic loveliness and color, it never falls when presented with the subtle insight in interpretation asked for by its unique individuality to charm the ear and rest the mind. That it received such a presentation yesterday from the Boston men it is hardly necessary to state. It was one marked by rarest musicianly taste throughout. Lovely tonal qualities, exquisite finish in phrasing and clarity of general melodic lines were qualities among the leading features of the performance that went to make it a joy long to be remembered.

The Schumann overture served well to unite the two divisions of the programme. Thoroughly in the style of its composer, it was performed on a high plane of excellence. Of the Bach and Liszt numbers the hearing of the former met with a warmer response, though the latter, whose significance seems to be first of all in its title rather than music, afforded opportunity for admiring some fearless play by the strings as well as a remarkable tone balance in the work done by the entire band.

Mr. Kreisler's performance of the Scotch fantasy served to arouse new interest for it. It is a work whose delivery usually must prove to be a thankless undertaking except for the artist of highest rank. Severest demands in the accomplishment of accuracy of intonation alone serve to put the player to keenest tests at every turn in its playing aside from the many other difficulties in the requirements of virtuosity that are offered by its score. Mr. Kreisler approached his task with a complete ease of manner most attractive to the moment and by the distinction of his consummate art gave expressive value to his playing that was wholly remarkable. He played it with beautiful tone, fine accuracy of pitch and he imbued it with poetic feeling of high order. It was a delivery that furthermore contained much brilliant technique, though it delighted first of all by a captivating perfection in the delicacies of finish.

Jan. 11. 1915 "SIEGFRIED" WELL SUNG AT OPERA

Kreisler Feature of Boston Symphony Programme in Carnegie Hall.

The German contingent of the Metropolitan Opera forces put their best foot, or feet, foremost in a performance of "Siegfried" yesterday afternoon. It was, indeed, a thoroughly admirable representation in which Mme. Gadski, Mme. Ober, Mr. Urlus, Mr. Braun (who enacted the role of the *Wanderer*, though Mr. Whitehill was announced on the house bill), Mr. Ruysdael, Mr. Reiss and Mr. Goritz took part, not to forget Mr. Hertz, who conducted, and the orchestra, which is quite as significant a factor as any or all of the singers in the Wagnerian dramas.

There were moments (there always are such when Mr. Hertz conducts) when lovers of euphony may have wished that the conductor would have disclosed a little less desire to have the members of the brass choir blow blood out of their eyes, but this is the common Teutonic notion of intensity of passion, and prayers and protests are alike futile. It was the first rep-

resentation of the drama, and as seen and heard by a large gathering of Wagnerian devotees as the big room could conveniently hold.

Dr. Muck gave his audience some of the music which he had prepared for his Christmas concert in Boston a fortnight ago at the matinee in Carnegie Hall yesterday. The third and fourth numbers of the programme were the pastoral symphony from Bruch's "Christmas Oratorio" and the "March of the Three Kings" from Liszt's "Christmas." Before these pieces came Beethoven's eighth symphony and Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, and after them Mr. Kreisler played the Scottish Fantasia, by Bruch.

A happy idea this in the present case of putting the solo number last on the programme. Mr. Kreisler, always a favorite with the public here, is this time doubly a hero by virtue of his having been (by report) killed by a bomb in Nuremberg, guarded a bridge in Vienna, wounded by a Cossack lance in the trenches and achieved a number of other adventures since his country undertook to help Germany in her mighty enterprise. His participation in the concert could not affect the attendance, which is normally the measure of Carnegie Hall, but it could and did quicken the enthusiasm of the listeners. Under the circumstances his artistic and patriotic admirers were able to indulge their transports of joy at seeing and hearing him to the full without protracting the concert or permitting the musicians from departing for home on schedule time.

What has been said a hundred times about the excellence of the Boston Orchestra's concerto might be repeated here; unless Dr. Muck brings new or unfamiliar compositions, reviews of his concerts are all mere variations on an old theme.

BAUER'S PLAYING HOLDS AUDIENCE

Pianist Repeats Previous Success in Recital at Aeolian Hall.

Harold Bauer gave another piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It was well attended, though not so well as some of his previous ones. The audience listened in rapt attention to one of the world's greatest pianists, a pianist who has constantly grown in artistic stature.

His programme included Bach's prelude and fugue in D major (well tempered Clavichord No. 5), Mozart's sonata in F major, Beethoven's sonata "Appassionata" and Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood."

In all Mr. Bauer proved himself again the master of technique and the true poetic interpreter which the last few years have found him.

Players and Singers of Denmark, Sweden and Norway in Concert.

Under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Society a concert of Scandinavian music was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. The forces assembled for the entertainment consisted of the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra, Ole Windingsd, conductor; Mme. Julia Clausen, mezzo-soprano, and P. Boern, baritone. The programme was one of considerable extent and variety and was representative of numerous activities in the musical art of northern Europe.

Niels Gade's first symphony began the list with its melodious and rhythmic proclamation of Danish feeling. Tor Aulin's suite after the "Master Olov" of Strindberg and Christian Sinding's "Rondo Infinito" were the other orchestral numbers, giving representation to Sweden and Norway in turn. The songs sung by Mme. Clausen and Mr. Boern brought examples of several other composers, including Grieg, Ivar Hallstrom, Hugo Alfvén, Emil Sjogren and I. P. Hartmann, the last regarded by many Danes as their best composer. At any rate he has given wider expression than others to purely national thought and musical idiom.

A good sized audience attended the concert. In some of the upper boxes representatives of the Scandinavian societies were present in their attractive national costumes. The orchestra played with a good spirit and with respectable technique, and Mr. Windingsd showed that he knew the routine of conducting.

PHILHARMONIC GIVES VARIED PROGRAMME

Mme. Fremstad Delights Audience With Wagnerian and Scandinavian Songs.

HERBERT SUITE PLEASES

The fifth Sunday afternoon concert of

The next number, Richard Strauss's familiar "Til Eulenspiegel," was performed in a different style. Here the orchestra after a rather indifferent beginning reached a beautiful conclusion. For the latter portion of the work was given with brilliant opulence of tone and genuine feeling by all concerned in the matter.

Olive Fremstad was the soloist. And in this first half of the programme she sang Wagner's "Im Trelbhaus," "Traume" and "Sohmerzen" with orchestra. She was received with great cordiality by the audience and sang all three numbers with excellent intent and with generally good effect. In the second part Mme. Fremstad sang with piano accompaniment two Swedish folk songs, "Neckens polska" and "Varvidar friska" and also Ole Bull's "Saeterjentens Soendag," Sinding's "Det skreg en Fugl" and Kjerulf's "A Raeven lo."

The orchestral numbers in the second part were the love scene from Victor Herbert's suite for strings and Rossini's "William Tell" overture. Mr. Herbert's music has not been heard recently, and it might be heard oftener, for it is very melodious and well written.

The concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was devoted to the works of Wagner. The soloists were Mme. Gadecki and Messrs. Sembach and Goritz. Mme. Gadecki sang "Dich Theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser" and the Love Death from "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Sembach's numbers were Lohengrin's Narrative, from "Lohengrin," and the Prize Song, from "Die Meistersinger," while Mr. Goritz sang "Die Frist ist um." The orchestra, under Richard Hageman, played the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," and the Huldigungsmarsch.

Wagner at the Metropolitan.

Lovers of Wagner have an excellent opportunity just at present to study the evolution of his genius while enjoying his music, his poetry, and his dramatic art. To-morrow night "Tannhäuser" will be sung, while "Lohengrin" will be heard next Monday. Between them, on Saturday night, is placed Weber's "Euryanthe," without which those two wonderful works of Wagner, with all their amazing originality, would not have been what they are, especially in the eloquent employment of those leading motives which so greatly enhance the dramatic significance of the music.

It is only in his later works, however, that Wagner showed to the full what eloquent and subtle use can be made of leading motives. Four of these works, constituting the Ring Tetralogy, will be presented at the Metropolitan on January 28, February 4, 12, 18, the sale of seats beginning to-morrow. Two of them, "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," have already been sung this season. In "Siegfried" there is as much humor as in "Die Meistersinger," some of it being due to the subtle use of leading motives. One notable instance occurs in the scene where the hideous dwarf Mime sings his murderous thoughts to Siegfried in the sweetest melodic accents, while Siegfried, thanks to having tasted the Dragon's blood, hears his *real* sentiments instead of his *intended* words, with this climax: "Why, my darling child, you do not understand me! I merely wish to chop off your head!"

"Siegfried" has been chosen for an open-air performance at Harvard in the spring, and a good choice it is, for this opera is all in the open—a story of forest, cave, and mountain-top. Attention may be called to a chapter on it included in Romain Rolland's "Musicians of To-day," just issued by Henry Holt, in an English version. M. Rolland, somewhat oddly, finds that in this music-drama Wagner is nearer to Beethoven than in any of his other works. He "cannot help thinking that Beethoven would perhaps have disliked 'Tristan,' but would have loved 'Siegfried'; for the latter is a perfect incarnation of the spirit of old Germany, virginal and gross, sincere and malevolent, full of humor and sentiment, of deep feeling, of dreams of bloody and joyous battles, of the shade of great oak trees, and the song of birds."

At Saturday's performance of "Siegfried," it seemed as if the war microbe

had invaded even the peaceful precincts of the Metropolitan, for the fights between Siegfried and the dragon, and Mime and Alberich were particularly realistic. The Nibelung brothers, adorably impersonated by Reiss and Goritz, seemed ready to tear each other into bits, such vindictive hate did they show, and the destruction of Fafner was one of the best executions of this scene the present writer remembers. Even Fafner's last words were better emphasized than usual, although they still leave a good deal to the imagination. If, on the other hand, the cruelly brilliant lighting of Fafner's cave had left more to the imagination it would have been preferable. The bird's wires were also distressingly visible, and the bird's voice not much better. The new German soprano, Elizabeth Schumann, has, so far, failed in making a record-breaker of any of her rôles. Why not train a choir boy to do the Forest Bird's warbling? Wagner suggests it in the full score.

Indisposition deprived Mr. Whitehill of the possibility of singing the part of the Wanderer, but Carl Braun acquitted himself admirably of the task. His beautiful voice was equal to it except in the last part of this final scene, when it showed some signs of hoarseness. Mme. Ober was a tuneful Erda, and Urlus repeated his successful performance of the title rôle. His voice is not always steady, but, on the other hand, he sings an excellent *mezza voce*.

Mme. Gadski's voice has both the brilliancy and the warmth that the short and difficult part of the "Siegfried-Brünnhilde demands. Her outburst of joy which follows Siegfried's declaration of his name was especially thrilling. She now stands the equal of the two greatest singers of this rôle, Lilli Lehmann and Lillian Nordica. Mr. Hertz revelled in the glories of the orchestral score, and built up some magnificent tonal climaxes, particularly in the Introduction to the third act.

Times
A Brooklyn Singer Appears with
Success In Aeolian Hall.

Miss Adelaide Fischer of Brooklyn, unknown hitherto to the public concert platform in New York, not proclaimed by emphatic preliminary announcements, nor heralded as the favorite pupil of a noted teacher, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her singing was of a kind to afford a pleasure not always or often derived from the first appearance of an unknown singer. Miss Fischer has a very pretty, light soprano voice, not notable for range, and not of the kind that has in reserve much power or much color, but delightful of its kind. She manages it well in her singing; her delivery is free and spontaneous, and she shows not a little technical skill and development. And she has nice taste, intelligence, and musical feeling.

These things were evident in her programme yesterday, as well as in her performance of it. She had the good judgment and sufficient realization of her own capacities to put upon it songs that are well adapted to her voice and style and not to attempt other things that are not. She sang with grace and appropriateness of expression a song by Alessandro Scarlatti, an old French song in Weckerlin's arrangement, Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," and the aria "Del Violon," with its preliminary recitative from "The Marriage of Figaro." The group of German songs by Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Jensen, and Loewe showed again a true sense for style and for characterization, so far as her vocal resources carry her. She sang also a group of modern French songs and a group of American songs in English. Her diction, especially in English, was exceptionally good. The real charm of her voice and the intelligence of her performance gave ground to hope for the development of a very good singer indeed from Miss Fischer when she has advanced still further on her road. Alexander D'hm played her accompaniments exquisitely.

Agreeable Interpreter at

First Recital.

Adelaide Fischer, hitherto unknown to the local concert platform, was heard in a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Miss Fischer lives in Brooklyn and belongs to a musical family, which perhaps may account for some features of her performance. Her programme was arranged on conventional lines. The first part consisted of old airs by Scarlatti, Weckerlin, Haydn and Mozart. The

and a group of French songs, and finally the Americans.

Miss Fischer's recital proved to be an agreeable surprise. She is a welcome addition to the already long list of interpreters of songs, and her position should be quickly established and easily maintained. She has a very pleasing voice, a soprano of light quality but of sufficient power. She has a good vocal technic, which enables her to achieve her aims in interpretation.

She phrases properly, has good breath support, excellent command of dynamic gradation and some variety of color. Her enunciation is so clear that she makes her texts perfectly intelligible, and this without interfering with her tone.

Miss Fischer would be a pleasing singer even if she stopped here,, but she possesses also fancy, intelligence and taste. She can sing with sentiment, if not with profound emotion, and her reading showed musicianship as well as artistic sympathy with the content of the music. Few of the better known song singers can give a better interpretation of Schumann's "Roseldn" than she gave, and her "Vergeblis es Standchen" had the charm of a delicate artlessness which was disclosed in even a larger measure in "Nien und hat's gesehen."

Enrico Caruso and Arrigo Ser-
rato, Violinist, the
Soloists. *sum*

There was a large crowd yesterday at Mr. Bagby's musical morning, with Enrico Caruso of the Metropolitan Opera and Ar-rigo Serato, an Italian violinist, as the soloists. The grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the concert was given, was packed, the audience being one of the most fashionable of the winter.

Mr. Casso was in splendid voice. His numbers of the programme, which did not include any operatic selections, included Schubert's "Adieu" and Schumann's "Huldge," both sung in French, the "Ingegnisco," from Verdi's "Requiem," "El Milagro," by Chapl, and "La Partida," by Alvarez. The last number on the programme was Bizet's "Agnus Dei," which was sung with piano, organ and violin accompaniment.

Mr. Serato also had a success, his numbers including compositions of Simonetti, Tartini-Kreisler, a chaconne by Vitali with organ accompaniment, and others by Weber-Kreisler and Vieuxtemps. Richard Hageman and Gaetano Scognamiglio were at the piano and Dr. William S. Carl played the organ.

Nerald

Monday night subscribers at the Metropolitan Opera House had their first opportunity this season to enjoy "Boris Godunoff," which began the ninth week of opera last night. The audience was one of the largest that has heard the Russian masterpiece—and enjoy it they evidently did, for the demonstrations of approval were indicative of great enthusiasm. This reached a climax after the Kremlin scene when Mr. Didur, who acted the rôle of Boris, was called before the curtain again, and again, as a reward for his admirable portrayal.

Mme. Ober, as Marina, Mme. Delaouis as Theodore, Messrs. Althouse as the false Dimitri and Mr. Rothler as the chronicling old monk Pimenn, they all were in usual fine form, and Mr. De Segurola, who has been a victim of hoarseness, returned to his usual spirited portrayal of the drunken Varlaam. Mr. Toscani conducted a performance of unceasing interest and the singing of the chorus again was one of the features of the presentation.

1000 12 1915
A Performance Planned With Taste
and Musical Judgment.

Carl Friedberg, tch German pianist from Cologne, who had been heard here this season both in recital and with orchestra, gave a second recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. His programme comprised Beethoven's thirty-two variations in E minor and his sonata in E flat major ("Le Adieu, L'Absence, Le Retour"), Schubert's "Kinderscenen," opus 15; Brahms group, made up of two ballads from opus 10; two intermezzi, opus 76, opus 118, and the D minor capriccio, opus 116; six Chopin pieces, the nocturne in E flat major, three etudes, F minor, opus 10; F major, opus 25, and the one in E flat major (œuvre posthume), the F sharp major impromptu and the scherzo in F minor.

This was a list of compositions to be played to the utmost in delivery the capacity of a pianist of mature and highly developed powers, but Mr. Friedberg undertook the task with fine dignity and taste, and his accomplishment afforded much pleasure to his hearers. After his work in the Beethoven sonata he was recalled many times to testify platform. In exposition of performance brought to light no new feature of importance.

Mr. Friedberg is not a player of moods, but rather one whose readings are definitely planned and carried out. This he accomplishes with a discerning clearness as to their content, and he is well aided by the qualities of an able technic, tonal beauty and poetic feeling. His playing last evening was so adjusted as to make these merits conspicuous and interesting.

SEBRICH RENEWS OLD TRIUMPHS

"Ever Young and Ever Fair,"
Tribute to Diva by Crowd
of Admirers.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

If Mme. Sembrich had not taken her everlasting departure from the operatic stage six years ago and been the recipient of what was probably the most extraordinary and grandiose tribute ever paid to a lyric artist, and if she had not at the time reminded her admirers that she was a member of the company that inaugurated the Metropolitan Opera House, it might seem ungallant to refer to the long period of time during which she has been a high priestess of the beautiful in New York's temples and the finest of all exemplars that a generation of singers have been privileged to study. But these facts, coming to mind yesterday afternoon, when, after an absence of two years, she gave a song recital in Carnegie have only added to the wonderment and admiration which that recital excited. The affair had been arranged and announced in the ordinary course of events when the lady's patriotic affections were stirred by the sufferings of her countrymen in their ancestral home and she resolved to give its proceeds to the fund raising by the American committee of which she was chosen president. The circumstances might have been considered as removing it in a manner at least outside the domain of critical comment, but this would have been an artistic misfortune and most distinctly a loss, for beautiful as it was in contemplation as a benevolent affair, it was more lovely and at the same time more valuable as an episode in the artistic activities of the season. "Ever young and ever fair" was the judgment of the thousands who had gathered, quite in the old manner, when she appeared upon the platform, and "Thrice marvellous" was the judgment long before she had finished her self-set task of singing almost without intermission for two hours. To the knowing—and there were hundreds of such in the vast audience—the concert was less a miracle performed by a gracious and gifted woman than an exemplification of the puissance of beautiful art.

Thirty years ago, when the singer, filled with the fresh vigor of youth and bubbling over with its exuberance, held her own on the stage of the opera house with such popular idols as Patti and Nilsson, she could not and did not exert such a hold upon her hearers as she did yesterday when she sang north of a score of songs—German, English, French, Polish and Norwegian—without the adventitious aid of scenery and action. But that she could do this was all owing to the gifts, graces and acquirements which were recognized when first she came into the notice of the local public. Summed up in a word, these rare qualities meant musicianship. When in the spring of 1884 she disclosed the fact that she was not only a past mistress of the art of singing, but that she could also play the pianoforte almost as well as she could sing and could perform upon the violin quite as well as upon the pianoforte, those who knew the meaning of the word knew that so long as she remained alive she would not be lost to art. The voice might depart, but the lessons which her use of it had taught would remain, remain like a benediction to fortunate generations.

That voice is not gone and the art behind it is as potent as ever. That was made plain to delighted thousands yesterday. Carnegie Hall was crowded. "Capacity," said the managers of the affair in their prosaically technical jargon. That meant some \$5,000 which would go to the beneficiaries of the affair, and to the sum was added some hundreds derived from the sale of the books of words which were sold by some of Mme. Sambrich's pupils, headed by Alma Gluck, and other friends. With that end of the affair we have no further concern; haply it will be care for by others in another part of this journal. Mme. Sembrich followed one of her old lines in planning her programme, but omitted the characteristic group of classical Italian airs in order to gain a larger opportunity for her favorite song composers, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. The list was printed in these columns last Sunday and need not be repeated. But it was considerably extended to satisfy the demands for more made during the singing and at the close of each group. Thus, Monro's old English, "My Lovely Celia" was added to the Schubert group; Schumann's dainty "Sandmann" was repeated, and "Früh-

Second Performance This Year of
Wagner's Tragic and Emotional
Opera, Hertz Conducting.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The performance of "Tannhaeuser" yesterday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House gives an excuse for raising the question of funeral and tragic endings for operas and music-dramas.

The poem of "Tannhaeuser" is one of singular, dramatic beauty, picturesqueness and high emotional appeal, but it loses much of its force by the exaggerated catastrophe of its ending. Those who prepare our stage entertainments for us—authors, managers and other theatrical moderators—will not grasp the truth that there are a number of conditions in which it is much more pathetic or tragic to live than to die. Sophocles, an ancient but successful writer of plays, even if hardly on the same plane as Mr. Bayard Veiller, does not kill King Oedipus in the drama of that name. Sophocles was far too wisely economic of the great tragic possibilities of the character. Sophocles takes care to leave you with the terrible impression that the accused and afflicted yet innocent king must go forth into the turbulent world to suffer and to suffer again.

In the same way the man of extraordinary literary genius who wrote the book of Genesis, there describing for us the first tragedy of recorded time, does not tell us that Cain was killed. No! The agony of the murderer is prolonged, and our awe in the reading the story enhanced by the fact that he is almost mercilessly doomed to live. "And Cain said unto the Lord, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.'"

Wagner's Intentions.

I have read somewhere that Wagner had intended to let Tannhaeuser live, and thus avoid the conventional and in one way absurd ending, that destroys, at least in the opinion of the imaginative, the poetry of the last act.

There is, however, instant authority for the statement that the funeral procession of Elisabeth, with which we are so familiar, formed no part of the original version of "Tannhaeuser." The death of Elisabeth was made known to Tannhaeuser and Wolfram by the tolling of a bell, no more. This was admirable. But Wagner was persuaded by green-room authorities to change matters and to bring the bier of Elisabeth onto the stage. But see the ridiculous huddle of mortuary events that this unreasonable change has necessitated. The presumption is that Elisabeth having finished her prayer, walks up from the foot of the Wartburg to its summit, dies, is "prepared for burial and is brought back to the valley as the central object of a stately funeral," and all within a few minutes. Well, I have climbed the Wartburg myself, and in company with a German songstress, who knew a good deal about the Lady Elisabeth and all her doings. We established no such record for rapid transit. It's a long way to Luther's study. So Wagner yielded to the constraint of convention, that cruel and ruthless tyrant of the theatre. When Tannhaeuser dies himself, what are the pathological conditions of his passing? Nothing but the malady of the third act, that endemic of the older sentimental drama. That is all.

The artists who took part in last night's performance were Mme. Gadski, Mme. Matzenauer, M. Ullus, M. Weil and M. Carl Braun.

Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted.

Wagner's "Tannhaeuser."

When Weber composed his epoch-making masterwork, "Euryanthe," which has been so brilliantly revived at the Metropolitan (the next performance of it will be on Saturday night), he declared that he considered it "a purely dramatic work, which depends for its success entirely on the coöperation of the united sister arts, and is certain to lose its effect if deprived of their assistance." Wagner's idea of the "art work of the future" is exactly defined in that sentence—and Weber came before Wagner. To be sure, it is not to be taken too literally in the case of either Weber or Wagner. There are melodies in "Euryanthe" that for sheer loveliness cannot be excelled and need no stage to set them off.

That the same is true of Wagner, everybody knows, for excerpts from his operas are played frequently in the concert halls, and applauded enthusiastically. Those who attended last night's performance of "Tannhaeuser" had occasion to note not only how it resembles "Eury-

composer, and that song calling out new enthusiasm, Madame Sembrich harked back to her memorable recital of folksongs and sang that most exquisite of Irish airs, "The Coolin"; after the Brahms set she sang a Polish folksong. The final group was of a miscellaneous character. Debussy's "Pantoches" called for a repetition as did also Mr. La Forge's new song, "Longing"—and the composer who played the most exquisite accompaniments all afternoon (as usual, without book) was compelled to share the honors with the singer. A furor of enthusiasm followed the Norwegian folksong, "Kom Kijra," which brought the set list to a close, and then began the usual aftermath. Arne's "The Lass with the Delicate Air" was not enough, nor Arensky's "In Dance I Lately Embraced Her"; Chopin's "Maiden's Wish," with the singer playing the accompaniment, had to come as a matter of course. There were cheers and calls for more, but it was half after 5 o'clock and the lights were turned out. So ended a most notable and a most delightful affair.

The terribly discouraging weather of yesterday seemed to have a little effect upon the audience which gathered in Aeolian Hall to hear the concert of chamber music by the Kneisel Quartet in the evening as it had had upon Mme. Sembrich's audience in the afternoon. Nor did it mar the playing, as it might have been expected to do. The third of Beethoven's Rasoumowsky quartets will be among the brightest memories of the season when it is over. A much brighter one than that of the novelty, a quartet in F by a young Italian named Tommasini. It may have been a duty to play it; it was in no other spirit that it was heard, though respectful applause greeted its middle movements.

The impression left upon the mind of this reviewer was, let it be frankly confessed, something like that referred to by the Viennese wag who, watching the critic Speidel departing from a concert room, remarked: "Poor fellow! How gladly he'd give five florins if he knew whether or not he had enjoyed the music!" A fact to be chronicled is that Mr. Alexander Lambert emerged from a retirement of twenty years to take part in an excellent performance of Brahms's Pianoforte Quintet in F minor.

Famous Soprano Returns to Platform With Art of Beautiful Singing.

NOTABLE AUDIENCE THERE

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who was not in this country last winter, was heard in song recital for the benefit of suffering Poles yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The usual accompaniments of enthusiastic crowds and still more enthusiastic applause were present. The audience quite filled the hall and some people had to stand. Among those who listened to Mme. Sembrich were her one time associate at the opera, Mme. Emma Calvé, Mme. Alda of the present opera company, the singer's popular pupil Alma Gluck, the Russian violinists Elman and Zimbalist, Harold Bauer, the pianist, and Richard Epstein, son of the distinguished piano teacher who advised Mme. Sembrich to become a singer.

Mme. Sembrich's programme yesterday did not include any old Italian airs. It began with five Schubert songs, and the second group consisted of six songs of Schumann. Five Brahms numbers constituted the third group and the last was miscellaneous. Six languages and at least ten styles were heard, and the recital furnished food for reflection as well as comment.

Mme. Sembrich's voice is in a condition which was nothing short of extraordinary, for she is not a young woman and she has seen long service in the field of her art. But only a few tones were uncertain and only once or twice was the intonation questionable, and then only to a keen ear. If there had been no other lesson in this concert, that which it published as to the value of a correct technique in keeping the useful qualities of a voice serviceable in the beautiful sunset of a brilliant career should have been enough. That Mme. Sembrich will be able to sing through the sunset, through the gloaming and into the evening, like Lilli Lehmann, who at 67 gave a successful recital not long ago in Berlin, seems fairly certain.

However, the beauty of the voice and the excellence of the technique, important as they were, did not constitute the most admirable features of the recital. This is a period well supplied with song singers, and the art of interpretation is perhaps better appreciated here to-day than it ever was before. People have heard many really accomplished and some genuinely great lieder singers and therefore when it is said that there are still some songs which are almost exclusively a field for the triumph of Mme. Sembrich's art it will be understood that she has lost none of her old time imagination, tenderness, poetic sentiment and arch humor.

One has only to recall her delivery yesterday of Schubert's "Forelle," Schumann's "Der Sandmann" and "Auftrage," Brahms's "Fischli und Brotli" and "Vergilisches Ständchen" to realize that

she is still the beloved mistress of the interpretative art in singing. She has sung "Nussebaum" better than she sang it yesterday, but the real climax of the recital was reached in Schumann's "Lieder der Braut," Nos. 1 and 2, which no one else has ever sung in our time with such profound insight, such moving emotion and such a perfect adjustment of the means to the end. Second only to this was her delivery of "Nachtigall," which was filled with introspective power and with irresistible yearning.

In the final group were Rachmaninov's "Kalanic bolno" and Moniuszko's "Przasnicka," both sung in the original Russian; Debussy's "Pantoches" and first "Aquarelle" (Debussy's is an unfamiliar name on Mme. Sembrich's programmes), Frank La Forge's charming song, "Longing," and "Kom Kyra," the Norwegian folksong, which figured in the singer's great folksong programme a few seasons back. Mr. La Forge's song had to be repeated, and the composer, who played all the accompaniments with consummate art, received a warm tribute from the audience.

Of course there were numerous extra numbers; after the first group Arne's "Lovely Celia," after the second "Frühlingssnacht" and "The Coolin"—ravishingly sung—after the third a Polish mazurka song and after the fourth several others, beginning with "The Lass With the Delicate Air." Such an achievement as that of yesterday must be accorded the warmest tribute of critical praise, to which must be added a fervent expression of gratitude that this artist is still here to demonstrate for us all the uplifting power of beautiful singing.

Sembrich's Superlative Art.

Like Paderewski, Marcella Sembrich is not only a great artist, but an ardent patriot. Her heart bleeds for the innocent sufferers in devastated Poland, and she not only consented to become president of the American Polish Relief Fund, but decided to add to this fund the receipts of the first recital she intended to give in Carnegie Hall in two seasons. It took place yesterday afternoon, and not only was every seat occupied and paid for, but many had given extra sums for seats and programmes, the result being that the relief fund has been increased by at least \$5,000. A dozen young society women, decorated with Polish colors, helped to sell the programmes. The stage, too, was decorated, and after the second group of songs had been sung floral tributes were sent up to the stage in such abundance that the whole auditorium became as fragrant as a greenhouse. *Jan. 13, 1915*

The prolonged applause with which the whole audience greeted the great singer did not unnerve her—she is used to ovations, yet it visibly moved her. She began with a group of Schubert songs, which was followed by a group of Schumann's and five by Brahms; in addition extras had to be given after each group, to appease the applause. The last group consisted of songs in Russian, Polish, French, English, by Rachmaninoff, Moniuszko, Debussy, and La Forge, and the wonderful Norwegian folk-song, "Kom Kijra." Altogether, including the extras, there were twenty-five songs in six languages. Concerning three of the languages, the commentator can testify as to the idiomatic diction of the singer. If the other three had been less expertly handled, few of the hearers would have known it; but it is safe to say the singer was perfect in all, for her artistic conscience is never satisfied with anything short of perfection. *Post*

When Mme. Sembrich first appeared in New York she was acclaimed, as few singers ever have been, by public and press alike. The *Times* spoke of her "silvery voice," her "exquisite embellishments," her "matchless skill as a vocalist"; the *World* found hers "a pure soprano, without a weak spot"; the present writer remarked, in the *Evening Post*, that "the timbre of this voice is deliciously pure, and it has that unique quality which is the vocal equivalent of originality in literature or art"; also, that "her softest notes could be well heard in any part of the house"—which is the supreme test of vocal purity. The *Tribune* declared that her voice "awakens echoes of Mme. Patti's organ, but has warmer life-blood in it."

This was doubtless true already in eighteen—well, never mind. But it is along this line that Mme. Sembrich has grown ever since. Her art, from year to year, has grown more emotional, and never was it more so than now. The writer of these lines frankly admits that more than once she brought tears to his eyes yesterday by the sheer luscious beauty of her tones and the electric glow of feeling which warmed them. It was plain that she was stirred not only by her unwavering love of her art, but also by love of her native country, which add-

ed an extra degree to the warmth of her song.

Marcella Sembrich is to-day a greater artist than ever. She set herself an enormous task by singing two hours when an hour and a half would have been enough; yet toward the end there were few traces of fatigue. Indeed, she sang the Norwegian folksong at the end, "Kom Kijra," with an exultant outpouring of voice that was thrilling—one doubts if even Jenny Lind could have sung this nature-music—a sort of Valkyrie's cry—more effectively in her best days.

It is needless to dwell on the enthusiasm of the audience, on the attempts to make her repeat nearly every one of her songs, and the attempts at the end to come as close as possible to the admired and beloved prima donna. She appeared on the stage without hat or gloves—it was just as if she were receiving her many friends at home. That home is now in New York; so it may be hoped that she will soon have another of these public receptions in Carnegie Hall—of course, with the aid of Frank La Forge, whose piano accompaniments yesterday were perfect—he plays them all without notes. He, too, got an ovation, and deservedly so, for his fine song, "Longing," which came next to last on the programme.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Italian Composition of Modern Style
Has First Hearing.

The third concert of the Kneisel Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised V. Tommasini's quartet in F major, Beethoven's C major quartet, opus 59, No. 3, and the Brahms piano quintet in F minor. The interesting features were the first performance in this city of the Tommasini quartet and the reappearance in the capacity of assisting artist of Alexander Lambert, pianist, who has dwelt in the more or less peaceful seclusion of teaching for about twenty years.

Mr. Tommasini has a good name in the history of music, for it was a Tommasini (with one m) who was concertmaster in the Esterhazy orchestra when Haydn was the director of music, and this Tommasini gave the father of the quartet joy by the way in which he played his works in that form. This Tommasini also composed some quartets himself, but these have not survived.

The young Italian whose music was heard last night is thousands of miles away from Haydn's Tommasini. He is acquainted with scales and chord successions of which no one had dreamed in the Esterhazy times. They would have astonished even Haydn, whose final page in the introduction to "The Creation" has a family resemblance to certain characteristic parts of "Tristan und Isolde." The new Tommasini is a modern of the moderns and he writes with all the strong feeling for progressions of whole intervals, for a harmonic atmosphere often suggesting the predominance of overtones and for clash of heavy dissonances brought about by the movement of his polyphony. In his slow movement there was evidence of some imagination, albeit perhaps not of the highest order, while the finale showed a keener feeling for fundamental rhythm than the impassioned writers are wont to show.

The quartet was interesting, but it did not at a first hearing seem to be important. The Beethoven number belongs to the old familiar repertory of the Kneisels. It was played last evening as all Kneisel aggregations have been wont to play it, no matter what other two have sat with the veterans, Kneisel and Svecenski.

Mr. Lambert's piano playing has not radically changed with the flight of years. He still possesses his incisive rhythm and his facile technique and he plays like a musician. He fit well into the ensemble last evening and shared hearty applause with the members of the quartet.

Jan. 14, 1915

"TANNHAUSER" PERFORMED

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Tannhaeuser" had its second performance of the season at the Metropolitan last evening. Coming for the first time since the revival of "Euryanthe," those who heard both presentations were permitted to see how vast a debt Wagner owed to Weber.

There have been other presentations of "Tannhaeuser" in which the combined excellence of the principals exceeded that attained last night. And there has likewise been forthcoming from the orchestra a greater degree of lyric beauty.

In its entirety the performance was moderately good, the handling of the stage and lights being especially excellent. Mme. Gadski and Motzenauer sang the roles of Elisabeth and Venus with feeling and intelligence, and found a worthy associate in Carl Braun. The Tannhaeuser of Jacques Urlus was vocally too explosive, while Hermann Weil's Wolfram lacked vocal breadth. Others in the cast were competent.

anthem" in some details, but how many numbers there are which are musically so delightful that they do not depend for their effect on cooperation with the sister arts, although, undoubtedly, this cooperation enhances their charm. The cast was again headed by Mme. Gadske, who was in fine voice, Mme. Matzenauer, of whom the same was true, besides Urius as Tannhäuser and Weil as Wolfram. Mr. Hertz conducted with his usual zeal and authority. To-night Geraldine Farrar and Antonio Scotti will appear in "Madama Butterfly."

THE SCHROEDER TRIO.

First New York Performance of a New Chamber Music Party.

The Schroeder Trio, a chamber-music organization, new to New York, made its first appearance here yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. If the organization is new to New York, its members are not. Its name is given it by Mr. Alvin Schroeder, cellist, who is held in enduring remembrance by New York music-lovers; the first violin is Mr. Sylvain Novack, who sits at the first desk of the Boston Orchestra's violins, and the pianist is Ethel Cave Cole, a well-known artist of this city.

The first concert of the Schroeder Trio showed plainly that its members are closely bound together in artistic unity, that they know each other's style intimately and that they have made one style their own. The organization, in fact, though it now gives its first concert in New York, is not newly formed, and it has had a year and a half at least of work together, all of which plainly counted in the attainment of the excellent ensemble heard yesterday.

Mr. Schroeder is naturally the most authoritative artistic personality of the group, and the power, the tonal beauty and perfect artistic finish of his playing were important factors in the success of the ensemble. Mr. Novack and Mrs. Cole are both admirable musicians; and Mrs. Cole possesses the secret, not known to all pianists, of the right balance of her instrument with the strings.

The programme yesterday was made up of Beethoven's trio in D, op. 70, No. 1, a so-called "concerto," by Rameau, in effect a trio, and Brahms's trio op. 101, in C minor. Their diverse styles and contents were interpreted with a sure and unerring touch with abundant sympathy, with full knowledge of what the music demands that quite justified the addition of the Schroeder Trio to the number of chamber music organizations to be heard here. The trio literature is large, important, and very interesting; and there is plenty of work to be done in it.

Excellent Concert of Chamber Music Given in Aeolian Hall.

The Alvin Schroeder Trio gave a concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Schroeder for several years was cellist of the Kneisel Quartet, and, as was to be expected, he has perfected the ensemble of his little chamber music organization to a high degree. Mr. Sylvain Novack, violinist, is the second concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Ethel Cave Cole, pianist, has been known here as an accompanist. No organization of the same character known locally plays better.

Beethoven's trio, opus 70, No. 1, was the opening number of the programme, and after it came Jean Philippe Rameau's concerto in A, which has been played here as arranged for flute, harp and cello. The final and in most ways the most satisfactory number of the programme, was Brahms's trio, opus 101.

The tone of the two stringed instruments is excellent and they blend well with the third instrument. Individually and collectively it is an excellent organization, and the concert was one of the best exhibitions of chamber music playing heard this season.

Jan. 15 - 1915

Mme. Gluck
Excels in Songs
of the Allies
Huts More Spirit in Her Singing of Russian and English Works Than in German.

So intense was the excitement in the final climax of Liszt's symphonic poem "Tasso," played by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall last night that the tympani player, trying to get just a little more force into his drumsticks, lost the head of one, and as the last sounds of the final chord were dying it sailed up, striking the ceiling. It goes to show that it was a stirring performance, one of the most stirring heard at a Philharmonic concert recently. Mr. Josef Stransky's playing of this work, as has been

noted before, is strikingly forceful.

Mme. Alma Gluck was the soloist. She began in German, singing for her first selection an aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" in that language. Not to show any partiality, at her second appearance she sang three Russian songs, the first a Peasant Song of Rachmaninoff in Russian, the second Rimsky-Korsakoff's Chanson Indoue, in French, and the last, the same composer's Shepherd Lehl, in English. The remarkable beauty of tone that goes with her voice always was present in all, but her singing was distinctly favorable to the Allies. The Shepherd Lehl in English was not only the last but the most enjoyable of her numbers.

This seems to be a Brahms week. Brahms at the piano recital of Mr. Carl Friedberg Monday, at the concert of the Kneisel Quartet on Tuesday and at the concert of the Schroeder Trio Wednesday was followed by his fourth symphony at last night's concert. Dvorak's overture "Nature" and Berlioz's overture "Carnival Romain" also were heard.

When "Madama Butterfly" was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last night there was a new little actor to impersonate Cio-Cio-San's baby, "Trouble." The youngster, who has taken the rôle in previous performances, lost his mother yesterday. He is William Small, Jr., seven years old, and his father is one of the box office staff at the Metropolitan. Mrs. Small contracted a severe cold a few days ago and died yesterday at her home, No. 523 West 156th Street. *Heath*

The artists heard of this sad happening and there were many expressions of sympathy voiced behind the scenes, but the performance itself was one of unusual brilliancy. Miss Farrar, who has been rehearsing the rôle of Madame Sans-Gene for several days and nights, was in remarkable voice, singing Cio-Cio-San's music wonderfully. *Jan. 15 - 1915*

Mr. Botta, in the rôle of Pinkerton, proved again that this is his best part. Mr. Scotti's Sharpless was once more a fine bit of stage portraiture, and Mme. Fornia was satisfying as Suzuki. Mr. Tuscianini conducted a remarkably fine performance again, and the orchestra played admirably, even though its ranks are thinned by the indisposition of several orchestral players. A large audience was enthusiastic in its applause.

PAUL DRAPER'S RECITAL

First of Lied Programmes at Little Theatre. *Jan. 15*

Paul Draper, tenor, gave the first of three lieder recitals yesterday afternoon at the Little Theatre. The programme was devoted to Schubert's "Die schoene Muellerrin," and it served well in content, while following later musical development in song, for the two coming recitals which will be given over to Brahms and to Bach, Schumann and Monssorgski respectively.

The substance of the text in the cycle of twenty songs of Schubert's "Die schoene Muellerrin" was concisely stated in a note on the programme yesterday which read: "He (a young miller) goes forth as a travelling 'prentice and follows the course of a brook with which he holds converse. It leads him to another mill, where he takes service and where he falls deeply in love with the miller's daughter. The maiden yields to his wooing, but she proves fickle. A gay forester, who comes in his green uniform, steals away her affections. The miller is heartbroken and drowns himself in the brook, which sings a lullaby over his resting place."

Mr. Draper was successful in depicting the various styles of musical beauty found in the familiar cycle. With a voice that lacks much in musical quality, he showed no little skill in its use. His control of breath was good and his phrasing excellent. As is his wont, he sang with a general taste in interpretation such as rarely failed to claim genuine interest, and the impression left by his work was one of pleasure.

CHICAGO COMPOSER'S SONATA PLAYED

In Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Albert Spalding, American violinist, played at his second recital this season a sonata of Mr. John Alden Carpenter, of Chicago, who has been in late years gaining an enviable reputation among American composers. He writes in a slightly French idiom, but there is also something original and personal in his works which prevents them from being classed with anything imitative. The work heard yesterday is one of the most interesting pieces of violin music in the realm of American compositions and its reception by the audience was one of hearty approval. The well known qualities of refined, finished violin playing, always in tune and with good tone, but without great fire or emotion, were to be found in Mr. Spalding's interpretation of the Carpenter sonata, as well as in Bach's suite in E major for violin alone, Schubert's Rondo Brilliant and short works of Schumann, Franck, Paganini and himself.

SPALDING CHARMS WITH HIS VIOLIN

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American Artist Plays Sonata by John Alden Carpenter With

Pure, Fresh Tone.

Jan. 15 - 1915
DRAPER AT LITTLE THEATRE

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

There were three concerts of interest to occupy the attention of amateurs of music yesterday. One was given by the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall, one by Albert Spalding, the violinist, at Aeolian Hall, and one by Paul Draper, accused of being a tenor, at the Little Theatre. "Madama Butterfly" was heard at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The war, the earthquake and the storms having thoroughly brightened our daily lives with the assurance that God was in his heaven and all was right with the world, Mr. Draper added to the gleaming, glistening brightness of our existence by proclaiming twenty songs, by Schubert, dealing with the love of a young miller, who was thwarted in his amatory career by a pretty milleress whose major inclinations took the direction of a huntsman. This huntsman wore a green uniform. The young miller after apostrophising a brook drowned himself in it greatly to the diversion of the auditors.

A well-known society woman who rushed away from the concert about the time the miller had his first attack of tepid sentimentalism, indulged in some severe and inclusive censures of the singer and his method and then requested me to say he was good. I am still wondering whether I should not send the amiable personage a copy of the Nicomachean Ethics or John Stewart Mills's two tomes on Logic. Anyhow this anecdote will prove to my readers that no reviewer of concerts lacks valuable assistance. As a matter of fact, Mr. Draper has very few of the qualifications of the successful platform singer. His voice is of no high order, his method most unscientific and disordered, and his style of interpretation amateurish and explosive. Try as one honestly might it was hard to derive any pleasure intellectual or sensuous from song singing such as was proffered by this very earnest and ambitious young man.

Albert Spalding.

Mr. Spalding is always heartily welcome to New York, and if it were not for the insane multiplication of pettifogging concerts an audience larger than that which gathered yesterday would have greeted him at Aeolian Hall, and would have profited by hearing him. His tone remains fresh, resonant and pure, and his vigorous interpretations are informed with that highly honorable enthusiasm which induced him to adopt his profession, and has animated him in his studies and in his spirit and attitude toward the masters that he renders.

He began his programme with a Sonata by John Alden Carpenter, which, relatively speaking, had a certain dignity and picturesqueness of outline.

Other numbers on the programme were John Sebastian Bach's Suite in E major, two Romances by Schumann, and two compositions of Mr. Spalding's own. In all senses the concert was an artistic success. None of the pieces played dealt with assassination or suicide or love-lorn groans. M. Andre Benoit was at the piano.

The Philharmonic.

A Brahms number on the Philharmonic programme is invariably an attraction. Our orchestra has precisely the dignity and nobility of tone requisite to the interpretation of the Hamburg master. The conductor, Mr. Josef Stransky, is a familiar admirer of the colossal genius of Brahms. Consequently the Brahmsites were out in full force, though even after the playing of the exquisite Fourth Symphony the old question remained undecided. Who was the proper representative of modern Germany in music? Wagner, the romanticist, or Brahms, the classicist? I can only say humbly with Sir Roger de Coverley, "Much might be said on both sides."

Other orchestral numbers were by Berlioz, Liszt and Dvorak. Mr. Stransky believes in startling variety. Miss Alma Gluck sang with all her sweetness and charm an aria from "Don Giovanni" and three Russian songs.

"Madama Butterfly" disported herself in her graces and woes at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Jan. 15 - 1915
Music League of America Discovers Two Young Artists.

It is rare that two young artists absolutely unknown to New York make the impression made last night by David Hochstein, violinist, and Hans Ebell, pianist, at Aeolian Hall. The young men are finds of the Music League of America, and are quite the most important finds the league has

made up to date. Both proved to be serious artists, of unusual technical resource, and possessed of considerable imaginative insight and interpretive power. It does the weary recorder of musical doings good to be able to listen to the debut of two absolutely unheralded players of such promise.

Mr. Ebell gave a performance of Schumann's "Carnival" that was in the lighter portions really brilliant. The pianist, both in this and in his Chopin numbers, showed a love for distinct dynamic contrasts and exaggerations of tempo, but his playing was formed throughout with fire and temperament. Mr. Hochstein's playing of the Bach Sonata in G minor was broad in style and his tone remarkably rich and round. If it was not the playing of a mature artist, it was the playing of a young man who when he becomes one ought to do much.

Two Young Artists Appear in a Successful Recital in Aeolian Hall.

It is not often that two musicians, apparently both young and certainly neither with any repute preceding them or even any preliminary announcements, appear in New York and disclose so authentic a talent, so unquestionable a mastery, as David Hochstein, violinist, and Hans Ebell, pianist. They gave a recital in common last evening in Aeolian Hall; though as they played nothing together, their joint appearance was apparently nothing more than a convenience. Mr. Hochstein is an American who had part of his training here and the rest of it in Vienna and Petrograd. He has already a very ample artistic equipment in musical feeling and penetration, in repose and artistic poise, and in tone; his technical acquisitions include free and elastic bowing and an almost unfailing accuracy of intonation. He played last evening Bach's G minor sonata for violin without accompaniment, with a sure command of all the technical difficulties; so clean and finished an execution is not too often to be heard except from players of acknowledged standing in the artistic world. A group of short pieces suggested, though they did not fully disclose, powers of different order in music of modern style.

Mr. Ebell, who is said to have a more established standing in Europe, though his name is not widely known here, is a pianist of great technical proficiency, of fine taste and refinement, and likewise of unobtrusive assurance. He played Schumann's "Carnaval" in a manner that immediately claimed for him consideration as an accomplished artist, with imagination, with an appreciation of the wayward moods and the poetic suggestion of the music. He showed command of a determinate rhythm and of a varied tone color, which would have been greater had he allowed himself a freer and more judicious use of the pedal. A group of pieces by Chopin and others increased the favorable impression.

Hans Ebell, a Russian pianist, and David Hochstein, violinist, gave a joint recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. Until recently Mr. Ebell was the director of the piano department of the conservatory at Cracow. Mr. Hochstein is a pupil of Alois Trinka of this city and of Sevelik and Auer. Both young musicians have played with success in European cities.

Their recital last evening offered features of interest and merit that distinguished it advantageously from many of the entertainments offered here by young aspirants to musical prominence of the present season. Each player was heard in a classic number and a group of solos. Mr. Ebell's classic selection was Schumann's "Carnaval," and that of Mr. Hochstein the Bach sonata in G minor.

Mr. Ebell's performance disclosed a musical tone and good technique. His style was deficient through a tendency to sentimentalize and an exaggeration of rhythm, but he showed much poetical feeling. Mr. Hochstein's playing was marked by good tone and taste. More incisiveness of style is a quality which he may yet hope to attain.

"LA GIOCONDA" WITH CARUSO SANG AGAIN

That Mr. Caruso's forthcoming departure for the ever bewitching neighborhood of Cap Martin is well known to all the opera going public is of course an indisputable fact, but it may be questioned whether the knowledge operated to increase the size of the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The house was packed. Every seat in the stall boxes—the last to go—was sold and all the standing room was occupied, but this might have been the case even if Mr. Caruso had not intended to go to Monte Carlo, for the opera was "La Gioconda" and the cast was a strong one.

It is conceded that the title rôle is not one of Mme. Destinn's best parts, but it affords scope for the display of her voice and her unflagging zeal in the discharge of her artistic duties. Mme. Matzenauer once more appeared as Laura Adorno, a rôle to which she is not altogether suited, but which she sings generally in an effective manner.

Mr. Caruso was not in his best voice last evening, but the music of Enzo Grimaldo is excellently suited to his style, and he was able to arouse his hearers

to great enthusiasm. Mr. Anzani is quite at home as *Barnaba*. In fact it is one of his best parts and in it he wins plenty of applause. Instead of Mr. de Segura Mr. Rothier appeared as *Alvise*, and Minc. Duchene again sang creditably the role of *La Cilea*. Mr. Polacco conducted the performance excellently.

Jan. 17, 1915
ELINA GERHARDT
IN SONG RECITAL
 German Singer Returns to Local
 Concert Stage With Inter-
 esting Programme.

QUALITIES OF HER ART

The field of the song recital is uncommonly fruitful at this moment and the lover of this intimate form of interpretation has plenty of opportunities to study strongly marked styles and captivating artistic personalities. The field was further widened by the reappearance yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall of Elina Gerhardt, soprano. Much has been written about Miss Gerhardt's singing and much will be, for her art is a singular union of high accomplishment with shortcomings found among public singers of much inferior rank.

Mme. Gerhardt has a very beautiful voice, but its placing is not perfect. When, however, she sings songs calling for quietude of manner, she is able to sustain her phrases admirably, to produce a ravishing quality of tone, and to sing smoothly and in tune. On the other hand, whenever she attempts lyrics calling for vigor of style, she is prone to break into vehemence, her breathing becomes labored, her phrasing often ill-planned, her tone quality hard and cold and her adherence to the pitch uncertain.

Yet it is imperative that she shall introduce some songs of this character lest her programmes become too circumscribed in style and monotonous recitals result. So, too, it is essential that she shall sing some songs having humor, or at least playful fancy, and in these Miss Gerhardt attains only moderate success. Her humor is clearly defined, but it wants a certain unction to make it irresistible.

Her best assets are the natural beauty of her voice, which is indeed quite exceptional, and her genuinely lovely delivery of songs of tender sentiment. Hence she found the artistic summit of yesterday's recital in Hugo Wolf's "Gesang Weylas," which she gave with superlative beauty and which her audience compelled her to repeat. In the same composer's "Nein, junger Herr," the delicate humor and archness which lie within her grasp were perfectly displayed, and this song too had to be repeated. The sunny gaiety of Schubert's "Der Musensohn" was only indicated, for here the singer exposed too clearly her mechanical side, and, worse than that, she wandered far from the pitch.

Handel's "O sleep, why dost thou leave me" is not one of her best numbers. She abused her portamento in it to the detriment of its chaste melodic style and there was no depth in her plunge after its emotional content. It is difficult to conjecture why she sang the two songs of Walter Morse Rummel on her list, for the composer has written much better things.

But it should be borne in mind that whatever Miss Gerhardt does is moved by an ardent affection for genuine art. She is one of the important lieder singers of this time and if she has some shortcomings they serve only to show that she is human and has an individuality. Her accompaniments were played yesterday by Kurt Schindler, who showed taste and judgment, if not always as much color as the hearer could have wished.

German Lieder Singer's Return Greeted by a Large Audience.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, German Lieder singer, who made her first visit to New York two seasons ago, has returned, and was heard for the first time yesterday afternoon in a song recital at Carnegie Hall. She won many friends and admirers at her previous appearances here, and there was a large audience at her recital full of enthusiasm. For this enthusiasm Miss Gerhardt gave ample cause in her singing. Her programme was, as before, devoted mostly to songs by some of the great masters of song, Beethoven, Schubert, and Wolf. Her last group consisted of songs in English—a language of which she has full command in singing—by Handel, Henry Carey, and Walter Morse Rummel.

Miss Gerhardt's skill in interpreting songs, in denoting fully the sentiment, the mood, the passion, in following closely the expressive potency that makes the greatness of great songs, is of the highest. It was fully employed in her recital yesterday, and how keen the pleasure and artistic stimulus were that she gave her listeners they were not reticent in making known. Miss Gerhardt's voice still seems not of the highest type of beauty; but at its best it is sympathetic, a plastic medium of expression, controlled with a strong appreciation for varieties of color and dramatic nuances. It is most satisfying when it is used in mezzo voice and piano. There is something about its placement that sometimes makes her louder tones less pleasant, less even in sustained passages, sometimes less precisely in tune than they should be.

Miss Gerhardt's abundance of temperamental energy sometimes leads her to such a use of her voice as does injury to its finest qualities. But these are not the prevailing qualities of her singing. There is much to admire in her style, in her command of legato, in her phrasing her turn of the melodic line, her control of breath.

There was great charm in her singing of Beethoven's "Wunder Wehmüt," the second of the group, "Das Blumenschen wunderhold" is seldom heard, but Miss Gerhardt disclosed beauties in it and in the "Egmont" songs and "Ich Ehre Gottes" she was remarkably successful. Of her Schubert songs she gave an especially poetical interpretation of "Im Abendroth" in sustained half voice. In "Gretchen am Spinnrad" she sounded some of its profoundest depths of passion and tragic intensity of performance, effective in its contrasts and its subtle crescendo to a climax.

The audience was especially stirred by it, yet in this song Miss Gerhardt's purely vocal qualities were not shown to their best advantage. After the group she added "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," in its way one of her most artistic achievements. In her group of Wolf's songs here was especially to be admired the fervor and breadth of her delivery in the "Gesang Weylas." To this group she added his "Verbargenheit."

Handel's "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me" is a test of a singer's power of sustained tone, which she met admirably. The two interesting and original songs by Mr. Rummel she sang with great conviction, and then added several more songs before the audience would be satisfied. Mr. Schindler played her accompaniments with fine discrimination and artistic touch.

Jan. 18, 1915
Russian and Spanish Stars at Opera House

Mr. Efrem Zimballst, Russian violinist, and Miss Lucrezia Bori, Spanish soprano, were the stars at the ninth Sunday night concert in the Metropolitan Opera House. The Bruch G minor concerto was Mr. Zimballst's chief contribution, and later he played some short pieces including two of his own, a Slavic Dance and "Orientale."

The Bird song from "Pagliacci" in which Miss Bori has done some of her best work since she joined the Metropolitan, was her first number, and she also sang songs of Grieg, Vuillemoz and Monigny. The other soloist, Miss Sophie Breslau, also pleased in an aria from Donizetti's "La Favorita" and in some songs.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Richard Hageman, played Mendelssohn's overture "Ruy Blas" and Massenet's "Scenes Pittoresques."

Eighth Series of Sonata Recitals Has Successful Beginning.

David and Clara Mannes gave their first sonata recital of the present season last evening at the Belasco Theatre. This is the eighth series of violin and piano recitals the two artists have given here and that their entertainments occupy a very enviable position among local music events may first of all be readily discerned from the type of audiences they attract. The one of last night was again composed of many cultured music lovers and it also contained a large number of distinguished professionals.

The programme offered by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes was one to serve as a model in fine taste and selection. It comprised three numbers, the Brahms sonata in A major, opus 100; Beethoven's sonata in C minor, opus 30, No. 2, and the A major sonata by Cesar Franck.

The characteristics of performance by which these eminent artists are known are familiar ones. Grace and ease of style, fine finish and a remarkable cooperative sympathy in the expression of feeling and poetic sentiment were again features of their playing last night, although if it were feasible they seemed to have gained in the art of ensemble as a whole.

Never before have they played here with more, if as much, ravishing beauty of tone, and such lovely shading as belonged in character to the compositions they interpreted.

Harold Bauer and the Kneisel Quartet to the Friends of Music.

A "concert of Hungarian music" was what the Society of the Friends of Music announced in its series at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel yesterday afternoon. It was given by the Kneisel Quartet and Mr. Harold Bauer. The word Hungarian must be taken in both of two senses, as applying to music written by Hungarian composers and music of a Hungarian character, not always coincident. Of the former kind was the piano quintet by Ernest Dohnanyi, the Hungarian pianist, which the Kneisel Quartet played with him on his visit to America a dozen or fifteen years ago, but which has probably not been heard here much since. It is a "Young" work, the "Op." of the composer, and betrays nothing of his Hungarian nationality; in fact, it is strongly influenced by Schumann, notably in the adagio. It cannot be called in any of its movements really original, but it is agreeable music, very well written from a technical point of view, and with a florid piano part such as a pianist-composer would be tempted to write in his first undertaking.

An interesting number comprised two "inventions," by Bach, for violin and

which the piano part and bass skillfully and characteristically developed from the figured bass by Mr. Bauer, played "die Tinte noch naass," by Messrs. Bauer and Kneisel for the first time. They are poetical and charming pieces, out of a set of four; but it needed some imagination to detect their Hungarian character. There followed the "Rondo all' Ungarese," from the G minor trio of Haydn, an Austrian composer whose nearest blood relationship with Hungary was with Croatia, but who, like so many others of the Viennese school, could not resist the temptation of Hungarian rhythms and movements. There were the allegro and presto from Zoltan Kodaly's string quartet in C minor that Mr. Kneisel recently played at one of his own concerts—music Hungarian through and through, based in part on Hungarian folk-tunes, by a Hungarian composer. And finally Mr. Bauer added to the programme Liszt's thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsody; one of the set that is not often played, yet one of the best and most musical of them.

The admirable artists who took part in the concert gave a performance in every way admirable; one that gave much pleasure to an audience filling the room, and that, in its interesting features, justified the ingenious idea that underlay the programme.

Jan. 19, 1915
Wagner's Melodious Opera Opens Tenth Week of the Metropolitan Season.

The notes of Wagner's "Lohengrin" were "sounded off the death pale paper" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was a Monday night audience that listened, and it was the beginning of the tenth week of the season. There was apparently no lack of interest in the opera house as an institution, and the audience was one of good size. Many of those who are habitual supporters of opera find themselves in the predicament of the unfortunate who had "nowhere to go but out; nowhere to come but back." Even in Lent they will still be going out of the opera house and back, for Europe is to say the least uninviting, and of the joys of South American travel they know naught.

So those who arrived at the opera late last evening tried to enjoy the sombre duo between Ortrud (Mme. Matzenauer) and Tebramund (Mr. Weil), and even to rise to the excitement of the former's invocation of her pagan gods. It may be said for the information of those who did not hear the duo, the invocation or any of the other parts of the opera that the performance proceeded smoothly along well established lines.

In addition to the two already mentioned the principals were Mme. Gadski as Elsa, Mr. Ullrich as Lohengrin, Mr. Braun as King Henry, and Mr. Middleton as the Herald. The conductor was Alfred Hertz.

BAGBY MUSIC AGAIN ATTRACTS SOCIETY

Mr. Bagby gave another of his music-mornings yesterday in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, with Mme. Marcia Sembrich, soprano; Mme. Olga Samaro, pianist, and Albert Spalding, violinist, as the soloists of the occasion. Isidor Luckstone and Andre Benoit were the accompanists. Mme. Sembrich was as usual most generous in her part of the programme, and in addition to eleven songs she added others, singing for encores "The Maiden's Wish," to her own piano accompaniment, and "The Lass With the Delicate Air." Her other songs were by Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Debussy and Strauss, and she gave one in English, "Longing," composed by La Forge. Mme. Samaro and Mr. Spalding both played compositions familiar to their respective repertoires.

DAVID SAPIRSTEIN PLAYS.

First of a Series of Six Pianoforte Recitals in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. David Sapirstein launched a highly ambitious undertaking last evening in Aeolian Hall—a series of six pianoforte recitals, to be given on six consecutive days, including in his programmes many new and unfamiliar works. There is little reason for believing that, in this season of all others, such an undertaking can succeed. Rubinstein could do such a thing, but very few since his time have ventured to try it. Mr. Sapirstein is a young pianist of New York, who has gained favorable opinion by the excellent qualities of his art, which has shown improvement in the several years that he has been before the public. But his performance last evening should warn him to take some thought about whether his present tendencies are leading him. Various mannerisms and even affectations have made themselves manifest in his playing. He is prone to exaggerate certain effects, and especially discloses a fondness for a very extreme pianissimo, which his technique is not sure and perfectly controlled enough to bring off. He misses and drops notes in it, as stitches are dropped in socks knitted for Schmitt. Mendelssohn, and Scarlatti were thus treated. He retards the tempo

sometimes beyond reason. His performance of Schumann's "Lied," "Sehnsucht," which began his programme last evening, suffered in both respects. The effect was to miss something of the beautiful and breadth of certain of the movements. There has always been much to admire in Mr. Sapirstein's tone, his use of variety and richness of color; and he has devoted evidently even more attention to this matter, with results often excellent.

He put his greatest efforts last evening into the elaborate and exceedingly difficult sonata by Karol Szymanowski, Op. 21, No. 2, which the programme said was then given its first public performance in America. Though Mr. Sapirstein played it at a concert of the Friends of Music a few weeks ago, the second movement of the two into which it is divided, containing four or five distinct sections, including a "Tempo di Sarabande" and a fugue, seems still the most accessible, the most coherent and musically valuable part of the work. There are pages in it of real beauty, of high imagination and originality. Mr. Sapirstein wreaked himself upon this sonata with intense zeal and conviction, and his performance of it was in many respects exceedingly fine, something that outbalanced things in the earlier numbers. Mr. Sapirstein included a group of shorter pieces by new composers in his programme, by Weissmann, Grünberg, Zadora, Scott, Cello, Idgenoff, a number of which he had played at the concert before mentioned.

SAPIRSTEIN BEGINS SERIES OF CONCERTS

Somebody fond of statistics and regardless of the feelings of those whose duties compel them to wander from temple to temple in which the worship of Apollo is practised in the modern manner, figured up yesterday that twenty-two concerts were on the calendar for the week which began on Sunday. Of these twenty-two six, however, were set down to a single performance. The daring man is David Sapirstein, who began his labors last night in Aeolian Hall. Whether or not any man ever before embarked upon such a mission in New York may be left to the investigation of the curious investigator; also as to his purposes—crowding into six successive days practically all the pianoforte pieces that a score of other players have played, are playing or will play between now and next May, and "then some," as the slang of the day has it. The daily recorder's curiosity does not go so far.

Mr. Sapirstein began last night and expects to endure till near midnight on Saturday next. His first programme contained some offerings which only the Society of the Friends of Music had him privileged to hear heretofore. These were a sonata by Karol Szymanowski and short pieces by Julius Weissmann, L. T. Grünberg, Michael von Zadora, Cyril Scott, Laurent Ceillier and McNain Ilgenfritz whose name has a Scottish-Teutonic sound, but who wrote a Chinese dance, probably to emphasize his cosmopolitanism. Much of this music might well be characterized as highly unimportant, if true. As for Mr. Sapirstein's playing, it was marked last night by much delicacy where delicacy was called for, much clarity and beauty of tone, and a supreme confidence, generally justified, in his command of the techniques of playing. In the earlier classic pieces, like the Schumann symphonic studies, Mendelssohn's Spinning Song, one of Schubert's "Moments musicaux" and Scarlatti's "Pastorale," the quality of repose was greatly disturbed by erratic changes of tempo.

Masters met in unsurpassably lovely co-operation at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon when Pablo Casals and Harold Bauer gave a joint recital, at which they played Brahms's Sonata in F minor and Beethoven's in G major for piano-forte and violoncello. Between these sonatas Mr. Casals played Bach's suite in C for cello alone. The audience which heard the artists was worthy of them in quality and numbers; even the stage was filled, and not a meritorious feature of the performance was overlooked. A supreme master is M. Casals, unique not only in ability but in the appreciation which he commands at the hands of the general public.

H. E. K.
 Like a six day bicycle rider David Sapirstein, pianist, strated an endurance test in Aeolian Hall last night. He will give a recital there every day for six days, playing sixty compositions of twenty-two composers. Unlike the bicycle rider, however, Mr. Sapirstein began at about the final point in the development of music and will work back from the most up to date composers to the good old masters. Most of the works heard last evening were presented at one of the recent concerts of the Society of the Friends of Music in the Ritz-Carlton. Karol Szymanowski's sonata No. 2 is probably the most discordant work ever heard in New York. In the early stages of its development it had a certain charm of atmospheric nature, but as dissonance succeeded dissonance it became tiresome. Louder and harsher came the sounds from the piano until it ended in a grand climax of harshness. It was evident that the player had spent much time and effort in preparing the work and probably he played the notes as they were written, but as far as the casual hearer was concerned he might have substituted almost any notes of the chromatic scale.

without changing the general effect.

Other modern works of Julius Weismann, L. T. Grünberg, Michael von Zadora, Cyril Scott, Laurent Ceillier and McNair Hagenfritz were heard. They were not quite so dissonant nor did they show quite so much originality as the sonata. There were also a few bits of real music written some time ago by Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Scharlatti and Liszt. To-morrow's recital will be in the afternoon and the others will be played evenings.

Recital by David Sapirstein.

Some disturbing factors have lately come into evidence which entirely counteract the law of demand and supply in local music. Judging by the very small audience which attended the recital given in Aeolian Hall last night by David Sapirstein, there is no eager desire to hear him play six times this week; yet six times he will play, regardless of weather, or such a trifling matter as a profitable audience; and, as the police are not concerned with matters aesthetic, he is smuggling into his programmes not a few compositions that might otherwise prove contraband. Jan 19 1915

One of these is a sonata by Karol Szymanowski, which is as musical as its composer's name. It is, however, amazingly difficult, and Mr. Sapirstein played it with stunning bravura. In the first movement it rises to an immense climax of sonority, but it does not overwhelm the hearer because he cannot perceive what the sound and fury signify.

There were other novelties on Mr. Sapirstein's programme; also, some masterpieces by Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Scarlatti, in which the pianist displayed higher qualities than mere technical skill and power; namely, a beautiful tone, well-modulated, an ear for dynamic shading, and an intelligence which grasped the real meaning of whatever he played, although one might quarrel about his tempi.

MESSRS. CASALS AND BAUER

A Notable Recital of Music for 'Cello and Piano.

It does not always follow, as it should, according to the plain teachings of arithmetic, that two great artists heard together in a concert are twice as attractive to the public as one heard alone. But when two artists have such an altogether unusual disposition toward the playing of ensemble music as Messrs. Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, 'cellist, holding the finest and most intensely musical point of view towards their art, and so singularly united in their ideas as to interpretation and style, the value of their appearance in co-operation is truly doubled. The virtuoso type of artist does not take kindly to ensemble playing, in which mutual sacrifices of self are indispensable to the finest results. But neither Mr. Bauer nor Mr. Casals is of the virtuoso type, as there has been ample opportunity for the public to become aware. Their performance yesterday was a delight from beginning to end.

Mr. Casals, during his present visit to New York, had been heard only twice at Sunday night concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House, not the most desirable circumstances for an artist of his standing and ideals. He had played in New York a dozen years ago, and since then has greatly enhanced his reputation in Europe. It was well that he should be introduced to the more serious New York public in a recital so exceedingly favorable to the finest qualities of his art, by association with Mr. Bauer, than whom there is no greater exponent of the art of ensemble playing.

Together the two artists played Brahms's sonata in E, Op. 99, and Beethoven's in A, Op. 69, for piano and violin. Between them, Mr. Casals played alone Bach's solo suite in C major. After the suite Mr. Casals came forward to respond to the demand for more, and played an arrangement of Schumann's "Abendlied," (originally a piece for four hands on the piano,) for which Mr. Bauer most gracefully and generously himself played the accompaniment.

Brahms's sonata is one of the most genial and practically conceived works of his ripest period, in which the two instruments move on terms of equality; both are treated with a great insight into their own distinctive natures, the violin is made to give forth a truly idiomatic utterance, a noble and passionate utterance. Mr. Casals's exquisite finish and grace of style, his breadth and perfection of bowing and phrasing, his subtle nuancing and his vital rhythmic feeling, and his absolute certainty of intonation were put at the service of a deeply musical, intensely felt, and finely poised interpretation of this and of Beethoven's much more familiar sonata. In the solo suite by Bach he played with beautiful refinement and flexibility, with ease and the authority of an assured master.

Mr. Bauer's achievements were no less noteworthy in their artistic value. He made the pianoforte take its rightful place in the ensemble, and no more than its rightful place, as an equal factor in the whole and not as a mere

accompaniment or support. Here, too, was a profound appreciation of the poetry and eloquence of the music, perfect transparency and beautiful tonal color. It was, indeed, a case of "par mobile fratrum."

Mr. Bauer, with 'Cellist, Charms Hearers

Mr. Harold Bauer, one of the hardest working pianists of the day, made his eighth public appearance here in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon and as usual there was a large overflow of listeners who had to sit on the stage. Yesterday, however, Mr. Bauer did not play a solo. He played the piano parts of two sonatas with Mr. Pablo Casals, one of the greatest of living 'cellists. It was one of the most brilliant recitals of the season.

Mr. Casals, who on two occasions this season has been heard at Sunday night concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House, is the only great virtuoso of the 'cello playing here this season. Without accompaniment he played Bach's Suite in C major. In the Prelude there is much double stopping and the fullness of sound which Mr. Casals produced was remarkable. It really sounded like a solo with accompaniment, as was intended and as it is seldom does. Not only can Mr. Casals make his 'cello play as a bass instrument, which is the usual idea of the way a 'cello should be played, but in the Beethoven A major sonata so delicate, so light and so perfect was his playing that it approached the sound of a violin. Few players can make such a wide variety of effects. His intonation is about as perfect as human fingers can make it.

When playing with a brilliant soloist Mr. Bauer is an ideal ensemble player. His part of the programme, almost as important as that of his fellow artist, always was played with the proper quantity and quality of tone to make it individual, but never so loud or obtrusive as to make the general effect other than of artistic unity.

Pablo Casals and Harold Bauer.

Fritz Kreisler's generous remark that Pablo Casals is the greatest artist who draws a bow has helped to make the Spanish violoncellist one of the sensations of the season. He had been heard here more than a decade ago, but few were aware that he had risen so high. When it was announced, therefore, that he would give a joint recital in Aeolian Hall with Harold Bauer, it was at once obvious that the auditorium would prove too small to seat all who would want to hear them. As a matter of fact, a hundred chairs had to be placed on the stage to accommodate the overflow, and at the box office the "Sold Out" sign was displayed.

It cannot be said that the way Mr. Casals played the first number on the programme, the second violoncello sonata of Brahms, justified the high praise bestowed on him by the violinist who in reality is the greatest artist that plays with a bow. There was a good deal of scratching, and in other ways the playing of Mr. Casals in this sonata was far from representing the high-water mark of 'cello playing in New York. One felt like blaming the weather, which was cruel to strings; but inasmuch as Mr. Casals played the other numbers on the programme very much better, one could not but suspect that Brahms was to blame. He, who has written such splendid specimens of chamber music, was, in this sonata, not only at the low-water mark of inspiration, but seemed to have temporarily lost the cunning of writing idiomatically for the violoncello, particularly in the gasping, bounding, first movement. The adagio has some broad melody, but it is shallow, and the other two movements are trivial and trashy. One suspects that Harold Bauer, with his eternal three B's, was responsible for the choice of this sonata. How infinitely more inspired are the 'cello sonatas of Rubinstein!

If Brahms had never composed anything better than this 'cello sonata, it would be sacrilege to name him on the same page with Bach and Beethoven, who supplied the other two numbers on yesterday's programme. Beethoven was represented by the most inspired of all his chamber music compositions—indeed, the writer has more than once felt tempted to say that if all but one of Beethoven's works were to be destroyed, he would say: "Save the A major sonata for violoncello and piano." For sheer unalloyed genius nothing he wrote quite equals the first movement of this sonata; one can play or hear it a hundred times and still be thrilled by its abundance of all that makes music appeal to the intellect and the feelings. The way

the opening melody is worked up, transformed, and combined with other elements, and the eloquent dialogue between the instruments are a source of endless delight. Mr. Casals and Mr. Bauer played it enchantingly, bringing out all its beauties with stereoscopic vividness.

Between the two trios came one of Bach's suites for 'cello alone—a glorious work, which revealed Casals in all his glory, the equal on the violoncello of Kreisler on the violin. This suite—in the key of C, which gives the sonorous bass full swing—includes five old-fashioned dances, among them an enchanting bourrée with which most music lovers are familiar in diverse arrangements. Many of those who heard it yesterday were doubtless pleased to discover where it was originally placed. Mr. Casals was inimitable in this, and the final gigue, with its quaint drone effects. On hearing him do these things one could not but marvel, as one does on hearing Kreisler play one of the Bach suites for violin alone: "Is it possible that all this melody, harmony, and arpeggio can come from a single instrument?" Great is Bach and great are his prophets.

Jan. 20. 1915

Mr. David Sapirstein, Pianist, Loses

No Time in Continuing His

Six Day Series.

With clocklike precision, at exactly three o'clock, a thing almost unprecedented in recital giving in this city, where fifteen minutes after the advertised hour is the rule, Mr. David Sapirstein began the second of his six day series of piano recitals in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

From the too modern works of his opening programme he reverted to works of Brahms and Chopin, for the principal part of his entertainment. Mr. Sapirstein's command of fine tonal shadings is particularly adapted to the playing of Chopin pieces, and in these he gave the greatest pleasure. The Chopin sonata in B minor was his most pretentious number. The tickets for his series of appearances were sold mostly to students and school children, enabling many to hear the highest type of music played well for a very small sum.

Acts from Four Works as Annual Benefit for Pension Fund. 1915
For the Metropolitan Opera Company Emergency Fund there was a benefit performance at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, in which the principal artists participated, and at which a substantial sum was raised for the cause of giving comfort to the ill and pensioning the aged. It is an annual event. The audience was a large one.

The programme presented an act each from "Hänsel und Gretel," "Aida," "La Bohème" and "Pagliacci." In the opening except the title roles were sung by Mmes. Mattfeld and Schumann, while in "Aida," Miss Destinn sang the title rôle brilliantly and Mr. Martinelli was excellent as Radames. Mme. Matzenauer as Amneris and Mr. Amato as Amos were excellent.

Then came "La Bohème's" first act, with Mme. Alda, a sympathetic and vocally satisfying Mimi and Mr. Botta as Rodolfo. The final offering, the opening act of "Pagliacci," was the climax of the afternoon. Mfr. Caruso appearing at Carlo and singing his "Ridi Pagliaccio" with tremendous effect, while Mr. Amato's delivery of the Prologue aroused great enthusiasm. Miss Bori was delightful as Nedda. With the exception of "Hänsel und Gretel," when Mr. Hageman led, Mr. Polacco conducted.

Acts From "Hänsel and Gretel," "Aida," "Bohème" and "Pagliacci" Enthusiastically Greeted.

Standing room was at a premium in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. A special bill for the benefit of the Opera House Emergency Fund drew more than 3,000 persons and \$10,000.

Parts of four operas were enthusiastically received. Marie Mattfeld and Elisabeth Schumann in the title roles in "Hänsel und Gretel" pleased their hearers, as did those associated with them. Emmy Destinn, Margarete Matzenauer, Giovanni Martinelli and Pasquale Amato made a strong quartet in the "Aida" presentation, and Mme. Alda and MM. Botta, Tegan, Didur and Rother appeared in the first act of "Bohème."

The introductory scene of "Pagliacci," last on the programme, found Caruso in better voice than when he appeared on Friday evening and his "Ridi Pagliaccio" was sung with breadth and sonorous tone. M. Amato's prologue was masterfully sung and Mlle. Bori made an excellent Nedda, vocally and to the eye.

The Margulies Trio.

When is a melody not a melody? When it is by Richard Strauss. That, at any rate, was more or less implied in a decision rendered by a German court, a

few years ago, in favor of Heinrich Gottlieb Noren, who had been accused of pilfering a melody from Strauss's "Heldenleben." He had only taken a theme, it seems; and themes are not melodies—at least not always. In fact, it is the easiest thing in the world to write down a theme and elaborate it—nearly all chamber music is manufactured that way. But to create a melody requires genius, wherefore it is proper that melodies should be under a protective tariff and pilferers fined.

The particular orchestral composition which called forth that suit at law was entitled "Kaleidoscope," and it has been heard in New York. Last night, in Aeolian Hall, the Margulies Trio played a trio by the same Heinrich Gottlieb Noren. It is in D minor, but that is nothing against it; some highly respectable compositions have been written in that key; for instance, Schubert's quartet, with the heavenly variations on "Death and the Maiden." Now, that quartet is so brimful of melodies that one just drinks them in like nectar and never thinks of "themes" and their "working out." If Herr Noren had followed Schubert's example in his own D minor trio he, too, would be a genius; but his melodic swans are only common thematic geese. However, a good goose is not to be despised either. As the Berliner says, "Eine jute jebraene Jans ist eine jute Jabe Jottes." There is quite a little, that is savory in Noren's trio, and it was served with excellent ensemble by Miss Margulies, Mr. Lichtenberg, and Leo Schulz.

Miss Margulies and Mr. Schulz played the next number alone—a sonata for piano and violoncello, by Julius Klengel. Professor Klengel has not only composed many things for the 'cello, he also plays it like a virtuoso, and knows how to write for it idiomatically. Every bar of his sonata showed that. It is not a work of genius—that is, its melodies are themes—but when played with such swing, animation, and delightful musicianship as was shown by Miss Margulies and Mr. Schulz, it is sure to please everybody in the audience.

The same swing, dash, and high spirits were shown in the final number, Rubinstein's trio in G minor, opus 15, No. 2. It is not one of his most inspired works, but it is the creation of a man of genius, as proved by the occasional sunbursts of melody from behind the clouds of over-elaboration. The first movement ends in a blaze of glory that is almost orchestral in its wealth of sound and color.

MARGULIES TRIO'S SECOND CONCERT

From an announcement in the annotated programmes distributed in Aeolian Hall last night it appears that the Margulies Trio, which there and then gave its second concert of chamber music for this season, is now in its eleventh year. Miss Margulies and her associates have always commanded respect for the decorum of their meetings and their adherence to laudable ideals. There has been only one drawback to high enjoyment of the music which they wake, and that is a want of perfection in ensemble, in balance of tone, agreement as to the announcement of themes and consistency of their elaboration. It has seemed too often as if the players were content to go in together, to adhere together, and to come out together, all with reasonable precision. There seems to be no authoritative leadership.

So it was last night, when the programme was on to invite especial interest on the part of the lovers of chamber music. First, there came a Trio in D minor by Heinrich Gottlieb Noren, of which only the middle movements had been previously heard in New York. It proved to be a beautiful piece of music, in thought as well as elaboration.

Noren, by the way, is entitled to the particular gratitude of the thinking public for having, though involuntarily, helped to expose the spirit of commercialism largely dominant in music today. In composition for orchestra, a theme with variations, he made use of a brief excerpt from Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben." The basic tune of the piece was an original one; so were all the variations, but in the last he sought to pay a tribute to Strauss by using one of his compages of tones as a counterpoint to his own theme. Strauss's publishers promptly began legal proceedings against him for plagiarism, under the German copyright law designed to protect composers. That law gave protection to original melodies, and the question which the court had to pass upon was whether or not the passage, borrowed with reverential intent from "Heldenleben," was or was not a melody. The

SUNDAY SYMPHONY A TREAT IN MUSIC BUSONI ATTRACTION AT METROPOLITAN

Miss Florence Hinkle and Besekirsky and Gorgorza Sing at Concerts.

With practically all foreign instrumental virtuosi either in America or trying to get here, there is a happy meeting of the policy of the managers of the Metropolitan Opera House to utilize them at their popular concerts and the willingness of artists and their managers to appear at them the patrons of the Metropolitan "Sunday Pops" are revelling in high class things this season.

Last night Ferruccio Busoni, whose arrival on our shores had been delayed, though he is an Italian, was a potent attraction at the gilded lyric theatre in upper Broadway. The audience that gathered to hear him filled the tremendous room and a large enthusiasm filled the audience. Mr. Busoni's principal number provided something of a surprise; it was Weber's "Konzertstück," a show piece of the early Liszt and Thalberg period, which is called back to life once or twice in a decade to the delight of old-fashioned lovers of pianoforte music, and possibly also to the edification of those of a younger generation who are inclined as a rule to think that it belongs in the limbo of things forgotten.

Mr. Busoni can scarcely be said to have approached his task with complete devotion last night. He may have thought the occasion not quite worthy of his great renown; at any rate he was a considerable debtor to the composer as well as the audience when he quit playing, though his hearers, with characteristic delight in all the solo offerings of the evening, insisted on and got a solo piece after it. There was more dash and brilliancy in the transcription of Schubert's "Erkling" and the scintillant "Rigoletto" fantasia which came later. But the pianoforte, like the violin, is at a disadvantage in the vast spaces of the opera house.

Visiting singers are not necessary at the Metropolitan. Even the artists who have few opportunities in the opera are eminently satisfactory to the Sunday night concertgoers, where, indeed, some of them, like Miss Anna Case, appear under peculiarly favorable conditions. Miss Case aroused much enthusiasm with the scena and aria, "Ah! fors è lui" from "Traviata" (sung instead of the air from "Louise" which was announced on the house bill), and some songs, as did also Signor Botta and Mme. Delaunoy.

Both of the chief local symphony orchestras gave concerts during the afternoon, and both were attended by very nearly capacity audiences—the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall and the Philharmonic at Carnegie.

The assisting artist at the Symphony was Emilio de Gogorza, who had sung with the same orchestra only the previous afternoon. He repeated the "Don Giovanni" serenade, which he had given the day before, and added the serenade from Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" and Massenet's "Promesse de mon avenir." When Mr. de Gogorza is in good voice there are few barytones of the concert stage that are his equal. He was in good voice and good style yesterday. Mr. Damrosch gave a sympathetic reading of the Berlioz "Symphonie Fantastique" and Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue," orchestrated by Pierné.

The Philharmonic presented two assisting artists—one, Miss Florence Hinkle, an old and valued friend; the other Wassily Besekirsky, a recent arrival from the land of the Czar.

Miss Hinkle sang "Voi che sapete" with a style and a purity of tone from which most of our operatic Mozart singers could learn a much needed lesson.

Mr. Besekirsky proved in the Mendelssohn violin concerto that he is an artist of artistic sincerity and possessed of much poise. His style, especially in the last movement, was finished and his intonation usually impeccable. His tone lacked at times somewhat in purity, but was of ample volume. Mr. Stransky gave a really brilliant reading of Schumann's First Symphony.

The orchestra also presented for the first time in New York four character pieces by Arthur Foote, after the "Rubaiyat." They were all exceedingly interesting, being informed with Oriental color and charged with rhythm. They were well worth the attention paid to them by Mr. Stransky. The programme closed with Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1.

court decided that it was not known to the amusement of Strauss's critics and to the satisfaction of all who wished to see the commercialism in art which he represents rebuked.

Last night's audience was made to realize that there was no reason why a composer like Noren should want to plume himself with what the Germans would call ostrich feathers. Other numbers of the programme were a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello by Julius Klengel, played by Miss Margulies and Mrs. Leo Schulz, and Rubinstein's pianoforte trio in G minor H. E. K.

MARGULIES TRIO IN UNFAMILIAR MUSIC

The second concert of the eleventh season of the Adele Margulies Trio took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme consisted of Heinrich Noren's trio in D minor, opus 28; Julius Klengel's sonata in B minor for piano and violoncello, opus 25, and Rubinstein's trio in G minor, opus 15, No. 2. The Noren composition was heard for the first time in its entirety. Two movements were performed at a concert in 1910.

The trio is a work of very uneven merit, although the musicianship of the composer is shown throughout. But in the second movement (the scherzo) and the finale the thematic materials do not lend themselves readily to the utterance of the three instruments. They are better suited to the piano. When given to the bowed instruments they sound thin, fragmentary and deficient in sonority.

On the other hand the matter of the first movement is much more malleable, while that of the third, the slow movement of the composition, is decidedly the best. In this the cello unaccompanied sings the fundamental melodic idea, which is one of melancholy beauty, and afterward the piano takes it up, while the other two instruments furnish melodious counterpoint. Out of this presently grows a second theme, which itself becomes a counterpoint to the first, the two thoughts being skilfully distributed among the three instruments. The effect of the movement as a whole is one of songlike character and leaves the hearer satisfied.

Julius Klengel has for many years been one of the prominent figures in the musical life of Leipzig, where he is—or recently was—principal cellist in the Gewandhaus orchestra. His sonata, new to this town, did not offer any matter for profound consideration, though it was played with finish by Mr. Schulz and Miss Margulies.

THE MARGOLIES TRIO.

New Works by Noren and Klengel Heard at the Second Concert.

The second concert of the Adele Margulies Trio, which perseveres in its cultivation of the rich field of the trio for pianoforte and strings, was given last evening in Aeolian Hall and brought forward two new works. These were a trio by Heinrich Noren and a sonata by Julius Klengel for violoncello and pianoforte. There was also Rubinstein's trio in G minor, Op. 15, No. 2. Noren is known here through his set of variations for orchestra called "Kaleidoscope," which is not only good music, but gained a certain notoriety by making him the defendant in a lawsuit for quoting in it a theme from Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Ein Heldenleben." He quoted again in his trio, apparently, a Slavic theme upon which the last movement is based, but such a theme is the property of a whole nation and presumably therefore not likely to be the subject of an action at law.

The trio is an excellent piece of music, and shows the hand of a composer not much influenced by the prevailing tendencies that are considered "modern" in musical art. There are vigor and power in the first movement; its material is developed with much skill, as is also that of the slow movement, opening with a long and rhapsodical theme given to the cello. The Slavic theme of the last is characteristic, and gives the composer opportunity for the application of much ingenuity, some of which is applied to a considerable fugato passage. If there is great originality in the composition, it shows at least individuality and sincerity.

Hardly so much can be said of the sonata for piano and cello. Prof. Klengel, its composer, has long been a professor of his instrument at the Leipzig conservatory, and his music discloses the qualities that often appear when the professor of an instrument writes for it. It is "well made" it is well and gratefully written for the cello and "sounds" but its musical values rise to no great heights above agreeable commonplace. It was admirably played by Miss Margulies and Mr. Schulz, with much enthusiasm. There was in Noren's trio, however, some carelessness in intonation in some of the more exacting portions.

Jan. 22. 1915

PAUL DRAPER'S RECITAL.

A Programme Made Up Entirely of Songs by Brahms.

The second song recital by Paul Draper in the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon was devoted entirely to the songs of Brahms, (though the programme curiously omitted to note the name of the composer anywhere in its list of them.) In the selection of this programme Mr. Draper showed an al-

most unusual familiarity with the songs of Brahms, it included some that are rarely or never sung in public, and that yet well deserve to be known on account of their beauty, expressiveness and individuality, as "Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst," "Es träumte mir, ich sei dir theuer," "Ach wende diesen Blick," "Abenddämmerung."

Mr. Draper also sang the "Four German Songs," a serious undertaking for any artist. It could hardly be said that he was as successful in them as he was in some of the other numbers, they demand a weightier utterance. In no voice than he can give, and they cannot be heard with their true effect except from a baritone or bass singer. Yet the intense earnestness of Mr. Draper's delivery of them, the poignant feeling with which he charged them, the significance he put into his diction, made them impressive. In the other songs were to be admired, his full appreciation of their intimate spirit, and the success with which he manages to convey it, with resources by no means ample, so far as concerns quality, power, or color of voice, but with the help of fine taste, skill, and phrasing, in accent, in expressive diction.

Mr. Draper was appreciatively listened to by a considerable audience. Having devoted his first recital a week ago to the "Schöne Müllerin" of Schubert, he will include in his next one songs by Bach, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.

PHILHARMONIC PLAYS BEETHOVEN MUSIC

Seventh Evening Concert Devoted to Overture, Concerto and Fifth Symphony.

MR. KREISLER NOT IN FORM

The seventh evening concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last evening was devoted to music by Beethoven. The numbers chosen for performance were the "Dedication of the House" overture, the violin concerto and the fifth symphony. The solo player was Fritz Kreisler, whose present popularity was demonstrated by the unusual size of the audience. The seats were all sold and the standing room was unduly crowded. The applause which followed the playing of the concerto was long and vigorous.

Nevertheless the performance of the work was not an adequate exhibition of Mr. Kreisler's art. He has often played the concerto better, and for the matter of that so have several other violinists. Whatever may have been the reason the interpretation was wanting in breadth and penetration. There was little of that large and authoritative utterance which we are accustomed to expect from this master of the violin. Furthermore there were places, particularly in the first movement, in which Mr. Kreisler indulged in vagaries of accent which distorted Beethoven's rhythms. This eccentricity was greatly to be deplored in an artist of Mr. Kreisler's standing.

Mr. Stransky without doubt startled some of his hearers by the manner in which he read the opening measures of the fifth symphony, for he discarded the rhetorical pause after the hold, a pause which has become so customary that it is almost a tradition. But lovers of textual fidelity must keep in mind the fact that there is no hint of this pause in the score. The hold is written on the half note which terminates the proclamation of the germinal idea of the movement, and there is no evidence that Beethoven expected a modification of the eighth note rest after the half note.

That the familiar pause adds a strong theatrical effect to this part of the symphony is unquestionable, but it is the duty of every conductor to render unto Beethoven that which is Beethoven's, and Mr. Stransky must be applauded for his adherence to his text.

The overture is not often played now. It was written at request in the summer of 1822 for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre, Vienna, in the ensuing autumn, when it figured as part of the music to a pretty dull "festival" play by Carl Meisl. We owe Schindler the fugal development after the Handelian manner, as he suggested it to Beethoven. It is, of course, good music, but it is not vital with the full blood of Beethoven's genius, and its infrequent performance causes no serious loss to the music loving public. On the other hand, the fifth symphony can hardly be heard too often, especially its first movement, which is the supreme example of perfection in musical form and of what such perfection can offer in the field of uplifting musical beauty.

"LES HUGUENOTS" SUNG AT OPERA

Meyerbeer's Work, with Caruso in Cast, Draws Large Audience.

Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" was sung, again last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and as Caruso sang Raoul the audience was of Caruso size. In the cast were Miss Destinn as Valentine, Miss Hempel as the ueen, Miss Garrison as Urbain, Mr. Scotti

Never, Mr. Rothier as Saint-Bras, and Mr. Braun as Marcel; all of whom were heard in the last performance, and all of whom except Miss Garrison have been heard in the opera many times.

Miss Garrison is not yet an ideal singer for the part of the page; she will not be until her style has broadened and her voice gained in power; but she is none the less a singer of charm and of promise. Mr. Polocco again gave to the score life and color.

As for the score itself, it was composed by one of the most devilishly clever musicians to the libretto of as equally clever a playwright. And there always remains the last duet, one of the most beautiful and passionate scenes ever composed for opera. By this scene, and perhaps by this scene alone, Giacomo Meyerbeer placed himself among the ranks of the immortals.

Jan. 23. 1915

Premiere of "Madame Sans-Gêne" Now Set for Monday Night.

"Madame Sans-Gêne," the new opera of Umberto Giordano, which was to have been performed for the first time on any stage at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, had to be postponed till Monday evening on account of the illness of Miss Farrar. The opera substituted was "Aida," with Mmes. Rappold and Ober and Messrs. Martinelli and Amato in the chief parts. The two men would have sung in Giordano's work had it been given.

Geraldine Farrar will impersonate the washerwoman who became Duchess of Danzig. The role is an arduous one and taxes the voice and physical strength of the singer. Miss Farrar caught a heavy cold a week ago. A general rehearsal of the opera was called for last Sunday at noon, but Miss Farrar was compelled to remain at home and the rehearsal was carried on without her.

On Monday she went through a full rehearsal of the opera and on Wednesday the final dress rehearsal took place. Miss Farrar's singing on Monday was several times interrupted by fits of coughing and her physician directed her to sing sotto voce on Wednesday. About 200 people including members of the company, directors, their wives and newspaper men were present at the Wednesday rehearsal and Miss Farrar sang to them in full voice from the moment of her first entrance. The congestion of her vocal cords was thus so greatly increased that it could not be reduced sufficiently to make her appearance possible last evening. It is expected that the rest of to-day and tomorrow will put her in condition to sing. Soprano Responds to Applause with Encores at "Moment Musical."

At the "Moment Musical" in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel yesterday afternoon Miss May Scheider, soprano, sang an aria from "La Traviata" and songs in Italian. She was applauded liberally after each appearance and responded with encores. Others to be heard were Mr. Rafael Diaz, tenor; Miss Mildred Dilling, harpist, and Miss Lysa Graham and Mr. Gilbert York, Miss Marie Dorsey and Mr. H. S. Thompson and Miss Lola, dancers. There was dancing afterward.

Jan. 24. 1915

Symphony Concert for the Young.

The third of the series of Symphony Concerts for Young People was given yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall by Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra before the usual audience which is attracted by these concerts. The soloist was Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, who sang "Largo al factotum," from "The Barber of Seville," and the serenade from "Don Giovanni." The orchestral numbers were Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, arrangements of British folk-songs and dances by Percy Grainger, and Suk's scherzo fantastique, "A Fairy Tale."

MR. SPIERING'S RECITAL.

Theodore Spiering, violinist, who for several seasons was concert master of the Philharmonic Society under Gustav Mahler, after several previous seasons as concert master of the Chicago Orchestra under Theodore Thomas, and who then returned to Berlin to continue his artistic career there, has now come again to New York—not alone—and gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Spiering's musicianship and command of his instrument have been shown by the success with which he filled these positions and by his artistic career otherwise. His programme showed excellent taste and judgment, including Nardini's beautiful sonata in D and Bach's chaconne from the D minor solo suite and ending with Saint-Saens's first violin concerto in A, Op. 20, an early work seldom played.

There were technical qualities to be observed in his performance that confirmed good opinions of him; but there were others that gave pause to his listeners. Mr. Spiering's bowing is vigorous and his intonation generally accurate; but his energy is at times somewhat excessive, and his playing is often so hurried and nervous as to make his best intentions miscarry. There was thus a lack of repose in his performance, both of Nardini's sonata and the chaconne, pieces that especially need equanimity and breadth. The same failure worked to the injury of Mr. Spiering's tone, although it is to be said that the atmospheric conditions were especially unfriendly to the tone of any violin in any player's hands.

156 PLENTY OF MUSIC HEARD YESTERDAY 2' ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Sunday afternoon worshippers at the shrine of music had their choice of three entertainments. These were the concerts of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall, the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall, and the Society of the Friends of Music at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The last named was an extra concert added to the regular list in order to allow the members and subscribers to enjoy an afternoon in the company of Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, cellist.

The programme arranged by the two artists brought them into combination at the beginning of the entertainment in Beethoven's F major sonata, opus 5, No. 1, and at the end in Saint-Saens's sonata in C minor, opus 32. Between these each played a solo number, Mr. Bauer choosing Schumann's "Carnival" and Mr. Casals the G major suite of Bach. This was a programme planned to appeal to lovers of all that is finest in musical art, and its performance was heard with rapt attention.

It is not necessary to say now that Messrs. Bauer and Casals have found a lovely congeniality in their art and that they play together with admirable ensemble as well as with beautiful enthusiasm. Their playing of the Beethoven sonata yesterday was marred only by a lack of resonance in the audience chamber, a fault which militated against the cello more than against the piano and robbed the performance of that perfect balance which would undoubtedly otherwise have belonged to it. Mr. Bauer's interpretation of the "Carnival" was distinguished by great beauty of tone, by a remarkably wide variety of color and nuance, and above all, by poetic insight and eloquence of delivery.

The Philharmonic Society presented an exceedingly varied but good programme. Mr. Strinsky's orchestra gave at the beginning a delightful performance of Schumann's first symphony. Later it presented what was perhaps the number of chief interest in the orchestral list, because heard for the first time at these concerts, namely the "Four Character Pieces," as transcribed from a set of piano pieces by the eminent Boston composer Arthur Foote, after the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." As the closing number Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody was played.

There were two soloists, Florence Hinkle, soprano, and Wassily Besekirsky, violinist. Mme. Hinkle sang Mozart's "Voi Che Sapete" and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire." Her voice has sounded clearer than it did at times yesterday, but she was nevertheless heard to much advantage in her work both for lovely tone quality and excellent style.

Mr. Besekirsky, the Russian violinist, who was recently heard here in recital, chose for his number yesterday the Mendelssohn concerto. He again displayed a thoroughly interesting style. His impurity of tone was the feature of his playing, that impaired in part his performance.

The Symphony Society, with Walter Damrosch conductor, gave its eleventh regular Sunday afternoon subscription concert with Emilio de Gogorza, a barytone, as the soloist. The orchestra numbers were Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique"; the B major nocturne, opus 10, for strings, of Dvorak, and Gabriel Pierné's arrangement of Cesar Franck's prelude, choral and fugue for piano. Mr. Damrosch had his orchestra in excellent form and its work throughout the afternoon laid fullest claim to the high plane of approval upon which it was received.

Mr. Gogorza's numbers were the air "Promesse de Mon Avenir," by Massenet; the "Serenade" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and the "Serenade de Mephistopheles," from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust." Mr. Gogorza had been heard in his singing of them now, as then, was of the last two numbers at a concert the previous afternoon in Carnegie Hall, and such a degree of fine vocal art as to evoke great enthusiasm. In the French air he was heard perhaps to less favorable advantage generally, but his beautiful voice and skill were nevertheless cause for much enjoyment.

Gogorza with Symphony Society.

There was another large audience yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall to hear Gogorza with the New York Symphony Orchestra. Last year many people were deprived of the pleasure of hearing this great baritone, owing to the fact that a severe illness cut his tour short. His appearance yesterday showed him at his very best, and it was the greatest treat to lovers of good singing to hear a voice so rich, resonant, and warm, a voice used, moreover, in the most perfect way, and with rare intelligence and musical feeling. It is to be hoped that music-lovers will have frequent opportunity to enjoy Mr. Gogorza's art this season, for, in spite

of the many performers who are flooding our musical market this year, it is seldom that one appears who can give such enjoyment to all and benefit to students as Mr. de Gogorza. He sang the beautiful Massenet air, "Promesse de mon avenir," the Serenade from "Don Giovanni," and the Mefisto Serenade from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," all three of which demand a different style of singing.

The orchestral numbers were Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," a Notturmo for string orchestra, by Dvorak, and Franck's Prelude Choral and Fugue, as orchestrated by Pierné, which were all well received by the audience. Mr. Damrosch had apparently given special attention to the symphony, and the result was good.

New Violinist from Russia Heard Here

Mr. Besekirsky and Miss Hinkle, Soloists, with the Philharmonic in

Programme of Great Variety. — Following its Beethoven concerts of last week, the Philharmonic Society played a programme of wide variety in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. There were two soloists, Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, and Mr. Wassily Besekirsky, Russian violinist, who has been heard here only once, and that at a recital in Aeolian Hall a few weeks ago. Evidently he was "out of form" at his recital, which was not very successful, for he played much better yesterday in the Mendelssohn concerto. His tone and intonation were praiseworthy, though neither were without fault, and he played Mendelssohn's music in a straightforward style with emotion and without too much sentimentality. It was a creditable performance, though not a brilliant one.

Miss Hinkle is a worthy Mozart singer and she pleased in the aria "Voi Che Sapete," from the "Marriage of Figaro."

There was one novelty, entitled "Four Character Pieces," by Mr. Arthur Foote, of Boston. The programme is taken from verses from the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Originally they were written for piano, and in the orchestrated form they have been performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. They were interesting, but not important. They are quiet pieces, not bound down by an excess of modern dissonance.

Schumann's symphony No. 1 ("Spring"), which was played well by Mr. Josef Strinsky and his men at a recent concert, was repeated, and the closing number was Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody No. 1.

Spiering and Kreisler. 1915

Fritz Kreisler and Arrigo Serato were among the prominent professionals who heard and applauded Theodore Spiering at his Aeolian Hall recital on Saturday. Mr. Spiering has been in Berlin for some years, but he is favorably remembered over here, particularly in Chicago, where he was leader of the violins in the Theodore Thomas Orchestra and of the Spiering Quartet, and in New York as concertmaster of the Philharmonic and its conductor during the illness of Mahler. He began his recital on Saturday with an interesting performance of a Nardini sonata. This was followed by Bach's Chaconne, at an amazingly fast tempo. In the third and fourth divisions, the last consisting of the Saint-Saens concerto in A major, he was at his best, playing with most agreeable tone and excellent technique. There were a Romance by Beethoven, a Polonaise by Lamb, Arthur Hartmann's Souvenir, a Melody and Scherzo by Tchaikovsky, and Edwin Grosse's little gem of dainty realism entitled "Wellenspiel" (Waves at Play).

Mr. Kreisler was particularly pleased with this charming piece, which Maud Powell plays so often and which he will doubtless add to his own repertory. Mr. Grasse, who, alas! is blind, was present in a box and had to get up to bow to the audience, which insisted on hearing the musical waves at play twice. Mr. Kreisler, by the way, knew very well that he was not at his best in the first half of the opening movement of the Beethoven concerto at last Thursday's Philharmonic. He also knew the reason. He had been up all night taking care of his wife, who was ill. He had a strange feeling when he began the concerto. "It seemed," he said, "as if the bow tried to bound from the violin, and I had difficulty in keeping them together." He got over it, however, before he reached the cadenza,

which, as was reported in these columns, was played with his usual brilliancy. At the next day's repetition of the concerto he played it splendidly from beginning to end. It is good news to hear that he will again be the Philharmonic soloist at a group of concerts next month.

Philharmonic with Two Soloists.

Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon held a large audience which, judging by the abundant applause, got much enjoyment from the popular and, at the same time, high-class music offered by Mr. Strinsky. The concert began with a delightfully animated and refreshing performance of Schumann's first symphony and ended with the stirring first orchestral rhapsody of Liszt, with some slight modifications in the instrumentation which Liszt himself would have been the first to applaud. A novelty was contributed by one of America's leading composers, Arthur Foote, who has for several decades been one of the men who have done most to uphold Boston's high rank among musical cities. It consisted of "Four Character Pieces," opus 48, originally written for piano. Mr. Foote has arranged them so cleverly that no one would guess they had not been conceived originally for the orchestra. The first piece proved particularly effective, but all deserved the compliment of being played by our foremost musical organization. The audience evidently thought so too.

Wassily Besekirsky, who was heard in a recital a few weeks ago, appeared to better advantage yesterday against the gorgeous orchestral background provided by the Philharmonic in Mendelssohn's violin concerto. He played with good technical facility and an agreeable tone, being at his best in the andante. In the second part of the programme the distinguished oratorio singer, Florence Hinkle, gave much pleasure even to the most critical listeners, especially by her artistic rendering of the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's "The Cross of Fire," which she sang with much expression and a voice of unusual charm.

HIS FIFTH DAILY RECITAL.

Mr. David Sapirstein Continues to Play with Spirit.

Mr. David Sapirstein reached the next to the last night in his six day cycle of piano recitals in Aeolian Hall yesterday. An hour before the time for the programme to begin he was in the hall for extra practice, and those who arrived early listened in the lobby to his playings.

His programme began with six grand etudes of Paganini-Liszt. Some signs of the tiring effects were evident in his playing of Beethoven's "Grosse Sonata fur das Hammerklavier," but Mr. Sapirstein always is a player who interests. In his memory he is said to have stored 173 works. It should be stated that all of the works heard so far have been carefully prepared. There is no sign of slipshod methods in presenting his music. All his audiences have been of fair proportions.

A New Italian Opera.

Sardou's play, "Madame Sans Gêne," is familiar to American audiences, having been acted frequently by Ellen Terry (with Henry Irving as Napoleon), Réjane, Katharyn Kidder, and others, in the part of the Alsatian laundress who becomes a Duchess. The Italian composer, Umberto Giordano, heard it in Paris a few years ago, and concluded that it would make a good subject for an opera. So he secured the services of a young journalist, the musical critic of the *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, whose name is Renato Simoni, to turn it into a libretto; and then he set it to music at Baveno. The first performance of the work was promised to the Metropolitan Opera House, where it had its première last night, with Geraldine Farrar as the laundress-Duchess, Amato as Napoleon, and under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. It may be said at once that the performance, as such, was a success. As for the opera itself, that is another story, not quite so short.

Umberto Giordano is not a stranger in New York, at least as a composer. It was hoped that he would come here to personally superintend the production of his new opera, as Puccini came for his "Girl of the Golden West," and Humperdinck for his "Königskinder"; but these hopes, like so many others, have been blasted by the war. Mr. Krehbiel relates, in his "Chapters of Opera," how, in 1896, when Col. Mapleson produced Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," it was announced that the composer was in New York; but it

proved to be the baritone. The same name. That opera, which was conducted by Tango (who would have been more timely last year), was also produced in 1908 by Oscar Hammerstein, who evidently had little faith in its drawing power, for he gave it only once, on the last night of the season.

The wonderful Russian folk tune, "Ay Ouchnem," the song of the bargemen, which became so popular here a few years ago, when the Balalaika Band played it, also helped, with other Russian folk music, to insure several performances of another opera by Giordano—"Siberia," which Mr. Hammerstein produced. It presented pictures of Arctic desolation that linger in the memory. His "Fedora" was produced at the Metropolitan in 1906, with a cast including Caruso and Cavalleri. An earlier work, "Mala Vita," belongs to the blood-and-thunder type of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." In none of these operas did Giordano reveal himself as a composer who has a new musical message to bring to the world. Why, then, was his new score "Madame Sans Gêne," honored by a production at the Metropolitan?

Was it because it is supposed to be the first opera in which Napoleon appears as a singer? Or because of its musical beauties—or its dramatic interest?

As a play, Sardou's drama has enjoyed much success. In adopting this successful play as basis for his opera, Giordano has followed the example of Puccini and other popular composers. But not all operas based on popular plays succeed—witness his "Fedora." Does "Madame Sans Gêne" lend itself readily to musical treatment? The composer was reported to be wildly enthusiastic over the libretto, and Signor Simoni must be admitted to have done his work well, condensing the five acts into four, eliminating some of the dialogue, and omitting episode that would have too much retarded the main action, among them the scene between Napoleon and his sisters.

Napoleon does not come on the stage till the third act. The first is located in Paris, in the interior of the laundry of Caterina Hübscher, a young Alsatian known as Madame Sans Gêne—because of her free and easy manners. The French Revolution is in full progress. The laundresses are alarmed by the firing tumult without, fearing for the safety of their employer. Presently Caterina rushes in and indignantly tells about a mob of soldiers who had kissed her in turn. The girls, their work ended, help her close the window shutters and leave Left alone, she is about to lock the door when a shot is heard, the door opens and in comes the Austrian officer, the Count of Neipperg, wounded. She scorn him as a royalist, but takes pity because of his wounds and begins to dress them when steps and voices are heard outside whereupon she hides him in her room and locks the door. Enter her lover, Le feuvre, sergeant of the national guard with soldiers, in pursuit of Neipperg. He suspects Caterina of having hidden him and, wrenching the key from her, enters the room. Presently he returns, and, ordering the soldiers away, tells her he found a dead man in her room. When she accepts the announcement calmly, he admits that it was only a ruse to discover her feelings. The wounded man is alive, and, bidding her take good care of him, he promises to return and arrange for his escape.

The second act plays in a chateau nineteen years later. The laundress has become the Duchess of Danzig, and her husband, the former sergeant, is one of Napoleon's favorite officers. She takes lesson in court manners—much needed because presently her husband arrives and informs her that Napoleon has advised him to divorce her because of her awkwardness. When he refused to do so, the Emperor asked that she be sent to him, so he could talk with her about the matter.

He does so, in the next act, accusing her of covering the court with ridicule. But she wins his heart by telling him of the suffering she endured as a vivandière of the army, and finally by reminding him of an unpaid laundry bill which he incurred as an ill-paid lieutenant. As she is about to retire, suspicious noise is heard in the adjoining room. Napoleon orders the lights to be lowered, when Count Neipperg enters and approaches the door of the Emperor's room. Mad with jealous fury, Napoleon orders the Count to be shot.

In the final act, however, the truth comes out. Neipperg had simply come to get a sealed package from the Empress to her father, the Austrian Emperor, begging him to keep the Count in Vienna.

For operatic purposes the trouble with this libretto is that there is, except in the first act, too much talk and too little action. It is the same as in the cases of "Le Donne Curiose" and other operas of Wolf-Ferrari, which have enjoyed the brief vogue predicted for them in this journal. Now, there is a good deal of "talkee talkee" in Wagner's operas, too, but his music is so symphonic, so absorbingly interesting, so full of psychological significance, that one does not miss the action. Giordano, it is needless to say, is no Wagner. The orchestral cataclysm which opens his opera is splendidly effective, and every now and then, throughout the score, there is an occasional page or two of dainty or crassly realistic orchestral coloring which arrests the attention; but of melodic originality there are few traces. As, in his "Siberia," he scored his best points by introducing Russian folk tunes, so, in this French story, he makes good use of tunes of the period—the "Carmagnole," "Ca Ira," and "Marsellaise." Since his own music lacks distinction and the charm of individuality, getting less attractive from act to act, it is not necessary to dwell on details.

The performance, under Mr. Toscanini, was, as already intimated, admirable. He has his own way in obtaining as many rehearsals as he desires, whatever other operas may suffer in consequence. The first act, in particular, with its mob scenes, is very difficult, yet it went as smoothly as the simpler scenes. Whether it was worth while to give so much time and trouble to so mediocre a composition is another story. However, worse operas than "Madame Sans Gêne" have been heard at the Metropolitan, some of them by American composers. Giordano, at any rate, has the operatic instinct common to Italians, as well as the experience. He was extremely fortunate in having his opera accepted by the Metropolitan, which not only provided a cast such as Italy could not duplicate, but gave it splendid scenic backgrounds. The reception at court, in particular, presented a picture which the millionaire women in the boxes could hardly surpass in the brilliant display of costumes and jewels.

The part of Sans Gêne was not one cut to Miss Farrar's measure, but she makes the best of a difficult and—for a pretty woman—ungrateful rôle. It is not easy to appear awkward, ill-dressed, and unbeautiful for the greater part of an evening, even for an artist of Miss Farrar's calibre. She kept the audience in a ripple of merriment in the absurd scene of the second act, where she tries to learn court manners. Her trials with a high collar which strangled her were particularly funny. Her struggles to seem awkwardly unused to elegant clothes were less successful, but her total indifference to her personal appearance when she came on the stage in a hopelessly unbecoming negligée waist and skirt was appreciated at its just value by a cordial audience. Withal, her Sans Gêne is far from lacking dignity, and she quite masters the scene when she turns on her royal visitors and frankly acknowledges her plebeian origin, while taunting them. She sang very well the music assigned to her, but it has little charm in itself, and it was as an actress, perforce, that she had to impress the audience, which she certainly did most favorably, judging by the applause.

Mr. Martinelli, as Lefebvre, made a pleasant impression, especially in the first act, before he had attempted, through the mysteries of make-up, to appear as a middle-aged man. He sang well, in the explosive fashion beloved of the gallery, and which will end his career as a singer if he persists in this style. However, art is long, and life is short, so why not shout and earn applause and bravos while we may?

Mr. Amato as Napoleon appears only in the last two acts. That he has thoroughly studied the poses and general outline of Napoleon, as shown in his portraits, is self-evident the moment the curtain rises. Napoleon's severity, rather than his charm, is the keynote of his characterization, but this cannot be otherwise, in view of the story. His voice is one of strong individuality, but his singing last night emphasized the good rather than the bad qualities of his organ, and it may be said that the part

of the little Corsican is one of those which will stand out as among his best.

GIORDANO'S SCORE NOT ABOVE PREVIOUS LEVEL

"Madame Sans-Gêne"—Metropolitan Opera House.	
Caterina Hubscher.....	Geraldine Farrar
Lefebvre.....	Giovanni Martinelli
Napoleon.....	Pasquale Amato
Fouque.....	Andrea de Segura
Count de Neipperg.....	Paul Althous
Queen Carolina.....	Vera Curtis
Princess Elisa.....	Minnie Egner
Despreaux.....	Angelo Bada
Geslonimo.....	Riccardo Tegan
Leroy.....	Robert Leonhardt

"Madame Sans-Gêne," opera in four acts, the book by Renato Simoni after the comedy by Victorien Sardou and E. Moreau, the music by Umberto Giordano, was performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time on any stage. The comedy should be remembered by local theatregoers from its interesting representations with Kathryn Kidder in the title role and from the production in which Mme. Refane was the principal actor. Umberto Giordano is the composer of "Andrea Chenier," an opera produced at the Academy of Music by the late Col. Mapleson on November 13, 1896; "Fedora," produced by Heinrich Conried at the Metropolitan on December 5, 1906, and "Siberia," produced at the Manhattan Opera House by Oscar Hammerstein on February 5, 1907. Not one of these three operas made any serious impression or effected a lasting occupation of the local stage.

Last evening's production was witnessed by a large and eager audience. The brilliancy of the stage pictures, the swift movement of Sardou's skillfully planned action, the disclosure of Geraldine Farrar's gifts in a new investiture and the new demonstration of a pleasing skill within a limited field of impersonation on the part of Mr. Amato, for which he has few opportunities, all served to hold the interest of the assembly and furnished food for much animated discussion in the entr'actes.

But there was no ground for belief that the opera had made any deeper conviction of creative power than its predecessors from the same pen. If the work obtains any vogue it will be entirely due to the achievements of the principal impersonators. And it must be kept in mind that this can confidently be said in spite of the fact that Arturo Toscanini, the foremost opera conductor of the world, has devoted to the interpretation of the work his unique endowments and his inexhaustible energy.

Of the liberties taken with history by Sardou and Moreau in their comedy nothing need now be said. Mr. Simoni has made as good an opera book out of the play as could be expected. He has kept close to his original, and his labor has been chiefly that of omission and condensation in order that the piece might be reduced to practicable proportions. If the libretto is not a great one it can hardly be called the fault of Mr. Simoni.

It is too crowded with incident and action. An ideal opera book would seldom be able to stand performance without the music, because it would be too "talky." The numerous sustained lyric utterances which are the life of an opera are the death of a play. On the other hand a composer cannot work to advantage when he is encumbered with a mass of details of stage business. What he requires for his purposes is a few grand dramatic situations in which the elemental emotions are to be expressed not by doing but by speech which he is to translate into song.

The first opera makers tried to construct this type of poetic drama by carrying on their explanatory dialogue in recitative and publishing their emotional states in arias. Their purpose was defeated by the decadence of their method into a mere stereotyped formula. Later masters sought to reconstruct the form by modifying the large difference between the recitation and the air. Still later composers abolished the conventions of the recitative entirely and wrote their dialogue in a continuous melos, known technically as *arioso*. When they needed the larger lyric utterance they gave it, but not in any conventional pattern such as that of the eighteenth century aria.

But no great operatic masterpiece has ever been created which contains no moments of rapturous melodic song, of pure lyric utterance. Without pausing to search the archives of the mind any operagoer will think of the great third act of "Aida," of *Otello's* farewell to "the pomp, the pride and circumstance of war," of the dialogue of *Pelléas and Melisande* beside the fountain, of "O sink hernieder," and "Mild und leise" in "Tristan," of *Wotan's* farewell, of *Brünnhilde's* immolation. These things are music, great music, and an opera book to be a good one must not only make room for great music but must inspire it. If the objection be raised that Gior-

dan's work is comedy and we are quoting tragedies, it is necessary only to recall the frequent and beautiful instances of lyric utterance in a baker's dozen of works, among them Rossini's "Barber of Seville," Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," Smetana's "Bartered Bride," Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and Verdi's "Falstaff." Surely Comedy with her smile and her rod of satiric castigation has done as much for music as Tragedy with her grim portents and her agonies.

The book of "Madame Sans-Gêne" supplies only a few dramatic points for strong and vital music. The point at which the development of this vivacious comedy calls for the most moving emotional utterance is in the second act, when Lefebvre repeats to his wife the Emperor's suggestion of divorce. For the rest there are some delightful bits of comedy in the book and some of them clamor for that style of delicate and fanciful music with which Massenet has delighted our ears and our taste in his "Manon," music which wears the powdered wig, the exaggerated gallantry and the piquette of Paris of the close of the eighteenth century.

That Giordano has written his score in a workmanlike manner goes almost without saying. The routine of operatic composition is well known to Italian composers. In fact they know more about this than about anything else, and much of the lyric art which emanates from the land of the "drama per musica" discloses its inheritance of the blood of a generation in which one who could write an effective opera finale was called a skilful contrapuntist. Giordano is a competent routinier; he knows how to put an opera score together.

His method has no new features. It is that of the contemporaneous Italian stage. Its dialogue is carried on in continuous melody, with rare excursions into the modern type of recitative. His larger dramatic situations he seeks to embody in broader lyric form, but as already said he is too frequently hampered by the nature of the situations themselves.

The melodic flights which do occur disclose no lofty flight of musical invention. They are pretty and pleasing, but they lack the directness, the individuality, the incisiveness essential to the excitement of enthusiasm. Thematic representation is not employed at all in the manner of Wagner or even Puccini's "Tosca," but the older device of fixed ideas and reminiscences is utilized rather baldly and ineffectively. The repetitions of the love melodies are of course obvious; all such repetitions are. The crashing chords of brass which herald Napoleon are mere noise without musical design.

The composer has said that his thought centralized on the Little Corporal. Although he does not appear till the third act everything portends him, foreshadows him, is prologue to him. It is always interesting and instructive to know what are the purposes of an artist; but to measure his achievements by them is frequently disappointing. In the score of Giordano Napoleon is an ante-climax. The composer unwittingly shot his bolt in the second act, and when the third brings the figure of the first Emperor the stage is still dominated by the wilful *Sans-Gêne*.

The orchestration is on the whole workmanlike. But there are some pages in which it is much overdone, and in the third act at times even the powerful tones of Mr. Amato were inaudible. Musical tricks of the time are not numerous. There are some harp sweeps along the whole tone scale. Stopped trumpets inevitably impart a nasal twang to certain passages. The bass drum wears itself in futile struggles to indicate the tumult of a troubled historical period.

So much for a swift review of the music in its more immediate revelations. But certain problems larger than those indicated in this examination confronted Giordano. In common with every other writer of opera he had to face the difficulties of characterization. These presented themselves to him in two general phases, of which the more familiar may be discussed first. In "Madame Sans-Gêne," as in any other lyric drama, there is an imperative demand for definition of the characters of the protagonists as well as for that broader characterization which creates a style perfectly adapted to the emotional movement of the play.

Both of these requirements Giordano has met but feebly. His assertion that the musical thought of his composition revolves around Napoleon may be true, but there is no individuality in the music of the Emperor. He speaks precisely the same lyric language as the other persons of the comedy and he speaks it with less directness than *Sans-Gêne*. Nor can it be said that the general emotional scheme of the play has given the composer any larger inspiration than this historical figure which he believed to occupy his mind. The music of the whole opera is lamentably deficient in power of characterization.

We are not therefore disappointed when we consider the other phase of characterization which was placed before this musician. He was called upon to make a deeply significant contrast between his first and his second act. The accomplishment of the task would have been a veritable tour de force for even a master and it was quite beyond the powers of Giordano.

In his first act he was asked to find a musical expression for the spirit of the revolution, a historical event portentous even in its outward and pictorial aspects, which the composer tried to seize,

and still more momentous in its profounder significance which was not to be published to us merely by echoes of the Marsellaise, the Carmagnole and the "Ca Ira." In the second act the composer was invited to embody the unhealthy, overdrawn and even apprehensive ceremonial of a mushroom aristocracy striving to inspire itself with confidence by the exercise of sheer audacity. Into this had to be projected the outspoken thought and untrammelled feelings of a woman of the people rebelling against a society of pretenders. It was a formidable task indeed and it proved to be far beyond the abilities of the composer of "Fedora" and "Siberia."

Having examined the broader requirements of the score, we may now proceed to pass in review some of its salient details as they appear in the several acts. The first act bristles with incident. The composer has endeavored to give some musical coherence to it by entrusting the principal figuration and movement to the orchestra, which thus provides a well tinted background for untrammelled dialogue. The first real success of the method is found in the scene between *Caterina* and *Fouque*, in which old French melody of rustic type, well suited to suggest *Caterina's* Alsatian origin, is worked up into an extended scherzando which is quite pleasing.

There is a light touch in the music accompanying the entrance of *Lefebvre* and his soldier companions, and the tenor has a respectable bit of semi-declamatory melody beginning with "Ah, perdio fu un travaglio rude." After that all is rapid dialogue, as was most of that which went before, together with the bustle of action, crowds rushing on and off the stage, dancing at the door. The last crowd which passes at the real just before the curtain falls sings the "Marsellaise," which always was a good tune and still is. At an opportune moment, too, the composer finds a happy use for the Carmagnole, for its thought resounds through the action:

"Le canon vient de resonner: Guerriers, soyez prêts de marcher." In like manner one hears echoes of the "Ca Ira." The composer is quite right in introducing those melodies of the period. They belong to the story, and as all good and true theatregoers know we must have local color. Any composer who knows his business can get it from the native color shop, and it is not hard to remember that the best tune in Giordano's "Siberia" was "Ay ouchnem," made in Russia.

The second act opens delightfully. It is perhaps one of the curiosities of the lyric drama that three minor characters, a tailor, a dancing master and a vulgar have a trio, which is almost the best bit of music in the entire score. The fact that it is woefully wanting in originality affects the matter not in the least, for unoriginal composition is often the happiest product of mediocrity. This trio has grace, charm and elegance of style and aptly expresses the mood of three servants trained under the old nobility and now waiting upon the upstart creations of the Corsican.

The scene between *Caterina* and the dancing master is well written, but there is nothing in the music which discloses more than the familiar technical skill of a professional composer of Italian opera. It is the work of a man who knows his business, but has nothing to demand particular consideration. In the next scene that between *Caterina* and her husband the composer has the largest opportunity of the entire book, and it is here that he most strikingly reveals the weakness of his invention.

This is the scene in which *Lefebvre*, returning from the Emperor, tells *Caterina* that his Majesty is wearied of her manners and her language and has suggested that her husband divorce her. When she asks him what he answered he says: "What would you have said? Then the woman pours out her soul in the words with which she would have spurned the royal suggestion and ends with: "What would you have said, if you had a heart of heart."

One can imagine a Verdi voicing poignant phrases a splendid emotion in this, or a Montemezzi letting it flash through a clear medium of pure melody. Giordano has done fairly well with it, but it never rises to a thrill. It commands respectful admiration and that is all. *Lefebvre* quietly remarks, "Was that what I said to him." *Caterina* runs into his arms, and then it is *Lefebvre* with, "Questa bocca tua perfuma a pure"—"this, thy mouth, perfumed a pure"—and again the composer wins commendably and without inspiration. Musicians scrutinizing these two lyric pages will see that their technical weakness lies in the want of organic relation in their phrases. The development of a melodic climax is thus rendered impossible, and the whole scene is without cohesion.

A little further on in this act there is a well written bit of ensemble for *Caterina*, *Lefebvre* and *Neipperg*, but it is marred by thick orchestration. The entrance of the court ladies gives opportunity for some more music of style and elegance, sung by the women and surround *Fouque*. But this music, charming as it is, has no more distinction than that of the trio at the beginning of the act. It sounds like Bizet waking from "Carmen" dream in a Massenet ent-

age. The rest of the act is action and dialogue, some of the latter heated in character, as in the defiance of the Queen of Naples by *Caterina*. There is little room for great music. What Giordano has made exposes its mechanism plainly and one sees the ancient wheels going around.

In the third act *Caterina* visits the Emperor in obedience to his command and we see *Napoleon* for the first time. But as has already been noted the composer could find no expression for this remarkable personality save a noise of trumpets and trombones. It would be futile to attempt a description of the music of this act. Here indeed and hence to the finish "the play's the thing." No one has anything to sing except declamation, which is frequently shouting rather than speech.

There is one well made passage, to wit, that in which *Caterina* reminds *Napoleon* of a long past visit to his room and how he neglected her proffered love for the study of a war map. This speech, "Che in quel tempo io pensavo," might have given us something movingly tender in its musical expression, but Giordano contrived to miss his opportunity once again through his inability to write firmly organized melody.

From this point to the end of the opera little could be done by such a writer as this and indeed not much even by a master. Yet the observant hearer feels that a musician with ability to create an orchestral utterance would have accompanied with music of delineative force the tense action of *Neipperg's* stolen visit and capture, and of *Napoleon's* attempt to trap his Empress. In the present case one may reasonably doubt that an audience will take note of this music or even be insensibly affected by it.

Of the production at the Metropolitan little can be said that is not commendatory. Miss Farrar was the chief offender against probability and against good taste, for her *Caterina* was too rude, too vulgar and suddenly too rid of her awkwardness. There was much cleverness in her acting and much that was astonishingly pointless. She sang the music well enough. If there were anything calling for great delicacy of treatment or for an art of deep resource there might be much more to say. But vocally *Caterina* is simple. In the combination of song and action which constitutes an operatic impersonation Miss Farrar made a lively impression on the audience, but just what

the various members of that audience will think about it all when at home and not under the immediate influence of the young soprano's magnetic personality may be another matter. However, Miss Farrar usually makes progress in reviews, and may in this one.

Mr. Amato achieved a genuine success with his *Napoleon*. His makeup was good, his rapid walk and energetic action well fitted into the moods of his scenes and his delivery of the lines intelligent. He presented a well composed character of a type different from anything he has given us before, clearly and firmly drawn and full of interesting personality.

Mr. Martinelli sang the music of *Leopoldo* well and made a manly figure of him. Mr. de Segura showed his customary histrionic skill in the comparatively small role of *Fouquet*. Mr. Bada commanded the warmest possible praise for his admirable character sketch of the dancing master and Mr. Tezani must be mentioned for his neat singing of the music of *Gelsomino*. Mr. Althouse was very vigorous as *Neipperg*, but praise can follow him no further. The scenery was of course all new and excellent, and the staging of the opera such as Mr. Gatti-Casazza has customarily given us.

Reger Work Played for First Time Here.

Long works seem to have an attraction for the Flonzaley Quartet. Last season's most spectacular performance was with the Schoenberg quartet, which runs fifty minutes without a pause, and its principal offering in the novelty class this season is *Reger's Quartet in D minor*, played for the first time here in Aeolian Hall last night. The first movement lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, and the other three made almost an hour and a half of steady modern music, a little too heavy a dose for most listeners.

Cleverly put together are Reger dissonances. They seldom seem harsh, but such incessant chromatic treatment as he uses grows tiresome before the end. The second movement marked *Vivace* was the most interesting of the four. It has a very rhythmic and melody at times. But the general impression was not pleasant. It was admirably played. The Flonzaley Quartet put their best efforts into making their modern contributions interesting, and if the interest is lacking it is because the music is at fault and not from neglect on their part.

From the latest to the earliest, the last work to be played was Haydn's Quartet, opus 76, No. 5, and it came as a pleasant contrast to the unrest of the Reger music. The Flonzaley Quartet gave their second subscription concert of the season last night at Aeolian Hall, playing Reger's minor quartet, opus 74, and Haydn's major, opus 76, No. 5. The Reger quartet was somewhat long drawn out, but it had many beautiful moments—in the first movement there was an episode

where the instruments were muted, which had much charm. The second movement—*vivace*—had not only the merit of brevity, which the other movements lacked, but it really was vivacious—as befitted its title—and almost "catchy." The theme with "variations" came next; there seemed to be several hundred of them, but probably there were not quite that many. It is so easy for a composer of Reger's technical resources to go on spinning variation after variation that he forgets that people may have to listen to them. The last movement was shorter, but still not very short. It was decidedly more interesting than the variations.

The Haydn quartet was played in the now familiar perfection of the Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara, and d'Archambault. The minuet, with its cross-rhythm almost like those of a Strauss waltz, was delightful—in fact, so was the whole work. The more one hears of the futurists and near futurists the more one is drawn to the old masters.

Unusual Programme Draws

Large Audience for Mr. Bagby's 220th Affair.

Mr. Bagby's last musical morning of the season and the 220th of the series begun by him years ago found society still faithful yesterday, and there was a large audience in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. The artists were Mme. Johanna Gadske and Miss Frieda Hempel of the Metropolitan Opera, Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, and Frank Pollock, tenor. Richard Hageman was at the piano.

Mme. Gadske began with *Isolde's* narrative from "Tristan and Isolde," singing also a group of English songs and with Miss Hempel the latter duo from "The Marriage of Figaro." Miss Hempel sang a group of German songs and the Blue Danube waltz of Johann Strauss. Mr. Pollock's selections included old English, French and Italian songs, one of them the aria "Una Furtiva Lagrime" of Donizetti. Miss Sassoli played compositions of Bach, Piene, Zabel, Debussy and Hasselmanns.

Mr. Bagby's Concert Series Ends.

Bringing to a close this season's two months' series of Mr. Albert Morris Bagby's morning concerts in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which have been running twenty years, Mme. Johanna Gadske, Miss Frieda Hempel, Miss Ada Sassoli and Mr. Frank Pollock appeared yesterday before a large audience in the ballroom of the hotel. Mr. Richard Hageman was the accompanist.

A Programme of the Most "Modern" Pianoforte Music.

Mr. Leo Ornstein gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in the Bandbox Theatre, the first of four, in which he intends to give a hearing to the "advanced" schools of pianoforte composition. He was heard in New York two or three seasons ago, when he was emerging from the stage of pupillage, and showed talent, which had been developed in New York. Since then he has been to London and made himself somewhat talked of as a representative of the extravagant moderns. Mr. Ornstein brings to this task technical proficiency, a feeling for tonal values and coloring on the piano, and an evidently sincere belief in the cause for which he is working; a belief which was not easily communicated to the majority of the people who heard him yesterday.

Among the moderns represented on the programme were some who are already known: Debussy, in the first series of his "Images"; Albeniz, in the first book of his "Iberia"; Ravel, in his *Sonatina*, a piece which, though not well known from public performance, has the delicate and subtle charm, in harmonic color that is characteristic of the diversely manifested spirit of the French school. There was a sonata in D minor by Erich Korngold, the young Viennese "prodigy" composer, who has now reached the ripe age of 17; another and earlier sonata was played here a couple of years ago by Rudolf Ganz. There were three piano pieces by Schönberg, Op. 11; pieces by Grondahl and Cyril Scott, an English composer whose music has been heard here, both on "negro" themes, and two pieces by Mr. Ornstein himself, an "Impression of the Thames," and a "Wild Men's Dance."

The pieces by Schönberg have no discernible relation to the art of music as it has hitherto been known, either in melodic outline, rhythm, or in harmonic structure, and thus differ essentially from most of the other things that were heard. The delicate and ear-torturing discords which Mr. Ornstein picked out so carefully on the keyboard, and presumably so correctly, represent no apparent rational harmonic scheme, no further development, even tentative, of progress already made in the art of dissonance. What they do represent it would be hard to say. Mr. Schönberg is said to be an earnest person, and does not do these things from mere bravado or even to dismay the Philistines. Compared to Schönberg, young Korngold now sounds conservative. There does not appear to be great substance in his sonata, not so much as in his earlier one. The scherzo, if it were stripped of some of its piquant dissonances, would be suspiciously like a commonplace waltz tune.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch Plays.
Ossip Gabrilowitsch's second piano recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was heard by a large audience, which enjoyed his poetic and musically interpretation of certain classics not hackneyed by too frequent hearing, and several interesting modern works. He played a set of variations by Mozart in F, Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," Schubert's A minor sonata, and three familiar Chopin numbers.

He made a delightful innovation by playing two of Mr. Percy Grainger's inimitable settings of British folk music, an Irish tune from County Kerry, and the "Shepherd's Hey," music redolent of the soil and of a strong and healthy beauty; and his programme ended with pieces by Fauré and Smetana and Mr. Gabrilowitsch's own *Thème Varié*, Op. 4.

At the foolishly late hour of three-forty, Leo Ornstein began a recital of "futurist" music in the Bandbox Theatre yesterday. His programme included two French works, a sonatina by Ravel, and three "Images" by Debussy, which were comparatively innocuous; an empty sonata in D minor by Erich Korngold; three rather tiresome "Iberia" pieces by Albeniz; two pieces on negro melodies by Grondahl and Cyril Scott; three pieces by Schönberg (opus 11), and Mr. Ornstein's own "wild men's dance," entitled "Impressions de la Tamise."

Germany has produced some great wits and humorists, but Arnold Schönberg is not one of them. There was a time when the keys of church organs were so wide and so hard to work that the fists and elbows were used to press them down. Schönberg's piano pieces sounded just as if they were played that way. For a minute or two that sort of thing is quite funny—though not as funny as De Angelis was when he plunged into an upright piano and set all the strings twanging at once. But brevity is the soul of wit. A joke in sonata form is no longer a joke. As the latest phase of German Kultur in music Schönberg's compositions are, however, an instructive object-lesson. They show a characteristic disregard of other people's happiness.

Mr. Ornstein disarmed criticism by calling his own piece a "Wild Men's Dance." That enabled him to outdo Schönberg with impunity. At his remaining recitals, in the same place, he will play other pieces of his own and of the men named above. Concerning his "March Grotesque," an admirer says: "If we have the music of butterflies, why not of toads?" Why not, indeed? Or of crocodiles, and angleworms, and skunks. To a real man of genius a glorious vista is open along these lines. But Mr. Ornstein should remember that Americans have a keen sense of humor. He seems to be a good pianist. Why not be a good boy, and play good music, too?

ORNSTEIN LED HEARERS IN NEW PIANO PATHS

Even Gave Cacophonies of His Own Invention—Gabrilowitsch Back for Recital.

Pianists with conventional programmes may come and go, but it fell to young Leo Ornstein yesterday to blow the trumpet of novelty and lead his listeners into the fields of modern and future music where the newly accepted masters bring forth abundantly, some sixty and some a hundred.

True, last week David Sapirstein, in his six-day piano contest, broke the ice by presenting strange harmonic combinations, but Mr. Ornstein out-Davided him by several keyboards in offering cacophonies of his own manufacture that left his piano gasping and his auditors either wilted and clinging like faint lilies, or like the wild men whom Mr. Ornstein pictured in his dance of that name.

Ornstein, though born in Russia, made his debut here and was known as a performer of much technical facility up to two years ago, when he went abroad for enlightenment. He brought back to the Bandbox Theatre yesterday a sonata of Erich Korngold; a sonatina of Ravel in three movements; three pieces by Schönberg, prince of keyboard puzzle framers; an "Impromptu Upon a Negro Motive" by Grondahl; Cyril Scott's "Danse Negre"; three short Debussy numbers, and his own "Impression de la Tamise."

This offering contained much of strong appeal, and its originality drew to the recital such musicians as

Harold Bauer, Ernest Schelling and Louis Kommenich and such a music lover as E. J. de Coppet.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Russian pianist, played again yesterday in Aeolian Hall. His programme demanded fancy feeling and dramatic expression in various phases. It comprised Mozart's variations in F major, Beethoven's sonata Pathétique, Schubert's sonata in A minor, a Chopin group, two British folk-songs with settings by Faure, Smetana and Gabrilowitsch himself.

The soloist might not have been in his best mood yesterday, for his playing in places left something to be desired, but his musicianship was at all times in evidence.

Music of the future as it is foreshadowed in the works of some of the most revolutionary of modernists had a severe test in the Bandbox Theatre yesterday afternoon when Mr. Leo Ornstein, a young Russian composer and pianist, played the first of a series of four recitals of futuristic music.

It stood the test fairly well, as fully three-fourths of the audience, which nearly filled the theatre, stayed until the end to hear the player's own compositions. Chief interest centred on three piano pieces of Arnold Schoenberg. Mr. Harold Bauer was present especially to hear them. As yet he has not been convinced that they are worth while, though he has heard them played several times. He has found a number of definite harmonic and structural schemes in Schoenberg's writing, but, like the audience, he is not yet sure that it is real music. Except for three works of Mr. Ornstein they were the harshest things on the whole programme, which was neither short nor sweet in its musical sounds.

The difference between Mr. Ornstein and Schoenberg is that the former makes his dissonances louder, puts sharper and more thrilling contrasts into his music and does not join his unconventional chords quite so smoothly. His "Improvisata," "Impression de la Tamise" and "Wild Men's Dance," which he played yesterday, are elemental music, rough and entirely unconventional in their make-up. They were quite in accord with the rumbling of the Third Avenue elevated trains, which penetrated some parts of the Bandbox Theatre, and with the sound of children roller skating on the sidewalk, which also could be heard, and just about as musical. Nevertheless they had their thrills and no auditors left their seats while his numbers were being performed, as they had done during Debussy's "Images" (first series), which preceded them. But as soon as the "Improvisata" was begun almost everybody in the audience began to smile, though the titles suggested serious subjects. Part of the amusement came from the movements of the pianist, which were almost as vigorous as the music he played. There was a very marked ragtime like rhythm in the "Wild Men's Dance."

In the music of the so-called futurists there is a sort of pessimism, an effort to describe what is hideous and harsh, and this spirit seems to have had its effect on their discipline, who introduced their works yesterday, for there was a droop in his shoulders as he leaned way over his keyboard while he played and there was a serious droop in his mouth suggestive of the dreariness of the things he was picturing in his music.

All of the names on the programme were of composers known chiefly for their modernistic methods and they included Korngold, Ravel, Albeniz, Cyril Scott and Debussy.

Henry Parsons Sings With Charm. Gabrilowitsch Plays Admirably.

LEO ORNSTEIN PERFORMS

The world of music, having witnessed the first performance of a new work by an Italian opera composer on Monday evening, leaned back in its seat yesterday and gave its more reposeful attention to three concerts. All of them took place in the afternoon. Henry Parsons, tenor, gave a recital of songs in the Little Theatre, and since he made his first appearance here, let him have the place of honor. Other honors than mere precedence must also be accorded him, for he disclosed himself as a singer of artistic quality.

His programme began with a group of Italian songs, after which came a group of German lieder, then Lidgey's cycle entitled "A Lover's Moods," and a final group of five Italian songs. Mr. Parsons has a tenor voice which is exceptionally agreeable in its medium, while comparatively weak in its highest range. He sings with a free tone, easily and normally produced, with well sustained phrases and generally good enunciation.

His taste as shown yesterday is refined and genuinely musical. He has evidently specialized in Italian songs, and they are rarely sung here with so much knowledge of their style and so much real beauty. His delivery of Caccini's "Amarilli" and De Leva's "Voce tra i Campi" was admirable. In the German songs Mr. Parsons lacked something of the forcefulness of manner necessary to success in some instances, but his gracefulness of utterance, his elegance of style and his propriety of sentiment did not fail him. On the whole he is a welcome addition to the list of song

recitalist and his delicate art, which, as a charming personal note, should find here abundant room for its exercise.

In Aeolian Hall Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the distinguished Russian pianist, gave a recital before a large audience. The programme comprised Mozart's variations in E major, Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," Schubert's sonata in A minor, opus 42, a Chopin group, Percy Grainger's "Irish Tune from County Derry" and "Shepherd's Hey," a song without words by Faure, Smetana's "By the Sea" and the pianist's own "Theme Varie," opus 4.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's art wears well. One can hear him often without losing interest. This is chiefly because of the clear intelligence, warmth of imagination and lovely reposefulness of style which are never absent from his performances. His reading of the Schubert sonata yesterday was a particularly beautiful piece of playing, while in the Chopin numbers he demonstrated his right to be included among the special interpreters of this master.

At the Bandbox Theatre Leo Ornstein, pianist, gave the first of four recitals under the protection of the paternal Music League of America. Mr. Ornstein is a New York pianist of Russian lineage and has recently returned from a professional visit to Europe. His programme, which was much too long, contained Korngold's D minor sonata, a sonatina of Ravel, three pieces, opus 11, by Schoenberg, the "Iberia" of Albeniz with sub-titles "Evocation," "El Puerto" and "Fete-Dieu a Seville"), an "Impromptu upon a Negro Motive" of Groudhall, "Danse Nègre" by Cyril Scott, Debussy's "Images," first series, and some pieces by Mr. Ornstein entitled "In provisata," "Impression de la Tamise" and "Wild Men's Dance."

For the hearing this was largely a good and interesting list if taken from the standpoint of the student or any one else interested and not already well informed as to the characteristics found in the general trend of most recent writers in music.

Mr. Ornstein's playing of his programme kept pace in variety of mood with its variety of content, and even if not always fully in the vein of the work in hand. He has his own feelings to disclose, which are always paramount to those of the composer, and yet he can make much of his work and first of all is interesting through liberal feeling. Technical proficiency he has by no means fully at command.

In the Korngold sonata the tempi were taken in such a manner as to give continually the impression that both composer and performer were forgetting what they had to do next. The Ravel and especially the Albeniz compositions he made of interest, while the Scott dance was charmingly played. The Schoenberg pieces were quite discordant to the ear and this without any blame to the pianist.

Mr. Ornstein is no stranger to this city. He has performed upon pianos here in times past to the astonishment and even to the dismay of his hearers, for it is manifest that he possesses a genuine talent and a lamentable waywardness in distorting at times its best properties.

If Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's piano recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon did nothing else it settled an important question that troubled even his father-in-law, the late Mark Twain, for a long time. It was how to pronounce the artist's last name. On the programme there was a mark to indicate that the accent is on the "o," which seems to settle the dispute definitely.

That much disposed of, to the music. The programme was interesting and varied. It contained Beethoven's sonata pathétique and Schubert's A minor sonata, opus 2, as well as short works of Mozart and Chopin.

For the present day composers he played Faure's "Romance sans Paroles," his own Theme varie, opus 4, and from Percy Grainger's British Folk Music Settings, some of which have been arranged for string orchestra and played at three of the Symphony Society concerts this season here, the "Irish Tune from County Derry" and the "Shepherd's Hey." His playing as usual aroused enthusiasm in a large audience.

Concert in City's Tiniest Theatre, The Bandbox, Under Auspices of the Music League of America, Is a Puzzle to Melody Seekers

Like 'Futurist Painting,' the Music at First Amazes, Then Perplexes and Finally Excites Cheers or Jeers—Leo Ornstein Its Chief Prophet.

By GRENA J. BENNETT.

FUTURIST music—quite a distinct product from music of the future—arrived boldly in New York yesterday afternoon, and Leo Ornstein is its prophet.

The formal arrival was made at the Bandbox, that new diminutive playhouse on Fifty-seventh street. The event was under the patronage of the Music League of Amer-

ica, which includes such prominent helpers of deserving genius as Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. Otto H. Kahn and Mrs. Willard E. Straight.

There have been preliminary whispers of Futurist music in New York as, for instance, when the Margulies Trio and the Philharmonic Society presented works by Korngold, and when the Flonzaley Quartet played a Schoenberg composition. But these were faint promises compared with yesterday's fulfillment.

Past programmes have borne tentatively some sample eorts of these untrammelled souls, but yesterday's programme was entirely devoted to Futurist compositions. It included works by Ornstein himself, besides those daring extravagance Schoenberg is mild and Korngold is sane.

Futurist music is like Futurist painting; it first amazes, then perplexes, and finally leaves one wondering whether there really are beauties and meanings so deeply hidden that only "the elect" can discover and enjoy them.

Judging by ordinary canons, yesterday's music at the Bandbox broke every known rule of composition.

Futurist music, it seems, is a thing of moods, built along impromptu lines; an irresponsible, untrammelled thing that departs from every tradition of composition, laughs at melody and glories in an excess of "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Mr. Ornstein's contributions were "Improvisata," "Impression de la Tamise" and "Wild Men's Dance."

The first gave one the idea of a muddle of notes played at haphazard with the pianist's greatest force. The second was evidently an impression of the Thames on a busy, noisy, bustling day, perhaps at the time of a foreign bombardment. The third proved to be a harrowing cacophony of quickly played chords, rhythmic to a degree of monotony, fierce in its intensity, and so great a physical strain that when Mr. Ornstein finished both his feet were in the air and held at acute angles.

Besides these and the pieces by Schoenberg and Korngold, Mr. Ornstein played a sonatina by Ravel; "Iberia" suite, by Albeniz; "Images," by Debussy, and smaller pieces based on negro themes by Groudhall and Scott.

The audience was fashionable enthusiastic and artistic. Among the attentive listeners were such well-known musicians as Harold Bauer, Ernst Schelling and Arnold Volpe.

In the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon

Mr. Henry Parsons was heard in a recital for the first time here. He has an agreeable tenor voice, which he uses well, and not the least of his powers is that of interpreting songs. His voice is not large and the range is limited, so that his high tones are not effective or beautiful if taken in full voice. But his programme was well arranged and showed his attainments to advantage. His selections included Italian songs of Scarlatti, Salvatore Rosa, De Leva and others; German, Lieder of Schubert and Strauss, and a song cycle of C. A. Lidgley called "A Lover's Moods."

The second subscription concert of the Flonzaley Quartette has been given in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised the D minor quartette, opus 74, by Max Reger, and the quartette in D major, opus 76, of Haydn. Both of these compositions may be considered as standard works in the repertoire of the Flonzaleys.

The latter one they played here not long ago, while the Reger work was a feature at a concert given by them on December 19, 1905, when it had but shortly appeared from the hands of its composer.

The composition is not often heard here. It was written when Reger was a young man, but it bears even then in full the unique stamp of so-called ultramodernism in musical development which he helped to coin. It is very long, with movements marked allegro agitato e vivace, vivace, andante sostenuto semplice, con variazioni.

940-29-1405
A Programme of French Music and Tschaikowsky—Miss Bori Soloist.

Mr. Stransky devoted the first half of the Philharmonic Society's programme last evening to French music, both old and new. It began with the overture to Méhul's opera, "La Chasse du jeune Henri," a "hunting piece" of a sort that has been a stock-in-trade with musicians since dim antiquity and that has not yet lost its popularity. This particular one was once much beloved, and its disclosure to a generation of concertgoers that knows little of it was an interesting occasion. The piece with its horn fanfares and its vivacious violin figure gives pleasure, especially when played with so much freshness and vigor as it was last evening. Music also descriptive but of a very different type was Paul Dukas's humorous, "L'Apprenti Sorcier." It is full of brilliant and sonorous effects, of harmonies of the modern French cast, of orchestral touches witty and amusing; and is, indeed, one of the most successful attempts of its kind. It pleased the audience mightily; to such an extent, indeed, that Mr. Stransky thought he detected a desire to have it repeated, and repeated it.

Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony was

the last number. It was played with abundant sympathy, with a full appreciation of all the points that it offers to a conductor for effects of all sorts, with all that "license" which the composer suggests may be assumed in its interpretation.

Miss Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera House was the soloist. She has not often been heard on any other stage than that of the opera house. Both her airs were operatic; but that from Charpentier's "Louise," "Depuis le Jour," was much more within her comprehension than the air "Nabuccas fleurs," from Grétry's "Céphale et Procris." The latter she sang with especially brilliant and sometimes pleading tone. It needs, however, a more legato style and something more of repose than Miss Bori seemed last evening to command. Her singing of Louise's air had much beauty of sentiment and expression. Her voice sounded better in it as to quality and color, than in Grétry's music. She was much applauded and often recalled.

Miss Bori Sings Poorly and Dukas Is Encored.

There was a variety in the interest of the Philharmonic Society's concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. In the first place the directors enclosed in the programme a communication requesting people to stop knitting during the performances, because it interfered with the enjoyment of other people. Secondly Mr. Stransky repeated Dukas's orchestral scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier." Such an encore is not recalled by the oldest inhabitants of Philharmonic seats. And finally Lucrezia Bori, from the opera house, sang in such a way that she aroused the profoundest regret in the minds of some admirers.

The programme comprised three orchestral numbers, Méhul's overture, "La Chasse du Jeune Henri"; the Dukas number already mentioned and Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony. Miss Bori sang after the first number an air from Grétry's "Céphale et Procris" and after the scherzo "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise."

It is not possible to assign reasons for the change made in the singing of Miss Bori since last season, but a change there is and one which is little short of lamentable. When she sang *Fiore* in "L'Amore del Tro Re" for the first time her vocal art was exquisite. Last night she throttled her lovely voice in her lovely throat and then forced it out by sheer pushing so that the evenness of her entire scale was obliterated, the flutlike quality of her upper range transformed to a piercing clang and the power of her voice to convey feeling almost destroyed.

Forcing of voices is very general at the Metropolitan and it would be interesting to know what authority in that establishment is responsible for the incessant urging which must be used to drive the singers to it. In the case of such a delicate and finely tinted voice as Miss Bori's its results are most distressing.

Of course Mr. Stransky should repeat orchestral numbers if his audiences demand such repetition. Every one will hope that in the course of time the patrons of these concerts will become so highly cultured in music that they will wish to hear Beethoven's Fifth or the Brahms C minor twice in one concert. Meanwhile encores may be confined to pretty pieces by Dukas.

PHILHARMONIC IN 'ALLY' PROGRAMME
Even Stransky Forgets To Be Neutral and Allows Encores of Dukas Scherzo.

The Philharmonic Society gave a French-Russian programme at its concert in Carnegie Hall last night, and Josef Stransky threw himself so wholeheartedly into the conducting that at the close of the evening one might almost have suspected him of pro-Ally proclivities, albeit his being a Bohemian. In fact, he gave to one of the French numbers, Paul Dukas's scherzo "L'Apprenti Sorcier," an honor such has rarely been shown any work at a Philharmonic concert—he repeated it.

It is true that it is a most whimsical and characteristic bit of humor; it is true that it was spiritedly and incisively played, and it is true that it evoked loud and prolonged applause, yet it is to be hoped that repetitions even of short compositions will not become a habit with Mr. Stransky.

The assisting artist was Miss Lucrezia Bori, of the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Bori is a very young and charming woman; she has a voice, and at times she uses it well and with discretion. Unfortunately, she used it last night neither well nor with discretion. In both her air from Grétry's "Céphale et Procris" and in Charpentier's "Depuis le jour" she forced out her tones as if by main force, and needless to say they emerged pinched and hard. It is to be hoped that Miss Bori will speedily recover her knowledge of the art of song.

The concluding number was the Russian one—Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

Miss Nina Morgana Pleases at Last "Chansons en Crinoline."

At the last of the "Chansons en Crinoline," in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel yesterday morning, Mr. Anato, of the Metropolitan Opera, was the principal soloist, and Miss Nina Morgana, who sang with Miss Emma Trentini in "The Firefly," sang several Neapolitan songs and

songs in costume. The stage was decorated with an attractive Italian garden setting. Miss Morgana has a pleasing voice and presented a charming appearance as a Neapolitan girl, and Mr. Anato gave much pleasure in his singing of Costa's "Era un Maggio" and other selections.

"RING" IS BEGUN
AT METROPOLITAN
Serious 'Wagnerians Out in Force at Performance of "Rheingold."

SEMBACH AS LOGE
PROVES REVELATION

He and Ober Stars of Afternoon
—Audience Gives Hertz Hearty Welcome.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

That a special Wagnerian cult of large dimensions has been developed in New York by the representations at the Metropolitan Opera House was emphatically demonstrated yesterday afternoon, when the so-called "cyclical" performances of the dramas comprising "The Ring of the Nibelung" were begun.

A series of representations which are a week apart, with operas of all sorts intervening, and in which no effort to produce unity and continuity is made, even to the extent of preserving the identity of the representatives of the various characters, is obviously absurd (not to characterize it by a harsher expression), but the love of Wagner's mythical tragedy is so great that the circumstance is not permitted to interfere with the attitude toward one opera of the Wagnerian congregation. That attitude is almost devotional. The audiences which gather for the special performances of "The Ring" conduct themselves differently from those which come to those which are given in the regular subscription courses, resembling, in this respect, those which come to the holiday representations of "Parsifal." They are much more knowing and much more seriously minded.

Under the circumstances it might be wished that the management would show an equal devotion to Wagner's art and seek to put the representations at heart on the high level occupied by the best of the works in the Italian repertory; but the hope that this will ever be done was long ago abandoned by serious observers. Conventionality has taken possession of them and will keep its sway until the artistic management of the institution undergoes a change of heart.

"Da Rheingold" is a trifle freer from the humdrum rule than the dramas to which it is the prologue, but even it has its discouraging elements. Wagner's careful adjustment of action to mimic in the first scene is not as carefully observed now as it was a quarter of a century ago, when the stage machinery was much clumsier than it is now; and even so admirable an artist as Mr. Goritz has of late been permitted to indulge in an extravagance of utterance that brings a performance which used to be almost ideal to the verge of the conventionally melodramatic. The stage manager has not yet learned how to compel the rainbow to conduct itself with decorum in the final scene, nor has the absurdity of exchanging Wotan's thought into a physical sword been abandoned.

Mr. Braun yesterday greeted Walthalla by shaking the weapon discarded by Fafner threateningly at the castle which had been created as his abode in compliance with a tradition which is utterly subversive of the poet's conception. The fact that Wagner is said to have sanctioned this ridiculous bit of action cannot justify it. Like his alteration of the original finale of "Tannhäuser," and his substitution of a touch of the physical lance for the sympathetic question of a mating agency in the story of Parsifal, it is a concession to popular ignorance and a blot in his artistic scutcheon. With all his protestations of belief in the people to whom he was fond of appealing against the critics, Wagner did not trust in the people's imagination when he reached what should have been his poetical climaxes. The divine sword with which Wotan planned to endow the new race which he was to create in the hope that it would roll away the curse which his crime had brought into the world, could not have been found among the gauds manufactured by the Miblings; and a sword would have been the last thing to be discarded by the giants who, are the representatives in Wagner's cosmogony of brute force.

The finest feature in yesterday's representation (and a remarkably fine one it was) was Herr Sembach's impersonation of Loge. Historically and musically it was the most admirable characterization of the evil prince-

ple in Wagner's drama that the local stage has seen, with the possible exception of Herr Vogl's, and it was vocally superior to that. His tiction ant the beautiful singing of Mme. Ober as Erda were the high lights of the afternoon, though Mme. Matzenauer did full justice (to the music, at least) of Fricka. None of the others concerned in the cast measured up to the earned in the cast measured up to the earned stature of these three. The theatre was crowded, and Mr. Hertz, who conducted, was welcomed in a manner which must have made him feel that many Wagner lovers are sorry that he is not to be connected with our opera after this season.

SEMBACH A GOOD LOGE

The annual performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" began at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, when "Das Rheingold" had its single yearly representation. It is unfortunate that the Nibelung series cannot be given with some continuity. The separation of the consecutive dramas by a week's interval each time defeats Wagner's purposes and destroys his illusions. But the Metropolitan is afflicted by conditions which cannot easily be removed. In fact the operation would be fatal. Hence we hear "Das Rheingold" but once in a winter, while repititions of the other three dramas are scattered through a procession of "Aidas," "Carmens," "Mansons" and their kindred.

In such circumstances it is especially creditable to the persons concerned in the preparation of the "Ring" performances that "Das Rheingold" should be given so admirably as it was yesterday. The defects were few and did not seriously mar the performance. There was too much noise during the course of the change from the first scene to the second. However, there nearly always is, and it was at this point that Wagner elected to write some of his gentlest and most transparent orchestration.

There may be some differences of opinion as to the employment of steam to hide the supposedly magical disappearances of Alberich in the second scene, but there cannot be any question that the moment he has accomplished his disappearance the steam should be shut off. This was not always the case yesterday. Naturally the rainbow in the final scene showed signs of uncertainty when first exhibited; it always does something erratic. Furthermore it thrust its glorified span across the valley of the Rhine while yet the Siebengirige were wrapped in the black gloom of a thunder storm. It takes sunlight to make a rainbow in most countries.

Aside from these items the scenic garb of the difficult music drama was excellent and the lighting effects were well managed. The stage management was such that the action of the play moved with smoothness and the series of pictures devised by Wagner had all the illusory atmosphere attainable in the theatre.

Seldom too has the prologue had such a well balanced cast. Among the principal roles only Mr. Sembach's Loge was new, and its discovery was one of the inspiring elements of the representation. To achieve a large measure of success on the stage which has known the two greatest Loges of the world, those of Heinrich Vogl and Ernest Van Dyck, is little short of a triumph. Mr. Sembach's impersonation will certainly not take rank with either of those mentioned, but it must not be excluded from their region of artistic endeavor.

Intelligent grasp of the significance of the part, no small measure of the plasticity essential to the fusion of his personality with that of the elusive and sinuous spirit of fire, a tolerably mobile face capable of publishing much of the keen and rapid thinking of the character, and poses and gestures, conventional to the role indeed, but skilfully employed, united with judgment in the use of tonal qualities and craft in the declamation of the dialogue. Let it be added that Mr. Sembach also imparted to Loge's lyric passages a higher musical value than impersonators of this part usually give.

The comparatively extended record of the tenor's impersonation is given for the good reason that with an incompetent Loge any performance of "Das Rheingold," perfect in all other respects, must fail. Loge is the deus ex machina of this drama, the master hand which pulls the strings of fate attached to the helpless gods. He must always convey the illusion of intellectual domination of the scene.

All the other important parts were well done. The memory lingers with delight over the tragic intensity of Mr. Goritz's Alberich, the never failing cunning of Mr. Fritsch's exposition of the craft and cowardice of Mime, the solid strength of Mr. Braun's Wotan, the musical beauty of Mme. Matzenauer's Fricka, the clear and firm outlines of Mr. Ruysdael's Fafner, and the dignity of Mme. Ober's Erda. The three Rhine maidens, too, were admirable. They were Miss Sparkes, Miss Schumann and Mme. Ober. To complete the record, Mr. Middleton was the Donner, Mr. Althouse the Froh, Mr. Witherpoon the Fasolt and Miss Curtis the Freia.

Mr. Hertz, who was received with long continued applause, conducted the work. At no recent performance under his baton

has there been such a nice adjustment of the balance of tone. The brilliancy and pictorial significance of the score were brought out without any obscuration of the vocal parts, and the tempi were such as to give to each scene clearness and definiteness together with appropriate movement. The orchestra played with beauty of tone and finish of technic. The audience crowded the house and large numbers stood through the one long act of which the work consists. Thus the presentation of the "Ring" series began with artistic success and abundant public interest.

Paul Draper's Recital.

Paul Draper, tenor, gave the third and last in a series of lieder recitals yesterday afternoon at the Little Theatre. He had a good sized audience which seemed to much enjoy his programme. Mr. Draper sang with especially good taste five songs by Bach, "Frohe Tiertel" (with flute obligato), "Todesschusucht," "Bist Du Bel Mir," "Weihnachtslied" and "Ich Will Au Den Himmel Denken" (with oboe obligato). Other songs were four by Moussorgski, the "Lieder und Tane des Todes" and six of Schumann, which included "Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn" and "Der Späher."

"DAS RHEINGOLD," a music-drama in one act and four scenes; text and music by Richard Wagner.

The Cast.

Wotan	Carl Braun
Donner	Arthur Middleton
Froh	Paul Althouse
Loge	Johannes Sembach
Alberich	Otto Goritz
Mime	Albert Reiss
Fasolt	Herbert Witherspoon
Fricka	Basil Ruysdael
Freia	Margaret Matzenauer
Erda	Margarete Ober
Woglinde	Lenora Sparkes
Wellgunde	Elisabeth Schumann
Flosshilde	Margarete Ober
Conductor,	Alfred Hertz,

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

When Wagner had completed his text of "The Ring of the Nibelung" he stated, and not entirely humorously, that he had finished "the greatest poem ever written."

A reconsideration of the purely literary merits of "Das Rheingold" yesterday, made possible by its revival at the Metropolitan, forced one to conclude that whatever were the dubious literary and philosophic merits of the rest of the "Ring," "Das Rheingold" bore the same relation to Wagner in his best literary mood that Egyptian statues do to Greek. There is not one personage in "Das Rheingold," with the exception of Loge, that Mercurio of the "Ring" who, like his similar, disappears far too early from the action, for whom one can feel any fellow-feeling. Who can care very much for a person called Thunnder? Who can bleed for a God who cannot pay his bills? When is not Erda tedious? Who and what are these personages in any case? Are the scenes in Nibelheim worthy of the consideration of mature intellects? We are told that they are an indictment of the blighting influence of commerce and the blighting search for wealth. Well, after all commerce and wealth are no ignoble things, and one yawns when a sentimentalist, such as Wagner was in all philosophy, assails them at considerable length from the unauthoritative and unpersuasive pages of a libretto.

A Possible Error.

I may, of course, be in error. The poetry of "Das Rheingold" may be the richest and most golden harvest of ecstatic lyricism that ever fell from the lips of man. But I must confess that I had only one reason in going to hear it yesterday afternoon—that reason was its music and certain of the admirable artists interpreting that music. I like human beings, if I cannot stand a whole lot of blundering metaphysics woven out to a ground of confused and semi-barbaric mythology. You may see I am only an imperfect Wagnerite. Gentle reader, beware that frumious jabber-work, the Perfect Wagnerite. Three of them, as a rule, sit right near me at the Opera and handle the jargon, Houston Chamberlain, with delicious ease. One of them hushed me down yesterday afternoon because I whispered most decorously to my neighbor at the beginning of the prelude: "That note is an E flat and that woman is Mrs. Alfred Hertz." Having quieted my disturbance, he fell asleep, and only woke at the sound of Donner's hammer. Another was not there. He must have gone hunting with Baal.

Another, aware of the fact that the work is performed as in one act, lasts two hours, and no intermissions are allowed, had one intermission all by himself before and two during the music-drama—all three with olives. That, however, is parenthetical. I had studied, during the morning, a Perfect Wagnerite, who writes books, in order to see if I could not reconcile such glorious music, such angelic outpourings of all that is best and highest in the human spirit, with what he calls a deal of skumble-skamble stuff, as the actual story of "Das Rheingold."

Mathematical Criticism.

This is what I got, as I have got it before, when on the same quest:

"The rhythm of their motive is heard in the bass (p. 178, syst. 5), and the Freia motive above it (p. 179, syst. 3). The exchange of Freia for the gold is about to be made, and the Compact motive sounds (p. 182, syst. 2), but Fasolt demands that the treasure be piled so high (motive of the Rising Hoard, p. 182, syst. 4), that it shall hide the fair maid from his sight—and the motive of Renunciation comes (p. 183, syst. 2), with the Freia motive and the Smithy motive, welded together with a wonderful art. To stop the final crevices the Tarnhelm (p. 188, syst. 1), and the Ring must be added (Praise of the Rhinegold, p. 190, syst. 1; Rhine Gold fanfare, syst. 3, Ring, p. 191, syst. 1), much against Wotan's will."

Anesthesia Prayed For.

Ugh! Ah! Give me some twilight sleep. Compact motive! Rising Hoard! Syst. 23! May the Lord have mercy on us, saving us from the binomial theorem!

As for the performance, Johannes Sembach as Loge was most vivid and graphic, giving a spirited and picturesque representation of the most dramatic personage in "Das Rheingold," the only one, apparently, in the whole fantastic theocracy who has a proper outfit of brains. Mr. Goritz's Alberich was dominant and powerful in action and fresh and resonant and masterly in vocal treatment. Mme. Margarete Ober's fine contralto rang out as Erda, and enriched the trios as Flosshilde, Miss Vera Curtis was a Freia of exuberant form.

It is customary when writing for the daily papers about the "Ring" to talk about the "slips" in its multifarious scenic operations. I suppose Mr. Edward Siedle and Mr. Loomis Taylor, the stage directors, avenge themselves for this by meditating on the errors and misprints (so called) in the critic's copy.

One should have one's fancy with one at the theatre and if any little accident should happen one should forget it, for the best in this kind are but shadows, and worst no worse if imagination mend them.

Once in "Parsifal" the stagehand who was scattering blossoms over a smiling land from an old sack was visible for a sensible length of time to the entire audience. The incident had two merits, it diverted the spectators. It enlivened "Parsifal."

Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted. He was most warmly received. Sabbathical years, to use a now immortal phrase, and one deserving of its immortality, do not hang heavily on him.

In the evening "Aida" was repeated.

Mme. Ober Has Three Roles in One Day at Opera

Three rôles in a single day was the task accomplished yesterday by Mme. Margarete Ober, contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. After singing two parts in "Das Rheingold" in the afternoon she sang the music allotted to Amneris in the performance of "Aida" last night.

There were no new singers in the cast. Miss Emmy Destinn was Aida, Mr. Giovanni Martinelli was Radames, and Mr. Pasquale Amato was Amonasro. Mr. Polacco conducted a spirited performance.

"MANON" SANG WITH MME. ALDA IN CAST

Massenet's "Manon" had its second performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The auditorium was crowded with an audience that apparently found much satisfaction in the hearing of the popular French work and following some of the climaxes offered by the score the applause reached the degree of much enthusiasm.

There was a change of importance in the cast from the one of the previous representation as Mme. Alda replaced Miss Farrar in the title role, a part she had not sung here, save once last season, for some six years.

Mr. Caruso as the impersonator of the Chevalier des Grieux sang with his accustomed artistic devotion. He was in excellent voice and again had abundant opportunity to delight his hearers by a display of varied emotions expressed through superb tonal beauty.

Mme. Alda as Manon finds much that is suited to her style in the expression of the grave and charm of Massenet's music, and while she imbued parts of her work last night with these qualities, it cannot be said that she was wholly equal either vocally or in action to the portrayal of some of the more dramatic episodes of the opera.

Among the others in the cast were Mr. Rothier, who as the eldred Des Grieux sang the part with his usual eloquence of style; Mr. Scotti, whose Lescaut was a feature of the performance, and Mr. de Seguroia, who was the De Breigny. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Miss Christine Miller, Contralto, Entertains with American Songs.

At the "Moment Musical," in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel yesterday afternoon, a large audience gathered to hear Miss Christine Miller, con-

tralto, sing several American songs, among of the accompanist, Mr. Anselm Goetzl; Mr. Earle La Rose play piano selections from Chopin and Brahms, and Mr. Alfred Lima, barytone, sing an operatic aria of Massenet.

Of especial interest was the appearance of Miss Albertina Rasch, première danseuse of the Century Opera Company, who danced to music of Chopin and Johann Strauss. After the programme there was general dancing.

The first of a new series of morning music affairs was given yesterday in the cascade ballroom of the Biltmore. The audience was a large one and enthusiastic. The artists were Miss Geraldine Farrar and Luca Botta of the Metropolitan Opera Company and Pablo Casals, cellist. Richard Hageman was at the piano.

Miss Farrar sang French, German and English songs, among them the Habanera from "Carmen," Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux bleus," MacDowell's "The Bluebell" and "I'm Not Like Other Lassies," by Wolff. In response to an encore she sang "Annie Laurie" to her own accompaniment. Mr. Botta sang arias from Puccini's "La Bohème" and "Tosca" and Mr. Casals played compositions of Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Bach and Faure.

Among those present were Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Isidora Duncan, Miss Mary Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Godowsky, Mr. and Mrs. Pasquale Amato and Andreas de Seguroia.

After the concert R. E. Johnstone, who arranged the affair, was the host at a luncheon in the main restaurant of the Biltmore for the artists and several friends, among them Mme. Rappold, Mrs. Noble McConnell and John McE. Bowman.

Jan. 31 - 1915

'Big Audience Hears Pianist in His First Recital of Season.

Josef Hofmann was heard yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall in his first recital of the season, before an audience that filled the hall and several hundred extra seats which were placed on the stage. His programme comprised a group of Schumann's compositions, another of Chopin's, and a third representing an unfamiliar composer, Dvorsky, and Tschalkowsky, Moskowski, and Liszt.

The opening group from Schumann comprised "Aufschwung," "Warum," and "In der Nacht" from the "Fantasietuecke"; "Der Vogel als Prophet," "Der Contrabandist" in Tansig's transcription and the Fantasia in C, Op. 17.

Of the entire programme the latter, as it was played by Mr. Hofmann, overshadowed the rest. He played it with tremendous force and revealed thoroughly the deep feeling and imaginative power that speaks through it. Nor was there lacking an exposition of the variety of its elements which at once give it vitality and unity.

The Chopin group followed this, and even though the études were different enough in style to make it seem as though they would offer the contrast necessary, it was a fact that the impression of the Fantasia held over and dimmed their lustre. He played four repeated, the Impromptu in F sharp, Valse in E flat, Nocturne in C minor, and Scherzo in C sharp minor. They were played with technical brilliance under the control of a sensitive feeling for musical values.

The recital closed with three pieces by Dvorsky—"East and West," "The Sanctuary," and "Penguin"; Tschalkowsky's "Reverie du Solr," Moskowski's "La Jongleuse," and Liszt's Rhapsody No. 12. It was not a hackneyed programme, and the recital as a whole exhibited the pianist in his best light, which is indeed a bright one.

'FIDELIO' REVIVED AT METROPOLITAN

Beethoven's Masterpiece Is

Heard Again with Pleasure

After Six Years.

MATZENAUER AS LEONORE

Messrs. Urlus and Braun Also New

in Impersonations Here—Mr.

Hertz Conducts.

Don Fernando.....Arthur Middleton

Don Pizarro.....Otto Goritz

Florestan.....Jacques Fritsch

Leonore.....Margarete Matzenauer

Rece.....Carl Braun

Marzelline.....Elisabeth Schumann

Jacquino.....Albert Reiss

Conductor—Alfred Hertz.

For the first time in six years Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," was given at the Metropolitan Opera House at yesterday's matinee. It was under the direction of Mr. Hertz. The last performance of it had been heard there, under Gustav Mahler in the season of 1908-9, when there was only one; and the season before it had been given three times in a production newly studied under his direction. The manner in which he had previously produced it at the Imperial Opera of Vienna, where it had been considered to be one

of his most noteworthy achievement.

The inclusion of "Fidelio" in the season's repertory at the Metropolitan must be set down to the credit of the management as a work of piety and disinterested idealism. For though Beethoven's opera had a place in the affections of music-lovers all its own and different from that of any other lyric drama, it has never been what is regarded by operatic managers as a "success." It was not one in Beethoven's lifetime, when he himself launched its career, and when he labored grievously over successive revisions of its score for subsequent productions in the hope of fitting it to the demands of managers and public. There has always been needed a certain amount of effort to keep it upon the stage.

And yet the opera represents some of the greatest and most heartfelt of Beethoven's inspiration; its greatest moments are among the greatest moments in all lyric drama. Nothing in all musical literature makes a more poignant appeal to the heart, or penetrates more deeply to the innermost springs of human emotion, nor has music often been used with a touch so unerring in dramatic characterization. Its eloquence, at its highest, is supreme, and its beauty is not spoiled by lapse of time or the passing of operatic fashion.

Accusations have been paid against the fundamental contradiction and conventionality of its form—spoken dialogue mingled with song and recitative; or against the treatment, as symphonic rather than dramatic, to which the orchestra is sometimes subjected in it; or against the "instrumental" method at times of writing for the voices; or against the anti-climax of the final scene. But they have all been more or less invalidated, and they have been powerless against the essential greatness, nobility, and beauty of the work, into which Beethoven poured his very heart's blood. It was fitting that Mr. Gatti-Casazza should make it a point of pride and of duty to set this opera again before the public of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The opera as it was given yesterday had reminders of the performances heard under Mr. Mahler's direction. An obvious feature of it was the use of the same scenic setting, provided by the noted Viennese scene painter, Prof. Roller. In some respects this is an innovation. It is devised to meet the innovation by which the first act is presented in two scenes, with the curtain dropped between them, instead of one, taking place in the prison court yard. The quick march movement in the orchestra, heralding the entrance of the troops, is used as an interlude for the shifting of these scenes. Instead of playing the great overture called "Leonore No. 3" between the two acts, consequently before the great climax in the dungeon, of which it in some sort furnishes a foreshadowing and an epitome, Mr. Hertz, as Mr. Mahler did it, played it after that scene and before the final scene in the presence of the Minister. The scenic pictures all renew the admiration aroused by them when they were first disclosed, for their vividness and appropriateness.

The performance was, on the whole, one of merit, with certain features of great excellence. Mme. Matzenauer was the Fidelio, and gave of her best in it. It is one of the most successful impersonations she has disclosed to this public. There was the convincing expression of grief-stricken longing and anxiety, tenderness and heartfelt pathos; there was something of the thrilling and moving power of the great moments of the "Abscheulicher" aria and the scene in the dungeon. Mme. Matzenauer sang with abundant dramatic expression, and without the exaggeration that has marked some of her recent singing. She presented a figure of more fitting proportions than, perhaps, had been expected by some.

There may be more praise given to Mr. Urtus's singing as Florestan than he has sometimes merited in music requiring style and finish, and his acting showed forth the piteous plight of the prisoner. Mme. Schumann was acceptable as Marcelline, though she did not quite give all the beauty of vocal quality in her songs that might have been expected. Mr. Goritz as Don Pizarro was, as he was in the previous performances, a melodramatic villain of the deepest dye, and sang the music in a manner appropriate to such an outward semblance. Mr. Reiss, too, was remembered as the Jacquin of former years, who well met the not very great exactions of the part. There should be praise for Mr. Braun's characteristic representation of the jailer, Rocco, and for his excellent singing.

Mr. Hertz's conducting was marked by zeal and devotion and a purpose to disclose all the beauty and power of the masterpiece. The "Leonore" overture was admirably played and made a deep impression upon the audience, provoking prolonged applause which for spontaneity and enthusiasm is not often heard for an instrumental piece in the opera. By no means the same praise can be given to the performance of the "Fidelio" overture before the opera. The concerted vocal numbers which have so important a part in the structure and musical significance of "Fidelio" were sung with finish and expression; the quartet in the first act, the chorus of prisoners, the duet, the trio, and the quartet, which succeeded each other in the dungeon scene were made to give that wonderful passage their share of the ever-increasing dramatic power and impressiveness.

'La Boheme' Sung in 'Popular' Series
At the Metropolitan Opera House last night Puccini's "La Boheme" was given in the "popular" series before a large audience. Mme. Alda was the Ulmi, and Lenora Sparkes appeared for the first time this season in the rôle of Musetta, the music of which she sang excellently. Luca Botta was Rodolfo and Mr. Scotti Marcellino. The others were Messrs. Tegan, Ananian, Audisio, Rother, Leonhardt, and Reschiglian. Mr. Polacco conducted.

Feb. 1-1915

Beethoven's "Fidelio."

If Richard Wagner had not been born to become the greatest of all dramatic composers, he might have been easily one of Germany's leading novelists. Among the novelettes and sketches which he wrote as a youth in Paris to earn his daily bread when nobody wanted his music, is one entitled "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven." In this he gives an imaginary interview with Beethoven, whom he found engaged in the "irksome labor" of revising his only opera, "Fidelio." Wagner puts these words into his mouth: "I am not an opera composer. . . . If I were to write an opera after my own mind, people would run away; for they would find in it none of the arias, duos, terzets, and all the stuff with which people at present make up an operatic patchwork."

Yet his "Fidelio" is patchwork of that very kind; made up of arias and ensemble numbers like those of all the operas of his day. But there is one scene which foreshadows the real music drama Wagner had in mind—a scene which thrills and awes as but three or four other scenes in the operas of the world thrill and awe. It is the dungeon scene, in which Leonore, disguised as a youth, helps the jailer to dig the grave for her chained husband, and when the tyrant comes down to stab him, levels a pistol at him. At that moment a flourish of trumpets above announces the arrival of the rescuing Fernando.

If everything else in this opera were unworthy of the greatest of symphonists, "Fidelio" would deserve an occasional performance for the sake of that glorious thrill. But there is much more that is beautiful, some of it ravishingly so. It is true that most of this music is better suited to the concert hall than the opera house—but is not the same true of most operas preceding Weber's and Wagner's?

What has prevented "Fidelio" from keeping its place in the regular repertory is not the lack of sustained musical interest, but the extreme difficulty of the music. Not on the orchestral side. An orchestra like that over which Mr. Hertz presided so eloquently on Saturday finds no difficulties in its score. It is the voice parts that are almost impossible of execution. Hanslick exaggerated in referring to them as vocal "atrocities," but they certainly are very much against the grain, being for the most part purely instrumental in character.

Under the circumstances it is always necessary to make liberal allowance in judging the work of the singers. That allowance being made, it is easy to bestow plentiful praise on the cast provided by Mr. Gatti-Casazza for this praiseworthy revival. It is needless to go into details. Suffice it to say that Mme. Matzenauer as Leonore, Urtus as Florestan, Goritz as Pizarro, Middleton as Fernando, Braun as Rocco, Elizabeth Schumann as Marcelline, and Reiss as Jacquin, made up as good an ensemble as probably could be found to-day. To Reiss fell the only joke in this tragedy: "If she does not love me, she might at least marry me."

The wisdom of placing the great "Leonore" overture No. 3 after the dungeon scene was recognized by Mr. Hertz. It made a tremendous impression, and doubtless there were some in the audience who, having heard this overture only in the concert halls, realized for the first time the tremendous emotional significance of that trumpet signal. It is a strange paradox that Beethoven, though not a dramatic composer, nevertheless created in the white heat of inspiration the most intensely emotional climax in all dramatic music. After the great overture there was a tremendous outburst of applause lasting several minutes; and that outburst was not intended for the music and the orchestra alone; it was unmistakably a demonstration in favor of Alfred Hertz.

Borwick with Symphony Orchestra.

Sam Franko, talking about Mozart's beautiful A major concerto, which Leonard Borwick played at the New York Symphony Orchestra's Aeolian concert yesterday afternoon, recalled an anecdote told by Gounod. "When I was very young," said Gounod, "I used to say 'I.' Later on, I said 'I and Mozart.' Then it became 'Mozart and I,' and now it is 'Mozart.'"

Yesterday one could not but marvel

once more at the beauty of Mozart's use of orchestral color, especially in the wood-wind, in the employment of which he was a pioneer. Even to modern ears, the A major concerto sounds rich and interesting. The orchestra performed it daintily, and the excellent English pianist, Leonard Borwick, played his part with charming clarity and feeling for its melodic beauties.

Following it, Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles" furnished a vivid contrast although sixteen years have somewhat modified its startling effects. Of mystery there is some, of terror practically none, and with a wonderful palette at his command, it is strange to note how little realistic portrayal of the weird drama he has conveyed to the listener. What would Mozart not have done, with the same means! Any one who recalls the last act of "Don Giovanni" will realize partially how the death of the persecuted little boy would have made the listeners tremble with horror.

Mr. Damrosch brought forward a French novelty yesterday, "Le Joli Jeu de Furet," by Roger Ducasse. It is a mere trifle, amusing in its way, but any name would have served as well. The noise of the orchestra covered what little dramatic material the composer used, the whole effect being fragmentary and unrealistic.

PIANISTS PLAY AT SUNDAY CONCERTS BUSONI, BORWICK HEARD

The Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall and the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall provided the orchestral delights of yesterday afternoon. The programme at the concert of the first-named organization comprised Rimsky-Korsakov's familiar "Scherzade" suite, a "Meditation for Strings" by Henry Burck, a prelude and temple dance from Nicola Lucella's opera "Mokanna," Liszt's E flat piano concerto, and Berlioz's "Carneval Romain" overture. The solo player was Ferruccio Busoni, the eminent Italian pianist.

The second and third numbers on this list were composed by members of the orchestra, who conducted their own works, and who were vigorously applauded. Mr. Burck was born in Baden but has lived in this country since he was 14. His music proved to be cheerful and melodious and undisturbed by experiments in modern harmony.

Mr. Lucella was born in Italy in 1882 and may therefore be enrolled among the young Italians whose musical aspirations awoke about the time when "silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide," as Mr. Keats has it, and when the minor second battled with the minor ninth for the conquest of the ear. His opera is called "Mokanna" because it is all about the Veiled Prophet of whom Tom Moore laboriously sang at the rate of seven lines a week. What was heard yesterday sounded as if it might be effective in a theatre.

Mr. Busoni had a very pleasant time with Liszt's E flat concerto. This pianist has a well developed technique and a fairly good range of tonal color, but he is not heard to the best advantage in purely virtuosic pieces. He played the concerto admirably, and in some places with extraordinary beauty; but Mr. Busoni discloses his powers more fully when he is interpreting one of the masterpieces of musical conception. He is one of the foremost pianists of today and will of course be heard presently in recital.

At the Symphony Society concert a new scherzo by Roger Ducasse entitled "Le Joli Jeu de Furet" was produced. The scherzo gave an orchestral description of the hilarious excitements of the game.

The other orchestral numbers were Haydn's "Military" symphony, which received an almost ideal presentation in the comparatively small hall, and Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles." The sole performer was Leonard Borwick, the admirable English pianist, who played with great repose, finish and taste, Mozart's A major concerto.

LEONARD BORWICK SYMPHONY SOLOIST Society's Orchestra Accompanies Admirably — Haydn's "Military" in Classic Spirit.

The Symphony Society gave its usual Sunday concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, and France and Germany — if Alsace may be called France — shared the afternoon between them. Haydn's "Military" Symphony opened

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the programme, and Mr. Damrosch gave a reading that in poise, suavity and elegance was altogether in the classic spirit. Mozart's piano concerto in A major brought forth Leonard Borwick. Mr. Borwick has come to us with no flourish of trumpets and despite his out and out Anglo-Saxon name, he is an artist who lacks neither in temperament nor in imaginative vision. He played the concerto with great grace, spontaneity and clarity of tone and impression. He was admirably accompanied by the orchestra. *Triangle*
Mr. Martin Loeffler's one poem, "La Mort de Tintagiles," is one of the Boston Alsatian's best known and most effective compositions, and its depiction of the Maeterlinck play is full of color and ingenious harmonies.

The closing number was Riger Ducasse's scherzo "Le Joli Jeu de Furet," in which the French composer describes in music the game of "ferret," which in France takes the place of our "button, button, who's got the button?" The composition is in the modern French style, but possesses abundant rhythm and brims over with whimsical jollity. It is scarcely an important work, but it is not upon an important subject. At least it fulfills what it set out to fulfill quite to the satisfaction of any ordinary audience.

French Music Describes Jolly Game of Ferret Interesting Composition by Roger Ducasse Played by Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall.

In Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon the orchestra of the Symphony Society under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch presented a work of Roger Ducasse, one of the best known of French modernists. Called "Le Joli Jeu de Furet," it attempts to picture a game of "ferret," a pastime similar in principle to "button, button, who's got the button?" Moments of breathless hush, hysterical hilarity, laughter and the excitement of the most interesting periods of the game are pictured in tones of the orchestra.

It is modern music highly colored in its orchestral treatment, with most of the latest inventions in instrumentation, but without an excess of dissonance. It is possible at most stages of its development to tell in what key it is, a thing impossible in many compositions of the present day. However, as music it is not beautiful, nor is it thrilling. Its only appeal is in its illustrative character.

All of the atmosphere of modern France was in the work which preceded the novelty, "La Mort de Tintagiles," by Loeffler, a European by birth, but so long associated with the musical life of Boston that he is usually described as an American. The viol d'amore obligato was well played by Mr. William Eastes.

The remaining numbers were Mozart's piano concerto in A, delightfully played by Mr. Leonard Borwick, and another old work, Haydn's Symphony No. 11, "Military," both of which are pieces well suited to a small auditorium like Aeolian Hall.

Busoni with Philharmonic.

Theodore Thomas used to say that he considered Rimsky-Korsakov a greater composer than Tchaikovsky. Few will agree with him; yet in the symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," which opened yesterday afternoon's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, he has given the world entrancing melodies and luscious orchestral colors, equalling Tchaikovsky at his best. The Philharmonic patrons are grateful to Mr. Strinsky for reviving this masterpiece. They heard a superbly vital performance of it under his direction yesterday; a performance which brought out all its delicate sidelights and rose to an overwhelming climax in the last movement, when the appealing main theme is finally hurled out by the brasses and full orchestra. Of the enthusiastic applause that followed, the concert-master, Maximilian Pilzer, got his share for his excellent playing of the violin solos in the last two movements. *Feb 1/15*

Nor was he the only member of our great orchestra who was specially honored on this occasion. Several of the Philharmonic musicians are also composers, and yesterday Mr. Strinsky gave two of them, the violinist, Henry Burck, and the flutist, Nicola Lucella, a chance to conduct works of their own. Mr.

Burck's was a tuneful "Meditation," a piece of remarkable sonority and tonal variety, although the strings only are used. Mr. Laucella's piece was a Temple Dance from his opera, "Mokanna." Its contents are not important, but it is highly effective. The full orchestra is used, with the brasses and drums not among the unemployed.

To not a few, no doubt, the climax of yesterday's concert was the performance of Liszt's E flat major concerto by Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist, whom the Germans have so taken to heart that he gave nine recitals to crowded houses just before leaving Berlin. The Liszt concerto is as beautiful as ever, but more difficult things have since been written. Mr. Busoni revealed its beauties with stereoscopic clearness; and as for difficulties, they seemed as easy to him as five-finger exercises. Like Liszt himself, he is much addicted to altering and improving things he plays; but in this concerto he evidently could find nothing to improve, for, barring a few slight changes in rhythmic grouping, he followed Liszt minutely. There were many recalls for him.

Feb. 2-1915

A NEW GERMAN SOPRANO.

Mme. Melanie Kurt Appears at the Metropolitan in "Tristan."

The Metropolitan Opera House has acquired a remarkably fine artist in Mme. Melanie Kurt, the German dramatic soprano, who made her first appearance here last evening in a performance of "Tristan und Isolde." That fact was demonstrated to experienced listeners early in the performance, and before the first act was finished Mme. Kurt had disclosed qualifications sufficient to establish herself in the admiration of the audience as an artist of high and in some respects the highest rank. Mme. Kurt comes from Berlin, where for some years she has been the leading dramatic soprano, and where she has had a reputation that has placed her among the foremost Wagner interpreters in Germany.

In making her first New York appearance in a part so arduous as that of Isolde, and one in which she has had so many illustrious predecessors here, Mme. Kurt courted some exacting comparisons, in which she held her own as not many today could do. Her voice is her greatest possession as an interpreter of the lyric drama. It is a veritable soprano, of a truly beautiful quality, of great power, ranging upward to a point where she took the highest tones of the part with certainty, without effort, without trepidation. Her intonation is of unusual accuracy. One of the delightful features of her art as she disclosed it in "Tristan" last evening was the clearness of her diction and the excellence of her declamation, which she has the subtle skill to fuse with a true cantabile style of singing and with a fine feeling for the molding of the phrase and a command of dramatic accent and poignant expression. Her singing, in short, is that of a true artist, endowed not only with rare qualities of voice, but with some of the finer fruits of study, and especially with intelligence.

Intelligence dominated all the aspects of her impersonation last evening. There have been greater, more moving interpretations from the dramatic point of view within the recent memory of operagoers; interpretations that reached a higher degree of tragic intensity and that displayed a greater resource, a greater finesse and subtlety in the means of dramatic expression. But if Mme. Kurt did not, in these respects, reach the very highest things, she gave an interpretation which was that of an accomplished actress, a mistress of stagecraft, thoroughly in command of her own powers, and showing a penetrating understanding of the character, a consistently maintained standard in its unfolding. Mme. Kurt presented a regal and imposing figure as the Irish princess; a force—perhaps somewhat too immobile—of pathetic traits; her movements and gestures had distinction and impressiveness.

It was not strange that Mme. Kurt made an immediate success and that she was recognized, evidently, as an important acquisition to the forces of the Metropolitan Opera House. After the first act she was recalled with much enthusiasm and persistence, and again after the second. She was left, in fact, in no doubt as to the admiration evidently aroused by her performance in all portions of the audience.

The rest of the performance was such as has been heard before at the Opera House in this and recent seasons. Mr. Toscanini conducted, and Mme. Matzenauer and Messrs. Ullrich, Well, and Witherspoon were heard in the other chief parts.

NEW ISOLDE HEARD AT METROPOLITAN

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The performance was made particularly interesting by the first appearance here of Mme. Melanie Kurt as

Isolde. This singer comes from the Royal Opera of Berlin, where she is now the principal dramatic soprano. She is a pupil of Lilli Lehmann and her sister Marie. She is a young woman who has advanced to her present position in the past half dozen years by reason of her natural gifts and her earnest study of the art of operatic impersonation.

She was heard by a large audience last night and a verdict of much satisfaction was pronounced at the close of the first act. The abilities of any dramatic soprano may be not unfairly estimated by her first act in *Isolde*, and last evening's hearers made no hesitation in expressing themselves. Mme. Kurt appeared before the curtain several times in company with the other singers, and then took three calls alone. These calls were the signal for genuine applause from all over the house. She appeared twice more with Mr. Ullrich before the demonstration ended.

No attempt will be made here this morning to give an exhaustive description of Mme. Kurt's *Isolde*. A woman yet in the bloom of youth, she is tall and well proportioned, has both grace and dignity of movement and a face agreeable to the eye and capable of expressing moods and emotions. The voice is a true dramatic soprano with sufficient power for this taxing role and with the range necessary for its compass. It was a pleasure to hear this fresh, unworn, youthful voice and to note the confidence with which it attacked the boldest phrases of the music.

Mme. Kurt's declamation was admirable, but she showed also an ability to deliver legato passages in a manner not common among German dramatic sopranos. That her style was essentially German goes without saying, but it was of the best quality known to the German stage. In her interpretation she showed a firm grasp of the content of the role. Her impersonation had warmth, tenderness, force, intelligence and even at times showed real imagination.

It is long since the Metropolitan stage has seen such a pleasing personal success as that of last evening. It is to be hoped that it will not be overrated either before or behind the curtain. Mme. Kurt, however, comes from a good school and will probably preserve her artistic balance. Furthermore she will doubtless learn that New York audiences are kind.

The other members of the cast had all been heard in the same roles before and their doings do not call for description this morning. Mr. Ullrich as *Tristan*, Mr. Well as *Kurvenal*, Mr. Witherspoon as *King Mark* and Mme. Matzenauer as *Brangäne* were the principals. Mr. Toscanini conducted the performance in his now familiar and admired manner.

TWO MORE PIANISTS.

Miss Ruth Deyo and Mr. Mark Hamburg Play Here. Feb. 3

Two pianists were added yesterday to the very long list of those who have played in New York this season, with more to come. Miss Ruth Deyo, who was heard in New York some years ago, and then retired from the concert stage on account of illness until last season, reappeared yesterday afternoon in a recital in Aeolian Hall. She is an American who studied with Edward MacDowell among others, and has not unnaturally shown herself to be a special student of his music and made herself an authoritative interpreter of it. This was shown in her recital by her playing of his "Sonata Eroica," Op. 50. The programme contained some elucidations of the significance of each of the four movements which do not appear in the published version of the composition, where in its relation to King Arthur is indicated only by the Latin motto at the head of it, "Flos Regum Arthurus." Presumably there is authority for calling these movements "The Coming of Arthur," "The Magic of Merlin," "The Love of Guinevere," "The Passing of Arthur," though Mr. MacDowell himself apparently thought the one motto enough, and left the descriptions off.

Miss Deyo played the sonata with a fine sweep and power, with an eloquence born of assured conviction and of admiration for it. She has abundant strength and facility, a warm and musical tone varied in color, technical brilliancy and dexterity. A delightful number of her programme was a toccata in D by Bach, a piece that most pianists leave alone, though its poetical beauties are alluring to those who prefer them as disclosed in such clavier pieces to the grandiose arrangements of organ works that allow of more display. Miss Deyo played it with true appreciation, with delicacy and clearness. She was at her best in Chopin's vehement Scherzo in C sharp minor. On the other hand, some may have felt that her playing of two intermezzi by Brahms was somewhat exaggerated in the kind of expression she put into them. Interesting modern numbers were one of Albeniz's Spanish pieces, "El Albalcin," two by Debussy, and Balakirev's Oriental "Islamey." Miss Deyo's playing was highly appreciated by a very friendly audience.

In the evening, at the same place, Mr. Mark Hamburg played. It is some seven years since he was last heard in New York. He had not then quite emerged from his "storm and stress" period, of which he was still in the midst when he first came hither; and it was suspected that perhaps he might never emerge wholly from it. It did not seem that he had last evening.

Mr. Hamburg has a technique equal

to anything that is demanded even in these exacting days. He has an incalculable strength and power of endurance. In his touch and his production of tone there are many beautiful things appearing in the midst of others that are not so beautiful. There are phrases, passages, that come from his hands as veritable pearls, but he rarely carries a movement through with a sense of its value as a whole. There is much detail, sometimes overelaboration. He plays now with more directness and poise than he once did, but they are not prevailing qualities of his art. Energy and passion blaze through his performances, but they are manifested in feverish unrest, in capricious treatment of the composer's thought, in distortion of the melodic outline, in brute strength that too often tears the passion to tatters. A lack of rhythmical sensitiveness is an inevitable result of such methods, and herein Mr. Hamburg sins most seriously against purity of taste.

In Liszt's transcription of Bach's A minor organ prelude and fugue there were technical clearness and crisp enunciation of the voices, but a lack of breadth and repose. In Schumann's Fantasia there was heaven-stirring passion, as well as subtle delicacy, in the last movement, and there were passages of power and beauty in Mr. Hamburg's playing of Chopin's B flat minor sonata, especially in the Scherzo. But there was also much to cause dissent in them all. Mr. Hamburg also played a group of Chopin's pieces—a "Suite Exotique" of his own, Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," and Debussy's "Suite."

American Pianist. Russian

Pianist and Columbia

Feb. 3, 1915 Chorus Heard.

TWO WORKS OF INTEREST

Three concerts occupied the attention of a considerable part of the local world of music yesterday. In the afternoon at Aeolian Hall Ruth Deyo, an American pianist who had played here twice in past seasons as soloist with the Philharmonic Society, presented to a very friendly audience a programme which contained as chief numbers MacDowell's admirable "Sonata Eroica," Bach's D major toccata and Chopin's C sharp minor scherzo. Miss Deyo played with sincerity of artistic purpose and although her performances uttered no striking message they showed taste and musicianly accomplishment.

In the same hall in the evening Mark Hamburg, the Russian pianist, who had not been heard here in six seasons, gave a recital in aid of the Vacation War Relief Committee. The programme contained the Liszt arrangement of Bach's A minor organ prelude and fugue, the Schumann C major fantasia, Chopin's B minor sonata and even a piece of the pianist's own. Mr. Hamburg was always a very vigorous player and his style last evening exhibited no change.

At Carnegie Hall in the evening the Columbia University Chorus, directed by Prof. Walter Henry Hall, gave Sir Edward Elgar's "The Music Makers" and Hamilton Harty's setting of Walt Whitman's "The Mystic Trumpeter." Both compositions were first performed in this country by Mr. Hall's forces, the former at its concert of April, 1913, and the latter a year later. That the two works were so soon repeated shows that the public took an interest in them.

Elgar's work calls for a solo contralto as well as chorus and orchestra and is written in the composer's loftiest style. Mr. Harty's work needs a barytone soloist instead of a contralto. It is a well made composition and has a definite if not great interest. The solo singers were Mildred Potter, contralto, and Clarence Whitehill, barytone. The first number on the list was Rachmaninov's C sharp minor prelude orchestrated by Sir Henry Wood. The Harty composition followed. The singing of the chorus was on the whole very commendable.

Feb. 3, 1915

Mr. Hamburg Plays and the Piano Trembles

Energy and enthusiasm always attract attention, and whatever the faults of Mark Hamburg, Russian pianist, may be, there was no mistaking the fact that the audience enjoyed his vigorous methods in his recital last night in Aeolian Hall. This is his only appearance here this season, and he has not been heard here before for six years. The proceeds last night went to the Vacation War Relief Committee, which helps those working at home for the benefit of war sufferers.

The opening number was one in which energetic playing is to be expected, and there was no doubt the pianist realized it, for nothing recently has brought forth so much muscular effort from a pianist. It had its effect on the audience, which called for more, and Mr. Hamburg followed it with Schumann's Fantasia, opus 17, a work not so well suited to vigorous methods.

Much of the sensuous beauty that one is accustomed to look for in the playing of

Chopin admirers was lacking in the time in Mr. Hamburg's performance of several Chopin numbers. To be sure, there were moments of real beauty, but most of them were preceded by much noise of a rumbling character not often heard at recitals of Chopin music. Nevertheless after the "Funeral March" from the sonata in B flat minor, the listeners applauded until he started to play his next number to quiet them.

One of the two études he presented was played almost delicately, and though he put much power into the first of the nocturne in E major his quiet ending was all the more effective. Three short catchy pieces of his own and works of Cyril Scott and Debussy concluded the entertainment.

One-Time Grand Opera Artist Appears in Behalf of Settlement.

Mme. Carrie Bridewell, who since her marriage to Mr. Lemuel C. Benedict gave up a grand opera career and retired to private life, entertained a large audience in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel yesterday morning with a programme of songs given in behalf of the Little Italy Settlement of Brooklyn. She was assisted by David Hochstein, a young violinist, who played with abundant feeling and admirable technique compositions by Handel, Schuman, Brahms, Sgambati and Wienawski. Mme. Bridewell's rich contralto voice was heard in songs by Saint-Saëns, Pérois, Hahn, Debussy, Franz, Herman, Foote, Wolf-Ferrari and Bimboni. Both artists were generous in granting encores. The accompanists were Alberto Bimboni and Walter Golde. Several debutantes acted as programme girls.

Feb. 5-1915

"L'ORACOLO" IS SUNG AT THE METROPOLITAN

Opera Based on Fernald's "The Cat and the Cherub" Has Its American Premiere.

IT IS REMINISCENT OF OTHER ITALIAN WORKS.

Well Sung and Acted and Likely to Be Popular—"Pagliacci" Also Is Heard.

Murder got to be quite the thing on the Metropolitan Opera House stage last night, for in the presentation of two works four characters met violent deaths.

First came the American premiere of "L'Oracolo" ("The Oracle"), in which two members of the cast came to life to take curtain calls. Afterward there was "Pagliacci," with further tragedy.

But the audience did not seem to mind. It was looking forward to hearing Caruso in the closing companion piece, and was meanwhile being treated to some realistic action depicted in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, known as "Hatchet Row." From last evening's observations the new opera is likely to gain some measure of popularity.

Based on "The Cat and the Cherub," "L'Oracolo" is based on C. B. Fernald's "The Cat and the Cherub," an excellent libretto having been prepared by Camillo Zandoni, to which Franco Leoni set music.

In spite of this performance being the first in America, "L'Oracolo" was written seventeen years ago. This may explain its general musical similarity to several of the Italian operas of that period by such composers as Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini.

The music of "L'Oracolo" has in it a dash of "Poglidice," a bit of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and a portion of "Aida." It is frankly Italian in the style of the writers of two decades ago, and though not strongly original, it has some good melody and is well constructed, the harmonies being grateful to the ear.

As for offering music of pronounced value, that this opera does not do. There is an effective duet for soprano and tenor ("Ah-Yoe" and "Win-San-Luy"), which was well sung by Lucrezia Bori and Lucca Batta; several excellent movements for the basso and baritone (Win-Shee and Chin Fen), three not ineffective choruses and some smooth orchestration.

How It Was Acted. The action of the opera, however, and not the music is the element of interest. In last evening's performance Adamo Didur as Win-Shee, and Antonio Scotti, in the role of Chin-Fen (who kills Win-San Luy and is

... killed by the boy's father, Win-Shee, both played their roles with dramatic skill of a high order.

Much credit is due all who participated in the presentation, especially those responsible for the atmosphere, the natural lighting effects and the Chinese costumes and make-ups. Guillo Rossi and Sophie Braslau both handled their roles capably and the singing and action of the chorus merits special praise.

In "Pagliacci" the unusual feature was the appearance of M. Dedur for the first time here as Tonio. It cannot be said that he sang the prologue with pronounced vocal charm, as many notes are too high for his voice. Caruso and Mme. Destinn were at their best and M. Polacco directed both operas with skill.

Leoni's Short Opera.

In the season 1890-91 the Metropolitan produced an opera by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha called "Diana von Solange." That was a quarter of a century ago, and to this day nobody knows why it was staged and sung, for it was utterly without interest of any kind. Probably another quarter of a century will pass before some learned historian will discover the reasons—if there are any—why the same operatic organization should have produced, last night, the one-act opera entitled "L'Oracolo," by Franco Leoni, an Italian composer living in London, some of whose songs have been heard in concert halls.

With the exception of a few pages, and some telling effects of orchestral coloring with celesta and foghorn, the music of this opera is amazingly commonplace; so trite and uninspired that it would be a waste of space to dwell on it in detail. The chief merit of the opera is its brevity; let that also be the merit of our comments on it.

The libretto is based on a lurid play which has had considerable vogue in this city, "The Cat and the Cherub," by C. B. Fernald. It is a story of love, boy stealing, and murder in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco before the earthquake. The scenery, as stated on the programme, was painted by James Fox, scenic artist of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Fox knew enough to disregard the librettist's directions about the street in Chinatown "leading down to the ocean"; yet in other respects the scene he painted is as unlike what it purports to be as the music, which is Italian, pure and simple. California is the most diversely romantic country in the world. Victor Herbert caught some of its romance and local color admirably in his "Natoma," the best opera ever composed in America, far superior to Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," and infinitely so to this laughably Italian "operization" (to use a word coined by Oscar Hammerstein) of a hyphenated Chinese story.

During the performance of "L'Oracolo" several attempts to start up applause failed. At the end, however, the singers were loudly and repeatedly recalled, and they deserved all they got for their thankless tasks, as did Mr. Polacco, who conducted the opera with a conscientiousness, zeal, and virtuosity worthy of a much better cause. Miss Bori invested the part of Ah-Yoe with much charm, vocal and personal. Antonio Scotti's Chim-Fen the opium den keeper, came near creating a Chinese illusion, which cannot be said of most of the others on the stage—the members of the chorus, in particular, being amusingly uncelestial in appearance. The other members of the cast did not distinguish themselves.

That the audience which heard this novelty was very large need not be said, for it was followed by "I Pagliacci," with Destinn and Caruso.

First Performance in America
of Work by Messrs. Leoni
and Zanoni a Success.

IS INTENSELY DRAMATIC

Fine Characterization by Mr. Scotti of
a Chinese Criminal Marks Perform-

ance—Followed by "Pagliacci."

That old saying to the effect that kitty returned, was exemplified last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, when the familiar American play, "The Cat and the Cherub," came back, disguised as a Chinese-American opera, called "L'Oracolo," and was given its first performance in America. The music is by Franco Leoni, an Italian composer, hitherto unknown here, and the libretto, by Camillo Zanoni,

based upon Chester Bailey's novel, well known play, which was highly successful here seventeen years ago. The role of Win-Shee was created by Holbrook Blinn, and the actor revived the play only a few weeks ago at the Princess Theatre.

In operatic form it is at least ten years old, for it was produced at Covent Garden, London, in 1905, had two performances and appears never to have been heard of publicly again until last night. Mr. Gatti-Casazza probably was attracted to it in his search for one act works to act as running mates with "Cavalleria Rusticana" or "Pagliacci," and, in fact, it was sung in connection with the latter opera last night. If this was his quest then he has been very successful, and the public, which has become bored by hearing these operatic twins, will welcome "L'Oracolo" with eager ears and eyes, for the work is an operatic thriller.

Fifteen curtains calls at the conclusion of the opera and intense interest throughout its course indicated that the large audience voted it a popular success. And there is every reason to believe that it will not suffer the fate of a number of various short operas produced during the past few seasons that have died by the wayside, for the new work is intensely dramatic, has fairly interesting and suitable music, and excellently sang.

Little need to tell more than the barest outline of the opera, for it follows closely the lines of the play. The single setting is in San Francisco's Chinese quarters, where Chim-Fen, keeper of an opium den, wishes to marry Ah-Yoe, niece of the wealthy merchant, Hoo-Tsin, but is rebuffed, for the girl loves Win-San-Luy, son of Win-Shee, a learned doctor, the latter being the oracle referred to in the title.

In revenge Chim-Fen kidnaps Hoo-Chee, the tiny son of Hoo-Tsin, but the child is recovered by Win-San-Luy, whom Chim-Fen then murders. The learned doctor suspects Chim-Fen, and kills him. He props the body up beside him when a policeman passes, then coolly lights a cigar and walks away while the body rolls to the floor as the curtain falls.

Mr. Leoni's music is not in any sense great, but it is very effective and quite well made. It is melodious and quite Italian in such episodes as the love music sung by Ah-Yoe and Win-San-Luy; the prayer is impressive, and the big aria of Win-Shee, after he has murdered Chim-Fen, is dramatic.

Its Chinese characteristics are marked, only in choruses and in the music which accompanies the procession of the dragon. Where the composer has shown greatest cleverness is in the fact that he has not overlaid the drama with music, thus keeping intact the thrill exerted by the libretto.

The performance was admirable. Mr. Scotti, in the rôle of Chim-Fen, gave another one of his superb portrayals, so different from the rest of his characters that it was difficult to recognize him in the garb and action of the slinking Chinatown murderer. In the scene when he lures the child toward him his villainy was so thrilling that it caused many to shudder.

Mr. Didur, as Win-Shee, was a fine, impressive figure, and he sang very well. As Ah-Yoe, Miss Bori sang only fairly, though she was at her best in the song to the dawn. Mr. Botta, as Win-San-Luy, was excellent, singing much better than he has on any previous occasion here. Miss Braslau was good as the nurse, Mr. Rossi made an effective Hoo-Tsin, and there was a tiny tot named Ella Bakos, who acted the rôle of Hoo-Chee, the child. Mr. Polacco conducted the opera with rare dramatic force.

The stage picture was effective and the chorus sang well. When the artists took their curtain calls they were joined by Mr. Polacco and Jules Speck, stage manager.

An interested spectator was Mr. Blinn, who had played in "The Cat and the Cherub" so many times.

"I find it a very impressive opera and excellently done," he said.

So "L'Oracolo," or "The Oracle," made a dramatic entrance as a grand opera thriller. Following it came "Pagliacci," in which Mr. Didur sang Tonio for the first time here, making the prologue a distinct novelty in that he kept it sombre and very dramatic. His singing was excellent. Mr. Caruso was acclaimed with tremendous enthusiasm in the familiar rôle of Canio, Miss Destinn was a fine Nedda, and Mr. Tegan sang Silvio. Mr. Polacci also conducted this opera, completing a full and artistic evening's work.

'L'ORACOLO' SUNG AT METROPOLITAN OPERA ADAPTED FROM 'CAT AND THE CHERUB'

**"Die Walkure" Was Given at
the Special Afternoon
Performance.**

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

There was an effort of a suddenness unusual in operatic affairs in the production of a new opera at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, "L'Oracolo," by Francis Leoni had, indeed, been announced in the pro-

pectus, but the proclamation of its coming was not loud enough to cause comment or even to arouse curiosity.

Something might have been done in both directions by a less discreet management, for the opera had had a London production in which artists admired in New York had taken part and the play on which it is based was an American production, had been seen in New York, and had even won that distinction, enviable from an advertising point of view, of having been the subject and cause of litigation. The play was C. B. Fernald's "The Cat and the Cherub," which was one of the features of the theatrical season of 1897-1898, when it was produced at the Olympic Theatre. Thence it found its way in these same seasons to London, and there an Italian librettist, Camillo Zanoni, and an Italian musician, Franco Leoni, turned it into an opera, which, under M. Messager's direction and with Miss Donald, Mr. Scotti and Mr. Dalmores in the cast, was performed a few times in June, 1905, at the Royal Opera, in Covent Garden.

Our records go no further. It may have been performed elsewhere, but apparently it went the way of a hundred Italian operas produced meanwhile. Leoni had had a previous hearing in London in an opera called "Ib and Little Christina," which had failed to carry his name and fame across the Atlantic. Perhaps the same fate would have befallen "L'Oracolo" had there not been evidences for years that the Metropolitan management has long been looking for a one-act "thriller" or "shocker" with which to prepare the way for Caruso in "Pagliacci." The futile effort with Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," in which Mr. Gatti paid a sorry compliment to American composers, and the patrons of the Metropolitan will readily come to mind. Also the attempt to dignify that attempt by the statement that it was booked for performance in Paris. Those promises have gone the way of the snows of yesteryear. So, we fancy, will go the new opera, though it has more to commend it, dramatically and musically.

Mr. Fernald's play had more to commend it to a New York audience than to a London one, because it had an atmosphere with which New Yorkers are more or less familiar. Its quick action, moreover, its suggestions of exotic ceremonies and, especially its picturesque denouement, seemed to invite musical investiture of the kind introduced by the composers of the latter-day Italian school. But Signor Leoni failed utterly to grasp the opportunity which the play would have presented to his model, Signor Puccini, had he deemed it worth while to make an opera within art of "The Cat and the Cherub," or its rival of eighteen years ago, "The First Born." He even failed to take the hint which was, no doubt, conveyed by the London performances of Mr. Fernald's play.

Signor Puccini failed lamentably in his effort to suggest anything American in his "Girl of the Golden West," but when he went for local color to Japan with which to pick out "Madama Butterfly," he did marvellous things in spite of the uninteresting, square-toed material with which he had to work. And the play by Long & Belasco, if we remember rightly, gave him no hint, whereas an obvious path was opened to Signor Leoni by "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The First Born." For the former Edgar Stillman Kelley and N. Clifford Page had provided characteristic music; for the latter William Furst and Lee Johnson.

The overture to Mr. Fernald's play was an effective transcription for orchestra of Mr. Kelly's song, "The Lady Picking Mulberries." The tune of this song was also used as melodramatic music (applying the term correctly) in "The First Born." It was, till that time, eighteen years ago, the most admirable illustration of what pretty fruit might be had for the picking in the Chinese orchard. Mr. Kelly did not "convey" the melody, but only its characteristics. One feature of its rhythm was open to question (in fact, it was more Celtic than Mongolian), but otherwise it was constructed in the Chinese manner, and the spirit of the popular music of the Great Pure Kingdom exhaled from its every measure. It was probably the success of his little song which made Mr. Kelley attempt to write music of a much larger scope to illustrate the story of "Aladdin," but though he had succeeded while working ingeniously in the small form of a song his fancy left him in the lurch in the largo, and he did foolish things when he tried to depict with many a grunt and groan and laborious heave the scene in which the genie of the lamp transported Aladdin's palace to Africa!

Aside from the overture we fancy Mr. Kelley contributed nothing to the music of "The Cat and the Cherub." One scene had music from the *sum-hien*—the three-stringed banjo of the Chinese—but here there was no imitation, the instrument, the unseen player and the time being indubitably Chinese. Along with the tragical close of the play there came some long-drawn cavernous bass tones, more calculated to mystify than to edify the hearers; but the effect was merely a bit of naturalism, pure and simple, being a copy of the voice of a distant fog-horn which moans through the streets of San Francisco when the wind is favorable to such phenomena.

This device could not well escape the attention of the composer who conceived the notion of making an opera out of the play, and we heard it again last night in "L'Oracolo," where, however, it was accompanied by a howl from an unseen singer, and was, probably, intended to convey the idea that the heroine had gone mad.

In preparing music for "The First Born" Mr. Furst and Mr. Johnson took a more serious view of their task than their colleagues had done. The music which they provided included an overture, a between-acts piece, a song for one of the characters, incidental music to accompany some of the scenes of the play and also music reminiscent of that which, we fancy, Mr. Johnson had heard in a San Francisco joss house. His overture was a piece originally called, we believe, "The Ilghbinder's Patrol," in which he carried realism to the extreme of introducing a Chinese oboe, or clarinet (which has a voice like that of a demon in hell's agony) and almost a full complement of the Chinese instruments of percussion. In this overture the spirit of Chinese music was admirably embodied and one melody, at least (that given out by the demoniac oboe) was authentic.

Mr. Furst had been for six years a resident of San Francisco and had become intelligently interested in the music of the Chinese theatres. He contributed a "Death wail" theme, a melody from the "Feast of the Moon," a Joss hymn, and a "Feast of the Frost," all of which had been noted down by him from performances by Chinese musicians. These he utilized in the curtain, melodramatic and between-acts music.

Material of this sort ought to have been welcomed by Signor Leoni; but it was all ignored. He tried at times to be Oriental in expression, especially in the ceremonial parts of the play, but his Orientalism was more like that of Meyerbeer's singular Malagass in "L'Africaine" than anything ever heard in China or carried thence to San Francisco. In all else he was Puccini and water, sometimes, as in the case of the love music, fair Puccini and deftly song and water.

Nothing more need be said of the opera, which the audience last night received with modified rapture, as was bound to be the case in view of the fact that it was effectively staged and the music extremely well sung by Miss Bori, Miss Braslau, Luca Botta, Mr. Scotti, Mr. Didur and Giulio Rossi.

There were several calls before the curtain, and Signor Polacca, the conductor, received his share of the popular tribute.

In pursuance of the plan of special afternoon performances in succession as works of the dramas composing Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung," the first play following the prologue, "Die Walküre," was represented yesterday afternoon. Had not Mme. Melanie Kurt made her first appearance in the character of Brünnhilde the incident would call for no detailed mention.

Even Mme. Kurt's participation was, from one point of view, only of passing notice, for, though it was she who in the guise of the heroine was put to sleep by Wotan-Braut, it will be Mme. Galski whom Siegfried will awaken next week after cutting through the opposing spear of Wotan-White-hill. But Brünnhilde-Kurt will meet us again in "Götterdämmerung." Meanwhile record need only be made of the sympathetic song and action of the new member of the Metropolitan company and of the fact that Mr. Berger set a manlier fashion with his song than with his chignon.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza appeared to be exceedingly pleased at the reception given the opera.

"I hope the new work will be popular, and I believe its reception shows that this will be the case. If it is a success it will help vary the eternal double bill of 'Cavalleria' and 'Pagliacci.'"

L'Oracolo, by Franco Leoni

Has First American

Hearing.

FOUNDED ON PLAY
"CAT AND THE CHERUB"

"L'Oracolo" — Metropolitan Opera House.	
Win-Shee.....	Adamo Didur
Chim-Fen.....	Antonio Scotti
Hoo-Tsin.....	Giulio Rossi
Win-San-Luy.....	Luca Botta
Ah-Yoe.....	Melanie Kurt
Hoo-Quee.....	Sophie Braslau

A new one act opera was added to the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, when "L'Oracolo" was performed for the first time in this country. The novelty was given before "Pagliacci," which enlisted as usual the services of Mr. Caruso, and...

fore he dismissed without further note than that it entered into the construction of a new "double bill."

"L'Oracolo" introduces to the local operagoer a new composer, Franco Leoni, and a new librettist, Camillo Zanon, whose materials, however, are already familiar here.

The opera is made from C. B. Fernald's play "The Cat and the Cherub," and it provides the composer with opportunities for most of the varieties of operatic delineation. A heavy and sordid tragedy is enacted amid surroundings partly squalid and partly respectable, with a background of bustling day and night life in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco.

The personages run the gamut of character from the learned Dr. Win-Shee through the vibrating individualities of two lovers, Ah-Yoe and San-Luy, down to the grovelling and wholly evil Chin-Fen, keeper of the opium den.

The tide of daily life flows around these people with its trivial incidents, its echoes of Chinese worship, its festival processions and its superstitions. There is abundant room for the liberal application of local color, for the publication of emotions passionate and tragic, for the occasional development of musical ensemble and for the construction of a continuous stream of orchestral description.

New Locale for Opera.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco is a new locale for opera and it furnishes a field for pictorial display new and striking. If perhaps those who know the quarter best will demur at some details they will doubtless admit that the sum total makes a picture which painters would call a good impression. One feels the nature of the place and can almost imagine its astonishing compound of odors. In the contrasting squalor and prosperity of the opposite sides of Hatched Row and in the costumes and movements of the principals and chorus there is excellent scenic material which has been well used at the Metropolitan.

If one were disposed to approach this short tragedy with the utmost solemnity he might exhibit Win-Shee as a Chinese embodiment of classic fate. He is the most striking figure in the opera and his domination is felt to be that of a moral force. His son San-Luy loves Ah-Yoe, the niece of Hoo-Tsin. Chin-Fen, the keeper of an opium den, wants to marry the girl for her money. Hoo-Quee, employed by Hoo-Tsin as nurse to his infant son, Hoo-Chue, leaves the child alone for a moment while she runs to look at a festival procession. Chin-Fen steals the child and hides it in his cellar.

Presently San-Luy suspects and tries to enter the cellar. Chin-Fen battles with him and both roll into the cellar. The younger man prevails, and almost exhausted carries forth the child. But Chin-Fen follows and murders him with a hatchet. Then he puts the child back in the cellar. Win-Shee subsequently hears the child's cry and recovers him and takes him home.

Then he waits for revenge on the slayer of his son and when Chin-Fen returns home half intoxicated the old man engages in conversation and suddenly slays him.

Seen Lost in Talk.

Earlier in the action a policeman has taken a look around Hatched Row and Chin-Fen has suggested to Win-Shee that they sit on a box and seem to be lost in talk. Now the policeman comes again, and this time Win-Shee sits on the box supporting the dead Chin-Fen and pretending to talk to him. When the policeman has gone Win-Shee departs and the lifeless body falls as the curtain descends.

Leoni's exposition of the story shows a well trained Italian's clear view of operatic methods, a good technique of composition, warm sympathy and some touches of imagination. If he has nowhere provided a thrill for the hearer it is because his musical invention nowhere rises above the level of respectable achievement. He has made an honest effort at voicing the passions of the tragedy and surrounding the action with what is called "atmosphere."

Around the story throbs the activity of the outer world. One hears distant strains of chant from the temple, the happy melody of the New Year festival, the sonorous booming of deep toned bells in far off avenues, the nearer chiming of very little ones, the sensuous breathing of an unseen fiddle, accompanied by the tinkling of a celesta at the instant when the stage holds a tense situation. Devices such as these are employed with sufficient skill to convince us that Leoni has carefully studied the craft of opera making.

There are evidences that the composer has given some attention to Chinese music. Such evidences may be found by the curious in the echoes of the temple chant heard early in the opera and in the lyric speech of Win-Shee, who is an embodiment of Chinese culture and morality, or, in a word, of the higher Confucian doctrines. But it is not essential to a proper appreciation of this lyric drama that we be drawn into antiquarian research. It matters not at all whether the temple chant be founded on the fourth hymn, "Son hwo," or the seventh, "Thai hwo," or on a vague recollection of the composer's. Nor does it matter greatly whether the chant is in one of the five modes of the scale

yu-tse or ta-yu. Any one who wishes to go peering through each of the five modes of each of the twelve scales can have a rich season of research and emerge with no more valuable information than that which his ears will give him; to wit, that pentatonic melody is frequently heard.

A True Italian.

It is rather in his foreground than in his atmospheric background that we must seek for the high lights of his picture, and here we shall find that he is a true Italian, in that while he utilizes his orchestra with some ability, he relies on the voices for the direct publication of the operative emotions in the play. He writes as the young Italians all do, with fluency, with continuous melody, without reversion to the older recitative type and without employment of fixed musical formulas in his longer flights of song.

The fluidity of his score is admirable, but it is a fluidity not filled with force. The utterances of the young lovers, brief indeed, are agreeably written and serve as points of purer expression in a score calling generally for the proclamation of darker thoughts. There are elevation and beauty also in the reading of little Hoo-Chue's future by the learned doctor, Win-Shee.

It is immediately after this, at the doctor's invitation to chant a hymn to Amitabha, that the composer has developed his one really effective piece of ensemble writing. The piece suggests indeed the artistic pose of Mascagni in his hymn in "Cavalleria," but possesses sufficient individuality to give it independence.

In his delineation of character this composer proves interesting, but perhaps through obvious means. Win-Shee, who seems to spread about him the memory of China's ancient patriarchal institutions as well as the more easily apprehended influence of later philosophy, is musically embodied with some skill. Singing in music which echoes the dignified style of the ancient chant Win-Shee is projected before all the other personages as a personality aloof from its environment and a fundamental element in the tragedy. His address to Chin-Fen, "Pensa prima all'uomo lussurioso," heard early in the drama, and repeated in tragic mockery over the opium dealer's dead body at the end, is one of the most effective bits in the score.

Sharply contrasted with Win-Shee's music is that of Chin-Fen, which publishes the greed, malice and lust of the witch. Fluency, charm and sentiment mark the comparatively small amount of music allotted to the young lovers. Their duet has much melodic grace and though it does not reach a high level of passionate expression it has sufficient amount of vitality to arouse an audience.

The general impression left after the performance was that a good, if uneven, score had been disclosed, one which united with the subject matter of Mr. Fernald's play to make an interesting and at times moving, if not absorbing, musical drama. The reception of the little work by the audience was favorable. If there was no great demonstration it was partly due no doubt that most of those present had gone to hear Mr. Caruso.

Painter's Art at Best.

The production of the opera was most praiseworthy. The one scene, if not absolutely correct in some details, is a specimen of the scene painter's art at its best. The planning of the action and the costuming of the characters are generally commendable, though here again questions may arise. The individual impersonations are in every way equal to the demands of the work. Mr. Scotti again discloses his finished art in makeup, pose and facial expression, an art which places him among the foremost operatic actors of the time, and he delivers the music with intelligence and strongly dramatic feeling.

Mr. Didur's Win-Shee will add to his reputation. It is an impersonation so nice in the balance of the elements required to create an illusion that it arouses enthusiasm. Furthermore, the singer's delivery of the music is something which he has never excelled in its resolute strength and suave and subtle delineation of thought.

The other persons concerned in the drama have less difficult things to accomplish than these two. Miss Bori has only to look captivating in her Chinese costume and makeup and to sing briefly in a purely lyric style. Mr. Botta also has no more formidable task than the proclamation of a tenor's ardent desire for a soprano in the kind of language to which tenors have been accustomed for many years. Both of these singers did what was expected of them, and it may be possible that a certain measure of fame will be awarded to the pulchritude of Miss Bori in her Oriental garb.

The secondary roles were fairly done and the chorus discharged its duties efficiently. Gioglio Polacco conducted the performance with much skill. He seized upon the numerous color effects in the orchestration and brought them all into clear prominence without permitting any to exaggerate its proper proportions. The whole playing of the orchestra was characterized by lightness, transparency and richness, and in the matter of tempo Mr. Polacco seemed to have chosen precisely the right pace for every episode of the little tragedy. Again the Metropolitan has demonstrated the fullness of its resources as a producing theatre.

To complete the record of the evening's doings it must be mentioned that

Mr. Didur sang Finto's "Pagliacci" for the first time here. Further consideration of this impersonation must be postponed till a second performance.

OPERA 'L'ORACOLO' HAS ITS PREMIERE

A Story of San Francisco Chinatown, in One Act, Given at

the Metropolitan.

MUSIC LACKS ORIGINALITY

Franco Leoni, the Composer, Leans

Heavily on Puccini and Mascagni

—An Excellent Performance.

Win-Shee Adamo Didur
Chin-Fen Antonio Scotti
Hoo-Tsin Giulio Bossi
Hoo-Chue Luca Botta
Win-San-Luy Ella Bakos
Hoo-Quee Lucrezia Bori
Ah-Yoe Sophie Braslau
Hua-Quee Pietro Audisio
A Fortune Teller
A Policeman, an Opium Maniac, Chinese People.....
Conductor Gioglio Polacco

It seems evident that the production of Franco Leoni's one-act opera, "L'Oracolo," at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was made especially for the purpose of providing a new combination for the "double bills" that are an indispensable part of the current repertory there; something to go fittingly with "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and even "Haensel and Gretel." Those three do not permit of many permutations and combinations, as the arithmetic calls it; and what there are have long since been exhausted. "L'Oracolo" is entirely fitting to go with them. It was given last evening with "Pagliacci." It is a piece in an act of about an hour's duration.

It was heard by a large audience last evening, the size of which may have been partly determined by the fact that Mr. Caruso appeared in the performance that followed. There was much applause after the curtain fell on the new opera. So far as the performance went this was abundantly deserved. It showed Mr. Scotti in a part new to this public, which he does with much skill and characteristic expression, and it gives opportunity to Miss Bori and to Luca Botta.

"L'Oracolo," like "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Madama Butterfly," is based on an American play, which, in turn, was based on an American short story. The play, under the title of "The Cat and the Cherub," is by Chester Bailey Fernald, a well-known writer of fiction, who dramatized it freely after his own tale of the same title. It was first produced in New York at what was then the Olympia Music Hall, now the Victoria Theatre, at that time under the control of Oscar Hammerstein, who was arrested a few days later for violating an ordinance which forbade the giving of plays in music halls. It was revived last October at the Princess Theatre as one of four little plays given together. Hence, in its original form, it is not a stranger to New York. The opera, for which the libretto was arranged and reduced from the play by Camillo Zanon, was given in London ten years ago, with Mr. Scotti in the part in which he appeared last evening.

It is said to have been Mr. Fernald's idea to present the Chinaman just as he is, or was, in that San Francisco "Chinatown" which we are told is now, since the earthquake, no more; to show the love of father for son, and the superiority of that affection in the Chinese character and ethics. Much of this has apparently evaporated in the operative libretto, and there is a full proportion of conventional operatic love-making. A considerable quantity of Chinese loquacity, sententiousness, and ostentatious humor of the educated Chinese, Dr. Win-Shee, has also necessarily disappeared in the transformation.

The libretto has probably gained in condensation and dramatic effectiveness; but there is still a good deal of preliminary to the "striking scenes and the one powerful situation that forms the climax and culmination of the little drama. Nor has Mr. Fernald's "realism" gained by presenting the Chinese of Chinatown conversing, quarrelling, love-making, and murdering in Italian or Italian music. It cannot be said that the opera presents even many of the superficial traits of the Chinese character as they were found in the drama.

It perhaps is not necessary for operative purposes that they should be, or that "L'Oracolo" should be a more faithful embodiment of elusive and unknown Oriental traits than "Madama Butterfly," whose milieu, pantomime, and characteristic action and speech are sufficient to give pleasure and a sense of fitness and consistency to an operative audience.

In one important respect, however, Mr. Leoni has attempted less than Puccini in that he has made very little attempt to give local color to his musical setting by the use of Chinese music, or musical instruments, or even the use of characteristic Chinese scales, intervals, and melodic forms. A few passages of melody and of the celesta and some kind of wooden pulsatile instrument in the orchestra may be meant as suggestions to this end. If so, the echo is very faint and none whatever of Puccini's skill, ingenuity, and sure instinct has been applied.

It is hardly necessary to say that Leoni's method is the modern Italian method of putting his continual melodic line into the orchestra, where it flows in a continual stream to illustrate and underline the progress of events upon the stage. There are skill and taste in the music; there is little originality. Leoni speaks with the voices of Puccini and Mascagni, occasionally of Verdi, in many passages quite frankly, sometimes with amusing unconsciousness. There are agreeable melodies, or portions of melodies, though they have hardly the note of distinction. The doctor, Win-Shee, sings a song that might have come from almost any of Puccini's earlier works. Ah Yoe, the niece, sings from the balcony a really charming apostrophe to the silvery dawn. A duet, in which San Luy joins her below in the little square, has much less quality, and a strain of distant music before he enters is pure Mascagni.

The composer has several times made use of distant choruses with felicitous effect; one in which the only accompaniment is the delicate tinkle of the celesta might have suggested a Chinese sound—but the idiom belongs much nearer La Scala. When the crowd assembles as the day wears on it joins in a singularly commonplace tune, where the anxious listener for a touch of the local color might suitably be a little better rewarded.

When he comes to the sterner portions of the drama; when he has to write music for the villainous Chin-Fen's doings, his stealing of the child, his murder of the valiant San Luy, and finally for the gruesome climax, when the old doctor seats the drunken villain beside him on the bench, strangles him, sets his body up and talks to it while the policeman peers about on his rounds; and finally goes off and leaves the corpse to fall in a shapeless heap on the ground, Mr. Leoni has far fewer resources. His music has little significance, little potency of savage or malignant or pathetic expression. He resorts to violence, to the drum, to the brass, the cymbals, and leaves the situation hardly touched.

On the whole, he writes with skill, with fluency, as such things may be learned, often with cleverness. His orchestration is for the most part excellent, without extravagance, though it also is without great intensity or without the strong coloring that would have helped him in time of need. It is evident that "L'Oracolo" is the work of a skillful musician, one not without experience of the stage.

The principal figure of the little opera is Mr. Scotti's skillful and characteristic impersonation of Chin-Fen, the keeper of the opium den who does the villainous deeds. Whether or not it is an exposition of Chinese character, it is a consistent and typical representation of furtive evil; in its way, of singular fascination. Mr. Didur presents a suitable exterior for the impassive old doctor, who is shocked for a moment at the death of his son, but goes on to strangle his murderer with perfect imperturbability.

Her song from the balcony Miss Bori sings charmingly, as Ah-Yoe, and looks and acts, probably, as nearly Chinese as the circumstances will permit. There is an excellent opportunity for Luca Botta to do some effective singing as Win-San-Luy which he takes perhaps better advantage of than he has in anything this season hitherto. At his best his voice is brilliant and sympathetic. It may be hoped that he will learn to keep it always at its best and avoid foolish things. There was not much to raise the doings of Miss Braslau as the nurse, Hua-Quee, or Mr. Rossi as Hoo-Tsin into much prominence. They were made acceptable.

The performance under Mr. Polacco was an excellent one, and probably gave as good an account of the opera as it is ever likely to get. The energy, intelligence and discrimination of Mr. Polacco's conducting were never at fault. A picturesque scene is provided for the single act, representing Hatched Row in old Chinatown, rambling old houses, on a little square, with an archway through which another street is seen.

In "Pagliacci" which followed "L'Oracolo," Mme. Destinn and Messrs. Caruso and Didur took the leading parts.

"RING" CYCLE CONTINUED.

"Die Walkure" Sung in the Afternoon with Mme. Kurt.

In the afternoon the second performance in the cycle of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was given, "Die Walkure," under Mr. Hertz's direction. It was a fine performance in most respects, and of especial interest as bringing before the public the new German soprano, Mme. Melanie Kurt, for the first time as Brünnhilde, as marking the return of Rudolf Berger, the German tenor, who was heard in many of the Wagnerian productions last season, and also as showing Mme. Gadski in the part of Sieglinde, which lately has not often been assigned to her, and which she fills with sincerity and charm.

Mme. Kurt's Brünnhilde had the excellent qualities which were to be anticipated in it from her admirable performance as Isolde at her first appearance on Monday. It is a youthful, eager, and ardent Brünnhilde, emphasizing the note of womanliness, of tenderness and sympathy, of pathos and tremulous affection. It has youth, grace, beauty of face and figure. The action, plasticity of pose and expressiveness of gesture in her singing there is also youthful freshness and power of voice, care for the real beauty of song, as well as for significance of declamation. She sent forth the Valkyrie's cry with spontaneity and freedom and was not outshined by the high notes. It was altogether a performance that gave great satisfaction to the lovers of Wagner in the audience.

Mr. Berger's Siegmund is remembered from last season. It is not well sung, his voice is lacking in beauty of quality, as his singing often is in beauty of style and cogency of declamation. Mr. Berger's figure is imposing—tall and well proportioned; and this is in his favor at a time when so many German tenors are lacking in these valuable assets. Greater grace and poetry of conception would improve Mr. Berger's impersonation of this part. A more mat-

fact of a lady for the purpose of embracing her is not often witnessed, on the stage at least, than Siegmund's, when first he thus seals his passion in the first act.

There was much beautiful playing by the orchestra under Mr. Hertz's direction.

A BRAHMS CONCERT.

First Symphony and Piano Concerto Played—Harold Bauer, Soloist.

The New York Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon what is styled a series of five "master composers' concerts." For these the orchestra has transferred its activities to Carnegie Hall; an advantageous change. The first concert was devoted to Brahms and the programme was made up of his First Symphony in C minor, and his first pianoforte concerto in D minor. Mr. Bauer played the concerto, as he did at a pair of the Symphony Society's regular concerts earlier in the season.

Mr. Bauer has made himself a special champion of this concerto, which has been so long neglected by pianists, and he played it with a splendid and stately breadth; with an intimate poetical spirit in the romantic adagio, and there was evident a profound and eager sympathy with the spirit of the work. It is difficult, both for the pianist and for the orchestra, and the orchestra's function is far from being one of mere accompaniment. The performance on the part of all engaged in it was a fine one, and such a performance is a notable episode of the musical season.

There was an excellent performance also of the symphony, especially forceful in the last movement.

Symphony Society Has a Celebration of Brahms.

In spite of the fact that special operatic attractions were offered both afternoon and evening yesterday in the world to music no diminution was perceptible in the attention paid to concerts. There were three such entertainments, the principal one of importance being, if for no other reason than the large audience it attracted, the first in a series of five so-called "master composer concerts," which was given by the Symphony Society in the afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

A Brahms programme was offered. It contained the composer's symphony No. 1, in C minor, and his D minor pianoforte concerto. Harold Bauer was the soloist. Walter Damrosch and his orchestra gave a very fine performance of the symphony. It was one carefully planned and as in delivery its well balanced proportions of fine tonal beauty afforded cause for much artistic enjoyment.

Of Mr. Bauer's performance given of the concert it to be said first of all that it was a superb one. The tremendous technical feats set forth by the work for the executant's undertaking, he accomplished with all the ease and skill of a past master in the pianistic art, and it is furthermore quite safe to say that its many profound depths of hidden poetic beauty he penetrated to the utmost and revealed them to the listeners with a dignity of feeling and repose of style that were wholly admirable.

At Carnegie Hall in the evening the English pianist Katharine Goodson was heard in a recital for the first time this season. Her programme was an interesting one and contained among some eighteen numbers Beethoven's sonata in A flat, opus 110; Chopin's F minor fantasia, Arthur Whiting's "Suite Moderne," Hinton's "Etude Arabesque" and Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody.

The characteristic features of Miss Goodson's playing do not change in the essential. She is not a high emotional player, but is at her best in pieces of more graceful vein. This coloring of style was again evidenced in her playing last night as well as much musicianly intelligence of high order.

At Aeolian Hall in the evening Clara Ciamprelli-Viadora, soprano, gave her annual recital, in which she had the assistance of a violinist and a harpist and Charles Gilbert Spross, who played the accompaniments. The singer's numbers included operatic airs and songs. She sang with more fervor than artistic skill, but she was much applauded.

"Die Walkure" Sung at Special

Matinee to Large Audience.

Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" reached the second stage of its journey at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, when "Die Walkure" was sung. Again there was a large audience and every evidence of satisfaction. Mme. Melanie Kurt made her second appearance, singing Bruennhilde, a role for which she is especially well qualified. Her voice is suited to the music and she has the appearance and the elasticity of movement needed.

Her singing had not only freshness of tonal quality but general justice in treatment. For those to whom the first cry of "Ho-jo-to-ho" seems most important it may be said that she sang it precisely as it is written, without any of the familiar evasions. For those who have more regard for the broader developments of the role it may be said that in beginning she laid full emphasis on the character of the "laughing" Valkyr and from that point developed the interpretation consistently through the strong emotions of the tale of Wotan and the announcement of death to the passionate pleading of the condemned daughter in the third act.

It was a symmetrical and convincing performance, intelligent and carefully executed. It deepened the impression made by the singer's *Isolde*. Let it be added that vocally Mme. Kurt was even

happier than at her debut, for she was less nervous and the voice was therefore under better control.

Mr. Berger made his first appearance of the season in the role of Siegmund, which he sang effectively. Mme. Gadski was an admirable Siegmund and Mme. Matzenauer equally praiseworthy as Fricka. Mr. Braun as Wotan and Mr. Ruysdael as Hunding were the other two principals. Mr. Braun's god was less irritable than at the previous performance, but perhaps not quite so impressive as to fulfil all ideals. Mr. Hertz conducted and while he preserved an excellent balance of tone was not at all inclined to make matters move along.

PRIMA DONNAS DO BATTLE IN "RING"

Gadski, Middleweight, Meets Kurt, Heavyweight, in Sharply Fought Scrap.

BAT MASTERSON'S DECISION

Rudolf Berger Indulges in Some Capillary Eccentricities in the Role of Siegmund.

The second unit of the "Ring of the Nebelung" was given yesterday afternoon. That second unit is "Die Walkure" and it resolved itself into an amiable and artistic duel between Mme. Melauie Kurt, the newcomer as Bruennhilde, and Mme. Gadski, the institution, as Siegmund. The Gadskiites were out in force; so were the Melanites. The Gadskiites received their idol with a decorous silence. The chill influence of Wagnerian etiquette repressed their noble rage. The Melanites exploded into unpermitted applause when Mme. Kurt, as Bruennhilde, appeared on the rocks. The Wagnerites hushed them down. Salvoes of clapping from the Hertzites greeted the lofty brow of Dr. Alfred, the sabbatical one, as he took his seat in the orchestra pit, which for the occasion had been increased for the admission of more instrumentalists and the production of more noise.

The contest between the two prima donnas had aroused considerable public interest. There is nothing more enjoyable to the ordinary mind than a battle. There is the pleasure, dwelt upon by Lucretius, derivable from the bloodiness of the conflict itself, and then there is the higher moral satisfaction, derivable from the result—of deriding the defeated and trampling on the wounded. It was noticeable in the first act that Madame Gadski was out of voice. Her opponents gave a sigh of relief, saying to themselves, "She's out of voice now and there's very little time for her to recover herself. She's got to die in the next act."

Madame Kurt's Beauty.

At the beginning of the second act Miss Kurt appeared, a vision of stately splendor and regal beauty. The Melanites were now certain and prayerfully rejoiced that some one had been killed. The round of applause that greeted her penetrated to Mme. Gadski's dressing room and made the determination of that doughty-warrior-songstress to hold her ground all the stronger.

So when she appeared again, it was noticed that, in fire and strength of moral purpose, she resembled Von Hindenberg facing the Russians or Von Kluck retreating from the French. She sang her second act with undoubted energy and dramatic fervor to the dismay of the Melanites and the ecstasy of the Gadskiites. In Bat Master's opinion, Mme. Gadski was not defeated, even after thirty rounds.

As regards Mme. Kurt, the reviewer sees no reason to modify his estimate of last Wednesday. Her voice is good, unspoiled, but not extraordinary. Her presence is that which it has already been described. Her general intelligence as applied to her profession, not to be challenged, but her acting too formal and obsequious to those dreary old Baireuth traditions of which the latter killed. The part of Siegmund was sung, to judge by this particular performance, by the worst tenor, of any pretensions that has been heard in the Metropolitan Opera House. In the true spirit of his kind he wore his hair in a Psyche knot.

A Van Dyck Beard.

This was defensible on archaeological grounds, but this tenor went further than archaeology, he supplemented the Psyche knot with a Van Dyck beard, and some sort of New England arrangement of the side-whiskers. The present writer rarely makes reference to the personal appearance of artists, but in this case the self-inflicted tonsorial eccentricities of the singer detracted from the effect of a romantic, beautiful and celebrated scene, and all the more so because Siegmund is

supposed to be something more than human. He is a Volsung, a child of the gods.

George Meredith once observed that small boys had a way of expressing their emotions by contorting and angularizing their bodies. Mr. Rudolf Berger followed the same method for the articulation of his feelings. As for the voice and singing, one despairs of adequately describing it. The sounds that issued from his throat were the driest, puniest and whitest that ever proceeded from a singer supposed to represent a hero. Poor Johanna Gadski, she seemed to be playing Titania to Bottom the Weaver.

Mr. Carl Braun had a struggle with Wotan, and Mr. Basil Ruysdael was admirable as Hunding. Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted.

There was considerable music in society yesterday, aside from the opera. Mrs. John J. Wyssong, who has recently joined the uptown colony, after living for many years in East Thirty-fourth street, gave a musicale yesterday afternoon at her new home, 1 East Seventy-sixth street. The artists were Miss Lucy Gates, soprano, who recently came here from Berlin, and Frank V. Pollock, tenor. They sang the duet from the first act of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette," and also the old French song "Plaisir d'Amour."

Miss Gates sang the bell song from "Lakme" and the famous "Echo Song" by Echert. Her other numbers included a song composed by Marshall R. Kernochan, nephew of the hostess, and others by McDowell and Henschel.

Mr. Pollock sang an aria from "Tosca" and the old English song "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," and also "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby."

After the music tea was served in the oak dining room, Mrs. William Pollock and Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman being at the tea table. The guests included some of Mrs. Wyssong's friends who are identified with the summer colonies of Newport and Lenox.

Mrs. William Armstrong Greer gave an afternoon musicale yesterday at her home, 56 West Ninth street, when Miss Bessie Abbott, soprano, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera, sang. Miss Abbott gave groups of English, French and German songs. Among the guests were Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. James B. Duke, Mrs. Joseph W. Harriman, Mrs. Walter B. James, Mrs. Walter Jennings, Mrs. Frederick Delafield, Mrs. William F. Sheehan, Mrs. F. McNeil Bacon, Mrs. Harold F. Hadden and Mrs. J. Herbert Johnston.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish gave one of a series of dinners last evening at her home, 25 East Seventy-eighth street, after which there was music. An operetta in French by Emile Bourgeois, entitled "Mamzelle Mariette," was sung by Miss Greta Lompdie, soprano, and Einar Linden, tenor. There was dancing afterward.

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At the concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Stransky gave a hearing to a suite by Sigismond Stojowski. Mr. Stojowski's compositions are greatly admired by his compatriot, Mr. Paderewski, who often places his piano pieces on his programmes. This suite is intended to be, and is, "redolent of the Polish idiom," and has won the good opinions of Hans von Bülow and Tchaikovsky. It is a work of great beauty—no vain strivings for effect for effect's sake. The first movement is a theme and variations; the theme—the only borrowed theme in the composition—is a folk-hymn, "Salve, Regina Celi." The variations are not cut-and-dried after existing formulae, as so many variations are, but they grow naturally out of the theme, and urge to a splendid climax. The intermezzo is a fascinating mazurka, while the last movement is a "Reverie and Cracovienne," which holds one's interest to the very end. Mr. Stojowski is evidently as much a master of the orchestra as he is of his own instrument, the piano. The audience showed its pleasure to such an extent that the composer was compelled to come forward and bow his acknowledgments.

The other number which partook of the element of novelty was a concerto for solo oboe, with accompaniment for strings and "continuo," played in this instance on the organ by Mr. Spross. While not a work of profound import, it is pleasing in the early Handel manner, and was exquisitely played by Mr. De Angelis, who was well received by the audience. Gluck's Iphigenia in Aulis overture, of course with the Wagner ending, was impressively played by Mr. Stransky and his men, and its dramatic significance well brought out. Wagner uses no thematic material that is not already in the overture, and his close, 1909, by George Longy. The repetitions for the concert-room only, brings the work to an end in conformity to the Gluck spirit. The other orchestral numbers were Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," brilliantly and thrillingly musical taste, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice," played in splendid fashion.

Egan, the Irish Tenor, Heard.

Thomas Egan, the Irish tenor, assisted by Lillian Belton, soprano and Arthur Fischer, pianist, gave a recital last night at Carnegie Hall in aid of the Irish Vol-

unteers in Ireland. The programme was very long and afforded abundant opportunity to each participant in his or her special field. Mr. Egan's numbers ranged through Italian, German and Irish selections. Among his Irish songs were the "Low Back Car" and "Molly Brown" by Lover and the old Irish ballad, "Tipperary," by the Irish poet Davis.

MADAME SANS-GENE HEARD ONCE AGAIN

Giordano's opera "Madame Sans-Gené" had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. That a large measure of public interest had been excited by the production of this new work for the first time on any stage was shown by the size of the audience, which occupied most of the seats and much of the standing room in the house. The applause which followed the more stirring parts of the opera was abundant and hearty. Whatever, therefore, may be the artistic merits or shortcomings of this lyric comedy it is quite certain that at this moment it enjoys no small measure of popular favor.

There is sufficient in the work to arouse a pleasurable interest. The comedy, which keeps close to that of Sardou and Moreau, is brisk and pointed. The characters are clearly drawn and their relations are such as to engage the attention of the theatre-goer. The heroine is a distinct type and her candor is of precisely the kind that compels admiration without obtaining imitation.

Two salient situations of the play are the outspoken contempt of Caterina for the mushroom aristocracy into which she has been forced, and her audacious interview with the Emperor. In this country people do not defy aristocracy of any sort, they bow before it. Many applaud Caterina for doing just what they would never do themselves. For her "cheeking" Napoleon the sympathy is perhaps genuine, especially among the young, who have been known to glorify a "fresh" young woman for slapping a prince on the back.

At any rate there is enough in the action and the pictorial panorama of "Madame Sans-Gené" to please audiences for some time. It cannot be determined yet whether this popularity is of the enduring sort; for in an opera it is in the end the effective cooperation of eloquent music with dramatic thought that keeps the work alive.

A second hearing of Giordano's work served only to confirm the impressions gained from previous study of it. That it is generally well put together is unquestionable. That it has the merit of permitting the comedy to move with as much freedom as can fairly be expected when the means of delineation are musical can also be said. That it has pages of much daintiness of conceit and delicacy of treatment is true. But that the musical invention of the composer meets the demands of the more emotional movements in the play must again be denied. Indeed Giordano's failures in these situations are marked even by the absence of that factitious vigor which so experienced an opera composer might be supposed to put forward.

The production at the Metropolitan is so brilliant, however, that there should be no astonishment if the opera has several good sized audiences. The pictorial beauties of the presentation, the vivacity of much of the action, and the interest of the impersonations of Miss Farrar, Mr. Amato, Mr. Martinelli and others are uncommonly attractive and Mr. Toscanini's conducting adds to the value of the whole.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

New Suite by Sigismond Stojowski Proves Pleasing.

Josef Stransky, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, provided an interesting programme for yesterday afternoon's concert at Carnegie Hall. The list consisted of Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide" overture, Handel's concerto for oboe, organ and strings, Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Sigismond Stojowski's suite opus 9, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice." Mr. Stojowski's suite was heard for the first time here, while the Handel oboe concerto, rarely played, was almost as much of a novelty.

This concerto, according to Chrysander, Handel's biographer and editor, was an early work, probably written while the composer was playing in the orchestra at Hamburg. He wrote several works called oboe concertos because of the prominence of their oboe parts, but this is the only one for a solo oboe, conjoined with other instruments. It was played at the matinee concert of the Boston Orchestra on December 17, 1909, by George Longy. The repetitions for the concert-room only, brings the work to an end in conformity to the Gluck spirit. The other orchestral numbers were Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," brilliantly and thrillingly musical taste, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice," played in splendid fashion.

Egan, the Irish Tenor, Heard. Thomas Egan, the Irish tenor, assisted by Lillian Belton, soprano and Arthur Fischer, pianist, gave a recital last night at Carnegie Hall in aid of the Irish Vol-

oon. The second movement is a mazurka, thoroughly Polish. The third is entitled "Reverie and Cracovienne," which means that it combines the elements of a reflective slow movement and those of a dance finale. The theme for the first movement variations is a hymn to the Virgin common among the Poles. The other thematic materials are the composer's own, but are all strongly national in character.

Mr. Stojowski's suite is unpretentious, a series of embodiments of folk thoughts, well made and pleasing to hear. The musicianship is excellent. The counterpoint, where it appears, is clear, well balanced and interesting to hear. The instrumentation is good throughout, and there is an abundance of color as well as clear emphasis of the piquant rhythmic effects. This suite should be heard again, as it would easily fit into any programme of light music. Mr. Stransky had evidently given to it attentive study and it was well played.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

A Programme of Brahms. With Kreisler as Soloist.

The sixth Friday afternoon subscription concert of the Symphony Society took place yesterday at Aeolian Hall. The compositions offered were familiar ones by Brahms, and comprised the "Academic Festival" overture, the fourth symphony, and as a final number the violin concerto played by Fritz Kreisler.

The concert with all its interesting musical content based in themes largely upon tunes taken from German students' songs, came as a good and effective opening number. Of the E minor symphony Walter Damrosch and his orchestra may be said to hold the patent rights as this organization first performed the work in this city, and as far back as in the season of 1886-87. It was presented by the players yesterday with the finer perfection in finish that comes with long acquaintance through performance and was much appreciated.

Mr. Kreisler's delivery of the concerto, which is at once so profound in poetic substance and withal so baffling in difficult technical requirements, was on a very high plane of rare and beautiful interpretative art and merited the warm expression of pleasure it elicited.

MESSRS. BAUER AND CASALS

Messrs. Harold Bauer and Pablo Casals appeared together again last evening in their delightful ensemble playing for piano and violoncello—a performance in its way one of the most perfect that can be heard. Aeolian Hall was again filled, and a portion of the audience had to be accommodated upon the platform. Their programme included one of Beethoven's early sonatas, that in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2; Mendelssohn's in D, Op. 58, and transcriptions for violoncello of César Franck's sonata, for violin, in A.

There is little to be added to what has already been said in eulogy of their exquisite art, of the perfect unity of their style, the justness of balance they maintain between their instruments. There was especial pleasure given by the vivacious and brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's sonata; not one of the greatest works for the two instruments, and not much heard in these days; but when so played, of great allurements.

The fact that M. Casals was moved to play a transcription of a violin sonata, in a suggestion of the unfortunate limitations of the violoncellist's repertory. In this case the player's skill caused little or no loss of the qualities which the composer intended to put into the part for the violin.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS.

Kitty Cheatham Assists Philharmonic Society—The Symphony.

The Philharmonic Society gave the second of its young people's concerts at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, with the assistance of Kitty Cheatham. The orchestral programme included the Overture to "Oberon," by Weber; Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony, Debussy's "Sylvia" Ballet Suite, and a group of national dances in which America was represented by Victor Herbert's "Al Fresco." Besides these numbers Miss Cheatham sang to piano accompaniment by Flora MacDonald a group of children's songs relating to fairies and elves and another of nursery rhymes. The orchestral numbers were introduced by short descriptions of their contents made up by Miss Cheatham for a child's comprehension.

Haydn's Symphony was performed in illustration of the tradition of its composition—that is, with almost no light in the house except that furnished by candles on the musicians' desks, each of which was blown out as the player's music came to an end and he left the stage, until the solitary player remained.

Again both the audience and the orchestra seemed to get much enjoyment out of the afternoon.

The fourth of the season's Young People's Symphony Concerts was given yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall by the New York Symphony Society, under Walter Damrosch. Ethel Leginska, pianist, was the soloist. She played two movements from Rubinstein's Concerto

in D minor. The remainder of the programme comprised Schumann's Symphony No. 3, (Rhenish), Dvorak's Nocturno, and Grieg's "Norwegian Wedding Procession." These were preceded, as usual, by short explanatory talks by Mr. Damrosch, in which the piano was used to illustrate his remarks on themes and portions of the works.

STRANSKY AND THE C MINOR SYMPHONY

A Sunday's Music Which Raised Many Questions for Musicians.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

A great deal of music was made in New York yesterday, and had it been possible for a reviewer with a serious purpose to attend all of the concerts he might have found a question worth discussion in every one of them. In whichever direction he might have turned he would have found himself confronted with a large and momentous query: Why did Mr. Walter Damrosch devote all of the afternoon symphony concert at Aeolian Hall to Brahms's music when he had given an all-Brahms concert only last Thursday? Why did Mr. Altschuler devote nearly all of the first of the series of concerts which have been planned in connection with the Pavlova season at the Century Opera House to excerpts from "Boris Godunov" when that opera is receiving admirable representations in "the original package" (to speak commercially) at the Metropolitan Opera House? Why did Mr. Stransky put Beethoven's fifth symphony on his programme for the third time this season—or was it the fourth, counting in a Brooklyn concert? Why did Mr. Martucci, who at least has a name of honorable sound in the musical world to uphold, though not originally his own, choose to play for the first time at a Sunday night "popular" in the Metropolitan Opera House, where all the conditions are against a recognition of a pianoforte player's good qualities? Why did young Mr. Ornstein persist in prejudicing many persons who would be glad to pay tribute to his talent as a virtuoso by mixing the good in latter-day French music with the bad in his own and that of some others for the sake, apparently, of playing the part of a prophet of futurism? Why, finally, did Mr. Stransky depart from tradition in the tempo of the opening measures of the C minor symphony and give out the motto theme in allegro time?

This last question was really the most interesting one from an artistic point of view raised by the many incidents of the day. Mr. Damrosch probably gave a programme of Brahms music because his solo performer, Mr. Fritz Kreisler, wanted to play the Brahms concerto, having already played the Mendelssohn, Tchaikowsky, Beethoven and Vivaldi concertos, besides Bruch's Scotch Fantasia, at previous concerts, and so dignified a work as that by Brahms must be paired with equally dignified music; besides, Mr. Damrosch has Brahms in hand just now. Mr. Altschuler is an enthusiastic propagandist for Russian music, and "Boris Godunov" is successful at the opera, though perhaps not yet familiar to the many. Concerts of Wagner's music are extremely popular despite the fact that performances of his operas are manifold. Why not try the experiment with Moussorgsky?

The other questions, save the last, are really of little consequence. To be as wholly frank as a reviewer who wishes to comment on it ought to be, it must be said to begin with that Mr. Stransky's readings of Beethoven have seldom offered what seemed to us food for thought. The Philharmonic Society has an admirable band, but it is playing too much to play well; convention too often controls its performances of the classics, and sensationalism of the noisy, clap-trap order its performances of modern music—especially that of Liszt and Strauss.

The manner in which the finale of the symphony was reeled off yesterday was anything but inspiring. It lacked breadth and strength, dignity and eloquence. It disclosed no evidences of devotion or study. Had tradition not long ago fixed the conventional treatment of the opening measures of the first movement, it might have been thought that here, too, Mr. Stransky was merely careless. But he has evidently given those measures some thought and reached the conclusion that to make a sort of introduction in moderate tempo out of them is a false reading of Beethoven both in letter and spirit; and herein we are inclined to think he is right. The convention which distinguishes the first five measures in tempo from the rest of the movement (except in their repetition, where it is customary to still further exaggerate their breadth) is an old one; but there is nothing to sanction it on Beethoven's page. Schindler was answerable for it originally, but he could cite no better authority than the statement that the composer when once asked the meaning of the theme replied: "Thus fate raps at the portals!" Now, knockings at the door are not necessarily made more impressive or fatalistic by deliberation. On the contrary, a quick incisiveness would seem to be demanded by the dramatic scene or the poetic conceit suggested in

Beethoven's remark.

Besides, had Beethoven desired a contrast in tempo between the first proclamation of the theme and the movement which is developed out of it he would have indicated the fact, as he so plainly did in the parallel case of the first movement of the pianoforte sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2. No doubt much mischief has been done by Wagner's strenuous advocacy of a long and powerful adherence to the final note of the theme with its hold, out of which he wanted the last drop of sound squeezed, and fantastically quoted Beethoven's command as if it were that of a voice from the composer's grave. But it is not necessary to distort the tempo of the allegro to do justice to the fermate. We can fancy a more powerful effect than that achieved by Mr. Stransky yesterday, but, at any rate, he is to be commended for adhering to the page, instead of following the maudering of so many of his predecessors.

Miss Culp sang some songs at the Philharmonic concert, including Schubert's familiar serenade, metriciously decked out by Arnold Schönberg with orchestral effects, of which the most impertinent were the trills intended to imitate the voice of the nightingales. Schubert got along without the catch-penny device, though it was easily within the reach of the pianoforte; Schönberg could not, having a flute at his disposal. There was also some new music by Mr. Arthur Hinton, in the shape of three movements of a suite designed to illustrate as many scenes or incidents in Keats's "Endymion." Pretty music, graceful in melodic contour, pleasant in all respects to the ear, mildly stimulating to the fancy also, but scarcely music which we should think of associating with such poetry as Keats's.

There were a large audience and boundless enthusiasm at the Symphony Society's concert, where Mr. Kreisler played the Brahms concerto.

Philharmonic Society and Leo

Ornstein Offer Varied

Programmes.

AUDITORS WELL PLEASED

The concerts of yesterday which required comment were only two. That of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon offered at least one subject for consideration, to wit: Arthur Hinton's "Endymion" suite (his first), played here for the first time. Mr. Hinton, an English composer, has chosen three passages in the poem of Keats as suggestions for the three movements of his work. The first movement is called "Sunrise," the second, "Shepherd's Song," and the third "Dance of Youths and Maidens."

All three subjects belong not exclusively to Keats's "Endymion," but to the wide, wide world, and all have been treated musically innumerable times. Mr. Hinton's suite proved to be a very pleasant composition, not pretentious and not without merit. Such productions are usually set aside as unimportant, and it is undeniable that they do not demand profound critical consideration. But this suite, like many others of its rank, is melodious, well written, well scored and agreeable.

Because it is not of symphonic magnitude it need not necessarily be forgotten, and it is safe to say that another audience at some other time could listen to it with interest as yesterday's did. Mr. Hinton was present and appeared on the platform to acknowledge hearty applause.

The other orchestral numbers on the list were the oft repeated Abert arrangement of Bach's prelude choral and fugue in G minor, Beethoven's fifth symphony, and Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier." The soloist of the concert was Mme. Julia Culp, who sang admirably two groups of songs. The first consisted of Strauss's "Morgen" and Schubert's "Serenade" and "Ave Maria," with orchestra, and the second three Mendelssohn and two Jensen songs with piano. Mr. Bos played the accompaniments to the second group.

In the evening Leo Ornstein, the Russian pianist, gave the second of his series of recitals at the Bandbox Theatre. There was an audience of good size which seemed to be interested in the "modern and futurist" music which he announced. His programme was generally well arranged and included much variety. It contained Cesar Franck's prelude, choral and fugue, Debussy's "Images," second series; "Dwarf Suite" by Mr. Ornstein, with sub-titles "At Dawn," "Dance of the Dwarfs," "Funeral March," "Serenade of the Dwarfs," "At Work" and "March Grotesque"; six short piano pieces, opus 19, by Schoenberg, and "Pan," a tone poem, opus 43, by Novak. Mr. Ornstein's ability as a pianist was perhaps best shown in the important composition which opened the recital.

Philharmonic Plays "Endymion."

One of the advantages of giving so many concerts as the New York Philharmonic Orchestra does, is that there is opportunity to produce novelties without neglecting the popular favorites. Thus, yesterday afternoon's programme in Car-

negie Hall included the Bach-Abert prelude, choral, and Fugue, which one never tires of hearing; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Dukas, which Mr. Stransky had to repeat the other day, and Beethoven's fifth symphony, which, though first performed a century and seven years ago, still arouses a musical audience to enthusiasm when played as admirably as it was yesterday. Another feature sure to be popular was the singing of Julia Culp. She sang three songs with orchestral accompaniment, and five with piano, played by the always excellent Coenraad V. Bos. Strauss's "Morgen" is beautiful in its orchestral garb, but Schubert's "Serenade" was not improved by Schönberg's orchestral version, and the "Ave Maria" also sounds better with piano.

Mr. Stransky has recently given several American composers the much-coveted opportunity to be heard by a Philharmonic audience. Yesterday it was the turn of an Englishman, Arthur Hinton, who was represented by his "Endymion" suite, which had its first performance in America. Other pieces by the same composer had previously been known the agreeable fact that he is not one of those makers of "ugly preposterous mock music," for whom Dr. Hans von Bülow suggested the erection of a "musical orthopaedic institution," as Sir Charles Villiers Stanford relates in his "Pages from an Unwritten Diary," just published by Longmans, Green, & Co. The reason why Mr. Hinton does not belong to this gang evidently is that he possesses the faculty of creating melodies and clothing them in garbs of beauty. There is much that is pleasing in his suite; and besides being musically agreeable, it reflects the moods evoked by the three passages from Keats that stimulated the composer's imagination and made him use the titles "Sunrise," "Shepherd's Song," and "Dance of Youths and Maidens" for the several parts. The audience liked this English music very much, and when Mr. Stransky brought forward Mr. Hinton, the applause was redoubled.

Last night, at the Band Box Theatre, Leo Ornstein gave another of his recitals of music by composers, some of whom Bülow would have interned in that "orthopaedic institution" of his. One has to get over that sort of thing, as one does over the measles and the mumps. Maybe it's better to have cacophonized in vain than never to have cacophonized at all.

Orchestral concerts with vocal and instrumental solos were given last night at the Metropolitan, and at the Century, where the Russian Symphony Orchestra played. Saturday's record included concerts for young people by both the Symphony Society and the Philharmonic, besides a concert of chamber music by Harold Bauer and Pablo Casals, which filled the stage, as well as the auditorium, with eager listeners. The Metropolitan held two large audiences to hear "Lohengrin" in the afternoon and "Hänsel and Gretel" and "Cavalleria" in the evening.

ONLY RUSSIAN MUSIC HEARD

In connection with the engagement of Pavlova at the Century Opera House, the first of four Sunday concerts of Russian music took place to-night, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Modest Altschuler being the attraction. A concert arrangement of Moussorgsky's opera "Boris Godunoff," with Mr. Adamo Didur, creator of the title part at the Metropolitan Opera House, as soloist, were the special features.

Another specially attractive number was the singing of Moussorgsky's song "Blokhia," by Mr. Didur. Although Mr. Didur sings the music of "Boris" at the Metropolitan from memory, as every opera singer must do, it is sung in Italian there. Last night he had to sing in Russian and was obliged to keep a copy of the words within a few inches of his eyes most of the time. There were several other orchestra numbers from Tchaikowsky, Glinka, Arensky and Jacinfelt.

Pablo Martucci Plays at Opera Concert and Wins Applause—Mr. Julius and Mme. Schumann Sing.

After spending four years in New York, all but unknown, Paolo Martucci, a young Italian pianist, made his first important appearance here at the Sunday night con-

cert at the Metropolitan opera house. Schumann's piano concerto in A minor is a little too full of deep sentiment and a little too lacking in brilliant pianistic stunts for most Italians, but though his playing was a little cold, possibly due to the large auditorium, Mr. Martucci played it creditably. He has a facile technique and some command of tonal colorings. Later he played Chopin's D flat Prelude and a Tarentella of his own. The audience seemed to like his playing, and he was recalled after the Schumann number several times before he finally played an encore.

On the programme with the pianist were Jacques Tilius, Wagnerian tenor, who sang an aria from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and "So the mitch" from "Eljah," and Miss Elizabeth Schumann, soprano, who sang: head in the bird song from "Pavane" and some songs of Brahms. The orchestra under the direction of Richard Hageman played several selections.

Feb. 9-1915
MME. AULD'S RECITAL
Soprano Whose Singing Shows Taste and Feeling.

Mme. Gertrude Auld, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She had an unusually large audience, which received her singing with demonstrations of pleasure. Mme. Auld had been heard here about a year and a half ago immediately after her return from operatic engagements in Italy. Since that time she has sung at the Havana opera and elsewhere. Her programme yesterday was altogether unconventional and consisted almost wholly of songs sung in French, though some were not of French origin.

In her first group Mme. Auld was palpably nervous and her voice was out of control. The tones were very unsteady, pinched and even at times off the pitch. In her second group she had regained her composure and her singing now disclosed its true qualities. Tchaikovsky's "Dors, mon enfant" was sung with style and intelligence, while Gretcheninof's "The Birch Tree" went still further in that it showed imagination and feeling. In the "Song of the Queen of Shekhah," from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Golden Cockerel," Mme. Auld showed the real justness of her intonation and her skill in phrasing some extremely difficult melodic progressions in florid passages.

Massenet's "Dialogue" was excellently sung, but the artistic summit of the recital was attained in the next two songs, both new—Poldowski's "Effet de Neige" and Ravel's "La Flute Enchantée." These two excellent songs Mme. Auld sang with much beauty of tone and with a grasp of the poetic content. Mme. Auld has a voice of considerable range and brilliancy, but her scale has never been perfectly equalized, chiefly because the upper register has not been rightly placed.

Singers who begin their careers with deficient vocal technique labor under many difficulties in attaining their own ideals of expression. Mme. Auld, who would undoubtedly be acceptable in her coloratura operatic roles, finds trouble at times in song recital in commanding the necessary smoothness and equilibrium of tone. Her technical strength lies in her excellent breath support, which also enables her to sing long, fluent phrases.

MEYERBEER'S MUSIC
AT METROPOLITAN
"Les Huguenots" Repeated and Applauded by a Very Large Audience.

AS POPULAR AS EVER

Meyerbeer's most popular opera, "Les Huguenots," was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Since the work is now given in Italian the natural course would be to call it "Gli Ugonotti," as it used to be called in the early days of opera in this town. But no one really cares what it is called, since the "Les Huguenots" by any other name requires a star cast with Mr. Caruso as the central sun. The audience of last evening was of the kind usually seen in the opera house when the famous tenor sings. It was a great one, and its applause was what might have been expected.

The performance of the familiar old work was as good as any that has been heard in the course of the current season. It is admitted that most of the singers in the cast are not exponents of the correct style of French grand opera music, but on the other hand the voices are mostly of the best quality known to the present opera stage and each singer has artistic merits of his own.

For example, Mr. Rothier, the St. Brice of the cast, has all the traditions of the French stage and a good voice, but he lacks the weight to carry full conviction in the role. Mr. Caruso sings the music of Raoul beautifully, but in the Italian style. Mme. Destinn is a good if not great Valentine and Miss Hempel sings the music of the Queen very well indeed. Mr. Scotti is the finished artist always, Mr. Brain a too explosive Marcel

and Miss Garrison as Urban a very promising beginner. Mr. Polacco naturally has no great trouble in conducting the work and any good set of choral routiniers can sing the choruses effectively. The ballet is good and the premiere, Rosina Galli, is good to see.

Feb. 10-1915
CHAMBER MUSIC
AND PIANO RECITALS

Yesterday's doings in the local musical world may well be disposed of in a simple record which with a gentle infusion of critical comment; and this notwithstanding that among them was a concert of chamber music by the Kneisel Quartet—an incident which The Tribune has always been inclined to treat as of first class importance even a Caruso or a Farrar should happen to be in occupation with it. The circumstances that took the concert of last night in Aeolian Hall out of the musical list was that it offered nothing new or particularly striking either in the matter of its programme or the performance. The music was all of a high order and it was all well played; moreover, the helper whom Mr. Kneisel called in was Miss Katharine Goodson, whom it is always a pleasure to hear whether she displays her fine musicianship in a recital or gives her aid to an ensemble. The compositions in the list were three, and the fact that they held the attention of the audience was a tribute as much to the character of the regular patrons of the quartet, who were out in force, as to the music. Mr. Kneisel's audiences welcome novelties, but they do not cry for them; nor do they believe themselves blessed because new things are provided for them. When good they are given an intelligent and cordial welcome; when mediocre, they are receive what they deserve and no more. It is an audience composed of cognoscenti, glad to be kept abreast of the creative spirit of the times, but as little obsessed with the notion that all new things are good as with the other that all old things are too hackneyed for their enjoyment. So Smetana's autobiographical quartet in E minor, "Aus meinem Leben," received respectful attention, though it stirred up little enthusiasm; Beethoven's in E flat, op. 74 (not at all hackneyed because of its age) was heard with pleasure, and Miss Goodson and her companions were made to feel that the evening's delights came to a fitting climax with the splendidly played pianoforte Quartet in A by Brahms.

The incidents of the afternoon were recitals of pianoforte music by artists who have also won a place in the favor of New York's music-lovers. At Aeolian Hall Miss Ethel Newcomb entertained an audience, handsome in numbers and kindly appreciative, at the same time that Miss Harriett Cady, better known to the public because of longer service, exhibited her skill in the Bandbox Theatre, which has come into a much wider notice as a concert room than it ever enjoyed as a playhouse. Miss Newcomb's programme included, among other things, the Beethoven Sonata in E flat major, Opus 31, No. 3; a group of Chopin, and Schumann's Fantasia in C major. Miss Newcomb was most admirable in her merely technical achievement. She showed fluency of style, a responsive touch and some flexibility of mood. It was in a certain lack of temperament that appeared her chief weakness. Her playing of the sonata was facile, musical and workmanlike, but there was little emotional glow or imaginative uplift.

The intimate atmosphere of the little theatre in East Fifth-seventh Street proved agreeable to Miss Cady's art, and her tone seemed warm and her feeling for nuance and for rhythm excellent. She was particularly pleasing in the shorter numbers in the second half of the programme, two of which, a waltz by Ludwig Schydt and a nocturnal by Frank Howard Warner, were dedicated to her herself. The waltz was pretty and the nocturne a delicate reminder of Chopin, as all nocturns are apt to be. The audience asked her to repeat Florence Pair Gere's "Caprice Poétique." The chief number of the first part of the programme was Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26.

Recitals by Ethel Newcomb and Harriett Cady Yesterday.

This has been a season prolific in piano recitals and they seem likely to be as numerous in the future as in the past. Yesterday three pianists performed in the afternoon, of whom one must pass without comment. Ethel Newcomb, who has been heard here in previous seasons, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was ambitious and interesting. It embraced Beethoven's sonata in E flat, opus 31, No. 3, Schumann's C major fantasia and several other numbers, some of which are not frequently heard.

Miss Newcomb has made progress in the technical part of her art. Her finger work shows greater crispness and facility and her touch has gained in sensitiveness, so that her tonal effects are much better than they were. Her playing yesterday showed sincerity and some intelligence, albeit questions were raised by some of her rhythms in the

Beethoven music. But the pianist has no large personal message to offer and therefore does not demand profound consideration. She is entitled to respect for the better qualities of her art.

At the Bandbox Theatre, an institution situated far from the madding musical world, Harriett Cady gave her annual recital of piano music, playing Beethoven's sonata in A flat, opus 26 (the one with the funeral march), the Brahms waltzes, opus 39, and other numbers by Warner, Gere, Platt and McDowell.

Miss Cady is a player of honorable aims and respectable attainments. Serious purpose and intelligence are found in her recitals and her programmes are wont to be arranged so as to disclose her taste as well as her technical proficiency. Nothing new was revealed in her interpretations yesterday, but they seemed to give much pleasure to an audience plainly friendly. Daquin's "Coucou," Scarlatti's pastorale and a nocturne by Warner were played with grace and charm.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.
Concert of Familiar Music Gives Much Pleasure.

The concert of the Kneisel Quartet at Aeolian Hall last evening was one of quiet and reposeful delight for a large audience. There were no novelties on the programme, which comprised Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben" quartet, Beethoven's in E flat, opus 74, and the Brahms A major quartet for pianoforte and strings. The pianist was Katharine Goodson.

Programme notes explaining the references to Smetana's life in the successive movements of his quartet were the only novelty introduced at this concert. There was not even a composition of the latest fashion, which leans toward excitement, puzzles and excursions into strange realms of harmony. The time may come when the Beethoven and Brahms music heard last evening will sound old fashioned, but it has not yet arrived.

It was not so long ago, as some music lovers now realize, since Brahms was one of the sphinxes who propounded tonal riddles, but the mutations of the times have put him among the fathers of the art and he is regarded as a safe and sane classic. The Beethoven quartets will probably live with the Kneisels as long as they themselves live, and these musicians have found a special mission in expounding the creations of this master.

It used to be necessary after each concert of the Kneisel organization to make a strong plea for recognition of the exquisite balance, clarity and finish of the art of the players, but even this is no longer required. Every music lover is a Kneisel lover, always excepting those who relish nothing wanting scenic accessories. Last night's concert was one therefore to be passed with a simple record of the fact that it had all the familiar merits and beauties of Kneisel performances and that it sent the hearers away in a happy frame of mind.

Pianist Appears Before New York Audience for First Time.

Mme. Maud Kraft, pianist, made her first appearance in recital here yesterday afternoon in Rumford Hall. She has a strong touch and a good variety of tonal shadings, and she also has an excellent piano technique, but there was a suggestion in her playing of an almost too studied interpretation which lacked something on the emotional side. Her programme was mostly made up of Chopin pieces, and in addition she played from Liszt three numbers, including the Sonetto de Petrarca.

Feb. 11-1915
LISZT MUSIC GIVEN BY
SYMPHONY SOCIETY

The second of the Symphony Society's series of "master composer" concerts took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The audience was large and manifestly much interested in the proceedings, which were concerned entirely with the music of Franz Liszt. The programme comprised "Les Preludes," the A major piano concerto, the "Gretchen" movement from the "Faust" symphony, the two piano legends of St. Francis, the "Battle of the Huns" and the "Danse Macabre" for pianoforte and orchestra. The pianist was Ferruccio Busoni.

Since Mr. Busoni's chief contribution to the concert was the concerto it may be said at the outset that his playing of it was for him remarkably dry and uninteresting. Tonally hard and frequently obscure in enunciation, it fell between the two possible extremes of musical sensitiveness and a virtuoso's brilliancy. Mr. Busoni was heard to better advantage when he performed the Abbe Liszt's arpeggiated narratives of the ministrations of St. Francis.

Naturally Mr. Damrosch chose Liszt's, best symphonic poem—perhaps the most spontaneous of all his compositions—to open the concert, and the orchestra played it well, albeit with less splendor

of utterance than Liszt enthusiasts would surely demand. It was a finely wrought out performance, but it wanted some of that aggressiveness which belongs to the spirit of Liszt's best music.

The printed programme called the slow movement of the "Faust" symphony "Marguerite." Too bad. Surely Liszt knew no Marguerite, but only the Gretchen of Goethe. Gounod's charming young heroine was barely out of that master's study when Liszt wrote his "Faust" symphony, from which Mr. Huneker declares Wagner obtained so many good themes for his "Ring" dramas.

But the leonoclast of mezzo-tinted impressionists neglects to mention that Liszt himself got the Gretchen theme from a Chopin waltz. Well, John Stuart Mill said that he was badly frightened once upon a time lest all possible combinations of the notes of our scales had been used up. So why blame all these great men for offering one another the fervent flattery of imitation?

A Liszt-Busoni Concert.

Amy Fay, whose chatty yet instructive book, "Music Study in Germany," has become a classic, relates therein how, when she expressed her wonderment at one of the novel and beautiful effects Liszt produced on the piano, he replied: "Oh, I've invented a great many things, this, for instance"—and he began playing a double roll of octaves in chromatics in the bass of the piano. It was very grand and made the room reverberate. "Magnificent," she said; and he asked: "Have you ever heard me do a storm?" "No." "Ah, you ought to hear me do a storm! Storms are my forte!" Then to himself, between his teeth, while a weird look came into his eyes, as if he could indeed rule the blast, "Da Krachen die Bäume (then crash go the trees)!"

Miss Fay was one of the three thousand or more who attended and applauded the Liszt concert given by Walter Damrosch and his Symphony Orchestra, with Ferruccio Busoni as soloist, in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She must have been reminded of Liszt's stormy moods when she heard Busoni play the "St. Francis of Paola Walking on the Waves." In this case it was not the crashing of trees, but the terrific roar of great ocean billows, that the pianist evoked from his keyboard; and, surely, Liszt himself could hardly have roared more oceanically than did Busoni. It was a rare, a thrilling, experience which those who were so fortunate as to enjoy will long treasure in their memories. No need of trombones and drums when a master pianist can hurl at an astonished audience such cataclysmic sonorities.

Before doing this storm, Busoni delighted the audience with an equally brilliant but entirely different rendering of the "St. Francis of Assisi Preaching to the Birds," in which Liszt so wonderfully reproduces the twittering, carollings, and chirpings of the birds. Mottl arranged this for orchestra to secure a greater variety in the bird sounds; but when a Busoni plays, the piano quite suffices. He gave, in addition, a splendid performance of the second concerto, which justified the late W. F. Apthorp's description of this wonderful work: "Never has even Liszt rioted more unreservedly in fitful orgies of flashing color. It is monstrous, formless, whimsical, and fantastic, if you will; but it is also magical and gorgeous as anything in the Arabian Nights."

If anything could have been more striking and astonishing than Busoni's playing of this inspired and epoch-making concerto, it was his stupendous performance of the "Dance of Death," for piano and orchestra. The ghoulsome "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saëns, with all its quaint realism, is a mere ghost story for children compared with this "monstrosity," as Liszt himself called it, which, with its "Dies Irae" and its Krupp guns of sound (still further intensified by Busoni's brains and hands), suggests a world-war on the keyboard.

The world war was also suggested by one of the pieces played under Walter Damrosch's direction, "The Battle of the Huns," one of the most thrilling things in which is the superb contrast between the sweet organ tones and the crashing chords of the orchestra that interrupt them. This used to be a battlehorse of Mr. Damrosch's father, and it was the best played of the purely orchestral pieces on the programme. The others, which also gave much pleasure to the audience, were the "Preludes," and the melodious and tender "Ma-

tion of the "Faust" symphony.

Excepting Wagner, no master lends himself so satisfactorily to the one-composer-programme scheme as Liszt. Great as was the variety in the pieces heard yesterday, it did not include any of the Hungarian rhapsodies, nor samples of the choral works, nor of the songs, half a dozen of which rank with the best ever composed.

BUSONI IN AN ALL LISZT PROGRAMME

Second of Symphony Society's Composer's Concerts Attracts Throng.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

I would seem to be a reasonable conclusion that Mr. Walter Damrosch, in arranging his series of what he calls "Master Composer Concerts," had an eye to the presence "in our midst" (the phrase goes) of nearly all the pianoforte virtuosos of large significance the world, and that his aim was chiefly to make an appeal with their specialties, or at least with the works which everybody knew they could and would make a more or less sensational effect.

In a season crowded as this season is with concerts in which every composer of note is represented over and over again, no other reason than that suggested comes to mind. Critics, who profess an attitude of discrimination, find us on every occasion that an "all Beethoven," or an "all Mozart," or "all Bach" or an "all Schumann" concert is a weariness to the flesh as well as to the spirit.

Now the world is pretty well agreed that Beethoven, Mozart, Bach and Schumann were creative geniuses of the highest order. The same cannot be said of Liszt or Rubinstein; yet we had a concert out of the regular subscription season by the Symphony Society yesterday afternoon, devoted wholly to Liszt's music, and we are soon to be called on to listen for two hours or more to Rubinstein, for whom, it can be said, at least, that he adhered to aesthetic conceptions which the far less imaginative Liszt could not follow.

The why, wherefore, *raison d'être* and all that sort of thing of yesterday's concert outside of the financial was, we imagine, Busoni, who played the pianoforte, sometimes supported, sometimes unsupported, by the orchestra, for over an hour. And a large audience—almost as large an audience as Aeolian Hall would hold—heard and applauded him.

He played the second concerto, the two solos which effect to tell stories in pianoforte tones of legends related of two saints (both named Francis—one of Assisi and one of Paola), and the variations on the "Diesirae" called "The Dance of Death." Already a great deal of Lisztian music; but before and between these pieces the audience was regaled with "Les Preludes," the slow movement from the "Faust Symphony," and that emptiest of empty clap-trap pieces, "The Battle of the Huns."

The legendary stories were those of "St. Francis of Assisi Preaching to the Birds" and "St. Francis of Paola Walking on the Waves." Thus ran the title of the latter piece on the programme, and it is to the same effect in the German and French names which the composer gave the pianoforte étude. It would appear, however, from the sheet of programmatic notes distributed in the hall that the legend of the Paulan saint, had nothing to say either about St. Francis "auf den Wogen schreitend," or "marchant sur les flots"; but that he sailed across the straits of Messina in his cloak.

From a musical point of view it is quite a matter of indifference whether the saint strode across the turbulent waters around Scylla and Charybdis, or was wafted over them with the owner of his mantle, on which he stood for a sail. The pianoforte study may be technically valuable; it is not poetically edifying.

Popularly Mr. Damrosch seems to have made a hit with his enterprise. He was successful yesterday in attracting an audience, and his solo performer, who interests us chiefly in a technical way, aroused much applause. What is more to the purpose, the orchestra played remarkably well.

'Sans-Gene' Sung with Spirit for Third Time

For the third time Mr. Giordano's new opera, "Madame Sans-Gêne," was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before an audience of liberal size and quite enthusiastic in mood, calling Messrs. Martinelli and Amato before the curtain many times after each had one or two extra performances, but

act and applauding the various solos in a manner that betokened appreciation.

It was an interesting performance, which did not differ from its predecessors, save that Miss Farrar did not appear in the house.

best of voice. Mr. Martinelli sang with spirit and Mr. Amato's impersonation of Napoleon was graphic and gripping. Messrs. Althouse and De Segurora filled their rôles well.

FERRARI-FONTANA AS AVITO

Lucrezia Bori Gives an Exquisitely Poetical Impersonation of Flora —Opera of Fine Quality.

ArchibaldoAdamo Didur
ManfredoPasquale Amato
AvitoEduardo Ferrari-Fontana
FlaminioAngelo Bada
Un GiovannettoPietro Audisio
FloraLucrezia Bori
AncellaMarie Mattfeld
Una GiovannettaSophie Braslau
Una VecchiaLilla Robeson
ConductorArturo Toscanini

Italo Montemezzi's opera, "L'Amore del Tre Re," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House a year ago, had a success so unqualified, at least with the lovers of the finer things in operatic art, that its repetition this season was assured. It was given last evening there for the first time. It is not often that a new opera wins sympathy so unmistakably as this did at its first performance.

"L'Amore del Tre Re" was given last evening with a cast the same as that heard in it last year. This included Mr. Ferrari-Fontana, who was not a member of the company last season, but was summoned from the Boston Opera House because he knew the part of Avito, and gave an ardent and impassioned performance. It also included Miss Lucrezia Bori, who as Flora made by her beautiful singing and her exquisitely poetical impersonation one of the most pronounced successes of her New York experience; Mr. Amato, nobly dignified and tender as Manfredo, and Mr. Didur, a dominating figure as the old King Archibaldo.

It is not likely that "L'Amour del Tre Re" will prove an epoch-making, or even a great work; but there is a fine quality about it, both in the music and the libretto, an exalted poetical feeling, a searching emotional power; and the composer has expressed himself in his own way, in a distinctly individual utterance. A young man, he has avoided the pervading influence of the present day forms of expression in Italian operatic art, in a manner that shows him to be a man of originality. It was remarked last year how self-contained is his inspiration, deriving little from his predecessors; how difficult it is to trace his artistic lineage. Montemezzi has escaped from the dominating power of Verdi and his artistic forbear, Ponchielli; there is as little as may be of Wagner in his score, there is little of Verdi, and there is no more than a trace of the influence of modern France.

Particularly noticeable on a rehearing of the work is the composer's frequent use of short melodic figures, repeated and reiterated, in the manner called technically "ostinato," often as a sort of accompaniment, and his attainment thereby of a sort of poignant intensity of expression. There is little "realism," in the operatic sense, in the score, and the music is a constant interpreter of emotions, the exponent of moods, with which the libretto so largely deals; and it has little concern with externals. There is renewed admiration for the excellent writing for the voice, the shapely and melodious arioso, with a superb sweep of line and breadth of phrase, finely modeled for declamation in the most musical sense, which is heightened and intensified speech.

The climax and culmination of the opera is the second act, when Manfredo, going to the wars, takes leave of Flora and her "secret grief," when his tenderness, gentleness, and love overcome her coldness, turning it into a kind of compassion for him; and when Avito then steal in, longing and pleading for her love, and finally gaining it. Here the composer has found for this poignant play of emotional forces music deeply expressive, first of the elegiac tenderness and knightly consideration of Manfredo's leave-taking, of Flora's heavy-hearted waving of the scarf in farewell; and then of the mounting passion of Avito's appeal in music of burning eloquence, kindling the desolation of Flora's soul finally to an answering flame of rapture.

It would be too much to say that the opera made an unqualified success with all patrons of the large audience. It has not the qualities for that; and yet, it made a deep impression in its more powerful and poignant scenes. There was abundant applause after the falls of the curtain, and the singers were recalled several times.

MONTEMEZZI OPERA AT METROPOLITAN

Italo Montemezzi's three act opera "L'Amore del Tre Re" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. This lyric drama was produced here on January 2 of last year and had five performances before the close of the season. This was one for each subscription night and the matinee. The opera might have had one or two extra performances, but

there is no disposition on the part of the present impresario to endanger by overwork the value of a novelty as a permanent item in the repertoire of the house.

The impression made by "L'Amore del Tre Re" last winter was one to encourage all who have the best interests of Italian opera at heart. The public received the thrilling lyric drama with emphatic approval, and there was frequent expression of the hope that the young composer would soon give us another creation.

A report has been current that he would make an operatic version of "La Cena delle Beffe," another tragedy by Sem Benelli, author of "L'Amore del Tre Re," and generally regarded in Italy as his masterpiece. This report may be well grounded, but it is at least premature. It is safe to say that the next work by Montemezzi to be made known here (probably in the season after next) will be his setting of Rostand's "Princesse Lointaine." It is hoped that the first performance on any stage will be the production at the Metropolitan and that the young composer will be present. Meanwhile the record of this morning is that "L'Amore del Tre Re," having been held back till its utility in the repertory would be greatly increased by the approaching departure of Mr. Caruso, was brought forward once more by the artists engaged in its interpretation last season.

Eduardo Ferrari-Fontana returned to the local stage to assume the role of Avito, which he created in Italy. Miss Bori, as Flora; Mr. Amato, as Manfredo; Mr. Didur, as Archibaldo, and Mr. Bada, as Flaminio, were the principals, and Mr. Toscanini occupied the conductor's chair. The opera was again received with demonstrations of approval and its grip upon the audience was unmistakable.

None the less does it seem advisable to invite renewed attention to the great artistic merit of this work. It is seldom indeed that operagoers have the opportunity to enjoy a novelty which unites in such a brilliantly successful manner qualities commanding critical respect with those certain to bid for popularity. The story is intensely dramatic and is told with expert theatrical craft combined with vivid poetic imagination. The music is rich in pure melodic beauty and it possesses aristocratic character, while at the same time it furnishes a perfect lyric medium for the publication of the emotions of the drama.

Simplicity of style marks Montemezzi's art, but it is a simplicity which is the product of an extremely fine talent, guided by a highly developed intelligence. The technical skill in this score is of a brilliant type, yet there is not a page which does not seem to be free from the smell of the lamp. A strong, spontaneous and thoroughly dramatic utterance is Montemezzi's, and it will be strange of this opera, so elemental in its moods and so free from mannerism in its musical speech, does not hold the stage for a long time.

The performance of last evening did not differ in any material respect from its predecessors. The principals repeated their admirable impersonations of last season with no significant changes in purpose or method. In regard to the tonal qualities of the presentation there may be more to say after the first repetition. At present the only one which calls for special mention is a tendency on the part of Mr. Toscanini to allow his excellent orchestra to overbalance the voices at times.

Last year's most successful operatic novelty, Italo Montemezzi's opera, "L'Amore del Tre Re," had its first performance this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. At the American premiere more than a year ago, the opera met with unanimous public and critical approval, and last night's audience seemed, by its size and the spontaneity of its applause, to give promise of an equally successful series of subscription performances this season.

The same principals filled the important rôles, and the only novel feature being that Mr. Ferrari-Fontana, tenor, made his first appearance of the season. He sang the part of Avito. Except for a momentary lapse in the love scene of the second act, he again exhibited telling qualities as a heroic tenor, his singing being marked by virility and his fine delivery emphasizing the dramatic value of music and text.

Miss Bori, in the part of Flora, redeemed herself for some of the unsatisfying performances she has given earlier this season, for last night she sang wonderfully, acted with convincing simplicity and looked very beautiful. In the scene when the blind Archibaldo picks her up, after having strangled her, her crown loosened and fell, giving an accidental dramatic touch to the scene.

No small share of the success of the performance was due Mr. Amato, who, as Manfredo, sang wonderfully well and acted the rôle with fine sincerity. As for Mr. Didur, his impersonation of the blind ruler Archibaldo was again a monumentally great bit of acting, and his singing was marked throughout by the note of tragedy. Mr. Toscanini's conducting was marvelous in both its force and finesse, the orchestra and chorus acquitted themselves

with credit.

Owing to the death of Mme. Duchene's mother on Tuesday, the singer did not appear in the part of Una Vecchia, but the rôle was assumed by Mme. Robeson.

As for the opera, its swift, tense dramatic action, its sincere effective musical setting and its innumerable points of musical beauty made fresh appeal. It rings true, and this note of sincerity last night held the big audience captive.

Loves of Three Kings Repeats Success of More than a Year Ago.

"L'AMORE DEI TRE RE" APPEALS TO AUDIENCE

Percy Grainger, in Piano Recital. Pleases in Folk Song Transcriptions.

Montemezzi's operas, "L'Amore del Tre Re," which had its first performance in America at the Metropolitan Opera House a little more than a year ago, and then caused surprise delight (all the greater because neither it nor its composer had ever been heard of on this side of the Atlantic), was performed again last night for the first time this season.

Five representations last year saw it grow in the appreciation and admiration of the musical portion of New York's opera public. It was then taken to London, and it was with no little surprise that the American music reviewers learned that their English colleagues were in no wise in accord with them about its merits. Our scintillant friend, Mr. Hale, of Boston, called attention to the fact that the new opera had received no more attention in London despite its novelty than "Il Trovatore" with a new cast would have gotten "The Transcript" newspaper in Boston.

It does not appear, however, that London's failure to recognize the excellence of the work—a fact largely, if not wholly, due to a very faulty performance—has influenced either the Metropolitan management or the New York public. Last night it again made its powerful appeal, through the merits of the fine and strong play, the equally fine and strong musical setting of its words and scene and the thrillingly dramatic singing of the artists chiefly concerned in it. There were those who were concerned in its production here in January, 1914. They were Mlle. Bori, Signori Ferrari-Fontana and Pasquale and Mr. Didur, all of them in spirit, like the orchestra, by Signor Toscanini.

After the columns of praise that have been written about the opera and the interpretation which it has received, further words may well be spared. There ought, however, to be an expression of gratitude that "L'Amore del Tre Re" has been kept in the Metropolitan repertory, because, like "Boris Godounov," it has increased the intellectual and aesthetic wreath and experience of the opera going public without the adventitious help of any of the singers in whom some fondly foolish persons seem to think that our opera is summer at.

Percy Grainger, an Anglo-Australian musician, who has been in New York for some months and to whom The Tribune has had several occasions to refer, gave a pianoforte recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Grainger's name had become reasonably familiar here as a collector and arranger of English folksongs. His four pieces in this field of work had given him an extremely amiable repute, indeed, and though there was a quality in it which pointed toward the possession of an interesting creative individuality, there was nothing to show that he was a pianoforte virtuoso. In that capacity his reputation was confined to only a few persons who had heard him play in private.

There was something in his transcriptions of folk music, however, which indicated that if he played the pianoforte at all his performances would be full of the re-creation spirit, that, in short, he would put into the music of others an individuality which would make it strong and vital, which would make the composer live again in a sense not indicated wholly by the symbols of the printed page. And this was the experience as made by yesterday's recital.

He played Busoni's transcription of Bach's prelude and fugue in D, and the audience forgot its admiration for the technical mastery of the archaic composition in the grip which the music took upon its feelings, for the music carried them through a wide emotional gamut, and left them almost breathless in climaxes reached not by sheer technical mastery, but by a wonderful disclosure of the musical heart of the composition. It was not only Bach that he made interesting, but Busoni. He accomplished the same feat again with Brahms's variations on a rococo harpsichord theme by Handel, and then, first with an added piece by Schumann, a Romance, he began an hour or more or soulful

A lyricism which embraced not only a group of small transcriptions by Grieg, but also an ingratiating composition, half-ballad, half romance, of

his own called a "Colonial Song," Chopin's posthumous study in A-flat and (if the performance was followed) Ravel's "Ondine" and Albeniz's "Triana." This group was interrupted by his stirring "Mock Morris," well calculated to keep up the interest in English music warmed into life by his folk-song transcriptions, with which the New York public is rapidly becoming familiar.

M. Grainger is a pianist of the highest order, a master technician, but a devotee also of beauty and its appropriate expression through the medium of the pianoforte, commands a crisp, resilient touch, a splendid sense of rhythm to match it, and also a lowly, clinging legato when it is called for. He took his hearers captive at the outset of his recital and held them so till the end. H. E. K.

Hats Off! A Genius!

When Robert Schumann, who made a specialty of discovering geniuses, came across a piece by Chopin for the first time, he exclaimed: "Hut ab, ihr Herren, ein Genie!" Doubtless, many of the splendid audience—including a number of famous musicians—who assembled in Aeolian Hall yesterday to hear the first American recital of the young Australian pianist-composer, Percy Grainger, recalled that *cri du cœur* of the great tone poet, and felt like applying it to this newcomer. In appearance a good deal like Paderewski twenty years ago, he came on the stage briskly—"as if he were starting on a twenty-mile walk," as one spectator exclaimed—and in less than half an hour he had convinced his critical audience that he belongs in the same rank as Paderewski and Kreisler, sharing their artistic ability, and yet as unique as they are—something new and *sui generis*.

He began with Bach—an arrangement by Busoni (who was one of Grainger's teachers) of an organ prelude and fugue in D major. And what a Bach! The pianist made the contrapuntal network as clear to the ear of even the uninitiated as a piece of delicate lace is to the eyes. No less astonishing were the opulence and variety of his tone—his instrument was both piano and organ—and he showed at once, as he did in several other pieces following this, that he can build up a climax as subtly and overwhelmingly on the piano as Anton Seidl did with his Wagnerian orchestra. The audience was stunned, bewildered, delighted. Scarcely, if ever, has a Bach fugue been so profusely applauded, and no wonder; he made it appeal to all—as real and up to date as the latest dance or opera.

After the Bach came the Variations and Fugue on a Handel theme by Brahms. Most of these variations are dull, but one of them is splendid, and several are interesting. Mr. Grainger made the most of them; and then he came to Grieg, the composer whom, by his own testimony, he plays better than any one else. He chose three of the short arrangements of peasant tunes set to harmonies of wonderful originality. Mr. Grainger played them entrancingly—these peasant tunes can only be played by a poet! But this subject is too large for to-day's review. We shall recur to it in the musical columns on Saturday, next week, when something more also will be added about Mr. Grainger as composer. Yesterday he played two of his own pieces, the "Colonial Song" and the "Mock Morris Dance," which was played in England more than 500 times last year. The "Colonial Song" expresses the feelings aroused by Australian scenes in the composer. Its plaintive undertone suggests that it is reminiscent, with a touch of homesickness, like the slow movement of Dvorák's New World symphony. It has the tenderness and depth of feeling which we find in the songs of America's two great composers, Stephen Foster and Edward MacDowell.

The last group included Chopin's posthumous study in A-flat, Ravel's "Ondine," and the Spanish gypsy melody by Albeniz called "Triana." All were wonderfully played, particularly the exquisite study, which was rendered in the genuine Chopin style. It recalled a Paderewski recital—as did the rush to the stage and the demands for more and more. It was one of the most enjoyable recitals ever given in New York.

Young Australian Musician Plays a Programme for the Piano.

Percy Grainger, the young Australian musician now in New York, is a pianist of altogether uncommon quality and accomplishment, as he showed yesterday afternoon in a piano recital in Aeolian Hall. He had hitherto made himself

known as a composer of original folk-songs, an arranger of them into stimulating and delightful forms, and not a little of his music of both kinds had been made known here, before and since his coming. As a pianist he showed a distinctive personality that marks him out even in this season crowded with pianists of great and distinguished powers; above all, an intensely musical feeling that vitalizes all he does, and his playing gave an unusual pleasure.

There are a certain youthful freshness and robust vigor in Mr. Grainger's playing that are not inconsistent with a mature and many-sided outlook upon the art and a poetical temperament. He has the technical equipment that is indispensable for the modern player, and opulent tone, a vivid sense of rhythm, a feeling for tonal color and variety of touch. There was more than a virtuoso's power in his playing of Beethoven's transcription of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in D minor—more than a clear exposition of its counterpoint and its phrasing. His playing of Brahms's variations and fugue on a theme by Handel was very engaging; an individual view of the music, not a stereotyped reproduction of some standard "reading," enlivening its spirit and doing no violence to its letter.

Except for these, Chopin's posthumous study in A-flat and Ravel's piece called "Water Sprite," the other numbers on the programme had a close relation to Mr. Grainger's folk-song sympathies. They were three Norwegian folk-songs and dances as set by Grieg in some of his later publications, (Op. 66 and 72.) Mr. Grainger's own "Colonial Song" and "Mock Morris Dance," and the "Triana" from Isaac Albeniz's "Iberia." It should be said, however, that Mr. Grainger has used no actual folk tunes in these pieces by himself. They were all played with great charm, with poetic insight, and, his own two especially, with an obvious joy. There was an audience of exceptional cordiality and sympathy.

Caruso, Mme. Rappold and Mme. Schnitzer Among the Artists.

The second of the series of morning musicales under the direction of R. E. Johnston at the Biltmore was given yesterday in the Cascade ballroom before a large audience. Enrico Caruso of the Metropolitan Opera Company was the principal artists, and the other artists were Mme. Marie Rappold, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Germaine Schnitzer, pianist.

Mr. Caruso sang Denza's "Si Vous L'avez Compris," Leoncavallo's "Serenade Française," "Separazione," by Scambati, and "Lolitos," by Buzzi-Peccia. After his final number, "Oh, Paradiso," from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Mr. Caruso sang Varella's "Oh, Luna." Gaetano Scognamiglio was the accompanist. Mme. Rappold sang an aria from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," "Chère Nuit," by Bachelet, and "Komm mit mir in die Früelingsnacht," by Van der Stucken. Mme. Schnitzer played compositions of Chopin, Staub, Liszt, Saint-Saens and Schubert-Tausig. The next musicale will be given on February 26.

After the concert John McE. Bowman, president of the Biltmore, gave a luncheon for the artists and several friends.

Wagner Concert Given in Memory of His Death

Philharmonic Orchestra Plays "The Bacchanale" from Tannhaeuser" for First Time in Several Seasons.

In commemoration of the death of Richard Wagner, on February 13, 1883, a programme of his works was played by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall last night. That Wagner concerts are popular is shown by the fact that the audiences are larger than at most other concerts in spite of the usual lack of soloists.

Last night one of the largest of this season's Philharmonic audiences heard Mr. Josef Stransky conduct for the first time since he has been here the Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" (Paris edition). It is a brilliant work, and, as played last night more rapidly than it is usually done, it gave to the men of the orchestra an opportunity to display much virtuosity. It was a thrilling performance.

The other works have all been played at Philharmonic concerts. Among the selections heard were the "Faust" overture, Siegfried Idyll, prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde," preludes to acts 1 and 3 of "Lohengrin," the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Götterdämmerung," and the Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walküre."

ALTSCHULER OFFERS NOVELTIES

Miss Volavy Well Received in Concerto by Serge-Bortkiewicz

Opening its regular season of concerts the Russian Symphony Orchestra, Modest Altschuler, conductor, offered a program of Slavic music containing two novelties, at Carnegie Hall, New York, on February 13. More important of the two works was the piano concerto of Serge-Bortkiewicz, in which the solo performer was Margaret Volavy, the Bohemian pianist. 1915

The concerto proved to be a melodious composition, and while the thematic material was not of a particularly distinguished quality, it was handled with ingratiating effect. The Russian theme of the final *Molto vivace* was especially attractive. Miss Volavy gave an entirely satisfying performance of the grateful piano part, drawing forth a lovely tone and balancing the instrument against the orchestra with nice adjustment of dynamics. She was recalled several times at the close and finally added an extra.

A less appealing novelty was the "Finnish Fantasia" of Dargomijsky, which embodied some characteristic rhythms, but showed no marked inventiveness in the treatment of these. Other offerings were the Tchaikowsky "Pathetic" Symphony, of which Conductor Altschuler's reading had its familiar merits; two Caucasian Sketches of Ippolitow-Ivanow, with the viola solo of "In the Aul" played by Jacob Altschuler, and Liadow's "Apocalypse" and "Enchanted Lake," played in memory of the composer's recent death. K. S. C.

"SIEGFRIED" AND "BORIS" SANG Leonhardt Pleases in Goritz's Place as Alberich—Both Houses Crowded.

There was no operatic whipped cream at either of the performances yesterday at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the afternoon occurred the third of the operas in the regular cycle of Wagner's ring, and "Siegfried" was listened to by an audience which was limited only by the capacity of the house. Owing to the sudden indisposition of Otto Goritz, Robert Leonhardt was called upon to fill the role of Alberich, and succeeded to a degree which was quite unexpected. His performance was historically an admirable successor to that of Mr. Goritz, and his singing marked by as much regard for beauty as is possible with the part. Clarence Whitehill's Wanderer was an impersonation of much dignity and pathos, and, barring a slight hoarseness, his singing was equally admirable. Mr. Whitehill is one of the most valuable Wagnerian artists the Metropolitan possesses, for he has a fine figure and bearing, imagination, a voice of sensuous charm and a knowledge of how to use it. The rest of the cast were old friends—Mr. Ullrich, the Siegfried; Mr. Reiss, thrice admirable Mr. Reiss, the Mime; Mr. Ruysdael, the Worm; Mme. Ober, Erda; Mme. Gadske, Brünnhilde, and Miss Schumann, the Stimme des Waldvogels. Mr. Hertz conducted with all the enthusiasm he has displayed these fourteen years.

Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounow" was the evening opera, a work quite as extraordinary in its way as is "Siegfried." The cast was as it always has been, with Adamo Didur in his extraordinary enactment of the title part. Mr. Toscanini, of course, conducted. The size of the audience once more proved what a hold this Russian work has upon the public, a consummation which seems in these days of star worship almost too good to be true.

7-26-15-1915 MISS MENTH'S PIANO RECITAL.

In the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon Miss Herma Menth gave a piano recital before a large and friendly audience. She played a programme of serious music acceptably. Miss Menth has not as highly developed a technique as some of the works demand. Certain rapid passages were uneven, and she runs a little muddy, but she has a dash and a temperament that evidently pleased her hearers. Several Liszt selections, including the "B-A-C-H," and etude and the rhapsody Hongroise noll two Brahms rhapsodies and sometimes of Chopin were her most important contributions.

TSCHAIKOWSKY PROGRAMME

In the Century Opera House last night the Russian Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Modest Altschuler, played its second concert of the four which have been arranged to take place during the engagement of Pavlova at that theatre. It was a Tchaikowsky programme, and the words heard were the symphony "Pathétique," the Nutcracker Suite, one movement from the fourth symphony, the overture "1812" and the piano concerto, with Mr. Mark Hambourg, the Russian pianist, who is rated as one of the most spirited and strenuous of players, as soloist. The audience was large.

MISS BEATRICE HARRISON, a young English 'cellist, who made her first American appearance with the Philharmonic Society last season, was heard here for the first time this year at the concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Fritz Kreisler has been quoted as saying that there is

no greater woman 'cellist in the world, and her playing last night would indicate that the rating is just. In variations sur un Thème Bococo of Tschalkowsky, which she played with her eyes closed and a great display of temperament. She exhibited a fine, warm tone, good intonation and a technical control of her instrument such as no other woman 'cellist known here can duplicate. Three shorter selections were played later.

The other soloists were Luca Botta, tenor, who sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" and an aria from "Martha," and Miss Frieda Hempel, soprano, who sang the waltz from Gounod's "Mireille," so well that she was called upon to sing four encores. One was a dainty lullaby, which she sang in English. The orchestra was conducted by Adolph Rothmeyer, and its contributions included the "Oberon" overture of Weber and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave the second of their series of violin and piano sonata recitals in the Belasco Theatre last night. Starting in with the old Handel sonata opus 4, and in chronological order following it with Schumann's sonata opus 105, they brought their programme strictly up to date with the Roger suite in Alten Styl in F and finished with a real novelty, a new work of an American, Cecil Burling, called Ascension sonata, which is written on several Biblical texts. The usual sympathetic interpretation of sonatas that has characterized the recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Mannes pleased the audience.

Mr. McCormack

That great singer of Ireland, John McCormack, who recently returned from a Western trip, made his reappearance in concert here in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The expected happened. So many applied for admission that they had to be accommodated with seats on the stage. An aria of Beethoven, Schumann's "Singer's Consolation," Schubert's "Serenade" and Hans Herman's "The Three Comrades" served as a sort of an introduction to the real programme, for Mr. McCormack's recitals never really begin till the Irish songs of sentiment and humor come.

"The Enchanted Valley," "The Ballynure Ballad," "Reynardine" and, by request, "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," of Robinson, were the only songs of Erin on the programme, but encores were so numerous that the number was actually much greater. Mr. McCormack's voice is as fresh and fine of quality as ever, and he never fails to win his audiences here. No one giving concerts seems capable of appearing to packed houses so frequently here as this Irish tenor. Donald McBeath, violinist, also contributed several solos.

Miss Ethel Leginska and Percy Grainger Play with the Symphony Society.

With a programme principally composed of music for dancing the Symphony Society, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, started the day's list of concerts yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It was one of the busiest days of the season for concert givers. Herald

Miss Ethel Leginska, one of the most brilliant of women pianists, though still very young, was the soloist and her selection was Liszt's Hungarian Fantasy. She received much applause from a "capacity" house. 7-26-15-1915

The programme included Berlioz's overture "Roman Carnival," some dances from "Carmen," Chabrier's "España," two Slavonic dances of Dvorak, Norwegian Dances of Grieg, a polonaise of Beethoven, the Johann Strauss waltz "Roses from the South" and two British folk dances of Percy Grainger, a young Austrian pianist who at his first recital last Thursday displayed unusual pianistic talents. Mr. Grainger played with the orchestra in his dance "Shepherd's Hey." He is a pianist of individual characteristics, a strong player and a good technician. Few as interesting have been added to those giving recitals here recently.

MAN FAINTS AS MR. BUSONI PLAYS

"As a player of his own works and arrangements Ferruccio Busoni, Italian pianist, is unsurpassed, and it was in that capacity that he appeared in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel yesterday afternoon at the concert of the Friends of Music. While playing his own arrangement of Bach's Capriccio on the departure of a beloved brother, a man in the audience got up, staggered down the aisle toward the door and fell fainting just before he reached it. Mr. Busoni, noticing the commotion, stopped playing long enough for the man to be removed from the hall.

Among the numbers heard were the Bach-Busoni prelude and triple fugue, a fantasy and six elegies of his own and a fantasy on two motives from Mozart's

"The Marriage of Figaro," started by Liszt and finished by Mr. Busoni himself, and played for the first time by Mr. Busoni at the reception for him by the Bohemians last Saturday night.

"Carmen" and "Fidelio," Their Singers and Hear- ers, Widely Apart.

Operas and audiences were in marked contrast at the two performances which were given in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon there was a representation, outside the subscriptions, of "Carmen," and the theatre was overfilled—using the term in its meaning as regards the common law of physical comfort as well, possibly, as in its relation to the municipal ordinances. In the evening the opera was "Fidelio," and though the audience was a fine one, there was more room in the house and a purer atmosphere—in every respect. It was a subscription performance. Miss Farrar and Signor Caruso sang in the afternoon, and some of the best of the German singers in the evening.

It would seem as if we had here facts to warrant a discourse, not to say a preschment, and no doubt they will be utilized by some of the chroniclers of operatic small beer. But there are no conclusions to be drawn from them that are not as old as the history of opera itself. Bizet's opera is a delightful work, full of the good red blood which gives life to the lyric drama. When Nietzsche fell out with Wagner, for various reasons, one of them being that it hurt his sense of the dignity belonging to genius to see his hero standing on his head, he used "Carmen" as a club with which, as he hoped, to demolish "Parsifal." But Nietzsche's glorification of "Carmen" did not advance it in popularity nor do harm to "Parsifal."

"Fidelio" has no more attractive power in New York now than it had a generation ago; but it has as much as "Carmen" ever had when dissociated from the cult of the individual with which it has nearly always been bound up. This cut has at times, in the history of the lyric stage, divided families and even disrupted political parties; but it has never exerted a lasting influence upon opera as a form of fashionable entertainment, nor affected in any way the value of the great composers' creations. Feb. 16, 1915

To understand the artistic equation presented yesterday one needs only to imagine Farrar and Caruso singing in Beethoven's opera (a possibility difficult to conceive) and Matzenauer and Ullrich singing in "Carmen." Bizet and Beethoven, "Carmen" and "Fidelio" would remain what they have always been, though there would be a reversal of the exhibit in the boxoffice sheet.

The phenomenon need give no more concern to the real lovers of opera today than did the appearance and disappearance of Patti, Nilsson, Campanini, Jean de Reszke, Baurel and others to those of two and three decades ago. Opera will survive the departure of Signor Caruso next week, and the Metropolitan Opera House will not be permitted to fall into decay, even if Mr. Gatti falls next fall to establish business relations with Miss Farrar's agent. And, it is to be hoped, both "Fidelio" and "Carmen" will remain in the repertory.

The illness of Mr. Goritz compelled a change in the list of artists who gave the opera its first performance this season, a fortnight ago. Mme. Matzenauer repeated her impersonation of Lemore, with its powerfully moving denotement of a pathos which is still without parallel in operatic literature. Mr. Ullrich, too, met the demands of the composer acceptably, as did Miss Schumann, Mr. Braun and Mr. Reiss. Mr. Goritz's place in the cast was taken by Mr. Weil, who at short notice and in order to make the performance possible, learned the part in a day. Mr. Weil was the customary splenetic Don Pizarro, and escaped being choked by his own rage in his first air as narrowly as any of his predecessors for decades. But we have all learned to look leniently upon every barytone who is obliged to attempt to give expression to Beethoven's music in this tremendous number. H. E. K.

A DUET RECITAL.

Miss Christine Miller and Mr. George Hamlin Appear Together.

Something out of the ordinary in the way of song recitals was offered by Miss Christine Miller and George Hamlin in a concert which they gave together yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Besides the selection of solo songs which each offered, a considerable part of their programme consisted of duets. The public performance of vocal duets is so uncommon at this time as to offer in itself almost a new experience.

Several of the duets were in themselves beautiful. This may be said of the first of two by Schubert, "Nur wer

die Sehnsucht kennt," though the voices are a curious choice for setting as a duet, the music conveys their spirit and mood. The other, "Licht und Liebe," while it has melodious charm, is less distinguished. There is in Saint-Saens's duet, "Le Soir descend sur la Colline," a certain richness of sound, an ingenuity of treatment that make it highly effective; not quite so much can be said for the first of the two duets. "Trost" and "Agnes," by Robert Kahn. And they sang at the end of the programme Brahms's "So lass uns wandern."

Miss Miller's contralto and Mr. Hamlin's tenor voice are a fortunate combination, and the combination is especially fortunate when the voices are controlled by so much musical feeling and intelligence and such a unanimity of sentiment as were shown by the two. Their performances were truly artistic.

Miss Miller, who is not well known to New York as a singer of songs, sang a series of German songs by Schumann, (whose "Liebeslied" is quite unfamiliar.) Strauss, Mahler, and Wolf, to which she added one by Reger. Her richness and power of voice adorned all these songs; and there was a special pleasure to be derived from her artistic phrasing and her exceptionally clear and finished diction. Her later group consisted of songs by Americans—John Alden Carpenter, Horatio Parker, A. Walter Kramer, Sidney Homer, and Arthur Whiting.

Mr. Hamlin, who was one of the first promoters of Strauss's songs in New York, sang a group of five, some of which were among the less familiar, and made it six by adding the now almost too familiar "Ständchen." He, too, offered some American songs by H. T. Burleigh of this city, in manuscript, and Campbell-Tipton, and an Italian song by Gabriele Sibella. Mr. Hamlin's virile and finished art, his seizing of the characteristic spirit of a song, his fine phrasing, his sonorous and finely controlled delivery, were admired as they have often been admired before. There were occasions on which he fell short of the pitch, a fault that is rarely attributable to him. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos played the accompaniments for these singers with a charm, sympathy, and crisp rhythm unusual even for him.

Hamlin and Miss Miller To- gether—Miss Howard Is Heard Too.

Whether it is that the concert field is so crowded that there is no longer room for soloists to advance in single file or that some other finer impulse moved them, George Hamlin, tenor, and Christine Miller, contralto, appeared in a joint concert of songs in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. This union of kindred spirits had at any rate one pleasing result: it brought forward some duets rarely heard in these days.

The two singers sang Schubert's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" and "Licht und Liebe" at the beginning of the programme, and duets by Saint-Saens, Robert Kahn and Brahms later in their list. Each of the singers was heard also in solo numbers, some of which were new. In the fourth group on the programme Mr. Hamlin sang "The Cry of the Water," from "Four Sea Lyrics," written for him by Campbell-Tipton, and two yet unpublished songs by H. T. Burleigh entitled "The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face" and "Prayer." Miss Miller in the seventh group sang numbers by Alden Carpenter and Horatio Parker, a "Nocturne" dedicated to her by A. Walter Kramer and other lyrics by Sidney Homer and Arthur Whiting.

Thus the American as well as the British composers had their hearing, and one of these Americans was that gifted colored musician, Mr. Burleigh, who has made no small name as a singer and has lately produced some compositions in song form which will command the attention of the most discerning vocal artists. Mr. Burleigh has not only a fund of melodic invention, but he has practical knowledge of the voice and a very solid musicianship. His mastery of harmony is unusual and his skill in creating an expressive instrumental background for his songs is admirable.

Mr. Hamlin and Miss Miller both did some good singing and some that was not so commendable. The tenor was apparently not in perfect command of his voice, for he sang off the pitch at times, and this is something which he seldom does.

In the same hall in the evening Kathleen Howard, contralto, recently a member of the Century Opera Company, gave a song recital. She sang the "Gypsy Songs" of Brahms, numbers by Massenet, Tschalkowsky, Sinding and others. Miss Howard's delivery of some of her songs was comprehensive in its inclusion of most of the things that a singer might wish not to have done.

It may be said without going into further details that a labored method of tone production backed by insistent forcing is not a good medium with which to make known any kind of conception of a lyric, even a good one.

Miss Howard had a friendly audience and received both applause and flowers. Coenraad Bos worked all day, playing accompaniments for the united singers in the afternoon and for the single one in the evening. The accompaniments, it may be noted with gratitude, were always good.

Feb. 19, 1915 WAGNER TETRALOGY COMES TO ITS END

"Goetterdaemmerung" Has a
Good Performance Before
Large Matinee Audience.

MME. KURT APPLAUDED

The special series of matinee performances of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" came to an end yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Goetterdaemmerung" was heard by an audience which would have been regarded as complimentary on a Caruso night, and it must be borne in mind that the regular subscribers were not a part of this assembly. The presentation of the final act of the ponderous tragedy was admirable in most respects, certainly in the beautiful devotion of all concerned in it and in the moving impression which was produced by its sustained spirit.

The occasion was made especially interesting by the first appearance of Mme. Melanie Kurt as Bruennhilde. She had again an extraordinary success with her audience, so extraordinary as to excite something like amazement. Mme. Kurt's Bruennhilde was excellent, but the lovers of Wagner have permitted others of equal excellence to pass with less emphatic demonstrations of approval.

Mme. Kurt's impersonation was characterized chiefly by its publication of womanly emotion. Correct in conception in its eradication of the last trace of the Valkyrie's divinity, it searched into the recesses of the agonies of the betrayed wife and found poignant vocal utterance, as well as facial expression, for every throb of anguish and every burst of rage in the great gamut of the tortured soul. It fell short of a complete realization of the purposes of the dramatist by reason of a certain limitation in the range of tonal color and a want of reserve power in the broader phrases of the music. A sympathetic, intelligent and moving Bruennhilde, this one was a little wanting in the last sweeping proclamations of tragic power.

Mr. Berger's Siegfried was very praiseworthy in the circumstances. He was in great pain from pleurisy, and was enabled to go through the performance only by the presence of medical aid between the acts. Carl Braun's strongly conceived and vigorously drawn Hagen was one of the most important features of the drama, as it was when first heard here.

Mme. Ober was the Waltraute. Because there has been occasion to express regret in this place after some of her doings this season it is now especially agreeable to record that her delivery of the beautiful and touching story of the watch of the despairing Wotan was almost as beautiful and touching as the story itself. It was the best piece of singing technically and in interpretation that Mme. Ober has done in many long days.

She was also heard as one of the Rhine maidens in company with Miss Sparkes and Miss Schumann. Miss Curtis as Gutrune, Mr. Weil as Gunther and Mr. Goritz as Alberich completed the cast. The big choral scene of the second act was superbly sung, and the playing of the orchestra throughout the afternoon was marked by great elasticity, by fine quality of tone and general finish of style. Alfred Hertz conducted, and to his skill and enthusiasm is due the musical clearness and balance of the performance.

Lovers of Wagner Crowd Opera House—"Manon" Pleases in the Evening.

The cycle of Richard Wagner's "Ring" closed yesterday afternoon with "Goetterdaemmerung," and the Metropolitan held another huge audience of perfect Wagnerites, who listened to the great music drama with the interest only a Wagner audience seems to show. It would be idle to assert that the performance was equal to some of other years, for there seemed a lack in the spirit of the ensemble, and a surplus in orchestral tone.

Mr. Hertz gave loose rein to his enthusiasm and, admirable as this enthusiasm was, one could wish it had been tempered with discretion. All in all the most satisfactory features of the afternoon were the Hagen of Carl Braun, the Waltraute of Mme. Ober

and the Bruennhilde of Mme. Kurt.

The Metropolitan stage has seen few Hagens as primitive as that of Mr. Braun, and in the part his very lack of the more refined elements of song but adds to the native force of his impersonation. Mme. Ober was equally as impressive as Waltraute, and Mme. Kurt an excellent if not altogether inspired daughter of Wotan. Mme. Kurt's Bruennhilde does not equal her Isolde, for in her impersonation there is not a little of the conventional, but vocally she rose to splendid heights, especially in the immolation scene.

Mr. Berger arose from a sickbed to sing Siegfried, and, under these circumstances, critical comment should be withheld. Mr. Weil and Miss Curtis were a colorless Gunther and Gutrune. The chorus sang unusually well.

In the evening there was a change of atmosphere, and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with Miss Bori in the title part, Mr. Martinelli as Dr. Gricux, and Mr. Scotti as Lescaut, was sung under the baton of Giorgio Polacco. All the singers were in excellent voice, and the large audience showed manifest pleasure.

"Ring Cycle," Conducted by Alfred Hertz, Concludes, With Melanie Kurt as Bruennhilde.

"Goetterdaemmerung" was performed yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, and with it came the conclusion of Wagner's "Ring Cycle." The house was overflowing and gave every sign of having exposed itself to the educational influence of Wagner's trilogy. It would rather surprise that poet-musician were one to walk up to him on the Elysian Fields and tell him that his revolutionary work had become a sort of cultural text-book. He might begin to fear for their future.

There were two salient excellences in yesterday afternoon's representation, the splendid singing of the chorus and the fine bearing, vocal and picturesque, of Mme. Margarete Ober. M. Rudolf Berger, who sang Siegfried, did so under stress of severe physical pain. This precludes criticism. Miss Melanie Kurt's Bruennhilde is on much the same plane as her other performances. There will be no wild enthusiasm for any Wagnerian singer who straight-laces herself in traditions. The works of the masters admit of different interpretations. Kean did not play Hamlet like Garrick, and Irving differed from both. We seek the spontaneous—the new in a new artist.

There were three very weak spots in the casting, and one artist was once so terribly at variance with the orchestra, which at the same time was at variance with itself, so that song, in Tennysonian phrase, was for a brief period dissolved in laughter. Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted.

"Manon Lescaut" was performed in the evening.

BERGER ILL, BUT SINGS.

Appears as Siegfried in "Goetterdaemmerung"—Ring Cycle Ended.

Siegfried Rudolf Berger
Gutrune Hermann Weil
Hagen Carl Braun
Alberich Otto Goritz
Bruennhilde Melanie Kurt
Gutrune Vera Curtis
Waltraute Margarete Ober
Wotan Lenora Sparkes
Wellgunde Elizabeth Schumann
Flosshilde Margarete Ober
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

The cycle of Wagner's trilogy, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," at the Metropolitan Opera House was brought to its close yesterday afternoon with "Goetterdaemmerung," the first time it has been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. The performance was in many respects fine, though it had certain weak spots, and on the whole could be called a fitting climax to a series that, with certain weak spots also, has given pleasure and edification to the lovers of Wagner heretofore. The lovers of Wagner, indeed, have shown an unexpected interest in the series, for which all the seats have been sold, though it is outside the subscription and lacks the external brilliancy supposed to be a potent attraction in the regular performances.

The one element in yesterday's performance of "Goetterdaemmerung" that was unfamiliar to this public was the Bruennhilde of Mme. Melanie Kurt. As was to be expected from her previous Wagnerian impersonations since her arrival here, it was an extremely fine one, and lacking only at a very few points the greatest attributes of tragic power, compelled a high admiration, though Mme. Kurt had to contend against recent memories of other supremely fine impersonations of the same character.

The music of Bruennhilde has rarely been more beautifully sung, with a finer art, a more thrilling dramatic quality and poignancy of vocal utterance, a more eloquent declaratory potency and truth. It was equally fine upon the histrionic side. Mme. Kurt's conception lays the right emphasis upon the essentially womanly feeling of Bruennhilde deprived of the attributes of the goddess; the tenderness, the bewilderment and despair at the web of deception that envelops her, the outraged dignity, the majesty of her final proclamation over Siegfried's bier. Her effects were gained without a sacrifice of repose and with a consistent unfolding of the dramatic development. It was a performance on her part worthy of the best traditions of the house.

Ruben Barker as Siegfried was suffering an attack of pleurisy, and was subject to medical treatment in the intervals between his appearances on the stage, for which reason he cannot be held to accountability for deficiencies in his singing or even in his acting, and is entitled to credit for making both as good as he did. Mr. Goritz was restored to health, and made no such in his performance as Alberich that he had been suffering in recent days. There should be high praise for Mr. Braun's remarkably fine contribution to the representation as Hagen, and Mme. Ober's as Waltraute.

There were a few mishaps in the orchestra, but Mr. Hertz presented a performance of splendid vigor, color, and dramatic effectiveness. He received a warm greeting on his appearance each time at the conductor's stand from the audience mindful of his approaching departure.

In the evening a performance of "Mignon" was given, with Miss Bori in the title rôle. The others were Mme. Duchene and Messrs. Martinelli, Scotti, de Segnola, Rossi, Bada, Beschigian, Ananian, and Audisio. Mr. Polacco conducted.

MME. CALVE REAPPEARS.

She Sings at French War Fund Benefit in Aeolian Hall.

After an absence of several years, Mme. Calvé reappeared before the musical public of New York yesterday afternoon in a song recital for the benefit of the French Red Cross and the Lafayette Fund. There was a large audience in Aeolian Hall, and Mme. Calvé on her first appearance was greeted with an enthusiasm and a long continuance of applause that left her in no doubt as to how hither or not she had been forgotten by the public that has so admired her.

Mme. Calvé's singing must have been a surprise to some who feared to have cherished memories disturbed. It would be idle to say that she is in all respects the Calvé of twenty years ago, but her voice yesterday showed remarkable power, brilliancy and beauty of quality, and the evidences of firm control and easy mastery over it. It seems to have lost little in its higher ranges, and even to have gained something in the rich lower tones of a purely contralto quality, even though here it is not always exactly equalized with the rest.

There was occasion to admire her breadth and power in the "stances" from Gounod's "Sapho," and the freedom and verve with which she sang two folk songs, an "Appel des Bergers" from the Pyrenees and a provincial song, the words by Mistral. She made an effective military demonstration in Déroutade's song, "Le Clairon," which she sang with as many of the gestures and as much of the action of the stage as circumstances would permit, and with much of the old allurements. These things were rapturously applauded, and Mme. Calvé added more songs.

A young violinist, Mr. Gusikoff, played two movements from Mendelssohn's concerto and some smaller pieces with an excellent tone and facile and correct execution.

Snapping her fingers into the palms of her hands as though they held the castanets and stamping her feet like a Spanish dancer, Mme. Emma Calvé sang the Chanson Bohème from "Carmen" to close her recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the Lafayette Fund and French Red Cross. She seemed to forget the bare stage and the lack of operatic settings in her singing of one of the songs that made her famous the world over as an interpreter of Bizet's heroine. She waved her arms madly and ended with a shout that brought the auditors to their feet.

Cries of "Encore!" and great applause brought her back again and again, and finally she sang the "Marsellaise" with the audience standing. Many of her hearers waved their hats and hands and the applause and shouts of "Encore!" continued for five minutes without any response from the French prima donna. The stage door opened finally, but no Mme. Calvé was to be seen. It was only one of the employees of the house who had come to remove the many bouquets of flowers from the stage and the piano. It was another five minutes before the house became quiet and the throng began to leave.

Mme. Calvé began her recital rather quietly with Gounod's "Stances de Sapho," an old folk song from the Pyrenees Mountains called "L'Appel des Bergers," and Lalo's "L'Esclave." The first of her "Carmen" excerpts came at the end of her first group, when she sang the Habanera. With all the freshness of a singer half her age she sang as an encore Gounod's "Berceuse." There was little in the first group that showed the wear and tear of many years of operatic singing. She did not force it beyond the point of beauty.

Mme. Calvé only sang two groups, and in the second she discarded the quiet demeanor of the concert stage for a more informal type of entertainment. First on one side of the piano then on the other, she started with Martin's "Plaisir d'Amour." When she sang Déroutade's "Le Clairon" she began to act dramatic. With gestures she illustrated her singing, and at the end

she threw both her arms up in the air. An old French song and the Chanson Bohème finished the group.

Several numbers for violin were played by Mr. Gusikoff pleasingly between the singer's appearances. Among the artists in the audience were Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mme. Marcella Sembrich and Mme. Olive Fremstad.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS THREE "B'S"

Brahms, Bach and Beethoven on the Programme of Symphony Players.

On the second visit of the Boston Orchestra to New York this season Dr. Muck gave its patrons considerably more music of the ultra modern sort than they were desirous, or capable, of assimilating. Last night, when the admirable band came back again to Carnegie Hall, it played nothing but familiar compositions—"familiar as the rose in spring and the crop in summer."

The symphony was Brahms's first, in C minor, and there were two overtures by Beethoven—that to "Coriolan" and the third of the "Leonore" set. Between the overtures came Bach's concerto for two violins, played by Antonio Witek, the leader of the orchestra's violins, and Sylvester Noack, his assistant.

No one of experience would be tempted to call this a well chosen or well arranged programme. It was probably meant as a sign of appreciation of Dr. von Bülow's artistic trinity, the three B's; but that appreciation to all but one of the compositions was given by the music lovers of New York many years before Dr. Muck was born. So there remains nothing to say beyond an expression of admiration for the manner in which the beautiful pieces were played—all of them—the concert master and his assistant showing as much understanding of the style of the Bach period as they did devotion to the double concerto and appreciation of its ever-fresh beauty.

If there were any danger that music like the slow movement of this concerto could ever grow stale, the fact would reconcile an old amateur with his approaching end and even make him wish that his dissolution might precede the passing away of the people's love and understanding of its strains. It is a great pity that the enjoyment of the orchestra's playing, especially in the symphony, should have been clouded by the reflection that with just as good individual musicians in New York in orchestras bolstered up by million dollar endowments and \$100,000 annual guarantees, we must wait for such artistic playing upon the visitors from the farther East.

H. E. K.

The February visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be remembered for the sake of last evening's concert at Carnegie Hall, even if tomorrow's matinee should prove to be much less interesting. The programme consisted of Brahms's C minor symphony, Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, Bach's concerto for two violins and orchestra of strings, and Beethoven's "Leonore," No. 3, overture. The first and second concert masters, Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, played the solo parts in the Bach number.

A concert such as this raises many questions, which, for the sake of peace, must be left unanswered. A long discussion of readings of the first symphony of Brahms, which has been read variously and amazingly in this patient town, might possibly interest a few, anger many, and do no jot of good to any. Yet something must be said here to commemorate a performance so filled with the spirit of the composer and so glowing with the life blood of pure musical beauty that it must have left every hearer of sensibility with nerves tingling and heart throbbing.

Dr. Muck accomplished his ends by the use of means simple in themselves, yet apparently beyond the reach of too many conductors. Avoiding the rash impetuosity of those who suppose temperament to be a raging and devouring thing, he took his tempi at a deliberate yet not loitering pace, and was thus able to make the developments of his light and shade with clarity and on such large lines that no ear could lose their effect.

Thus, too, he freed the long flowing phrases of the music, especially in the last movement, from that angularity which haste invariably imparts to them. And how pure and rare was the whole tonal atmosphere, rich in manifold delicate tints, glorified by flashes of splendid light, and finding its moments of repose in finely measured pianissimi which always sang.

Perfection of balance, exquisite finesse in the diminuendi and crescendo, military precision in attack and an indescribable elastic accuracy of unanimity in the progress of each phrase were the technical means which Dr. Muck applied to an unerring pursuit of the melos through every voice part and through every combination of instruments. That the reading possessed in an uncommon degree the lofty style of Brahms and that it published

convincingly and eloquently the poetic moods of this extraordinary work of genius must have been clear to every hearer. The slow movement, which is excelled by perhaps only one other slow movement in all music, namely, that of Beethoven's ninth symphony, was sung with matchless eloquence.

The Bach double concerto has not been heard here since it was played at a Kniesel Quartet concert in Mendelssohn Hall by Messrs. Kniesel and Roentgen on February 23, 1909. The composition (in the opinion of at least one hearer) loses much by being played in so large an auditorium as that of Carnegie Hall.

It was not conceived as music for 3,000 hearers, but for intimate acquaintance of a few. For this reason the work is heard to better advantage when played as Mr. Kniesel and Mr. Roentgen played it; but it should not be inferred that last evening's performance was wanting in solid merit.

Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack are good violinists and they love Bach. Possibly a more marked contrast in the quality of tone of the two players would have made the performance more piquant in certain places, but its general spirit was sound and it gave pleasure to the audience.

Feb 20 1915

Mr. Theo Henrion's Recital.

Mr. Theo Henrion is a Belgian pianist, who is here because there is no Belgium to return to, though he came to this country before there was war. Hence—and the relation of cause and effect seems to be absolutely inevitable—he gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. There is much that can be praised in Mr. Henrion's playing; fine taste, intelligence, a disregard of personal display, a clear and facile technique that sometimes borders on brilliancy. His tone is pure, though there is seldom much of it, and shows little warmth or depth or emotional power. In fact, the lack of warmth, depth, and emotional power is the chief deficiency of his playing. This is a serious lack in Beethoven's sonata in E, Op. 109, where the beautiful variations especially need a heartfelt performance; and it is likewise a lack in the twelve preludes of Chopin with which he followed it. He is disposed to take certain slow movements, also, too rapidly. This is not to say that there were not many commendable qualities in his playing of these numbers and of pieces by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Debussy, and Liszt, with which he followed them.

Eighth "Moment Musical."

In the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel yesterday afternoon the eighth "Moment Musical" took place. Miss Marjorie Bentley and Edmund Makaliff, dancers, were the principal entertainers. Among the others who appeared were Misses Ottilie Schilling and Regina Vicarino, sopranos; Mr. Lawrence Goodman, pianist and Miss Irmgard von Rottenthal, dancer.

"Magic Flute" as the Opera; Society There

Mozart's "The Magic Flute" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night with a familiar cast. Mme. Johanna Gadski's Pamina is well known to operagoers. Miss Frieda Hempel always is pleasing as the Queen of Night. Johannes Sembach, Albert Reiss, Otto Goritz and Herbert Witherspoon were in the cast, and the orchestra, as usual was under the direction of Mr. Hertz.

DUTCH SINGER HEARD.

Mme. Ver Kerk Makes Pleasing Impression in Song Recital.

Mme. Celine del Castillo Ver Kerk, a singer who came here several years ago from her native Holland, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was planned to disclose her abilities in the interpretation of old Italian numbers as well as in songs of the standard type in French, German, Dutch and English. A list ranging from Handel and Monteverde through Strauss to Frank La Forge, it was one to test the powers of a much more experienced artist than Mme. Ver Kerk. The applause which she fairly won showed that she had not failed to make some approach to her large purpose.

This singer has a voice of unusually agreeable and individual quality. The scale is almost smooth and the emission of the tones generally free. She phrases fairly, though probably in the matter of breadth she will improve when she has more confidence. Her enunciation is one of the most excellent features of her technique and one which she employed with a knowledge of its dramatic value.

Her singing showed musicianship as well as taste and intelligence, and in some of her songs there was a communicative warmth of style. On the whole this new singer made an appeal for approval from those to whom the delivery of songs is something more than sweet sounds and she will probably be heard again.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS. Feb 21 1915

Orchestra Gives a Diverse Programme in Carnegie Hall.

At its concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra's programme brought forward Schubert's Symphony No. 1 in E minor, a work which, though composed in 1828 and published in 1829, has only been heard here a few times. It is different in conception from the same composer's fourth symphony, played by Dr. Muck at a recent concert in Carnegie Hall for the fourth has the atmosphere of "advance" about it, while the first concerns itself with conventional, if entirely modern, form and method.

As it was played yesterday, the first movement seemed the most interesting, for its emotional content was the most impressive and the rhythmic scheme was closer knit and "carried" more easily than here was the case with other portions of the work. The whole symphony is pervaded with a melancholy tone, there is frequent use of phrases and harmonic groups distributed among the lower and less brilliant ranges of the wood-wind instruments, and the same idea is evident in all the melodic and harmonic tendencies of the composition. It is not tremendously subtle or elusive, but there is a good deal of interest about it.

Presumably as an attempt at contrast to this work, the second part of the programme was made up of the overture to "The Magic Flute," by Mozart, Haydn's "Surprise" symphony and the overture to "Der Freischuetz," by Weber. These numbers all belong to the "old war horse" group of concert compositions, which are very frequently heard. It is difficult to see why Dr. Muck should have put all of them on the programme at once. Their threefold presence tended to make the latter half of the programme conventional and unexciting, even though they were not played in anything approaching a casual style. One would have liked to see the efforts of the great orchestra directed toward something whose total represented a little more variety and substance than the second part of the programme did.

Feb 22 1915

"Il Trovatore" Restaged.

In the days of Col. Mapleson and Adeline Patti, Verdi's "Il Trovatore" was the most popular of all operas, with the possible exception of Gounod's "Faust." Then came a time when its popular tunes were handed over to the peripatetic organ-grinders. Both these conditions were wrong. There are greater operas than "Il Trovatore," yet it includes a great deal, also, that appeals to the most cultivated music-lovers of our day, not only in the way of melody, but of genuine dramatic expression. The music associated with the old gypsy woman is worthy of the composer of "Lohengrin," being as "futuristic," for that period, as are the strains associated with Ortrud. For these reasons Mr. Gatti-Casazza must be commended for not only reviving "Il Trovatore," but doing it in the right way, with new scenery and plenty of rehearsals. Mr. Toscanini presided, and under his direction the dramatic features were shown in their true light. Like other Italian conductors he longs to interpret the Wagner dramas; but that does not make him slight the earlier works of the composers of his own country. The only fault to be found with his ensemble on Saturday afternoon was that the delicious chorus of invisible nuns in the convent was almost inaudible—a grievous disappointment, as this number is really the most beautiful thing in the whole opera.

The cast was as good a one as the present forces of the Metropolitan afford. Mme. Destinn was the Leonora, Mme. Ober the Azucena, while Mr. Martinelli sang the part of the Troubadour, and Mr. Amato that of the wicked Count de Luna.

To Mme. Destinn belong the chief vocal honors of the afternoon. The part of the unfortunate Leonora suits the peculiar timbre of her voice exactly (it seems funny in these days to think of Patti in this rôle, yet she was much admired in it), and she sang the familiar music with conviction and enthusiasm. Her entrance in the first act was particularly fine, and it would be difficult to find more beautiful singing than hers in the fourth act, both in the first aria and in the duet with Manrico. Mme. Ober was not at her best vocally, but did all she could under the circumstances. Her explosive "Sturm und Drang" method of singing, which the Germans apparently admire, and which, even here, finds favor with those who prefer vehemence to art, will end in injuring her voice permanently. This would be a pity, for the quality is good. Mme. Ober has a good deal of dramatic instinct, and she has, moreover, an expressive, as well as a handsome, face.

Mr. Martinelli and Mr. Amato both brought much energy to their tasks, sometimes with good, sometimes with less desirable effect. Their voices are curiously alike, both in quality and in their methods. Both force their voices and get bad results, whereas both have an agreeable quality in *mezza voce*. The full voice is necessary only occasionally, even at the Metropolitan, so why be immoderate in the use of vocal organs which can only be harmed by excess? Mr. Amato received much applause for his aria "Per me ora fatale," which he might have sung better than he did, and the chief applause for Mr. Martinelli was after "Di quella pira," although he sang the "Miserere" far better. The rôle of Manrico suits him better than any other he has sung here, but he can improve it still further by remembering the necessity of moderation.

The scenery was constructed on a lavish scale, eight sets in all, the finest being the one of the garden, where the duets meet, in the first act, and the scene in the mountain camp of the gypsies. While this suggested Colorado, it was also a good picture of the Spanish Sierras.

Kreisler with Philharmonic.

When Fritz Kreisler was engaged for a second appearance with the Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Strinsky asked him when it would be convenient for him to rehearse. "With you, I need no rehearsal!" promptly replied the great Austrian violinist.

The work chosen was Bruch's G minor concerto, and it went as smoothly as if it had been rehearsed a dozen times. Mr. Kreisler was at his best. Never has his tone sounded more lovely, never has his genius for rhythmic accent impressed the audience more powerfully. There were tears in his tones when he played the adagio. When thus played, Bruch's concerto seems as fresh as if it had just come from his pen. The audience called out Mr. Kreisler about fifteen times. It is needless to say that it was as large an audience as Carnegie Hall can hold; many, in fact, had to go home disappointed, because the demand for seats exceeded the supply.

The audiences would never be smaller if the public knew how thoroughly enjoyable these Philharmonic concerts are. Yesterday a tremendous amount of enthusiasm was aroused, as often before, by Mr. Strinsky's inspired conducting of Liszt's "Tasso," while the final number, Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," was a genuine musical whirlwind. Probably no other orchestra in America could play that piece with such stupendous virtuosity.

The performance began with a repetition of Brahms's fourth symphony, which Mr. Strinsky reads in a way that has won for him the most cordial praise of the leading champions of that composer. Indeed, he makes it palatable even to those who do not worship at the Brahms shrine. The andante, as played yesterday, is a real gem. An amusing revelation regarding that andante will be made in our Musical Gossip next Saturday.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the Boston Symphony Concert in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon Dr. Muck opened the programme with Jean Sibelius's First Symphony. This work is not heard often, but it deserves to be played occasionally if only for its hauntingly beautiful slow movement. When one movement of a symphony is so superior to all the others, why should it not be heard sometimes by itself? One might as well consign to oblivion Schubert's B minor symphony because the last two movements are missing. The whole symphony, however, is interesting; the third movement has a good deal of Sibelius's individuality in it. Dr. Muck deserves thanks for bringing it forward. That it was well played goes without saying. The other numbers on the programme were the overtures to Mozart's "Magic Flute" and Weber's "Freischütz," and Haydn's "Surprise" symphony—a title which is certainly not justifiable nowadays.

People's Symphony Concerts.

The feature of Mr. Arens's People's Symphony Concert at Carnegie Hall Saturday night was the playing of

Tchaikovsky's B flat minor piano concerto by Miss Laeta Hartly, a talented young pianist, who is becoming better known—recently she played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge. She played the concerto with much fervor, without ever forcing the tone, and in the softer passages there was a melting tenderness which never descended to sentimentality and was never unrhythmic. Unfortunately, there were several disagreements with the orchestra. The misprint in the flute solo, beginning with the second movement, was played, as it often is, though it never was under Safonoff. Mr. Hinshaw sang the "Wahn" monologue from "Die Meistersinger," but was so hoarse he had to give up singing the "Wotan's Farewell," which was played by the orchestra without him. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

Other Concerts.

Two of England's most distinguished musicians, May Mukle and Herbert Fryer, were heard last night in a joint recital at the Bandbox Theatre, where they played together in sonatas by Bach and Strauss, while Mr. Fryer was heard alone in one of Chopin's early and not very characteristic pieces, opus 12. Miss Mukle has often been praised in these columns in superlative terms as one of the most fascinating 'cellists of the day, and her art to-day is riper than ever. She has often played in England with Percy Grainger. Why not do so here?

At the Metropolitan Opera House the usual Sunday evening concert was given with Anna Case, Paul Althouse, Arthur Middleton, and the Russian violinist Nikolai Sokoloff as soloists. At the Century Theatre, where the Russian Symphony Orchestra played, the soloists were Ossip and Clara Gabrilowitsch.

MUKLE AND FRYER PLAY AT BANDBOX Cellist and Pianist Among Most Interesting of Sunday Performers.

Sunday continues to have its full quota of concerts, even if yesterday's were not as numerous as had often been the case. At the little Bandbox Theatre, in East Fifty-seventh Street, Miss May Mukle, 'cellist, and Herbert Fryer, pianist, gave a recital which fairly well filled the charming auditorium.

The programme consisted of Bach's Sonata in G; Richard Strauss's sonata in F and two pianoforte solos, Debussy's "Clair de Lune" and Chopin's "Variations Brillantes," Op. 12. Both artists are sincere musicians, and if their playing lacked somewhat in warmth it was always interesting, and their ensemble work admirable. They were warmly applauded.

The usual concerts took place at the Metropolitan and Century Opera Houses. At the latter the Russian Symphony Orchestra gave a number of Russian selections, and Ossip and Clara Gabrilowitsch were solo performers. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

At the Metropolitan Miss Anna Case, Paul Althouse and Arthur Middleton sang.

Between his great and well deserved eminence as a virtuoso and his fortuitous notoriety as a man of war, Mr. Fritz Kreisler is being pretty hard put to it just now to fill engagements and keep at a repertory. It is a pity that such an artist should ever get anywhere near the end of his rope; but the fault is not his. It is the public's.

The concertos by Spohr will no longer serve. Paganini in D cannot be repeated often by one player in a season; Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn ought not to get cloying, and never do when played as they ought to be.

But if the same artist has to play them all the time a finical people will get weary of them. So having run pretty well enough the gamut, Mr. Kreisler played Bruch in G minor at one of the many concerts of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon. Played it superbly, of course, and was rewarded with the usual whirlwind of applause. And the orchestra played again Brahms's symphony in E minor. This is not exactly milk for babes, like Dr. Muck's programme of last Saturday afternoon, but inasmuch as its echoes had scarcely died out of the ears of the public one wonders why our conductors seem so restricted in their choice of works, or if necessarily restricted why they do not play them better.

French Music and Sketches.

In the Century Lyceum last night a concert of French music and of sketches in French drew a large gathering. The entertainment was the third of the series which the Theatre Français is giving in

connection with its season of French plays. Monologues by Raymond Fauré, Robert Regnier, Ernest Perrin and Miss Marcelle were heard, and there were songs by Mmes. Cantarelli and Zacharie. A pianologue by Miss Flora Stern and dances by Louis Bayo and Miss Nina closed the programme.

ENGLISH AND WELSH HIS SONG LANGUAGES

Evan Williams in his annual concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon sang all of his selections in English with the exception of a group of old Welsh airs. In spite of the difficulties which most American singers find in making the English language understandable when it is sung, the only part of the programme which was not understood perfectly so far as the words were concerned was that sung in Welsh.

Mr. Williams's voice is one that pleases and his method of interpreting is suited to sustained high arias such as Mendelssohn's "If with All Your Hearts" from "Midnight." The songs of sentiment also have much charm when he presents them. Little attention was paid to the conventional concert numbers of the German or French song composers. There was one Schubert song, "Withered Flowers." From Arthur Sullivan's "Prodigal Son" he sang the aria "How Many Servants," and to close sang a seldom heard aria of Thomas, "Summer I Depart," from "Swan and Skylark," a light bit of music, but offering to the singer many opportunities for showing off high notes. Mr. Williams seems to be able to sing his "top notes" indefinitely without tiring.

CONCERT OF RUSSIAN MUSIC.

Mr. and Mme. Gabrilowitsch Are Soloists in Century Opera House.

With the overture to Borodine's "Prince Igor," one of the novelties promised at the Metropolitan Opera House for this season, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Modest Altschuler, started its third Sunday concert of Russian music in the Century Opera House last night. The soloists were Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Russian pianist, who played the Rubinstein concerto in D minor, and his American wife, Mme. Clara Gabrilowitsch, contralto, who sang Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of the Shepherd Lehl," and other songs by Tchaikowsky, Arensky and Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

Among the novel orchestral numbers were Ippolitow-Ivanow's "Two Caucasian Sketches" and "Armenian Rhapsody," in which Jacob Altschuler, viola player, and Frederick Fradkin, violinist, played incidental solos.

MUSIC AT METROPOLITAN.

At the weekly concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night Paul Althouse, tenor, won a great deal of sincere applause from the large audience for his songs. Nor was the concert notable only for his singing. Miss Anna Case was equally favored by those who heard her. Her voice showed to best advantage in the group of songs which constituted the second part of her share of the programme.

Nikolai Sokoloff, violinist, was the third soloist. Chausson's "Poem" and the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" were his principal offerings.

SUNDAY'S CONCERTS OF VARIED KINDS

The giving of concerts on Sundays continues to be one of the chief industries of musicians. That attending them is also one of the chief pleasures of many persons is quite certain. Audiences are found for all the entertainments, and in many instances managers smile as they contemplate "sold out houses." Let us all rejoice at the presence of some sort of prosperity which can be seen and not merely felt. Musicians cannot thrive on psychological earnings any better than the rest of us, although their art is in itself largely spiritual and a beautiful product of the imagination.

Evan Williams, the popular Welsh tenor, for example, faced an audience which needed every seat in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. As is the custom at this singer's entertainments, some oratorio airs opened the programme. After these came two groups of miscellaneous songs, ranging from Schubert to Cadman and Bruno Huhn, and at the end was Mr. Williams's old time battle horse, "Summer, I Depart," from Goring Thomas's "The Swan and the Skylark."

The tenor was in poor vocal condition yesterday at times, while occasionally the voice cleared up and the tones resumed their wonted quality. But the results were not always happy. Mr. Williams is, however, one of the most interesting singers to be heard in recital. His personality is forceful and his style has idiosyncrasies, but his manner is fervent and he radiates faith in his own art. His enunciation is so good that

his audience can understand every word of his songs, and this is one of the most important factors in the creation of his large public favor. He sings everything in English. For those who wish to appeal to large numbers there should be lessons in the public doings of Mr. Williams.

The appearance of Fritz Kreisler as soloist was the leading feature at the concert of the Philharmonic Society in the afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The audience filled the house to its utmost seating and standing capacity, and following the distinguished violinist's performance of his number, which was the concerto in G minor by Max Bruch, the enthusiasm rose to such an extent as finally to resolve itself into what seemed almost a countless number of recalls for the artist.

The choice of a concerto so familiar as Bruch's in G minor for the afternoon no doubt had bearing upon the popular character of the entertainment, and, too, Mr. Kreisler is a player of such a dominating artistic power that he is able to impart new life into a composition, be it even hackneyed through repeated hearing. His playing yesterday of Bruch's music was of great beauty. Its style was of fine dignity throughout and in technical brilliancy of a dazzling finish. The applause it earned was well merited.

For his Sunday programmes Mr. Strinsky is wont to draw from his repertoire of compositions as more recently heard at the society's concerts given during the week. Yesterday Brahms's fourth symphony was brought forward again as the chief orchestral number, and following it came the symphonic poem "Tasso" of Liszt. Of the symphony a discriminating reading was given and technically the performance gave a fine tonal display. The same comments may be made of the playing in the Liszt number, which was very much liked. Smetana's overture "The Bartered Bride" was the closing number.

May Mukle, cellist, and Herbert Fryer, pianist, gave the first of two concerts at the Bandbox Theatre in the evening. The programme had Bach's sonata in G at the beginning and Strauss's in F at the end. Between the two Mr. Fryer played Debussy's "Clair de Lune" and Chopin's variations, opus 12. The Bandbox Theatre, though far removed from the familiar haunts of music, is well suited to the purposes of a chamber concert, and in it the art of the two players was advantageously shown forth.

Miss Mukle has a very large tone and Mr. Fryer showed no disposition to force that of the piano. The balance was generally very good, but curiously enough it was disturbed at certain moments in the Bach number by the preponderance of cello sound. But the clarity of the music was not obscured, and while neither player disclosed impressive warmth of style, both played with taste and appreciation.

Dec. 23-1915
MME. KURT'S KUNDRY
AT METROPOLITAN
Wagner's "Parsifal" Has Large
Audience at Special Holiday Matinee.

MONTEMEZZI IN EVENING

"Parsifal" does not seem to have any striking relevancy to the anniversary of the birth of Washington, but any holiday may serve as an opportunity for a matinee. Certainly the "tired business man" of Broadway does not seek his spiritual refreshment at the shrine of the Holy Grail, but all persons who are at liberty on holidays are not weary directors of going concerns and there are some men who can get an afternoon of inspiration out of the last utterance of Wagner.

For those who go often to hear the sacred festival drama the chief interest of yesterday afternoon's representation at the Metropolitan Opera House lay in the fact that Melanle Kurt sang *Kundry* for the first time here. The Metropolitan stage has been fortunate in its *Kundry* impersonations and it can be recorded with pleasure this morning that the high standard will not be lowered. Mme. Kurt's interpretation of the role aroused genuine enthusiasm and sent "Parsifal" devotees home in a comfortable frame of mind.

Mme. Kurt's treatment of the rôle is faithful in all details to the purpose and directions of the composer. It has all the sinister wildness of the first act, all the urgent seductiveness of the second and all the conquered subservience of the third. Especially noteworthy was the pregnant meaning of her excellent acting in the first act. Commendable, too, was the artist's unflinchingly graphic treatment of the osculations in the temptation scene. The caresses were bestowed frankly and with conviction, yet with just that indescribable shade of reserve that made the action undisturbing.

Indeed all the pictorial movement of the second act was excellently planned

and the beauty of the plot, gesture and facial expression was no small factor in the creation of interest. Mme. Kurt sang the music with abundant voice and with a wide range of vocal color. Her reading of the most significant declamatory phrases had point and force. The story of Herzeleid's death was told very tenderly and the narrative of the accursed laugh had poignant depth of feeling. On the whole Mme. Kurt's Kundry was a most successful interpretation.

The music drama did not rest its entire burden on the Kundry. Mr. Sembach's Parsifal improves on larger acquaintance. It is warmed with the fire of sincerity and is well sung. Mr. Whitehill's touching Amfortas and Mr. Braun's stalwart Gurnemanz were other important items in the representation. Mr. Hertz conducted with his well known devotion. There was evidence that some rehearsing had been done since the last previous performance. The flower girls sang much better than they did then.

In the evening the Monday subscribers had their first hearing this season of Montemezz's thrilling opera, "L'Amore del Tre Re." The cast was the same as heretofore and the performance proceeded along familiar lines. There was a large audience and the interest in the work was similar to that observed at previous representations.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" wears well and will probably continue to do so. It has little of the spectacular effect of contemporary Italian opera music, which rejoices in points of dazzling climax in melody or declamation. Montemezz's work has rejuvenated the spirit of the Italian classics and its chaste simplicity will probably keep it on the stage for years yet.

The Third "Parsifal."

There have been seasons when "Parsifal" has been sung only three times, but this year there will be four performances of it at the Metropolitan. The audiences have been remarkably large so far, and the house for the Good Friday performance is always sold out. Yesterday there were almost as many "standees" as there are usually at a Caruso performance, and the "consecrational festival play" was listened to in the same devotional spirit that prevails at Bayreuth. Indeed, the "Parsifal" audiences at the Metropolitan are more select than those at the Bavarian Festspielhaus, which include many tourists whose chief motive is curiosity, whereas in New York the "Parsifal"-goers are almost without exception women and men who attend this function with almost as solemn and devout feelings as they exhibit in an ecclesiastic edifice.

The only novel feature of yesterday's performance was the first appearance of Melanie Kurt as Kundry. For a number of years the Metropolitan has had no real soprano to sing the part, but now this deficiency has been remedied. Mme. Kurt's rich voice suits the rôle of Kundry exceedingly well, and she gave an excellent performance of an exacting part. It cannot be said that histrionically Mme. Kurt equaled her vocal achievement. The scene of the temptation, culminating in the kiss, was bereft of poetry, and one missed the kindly veil which, heretofore, has partially hidden the attempts of the enchantress to enslave another knight. Operatic realism should always contain a poetic side, or it betrays a rawness which becomes all the more disagreeable because of the slowness of the action. Doubtless Mme. Kurt will reconsider this matter and bring her acting to the level of beauty which her singing showed yesterday.

The other characters were in the same hands as before. With hardly an exception, they contributed toward an excellent ensemble, presided over by Alfred Hertz with the devotion, skill, and enthusiasm which have made him such a great favorite of the Metropolitan lovers of Wagner's music.

What proved to be the longest and most frankly affectionate stage kiss on record was bestowed by Mme. Kurt upon Mr. Sembach yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House during the second act of the Washington's Birthday performance of "Parsifal." It also was the first time Mme. Kurt had appeared here in the rôle of Kundry. In years gone by Miss Olga Nethersole, in "Carmen," held the endurance kissing record on the theatrical stage, but Mme. Kurt wrested honors from her. Unlike other dramatic sopranos who have acted and sung the rôle of the seductive Kundry, Mme. Kurt did not use her long veil as a curtain. She let all the big audience see her kissing, and the audience gasped a bit too.

Mme. Kurt had sung the rôle in Berlin and London, and yesterday she sang it very well, but her acting was without any harm of subtlety, for her effects were all achieved in an obvious, dramatic manner. It was, historically the most disappointing rôle in which she has appeared here, but vocally she was admirable, and at the loss of the second act the audience called

her before the curtain ten times.

It was a generally satisfying performance. Mr. Sembach repeating his interesting interpretation of the title rôle, while Mr. Whitehill was an excellent Amfortas, save for moments of hoarseness. Mr. Braun was a good Gurnemanz and Mr. Goritz a dramatic Klingor. Mr. Hertz conducted the orchestra excellently, and the scene changes were without mishap.

At night, Montemezz's "L'Amore del Tre Re" was repeated with the familiar cast, Miss Bori singing Flora exceedingly well, Mr. Ferrari-Fontana being heard to good advantage as Avito, Mr. Amato singing Manfredo admirably, and Mr. Didur giving a rugged portrayal of the old ruler Archibaldo. Mr. Toscanini conducted this work with customary skill. So, all told, it was a busy and tuneful beginning of the fifteenth week of the opera season.

AS KUNDRY MME. KURT TRIUMPHS IN 'PARSIFAL'

It was with recollections of several distinguished artists in the rôle of Kundry that a very large audience went yesterday afternoon to the Metropolitan's performance of "Parsifal," in which Melanie Kurt made her first appearance in this great Wagnerian character.

The new dramatic soprano was assuming a rôle wholly different from the four she had enacted here. Kundry is very different from Isolde, and it is no less unlike Sieglinde and the two Brunnhildes.

Vocally it put a severe tax upon Mme. Kurt, because a deal of Kundry's music in the Klingor's Gardens scene is rather low for a genuine dramatic soprano, and effecting sudden transitions from chest and medium registers to the head requires consummate technique.

"An Operatic Triumph."

But Mme. Kurt had at her command something more than control of voice. Her musical interpretation was linked with the dramatic essence of the character with a skill that made the total achievement an operatic triumph.

The Kundry which the Metropolitan audience saw in the first act of yesterday's presentation of "Parsifal" was a strangely wild, dishevelled creature, subsequently transformed into Parsifal's temptress. And it was in this phase of the multi-colored histrionism of the rôle that Mme. Kurt disclosed so deep and illuminative an art.

As in other characters, she exhibited a tendency to excessive gestures, and this detracted from the emphasis desired, rather than fully creating all that was sought.

Her voice was pure, of beautiful quality and eminently satisfying through its entire range, and her music was interpreted with a finish no less apparent than the distinctness and correctness of her utterance of the text.

Sembach's Parsifal

A worthy associate in yesterday's cast was Johannes Sembach. His Parsifal was markedly superior to either of the two he had previously revealed here, not alone in the dramatic freedom and force of his expressiveness but also in his singing, which had in it a substance not heretofore apparent.

Except for occasional roughness of tone, caused by a recent cold, Clarence Whitehill's Amfortas was the same convincing character this baritone has so often made it.

The Gurnemanz of Carl Braun, too, assumed a vocal and dramatic dignity possible only to the exceptional artist, while the other chief characters of Klingor and Titurel were admirably undertaken by Otto Goritz and Arthur Middleton.

One of the strongest performances which the festival play has had, it is fitting to commend the part played by Alfred Hertz, whose conducting was splendidly restrained; the almost flawless playing of the orchestra and the singing of the flower maidens, the knights and the Knights of the Grail.

TWO OPERAS SUNG AT METROPOLITAN Wagner and Montemezz Share Day—Mme. Kurt Appears as Kundry.

From Richard Wagner to Italo Montemezz may seem at first thought a long journey to be accomplished during the course of a single afternoon and evening, yet the road is a straight one. If "Parsifal" is a music drama, so none the less is "L'Amore dei Tre Re," and if the great German were living there are many who believe that he would recognize in the young Italian a not unworthy exponent of the ideas which found their apotheosis in the theatre at Bayreuth.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re," as created by Senor Benelli is a powerful and imaginative drama; poetic in expression,

firmly wrought yet simple in ornament, informed with the true spirit of tragedy. At times in its directness of appeal, in its sense of the inscrutable imminence of fate it has almost the feeling of the old Greek tragedy; while in the humanity of its characters and the pathos of its story there is something positively Shakespearean.

To this libretto, a libretto peculiarly suited to musical treatment, the composer has written music which flows spontaneously from the words themselves. The melodic line is as simple as the story, and as beautiful, the composer proving always faithful to his Italian heritage; the hintage of beauty which refuses to believe that power can be produced only by the aid of dissonance and ugliness.

In the whole of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" there is not an ugly note, and yet the opera held last night's audience, as it had held its predecessors, in a grip almost breathless in its intensity. At times last night one was almost forced to believe that a young Verdi had at last vouchsafed to appear among us; and, in truth, "L'Amore dei Tre Re" has in it not a little of the spirit that re-created in music Shakespeare's "Othello." Perhaps Italo Montemezz is to prove the Samson who will break from the limbs of Young Italy the shackles of the Veritists.

The same artists who created the opera in America sang again last night. Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana sang Avito and made of the character a vital, romantic figure, while Miss Bori's Flora once more delighted both eye and ear. Adamo Didur's Archibaldo has strengthened since last season, and now the blind king is a true symbol of tragic portent. Mr. Amato's Manfredo is not one of the Italian barytone's happiest creations, but it is sincere, and his voice is ever a delight. Mr. Toscanini conducted with his usual delicacy and power.

The "Parsifal" of the afternoon introduced to us a new Kundry in the person of Mme. Melanie Kurt. Mme. Kurt again proved that in her the Metropolitan has gained an artist of great value. She suggested admirably the enigmatic quality of the character, and especially in the temptation scene song with rare expression and musical feeling. Praise, too, must be given to Mr. Sembach for his admirable enactment of the title part, and to Clarence Whitehill for his Amfortas.

Mr. Hertz conducted and threw into his work all his love and understanding of the spirit of the work which he was the first conductor to make known to America. Needless to say the audience was large and appreciative.

Mr. Copeland, Pianist, Plays Debussy Well His Interpretation of Chopin Also Interesting—Gives His First Recital in New York.

With the characteristic preference of residents of Boston for French art, George Copeland, in his first piano recital in this city, which he gave yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, played as his principal group seven of the piano works of Debussy.

They were well suited to his intimate style of playing. A command of various tonal tints and of the style which the atmospheric, continually changing harmonies of the great French modernist requires was disclosed.

There also was charm in the interpretation of several Chopin numbers, Mr. Copeland translating the spirit of Chopin's music surprisingly well. The artist, who after the fashion of Paderewski, leaves his first name out of his programmes, has a facile finger technique, though not one of much power, but in the playing of Chopin and Debussy that is not essential.

Another feature of the programme was the playing of the first movement of the Sonata Tragica of Edward MacDowell, greatest of American composers for the piano. To put a little gaiety into the last group, a tango of Albeniz and another Spanish piece of Grovlez were added.

The audience was large and applause was such that the pianist had to play several encores.

A Copeland Recital.

What's the matter with the pianists? Won't the censor allow them to use their first names any more? Here is Leginska, who failed to bring hers from England; and yesterday Boston sent us a pianist who figured on his programme as "Copeland." Only this and nothing more. It is whispered that his first name is George. However, if he had as many names as Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart, he probably would have played no better or worse than he did at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

He did not reveal all the poetry and tragedy inherent in the first movement of MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica." Nor did he play Chopin's Aeolian Harp Etude quite as Chopin himself played it, ac-

cording to the poetic description given by Schumann; but he did play one of Liszt's brilliant études splendidly, bringing out some beautiful tonal effects. Scarlatti, too, in either pastoral or capricious mood, did not elude his pianistic grasp. But it was in a group of Debussy pieces that Copeland showed most convincingly what he can do. There were seven of them, and as this Boston pianist has specialized in this composer for a decade, in the Hub—which is the American headquarters for contemporary French music—it is needless to say that he exhibited the scintillant charms of this inoffensively dissonant music to the most glittering advantage. Paderewski, with many others, thinks that of Debussy's compositions his piano pieces are the best. He is doubtless right; yet, somehow, seven Debussy pieces seem, in their family likeness, a little like seven newly hatched chicks exhibited in a window.

ANOTHER PIANIST HEARD.

George Copeland Proves Interesting Especially in Debussy.

George Copeland, a pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The occasion may be considered as unique in several respects among the many pianoforte recitals of the present season. The recital took only about an hour's time, it was of unconventional arrangement and, as may happily be said at the outset, it offered the hearer no disturbing elements throughout.

Mr. Copeland divided his list into two groups and began with the first movement from MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica," which was followed by the sonatas 1 and 5, pastorale and capriccio, of Scarlatti; a nocturne, two waltzes and an etude of Chopin, also an etude by Liszt and the finale from Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." An encore following the group was a charming trifle by Grenados.

The pianist's performance of each of these pieces was remarkably clear according to its mood in content. The musical lines of thought and design in each were left unbroken. There was an intelligence wholly delightful in spirit, while technically the skill employed showed the performer to be a past master in the finer shadings of tonal art.

The other half of the programme was taken up largely by Debussy. Philip Hale, the distinguished Boston music critic, whose townsman Mr. Copeland is, has said that the latter is a born Debussy player, and it was in the light of a "Debussyite" pioneer that Mr. Copeland presented pieces here by the French composer some ten years ago when he was the latest word in music.

Those he played yesterday were the "Reflets dans l'eau," "Danse de Puck," "La Cathedrale engloutie," "Les Fees Sont d'exquises danseuses," "Clair de lune," "La Puerta del Vino" and "Feux d'Artifice." Mr. Copeland's individual style was shown in a delightful light in each of these charming numbers. Exquisite tonal gradations and much variety in the expression of rare sentiments were features that went toward the rendering of what were veritable gems in tone colors, and they brought the player, each in turn, much desirable applause. Some Spanish dances by Albeniz and Grovlez followed and made an effective close.

MARGUILES TRIO PLEASES.

Play Dvorak's Quintet with Aid of Two Extra Musicians.

By adding two musicians from outside its organization the Marguiles Trio, which gave the third of its series of concerts this season in Aeolian Hall last night, was enabled to play Dvorak's Quintet in A major for piano, two violins, viola and cello. The extra players were F. Lorenz Smith, violinist, and Joseph J. Kovarik, and with Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist and Leo Schultz, cellist of the Trio, they formed an admirable string quartet. The Dvorak work is one of exceptional beauty.

Only one trio found a place in last night's programme, the Mendelssohn Trio opus 66. The Andante movement and the finale were exhibitions of finished chamber music playing, but the Scherzo was not quite so effective.

There was another number in which Miss Marguiles and Mr. Lichtenberg united in playing Brahms' sonata for piano and violin opus 78. It was played smoothly and reverently, but without brilliancy. There is, however, much in the music of Brahms to enjoy, and quiet readings such as that of last night have their place in the field of chamber music concerts.

HUTCHESON GIVES

PIANO RECITAL

Ernest Hutcheson, assisted by Ossip Gabrilowitsch and an orchestra of strings and wood winds under the leadership of Sam Franko, and with Carl O. Deis at the organ, gave a concert of

bach music yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. In spite of the rain, a good sized audience attended, which speaks well for the lovers of music unadorned. Mr. Hutcheson has been heard before in New York, Mr. Gabriilowitsch has given numerous recitals this season and Mr. Franko, until his departure for Europe, was a well known and popular figure in our musical world.

Mr. Franko has now, through the fortunes of war, come back to us, and he proved in his accompaniments to the Concerto in D Minor, and the Concerto in C, and in the introduction to the cantata, "Am Abend Aber Desselbigen," that he is still the excellent musician he was when he left us.

Mr. Hutcheson's playing was throughout sincere and musically, though there were times when a greater delicacy of touch and warmth of tone might have been wished for. He gave an admirable reading of the Concerto in C and one that possessed not a little breadth of style. With Mr. Gabriilowitsch Mr. Hutcheson played the Concerto in C for two pianos and orchestra, a number that is seldom presented.

Mme. Melanie Kurt Enacts Wagner Heroine Much as Predecessors Have Played Same Role.

MME. GADSKIE AS BRUENNHILDE

Vigorous Interpretation of "Die Walkure" by Hertz Marred by Carelessness in Brass.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

"Die Walkure" was performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. There was a full cannonade of all the fourteen-inch shells of the German trained army of singers. "Die Walkure" was cast as powerfully as the Essec-Ehrhardt artillery. Mme. Melaine Kurt sang Sieglinde and Mme. Johanna Gadske Bruennhilde. The performance of the last-named artist is so familiar that there is no reason to enumerate its points. Madame Kurt, on the other hand, is a new artist. On the occasion of her debut here a few weeks ago she was received with a hearty welcome, as is right, and in the due course of good manners. The next morning she was swamped in the slush of indiscriminate and extravagant praise. This, too, was all well and good, had not the eulogists since then begun to hedge, qualify and whittle away the impassioned statements to which they had committed themselves.

The Old School.

The truth is that Madame Kurt is a Wagnerian artist of the old school. This has no reference to the number of her years, but only to the style of her impersonations. Her Sieglinde is simply the replica of some Sieglinde that some authority in some way has elected to regard as a standard from which no ability, however pronounced, no individuality, however spontaneous, eager or inspired, is to be permitted to deviate. There lay heavy upon it the curse, the fetich of Baireuth.

As far as the general lines of Mme. Melaine Kurt's representation was concerned, I had seen it all before in the Sieglinde of Mme. Berta Morena, in that of Madame Fremstad, except that both these artists sang and acted with a poetry and intensity which even the formalism and discipline of the petits-maitres of the latter day Baireuth had not been able to suppress or to distort. But last night Madame Kurt did not rise higher than Baireuth and its equivocal and fettering traditions.

Little Poetry.

There was little emanation of poetry, and there was often an angular awkwardness of posture and rigidity of attitude. The pose she assumed, when Siegmund drew that dreary old symbolic sword from the tree, reminded one of nothing so much as the figure in the celebrated proposition of Euclid, in which it is enunciated that the square on the hypotenuse of a triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the subtending sides. And then the character of Sieglinde is not geometrical. In its liberty of self-disposal it is strongly suggestive of primitive writings. Mme. Kurt would do well to eliminate the policy of musical screams from her repertory of vocal and dramatic effects. Her voice has much in it that is fresh and vigorous. There is no need to introduce humor. Mr. Alfred Hertz's conducting had spirit and energy. It is not his fault if the playing of certain of his instrumentalists who disport themselves with the brass, verged, in a musical sense, upon the disgraceful.

French Artists Play and Sing Before

Audience of Society in Mr. W.

A. Clark's Music Room.

An interesting concert of French music

In the house of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark yesterday afternoon yielded \$4,000 for the benefit of the French Military Hospital, Villa Mollière, an auxiliary of the Val de Grace, which Mrs. Charles H. Marshall has been financing and which she was managing when she was called back to New York for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Evelyn Marshall, to Mr. Marshall Field. Mrs. Marshall will return again to the Villa Mollière, leaving New York on Saturday on board the Lusitania.

The music yesterday was furnished by artists from the French Conservatoire. In the music room, where the entertainment took place, Scott Brook opened the concert with a caprice of Guilmant on the organ. Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano was played by André Tournet, violinist, and Jean Verd, a young first prize Conservatoire pianist, brought here by the war, who also played the accompaniments for all the artists. French songs were sung by Miss Challet-Balme, soprano, and Paul Kefer presented two short cello solos. The whole group of musicians joined in the closing number, which was Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Mr. Verd, after serving in the hospital corps in Paris at the beginning of the war and losing his health, found himself without work in musically destitute Paris and was rescued by friends in America, who engaged passage to New York for him. Since his arrival here he has been busy playing accompaniments for Pablo Casals, Spanish cellist. When Mr. Verd won the first prize at the Conservatoire, Harold Bauer was one of the judges, and since that time he has been in touch with him. It was through Mr. Bauer that the young French pianist, who is known in Paris as a specialist in the songs of Faure and Debussy, was enabled to get his start in America.

Mr. Sembach Pleases in Role

Takes Part in "Die Walkure" for First Time Here—Mme. Gadske's Valkyrie Cry Wins Applause.

"Die Walkure" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night offered a feature of unusual interest in that Johannes Sembach sang the rôle of Siegmund for the first time here, in place of Mr. Berger, who still is indisposed. Mr. Sembach again excelled by his admirable diction and he sang it very well. It was said that he had not sung this part very often, so the artist's interpretation probably will improve as he develops it.

The rest of the cast was composed of familiar artists in their usual rôles. Mme. Gadske sang Bruennhilde brilliantly, earning especial applause by her Valkyrie cry at the beginning of the second act. Mme. Kurt was Sieglinde which, while not one of her very best rôles, was very interestingly sung and acted. Mme. Ober's Fricka was superb. Carl Braun was an effectively dramatic Wotan and sang unusually well, and Basil Ruysdael gave a very dramatic impersonation of the warrior Hunding. Alfred Hertz conducted an excellent performance, and the large audience was enthusiastic in its applause.

Riccardo Martin, American Tenor, Pleases at Opera

As Rodolfo, in last night's performance of "La Bohème" at the Metropolitan Opera House, Riccardo Martin, American tenor, made his first appearance of the season. A large and friendly audience rewarded him and the other principals with abundant applause, calling them before the curtain repeatedly after each act. It also applauded his first act Racconto.

Mme. Alda as Mimì, gave a very satisfying interpretation of the sympathetic rôle, and earned especial applause for her first act solo. Mme. Schumann was not at her best in the part of Musetta, but Mr. Scotti was excellent as Marcello. Mr. Polacco conducted with spirit, but it was by no means a good presentation of the popular Puccini opera.

No record of the evening is complete without a notice of the fact that Mr. De Seguro, who sang Collins, lost his monologue in the second act during the Christmast festivities in front of the Café Momus, but he bravely survived the deprivation.

26 Riccardo Martin Returns.

It cannot be said that Riccardo Martin, who returned to the Metropolitan last night as Rodolfo in Puccini's "La Bohème," is a complete substitute for Enrico Caruso, who has just left it; but, on the other hand, there is no other tenor who so nearly comes up to the high-water mark. His ringing high notes are, indeed, nearly as thrilling as Caruso's. His beautiful and impassioned singing of "Che gelida manina" last night brought a great outburst of applause. No less excellent was his love song with Mimì in

the third act. His voice pours out with no effort, with a spontaneity and a purity of intonation, as well as of timbre, that make it a delight to listen to. He has elaborated his action in this part, especially in the first act, and makes a very likable figure of the young poet who is the hero of Murger's novel, which, by the way, is not as good a piece of workmanship as the libretto, paradoxical as this may seem.

It has often been pointed out that singers, as a rule, are not such good musicians as pianists and violinists are. Melanie Kurt, the new dramatic soprano, is an exception. Marcella Sembrich is another. A third is Riccardo Martin, who was a pupil, at Columbia University, of American's foremost composer, Edward MacDowell, and who himself is a composer of merit. His musicianship is manifest in his singing, giving it a distinction too often lacking in vocalists, particularly tenors. It was Voltaire who coined the phrase, "bête comme un ténor."

There is another point of view from which Riccardo Martin's art is interesting. Apart from its individual merit, it has a national significance. Everybody knows the striking generic difference between the timbre and the style of Italian tenors and German tenors. Now, Riccardo Martin does not sing quite like an Italian tenor, nor does he sing like a German. His voice has much of the mellifluous, dulcet quality of the best Italian singers (Mme. Nordica once mistook his voice for Caruso's till she saw him), while at the same time it has the virile quality of the German tenor's organ, without its too often excessive robustness. It is as different from the European voice as MacDowell's music is from European music; the difference being slight, but distinctly noticeable. In this respect, Riccardo Martin's voice reminds one of the specifically American voices of Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, Geraldine Farrar, and Louise Homer. Mme. Homer is out of the Metropolitan this season, through no fault of the management. That Mr. Martin is back, though late, is distinctly a point to its credit. Mr. Gatti-Casazza is making good his claim that he is giving opportunities to Americans. Last night Mr. Martin appeared in one of Caruso's rôles; to-morrow night he will appear in another of them, Radames, in "Aida."

Last night's cast included Mme. Alda, who was at her best, especially in the high tones; Scotti, De Seguro, and others in familiar parts; and Giorgio Polacco conducted the score with his usual sympathy and rare musicianship. Puccini knew what he was about when he recommended Mr. Polacco to Henry W. Savage as the best available interpreter of his operas. Toscanini alone knows how to put so much life and variety and shading into them as Polacco does. In his subtle changes of tempi, Polacco is particularly admirable. The opera was heard by a large audience, and recalls were plentiful.

Amato with Philharmonic.

At the Philharmonic concert last night at Carnegie Hall, Josef Stransky gave a dramatic reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony—dramatic in its portrayal of the underlying idea, but classic in its spirit, nevertheless. It was a sane reading, and yet a thrilling one. The funeral march, in particular, was played with much feeling. The Reger Ballet Suite, dedicated to Stransky, which was first played last season, was also on the programme, and pleased the audience greatly. As happened last season, the Valse d'amour was redemanded. The other movements, too, are full of grace, and would seem admirably adapted to artistic dancing of the right sort. The tarantelle, which closes the suite, is Italian in rhythm, with an added something, which partakes both of the Bohemianism, so to speak, of the conductor, and the German, or, better, Bachian, spirit of the composer. For Bach could, and did, write exquisite dance movements as well as he did fugues. The other orchestral number was Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vltava" (the Moldau), the great river of Bohemia, which is the poetic basis of the work. This Mr. Stransky naturally played with full understanding. He wisely made one or two short cuts, condensing some of the more long-drawn-out portions, which are decidedly reminiscent of the "Rhinegold."

Pasquale Amato was the soloist, singing for his first number the monologue from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." He

put much of the spirit of Wagner's declamation into this, and his singing of it would have been thoroughly enjoyable if he had not indulged in that disagreeable "scoop" which is often so distressing. His other number was a double one; the first part being the address, made by William Tell to his son before the shot at the apple in Rossini's opera. M. Amato sang this, not in the original French, but in an Italian version. The other part was a song, "La Danza," from the same composer's Soirées Musicales. It is a vocal tarantelle, so rapid that most of the words were swallowed up in the effort to keep the rhythm going. It is not a composition of any artistic consequence, and belongs in a "Soirée Musicale" rather than in a Philharmonic programme. The audience completely filled the large auditorium.

PHILHARMONIC PLAYS A WAR SYMPHONY

Beethoven's third symphony, that has had an unusually large number of performances this season, took up the whole first half of the concert of the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Stransky, last night in Carnegie Hall. The composition was inspired by the Napoleonic wars, and the present conflict seems to make it a favorite with conductors, if not with audiences, for its reception was far from as enthusiastic as that of the fifth or the seventh, by the same orchestra. The slow moving funeral march and the rollicking scherzo were well played and there was a forcefulness to the last.

The soloist was Pasquale Amato, barytone of the Metropolitan Opera Company. First he sang the aria, "Die Frist ist um," from Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman." It is long and of a dramatic character. Mr. Amato sang it with dramatic fervor, but it is not a satisfying concert number taken from its stage setting. Two arias of Rossini were more suited to the concert stage and to the singer's voice and style of singing. Mr. Amato received prolonged applause. Reger's ballet suite, opus 130, which is dedicated to Mr. Stransky, and which was one of the most interesting of last season's novelties, was played, and the concert closed with Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vltava."

726.27-1915 SYMPHONY CONCERT IS WELL BALANCED PIANIST IS BUSONI

The programme of the Symphony Society concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was of the kind which brings to the habitual concert goer a feeling of repose and security. It consisted of just three numbers, distributed in such a way that no one destroyed the effect of another. For this Walter Damrosch, conductor, deserves thanks. Most of those whose business it is to be present at concerts are weary of jumbles of compositions pitched together and called programmes.

Mr. Damrosch was called upon to provide a prologue and epilogue for Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto and he did so by giving his hearers two thoroughly modern works, neither of which could in any sense be regarded as approaching the field or the style of Beethoven's composition. The concert began with Tchaikovsky's third suite and ended with Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." The concerto was between the two and the pianist was Ferruccio Busoni.

Mr. Busoni is a profound student of Beethoven, and his interpretation of the concerto should therefore be received with consideration. If one was hurt at times by a hardness of tone which seemed almost cruel and at other times by wide variations in tempi which seemed to transcend the limits of what is termed nuance, we must bear in mind that tone is not always within the reach of a pianist and that Beethoven himself exercised a liberal freedom in the treatment of his own rhythms.

But there were moments in Mr. Busoni's performance when the coherency of the melody seemed to be put in jeopardy by the sudden retardations or accelerations which he employed. And the sharp contrasts between piano and forte made in some places with startling suddenness did not appear to be in harmony with the dignity of the Beethoven music. On the other hand most of the composition was played with beauty, with affection and with Mr. Busoni's familiar intelligence, so that the impression as a whole was one to arouse the enthusiasm of the large audience. Mr. Damrosch supplied an accompaniment generally good, though here and there he found it impossible to bring the beat and the pianist precisely together. For this Mr. Busoni's unexpected effects seemed to be to blame.

Mr. Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" has been heard on other occasions in the course of the current season, and it is not a composition which clamors

for volumes of musical comment. It is an excellent battle horse for conductors and his finale is certain to stir up an audience.

The Tchaikowsky suite, in which its composer conducted the Symphony Orchestra on the occasion of the opening of Carnegie Hall, is less frequently played, chiefly, it seems probable, because conductors in these days are loath to put often upon their programmes works which do not furnish opportunities for "readings."

A musician cannot inject any psychology into this work or display his profound personal conceptions in its interpretation. All that has to be done is to get it performed with a good balance of tone, with precision and accuracy, and the rest will take care of itself. It is a good suite, musical and brilliant, and any one who cannot get some enjoyment from the "Dies Irae," Russian dance and polonaise variations of the last movement, is "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

In the evening Augusta Schlacht, contralto, gave a song recital in the same hall. Her programme was made up of songs by Schubert, Brahms, Marx and Wolf. Miss Schlacht's appearance and her voice were in direct contrast, the former being brilliantly blond and the latter decidedly brunette. Owing to the remarkably dark quality of her tone her singing was devoid of vital warmth.

BUSONI IN CONCERT Plays a Beethoven Number with Symphony Society.

The seventh Friday afternoon subscription concert of the Symphony Society took place yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The assisting artist was Ferruccio Busoni, who chose as the vehicle for the display for his art the Beethoven Concerto in E flat. This great work had been played several times before this season, and its splendid beauties have received a variety of tributes, that of Mr. Busoni yesterday was as sincere and well considered as any. It would be idle to assert at this late date that any performance of the Italian pianist would lack in musicianship or in technical mastery. His reading of the concerto yesterday possessed all this, though some might quarrel with him for certain violent contrasts in his dynamics. His tone, too, seemed to lack richness and warmth; yet on the whole it was an excellent, and at times even a brilliant, performance. Mr. Damrosch furnished an accompaniment of rare taste and discretion.

The purely orchestral numbers were Tchaikowsky's Orchestral Suite, No. 3, and Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," in both of which the playing of the orchestra was marked by precision, fire, resonance and balance of tone. The audience was limited only by the capacity of the hall.

Mme. Alda, Fritz Kreisler and Martineelli on Programme.

The third of this season of the morning musicales organized by R. E. Johnston was given in the cascade ballroom of the Biltmore yesterday before a large audience. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, Mme. Frances Alda, soprano, and Giovanni Martineelli, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera, were the soloists. Mr. Kreisler played compositions of Friedman-Bach, Couperin and Tartini and some of his other selections were the Dvorak-Kreisler "Indian Lament" and "Slavonic Dance" and his own "Caprice Viennois." Carl Lamson was at the piano for Mr. Kreisler.

Mme. Alda sang a group of French and English songs as well as the Gavotte from Massenet's "Manon" and the prayer from Puccini's "Tosca." Among her English songs were several compositions of Frank La Forge, who was her accompanist. Mr. Martineelli sang some songs by Italian composers and later arias from "Manon Lescaut," "La Gioconda" and "Rigoletto." Richard Hageman was his accompanist.

MISS SCHACHT'S RECITAL.

Feb. 27/15. H. J. Herald
Miss Augusta Schacht, contralto, a singer of German Lieders, made her first appearance here last night in a recital in Aeolian Hall. While the quality of tone which she produced was at times suggestive of real beauty, the production was so faulty and the breathe control so unsteady that the results were not always pleasing. At times she sang so softly that her singing scarcely could be heard in the rear of the audience, and several persons came down from the balcony to the orchestra with the complaint that they could not hear distinctly. Her interpretive abilities also were somewhat limited. The programme consisted of songs of Schubert, Brahms and Hugo Wolf, as well as an unusual group of works by J. Marx.

Feb. 28/1915

"Alda" and "Madame Sans-Gene" Sung.

Verdi's "Alda" was given last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Riccardo Martin singing Radames for the first time this season, and Scott, Amonasro. Mme. Destinn was Alda and Mme. Matzenauer, Amnerls. The others were, Messrs. Rossi, Dldur, and Audisio. Mr. Polacco conducted. In the afternoon there was a performance of "Madame Sans-Gene," with Miss Farrar in the title rôle, and the usual cast, including Messrs. Martineelli, Amato, and de Segurora. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Notable Performance of Beethoven's G Major Concerto by Hofmann.

The fifth in the series of concerts for young people given by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was distinguished by the playing of Beethoven's G minor concerto for pianoforte by Josef Hofmann. It may be supposed that this concerto was not new to many, even of the young people who heard it, though it has not been played lately by pianists; but it is safe to say that not many of them, or of their elders, either, ever heard it played with so perfect a beauty or with so fine a poetic spirit.

Mr. Hofmann was apparently in exactly the mood; a mood of lyric exaltation, with "his garland and his singing robes about him." The concerto is in the lyric and not in the heroic mold, and so Mr. Hofmann played it, with a strong and gracious sentiment and tenderness, with a purity of style and intensity of expression that are rare.

The continuance of his reading was not restraint or self-repression, but a complete self-identification with the spirit of the music through the most varied and subtle emotional phases. There is nothing needed to be said of the marvelous technical beauty of his playing, its clarity, its warmth and variety of tone, its exquisite sense of proportion, its innate and vitalizing rhythm. These things are well known to Mr. Hofmann's listeners. It will be something for the young people to remember, if they can, that yesterday the spirit of Beethoven passed that way.

The orchestra played Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony, before which Mr. Damrosch made some explanatory remarks and closed with two selections from "Carmen." Some might wonder whether Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony is, strictly speaking, meat for young people to feed upon in concerts devised specially for their nourishment and benefit. It is the seventeenth season of these concerts, to be sure; but the young people may be supposed to pass on, and younger ones appear for initiation into the easier mysteries of music.

MESSRS. BAUER AND CASALS

Messrs. Harold Bauer and Pablo Casals gave another of their recitals of chamber music for pianoforte and violoncello yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It was for the benefit of the Union Settlement, and there was a large audience, some of whom were upon the stage, though most of them might have been accommodated in the seats on the floor. The ensemble pieces were Brahms's E minor sonata, and Rubinstein's in D major. Mr. Casals played a sonata by Locatelli in D major, and Mr. Bauer Schumann's "Fantaisiestücke," (after which he added Mendelssohn's E minor Fantasia.) Their performances, whether together or separate, are a delight for the musically minded, and this was in the same measure as those that have preceded it. Some may have thought the beauties of Rubinstein's sonata a little faded and a little more obvious than they used to seem; but the allegretto, the second movement, still has an individual charm in its melody and its rhythm, and the most was made of all the three movements by playing of such distinction.

Miss Hempel's Lyric and Mme. Ober's

Dramatic Work Effective— Society Present.

"Euryanthe," Weber's romantic opera, was repeated last night in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Miss Hempel, who sang the title rôle, was not in the happiest voice in the first act, but proved by her excellent delivery of the later arias, especially that of the third act, that she is an admirable singer of lyric rôles. Mme. Ober's Eglantine was a fine dramatic bit of work, her big aria in the first act being sung stirringly. Mr. Sembach as Adolar, Mr. Well as Lyslart and Mr. Middleton as the King were all satisfying.

Mr. Toscanini's conducting was again remarkably effective and the singing of the chorus was a feature of the evening.

Last night's audience was the most brilliant of any attending the performances during the fifteenth week of the season at the Metropolitan.

Metropolitan Opera House.

Geraldine Farrar, who was able to celebrate her thirty-first birthday yesterday in the gratifying consciousness of already being, though only an American, the most popular operatic artist in the world, with the exception of Caruso, was heard again, on Saturday afternoon, in the part of Madame Sans-Gêne, the washerwoman who becomes a countess. She has added a number of telling touches to her impersonation, which now—so far as the opera permits—ranks with her best. Martineelli and Amato were also in the cast.

In the evening another very large audience was in the Metropolitan to hear Verdi's "Alda." The cast was a familiar one. Mme. Destinn sang the part of Alda, while Mme. Matzenauer made the music of Amnerls most dramatic. There is no more beautiful voice in the world to-day than Mme. Destinn's, and she was in splendid form. It surely cannot be that she will not be here next season. It was a pleasure to welcome Mr. Scott back to

the part of Amonasro, in which he has not been heard for several years. Particular interest attached also to the appearance of Riccardo Martin as Radames. He sang the "Celeste Aida" with much beauty of tone and tenderness of expression. In the Nile scene there was passion as well as beauty in his tones; and in the third act he surprised the audience by singing softly without deviating from the pitch, as tenors are wont to do in the difficult tomb scene. His make-up and costumes were realistic and in the best taste.

One could not but think in listening to Mr. Martin's voice what a treat might be provided for the lovers of Wagner's operas by having him appear as Lohengrin, Parsifal, and especially as Walter, in "Die Meistersinger." It was for this rôle in particular that he was originally engaged by Conried, and he would doubtless make a sensation in it, because his voice unites, as was pointed out the other day, a certain Italian dulcet quality with Teutonic virility. Other American singers have grown big at the Metropolitan in the Wagner rôles. It was hoped for some years that Caruso would brace up and sing Walter or Lohengrin; but evidently he lacks the ambition to grow, as Jean de Reske grew.

Singers come and singers go, but it is amazing that any one should believe that it is possible to have first-class opera without stars, and plenty of them, as some writers seem to think. The tragic fate of several late opera companies that had few stars should be borne in mind. Once upon a time there was a man who owned a horse. He had a theory that by gradually diminishing his daily ration of oats he could get him so he would need no costly food at all. All went well for a while, but unfortunately the horse died just as his owner thought he had demonstrated his theory. There is a whole shipload of food for thought in this fable.

Philharmonic and Other Concerts.

The most important of the many concerts of the last two days was that of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It began with a repetition of the fifth symphony of Tchaikowsky, which Stransky and his men interpreted in a way that made one enthusiast—a blasé journalist—exclaim: "After all, there is more good music in Tchaikowsky than in the works of all the other Russians together," which is true, if we except Rubinstein, who will have his day to-morrow, when Josef Hofmann, who was his pupil, will play two of his concertos with the New York Symphony Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall.

Yesterday's audience also enjoyed the performance by the Philharmonic of the seldom-played second "Peer Gynt" suite of Grieg, which, though less inspired than the four pieces included in the first, is better music than many pieces that are often put on programmes. "Solvejg's Lied," which is its final number, was sung by Mme. van Endert, but not as beautifully by any means as it was sung a few weeks ago by Alma Gluck, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. van Endert succeeded better with Humperdinck's "Es schaukeln die Winde," which was much applauded, as also were three songs recently arranged with orchestral accompaniment by their composers—Reger's "Waldeinsamkeit" and "Mariä Wiegenlied," and the most popular of Strauss's songs, his "Serenade." This one is really more effective for piano; yet it was interesting to note the orchestral wizard's way of distributing the instruments. The brilliant runs fell largely to the share of the purling flutes—very prettily.

Fritz Kreisler, it is needless to say, would have filled the Metropolitan last night had he been the only soloist. But with him were associated Frieda Hempel, a great magnet, too, and Herbert Witherpoon, and that meant a record audience as well as a most enthusiastic one. Other concerts of the last two days were those of Harold Bauer and Pablo Casals, Leo Ornstein, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, Mr. and Mrs. Medvedieff.

Mme. Van Endert, Soloist—Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony Heard.

The principal number on the programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert yesterday afternoon was Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony, which this season has not had so many performances as his fourth or sixth. It was therefore heard with all the more interest by the audience. Mr. Stransky's

reading of it had much variety of tempo and dynamics, and a clear presentation of the union of voices; but the performance was singularly lacking in richness and body of tone in numerous passages where they are especially desirable.

The orchestra also played the second suite compiled from Grieg's incidental music to "Peer Gynt," comprising "Ingrid's Lament," "Arabian Dance," "Peer Gynt's Home Coming," and Solvejg's song, and two of Brahms's Hungarian dances arranged for orchestra. The suite, with the exception of Solvejg's song, which is beautiful and familiar to lovers of Grieg's lyrics, is not so taking as the first and better known one, though it need not be said that it has less musical value. Both are intended primarily for the stage, and their pictorial quality seems to have been uppermost in the composer's mind. On this occasion the song of Solvejg was sung by the soloist, Mme. Van Endert, soprano, though in the suite as arranged for concert performance an orchestral version (which also occurs in the full score for dramatic performance, as well as the vocal form) is usually played. Mme. Van Endert sang the song seated, evidently to recall the scene as it occurs on the stage, where, as the programme book informs us, the back cloth is divided, and in the clouds Solvejg is seen sitting, beautiful in the strong light, and spinning. *Times*

Mme. Van Endert also sang the air "Leise, leise," with its accompanying recitatives, from "Der Freischütz," and a group of songs by Max Reger, Strauss, (his "Ständchen"), and Humperdinck, with orchestral accompaniment. Those by Reger and Strauss were originally written with accompaniments for piano, which have recently been orchestrated by the composers, and were sung with this accompaniment for the first time in America, according to a note on the programme. Mme. Van Endert was heard at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. She came from the Royal Opera in Berlin and the Deutsches Opernhaus in Charlottenburg. Her soprano voice again displayed agreeable quality, and seemed rather more substantial in its upper range than in its lower. She sang intelligently and musically, with some dramatic effectiveness in the recitatives of Weber's air, and with an acceptable style in the lyrics, but without much emotional expressiveness or strong individuality and with considerable lack of distinctness in uttering the words. She was liberally applauded.

American Singer Makes Her Debut Here in Concert

Mme. Rachel Frease-Green Appears
with Russian Symphony Orchestra in Century Theatre.

At the last of the series of Sunday concerts of the Russian Symphony Orchestra in the Century Opera House in connection with the engagement of Pavlova, which was given last night, Mme. Rachel Frease-Green, an American soprano, appeared for the first time in concert in New York. She has been singing in opera for four years, having made her debut with the Covent Garden Opera Company, in London. She also sang for a season with the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.

She has a voice of sweet quality and of good range, although not large. At times it hardly filled the hall. Her singing is most effective in lyric rather than dramatic works. Her first selection was the letter scene from Tchaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin." Most of her singing was smooth, and she adhered to the pitch at all times. Her phrasing was good, and in general she gave a satisfactory if not altogether stirring presentation of the Tchaikowsky operatic scene.

She has few mannerisms either in the use of her voice or in her stage appearance. A greater volume of tone in the dramatic passages would have helped the general effect, and sometimes the lack of a strong emotional quality was noticeable. She was received warmly by a large audience.

Later Mme. Frease-Green sang a group of songs, which included Hugo Wolf's "Song of the Wind," Duparc's "Le Manoir de Rosemonde" and Henschel's "Spring."

The orchestra, under the direction of Modest Altschuler, played music by Tchaikowsky, Sibelius, Dvorak and others, and Frederick Fradkin was heard in a violin solo.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Elizabeth van Endert, Soprano
From Berlin, Soloist.

The Philharmonic Society provided an interesting programme for the tenth concert of its Sunday series given yesterday at Carnegie Hall. Elizabeth van Endert, the operatic soprano from Berlin, who was heard here last season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the soloist, and for orchestral numbers Mr. Stransky's several selections were very happy in their variety.

Mme. van Endert was heard in the aria "Wie nahe mir der Schlummer" from Weber's "Der Freischuetz," and in four songs, "Waldeinsamkeit" and "Maria Wiegenlied" of Reger, Strauss's

Stuendchon" and Humperdinck's "Es schaukeln die Winde." The first three songs in the group have been recently orchestrated by their composers, as a programme note stated, and they were thus sung yesterday for the first time in America. *San March 1-1915*

With the delivery of the operatic number Mme. Van Endert was less successful than in the group of songs. In her singing of it her voice though of beautiful quality was uneven in tonal emission and in style she failed to express the deeper emotion of the music's content. In the songs her voice was steadier and her general expression of sentiment very pleasing. Her singing of the "Maria Wiegand" was especially well liked. Of the newly orchestrated songs it may be said that it is doubtful if their text is such as to warrant any gain through a more elaborate support than that of their original piano setting.

The first half of the programme was taken up by Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, a work which afforded the orchestra much opportunity for displaying its excellent skill in finer finish. The andante cantabile was played with exquisite sympathy and it received a warm response from the hearers. The orchestra also played the second "Peer Gynt" suite of Gregor, in which Mme. Van Endert sang the "Solvejgs Song," and in closing, two Hungarian dances of Brahms.

In the evening at the Bandbox Theatre Leo Ornstein, the Russian pianist, gave the third in a series of four recitals. His programme comprised four preludes and the sonata, opus 23, of Scriabine, "Gaspard de la Nuit"; of Ravel, "El Albaicin" of Albéniz, Debussy's "Children's Corner" suite, and "Seven Sketches" and "Two Shadow Pieces" by himself. Mr. Ornstein's playing interested first of all by its fine tonal beauty and clarity of style.

Mme. Kurt and Fritz Kreisler on Same Bill

Mme. Melanie Kurt, the recent addition to the staff of German sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang, for the first time in concert here at the Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan yesterday. On the same programme was Fritz Kreisler, violinist, one of the musical artists most frequently heard in this city, and together they were the cause of a huge audience.

"Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon," was Mme. Kurt's first selection. It is an exacting aria, calling for lyric as well as dramatic singing, for an unusual vocal range and variety of style. Her interpretation brought her a half a dozen recalls, but she refused to sing an encore.

Avoiding the usual group of songs which most of the Metropolitan artists add in the second half of the programme, she sang another operatic selection, the "Ritorno vincitore," from "Aida." It leads one to the conclusion that Mme. Kurt is more suited vocally to Wagnerian rôles than to those of the Italian school. Nevertheless, she is capable of singing finely sustained lyric passages. For a second time she received much applause, and again she refused to respond with an encore.

Mr. Kreisler played the popular Mendelssohn concerto and several short pieces of his own and of Conperin, Paganini and others with that charm which always is his. Great applause greeted each of his selections. Herbert Witherspoon, barytone, was the other soloist. He presented arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Le Caid," by Thomas. The orchestra, under the direction of Richard Hageman, played several numbers.

THE EVENING CONCERTS.

Kreisler, Mme. Kurt, Witherspoon, and Ornstein Among the Soloists.

There were four musical events for concert goers to choose between last night. At the Metropolitan Opera House Fritz Kreisler, Mme. Melanie Kurt, and Herbert Witherspoon, with the orchestra, drew an audience of nearly 3,000. There was another large audience at the Century Opera House to hear the Russian Symphony Orchestra and Leo Ornstein filled the little Bandbox Theatre. The fourth event was a recital of Russian songs by Jacob Medvedieff at Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Kreisler's numbers at the Metropolitan Opera House were Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor and four smaller pieces. Mme. Kurt, appearing for the first time in concert here, sang an aria from "Oberon" in German and "Ritorno Vincitore" from "Aida" in Italian. She was well received. Mr. Witherspoon gave an aria from "Le Nozze di Figaro" and the air du Tambour Major from "Le Caid." The orchestra, under Richard Hageman, played Weber's "Jubel Overture," Massenet's "Alsatian Scenes," and march from "La Reine de Saba," by Gounod.

The programme of the Russian Sym-

phony Orchestra included Schubert's "Finlandia," Tchaikovsky's "Memoirs of Florence," adapted for string orchestra by Mr. Alschuler; the finale from Symphony No. 4 of Tchaikovsky, and many smaller numbers. Mme. Rachel Prease-Green, a soprano with an agreeable, if not very large voice, and Frederick Cradkin, violinist, were the soloists. *San March 1-1915*

Leo Ornstein gave the third of his recitals of modern music at the Bandbox Theatre. The programme comprised Scriabine's Four Preludes and Sonata, Op. 23, Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," and compositions of Albéniz and Debussy, beside the pianist's own "Seven Sketches" and "Two Shadow Pieces." A recital of Russian songs in the original was given at Aeolian Hall by Jacob Medvedieff and Mrs. Rosowskaja-Medvedieff. The programme was a fairly long one. Mr. Medvedieff's voice is of good quality, but his style is not that of our concert stage. He sang, for instance, an extended passage in falsetto, and there were what we should call exaggerated portamentos, together with unusual tone qualities due to the vowel combinations of the language. But the recital was interesting from the point of view of the music presented and the style of singing.

STOJOWSKI PLAYS OWN POLISH MUSIC SCHERZO A GEM IN HIS SYMPHONY

Chopin Influence Shown—Ending of Second Concerto a Credit to Composer.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

It was a pleasant acquaintance which we made with Mr. Sigismund Stojowski as an orchestral conductor at a Philharmonic concert on February 5. We wish he had left the memory of the pleasure which his suite gave us and the very good opinion which we had formed of him as a writer in the larger forms undisturbed. Even more, heartily do we wish that he had contrived it, so that the very good opinion would have been increased.

Both wishes might easily have been gratified by the simple expedient of permitting us to hear his music gradually, and not compelling us to gulp three large compositions at a single sitting. Why modern composers who wish to win popular liking for their music do such things as Mr. Stojowski did in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon is incomprehensible to all but themselves—even to their most cordial well-wishers.

If there is a strong feeling that monotony is likely to be created by an "All Beethoven," or an "All Brahms," or an "All Strauss" programme, what is to be expected when an audience is asked to listen two hours to music which, while lighted up by an occasional flash of ingenious or ingenuous beauty, still presents one long, unrelieved procession of mannerisms in construction, in melody, in harmony and in instrumental color? Had we heard the Scherzo of the Symphony in D minor in a list of compositions by other men, it would have not only sounded charming (as it did yesterday), but would have warmed our hearts with enthusiasm. If we had heard the theme and variations which form the conclusion of Mr. Stojowski's second pianoforte concerto as part of a musical scheme contrived to exhibit a group of contrasts in manner and mood, we should have left the concert room convinced that the composer was a credit, not only to his native Poland, but also to the country he has chosen to make his second home.

If, finally, we had not heard of the violin cello concerts at all, but known of its existence, we should have rejoiced in Mr. Stojowski's wisdom in sparing us the experience, which it brought, even though the act would have deprived us of the pleasure of attending Mr. Willeke's debut with orchestra. Mr. Willeke's reputation as an artist of the first rank is safe (that was proved by the many recalls which he received for his brilliant performance of an ungracious task); it was not augmented by the accompaniment which he was called in to play to a persistently loud-lunged band.

But Mr. Stojowski would have it otherwise, and so the drab side of his concert must be presented as well as its high lights. Mr. Stojowski's Polish teacher was Zelenski, whose name is in exceedingly good repute in musical history. He belonged to the group of composers who rescued Polish music from the Italian "operatism" which characterized the school represented by such men as Dobrzynski, Nowakowski, Moniusko and Zarzycki, that stood for native art during two-thirds of the nineteenth century.

Zelenski Noskowski and Paderewski, to mention three of the men with whom Mr. Stojowski is associated in spirit, kept themselves aloof from the neo-romantic tendencies of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, and remained classical in spirit. That fact had striking illustration in the first movement of the symphony, not only in the rigid adherence to form, but also in its Mendelssohnian orchestration.

The thematic material of the moment would, however, have been much more effective in a freer treatment which

would not have made so much of the music sound like bald reiteration and called up suggestions of academic exercises. It seemed to cry out for a motto not the one suggested in the programme notes ("To be or not to be") but one equally Shakespearian, "Much ado about nothing."

The second movement flowed on with some beauty and much placidity, and then came the really delightful scherzo—a piece in which the Mendelssohnian influence was felt, and yet was original in thought and expression. Here the instruments of the orchestra romped and danced like

"Fairy elves, Whose midnight revels by a forest side Or fountain some belated peasant sees."

The same happy relief from the music which preceded it was found again in the sportive section of the pianoforte concerto, where the agreeable impression made was continued to the end by the variations, some of which seemed to indicate that Mr. Stojowski was a true son of Chopin because of his admirable use of dance rhythms. The principal theme of the finale of the symphony, a really fine and uplifting melody, well calculated to reflect the proud spirit of Poland (had there been anything national in the composition), aroused high hopes; but they were dashed to the ground by the labored and conventional music-making of the development portion.

The Zelenski school has been succeeded (in time at least) by some young men—Karłowicz, Fitilberg, Szymanowski and others—who are following in the footsteps of Strauss and Reger. It would be a pity if Mr. Stojowski were to seek to join them; but a greater pity if he were not now to essay to put some of the new national spirit in his next composition. Mr. Stojowski had the help, besides Mr. Willeke, of the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society and its conductor, Mr. Stransky.

STOJOWSKI'S MUSIC AT SPECIAL CONCERT

Three New Compositions by Resident Polish Musician

Well Played.

SYMPHONY; CONCERTOS

With the cooperation of Willem Willeke, cellist, and the Philharmonic Society's orchestra, Josef Stransky, conductor, Sigismund Stojowski, pianist and composer, gave a concert of his own works yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The compositions heard were a symphony in D minor, a cello concerto in the same key and the second piano concerto, A flat, opus 32. The symphony was written in 1900 and won a prize for Polish composers given by Mr. Paderewski. Mr. Stojowski's teacher, The cello concerto was played for the first time yesterday. The piano concerto was produced at a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra in June, 1913. Arthur Nikisch conducting and Mr. Stojowski at the piano.

It will be gathered from these records that Mr. Stojowski's undertakings have been serious and have been respectfully regarded by musical people. The hearing of them yesterday demonstrated their right to such consideration, for all three works showed the composer to be a man of taste, talent and technical accomplishments. The symphony follows classic lines in its general structure, but some of the themes heard in the beginning recur in subsequent movements, usually slightly modified.

The composer's Polish nationality is suggested in some of his melodic compositions and also in their treatment. Curiously enough, the results not infrequently recall those reached by Dvorak in his American music, for the Poles have their syncopations and their pentatonic progressions too. The symphony is a dignified composition, albeit not evenly sustained in merit. The slow movement is pleasing without sounding any depths, while the scherzo is unusually effective in its figuration and its orchestral treatment.

The cello concerto is in one movement of four sections, built on three principal themes. It is closely made and has some interesting formal features, such as the inclusion of a brief slow movement between the two main sections of the first allegro. The finale recalls the andante subject for its second theme. The work did not seem yesterday to be especially effective for the solo instrument, although the player was so admirable an artist as Mr. Willeke.

The piano concerto was perhaps the most satisfying piece of the three, though certainly not as strongly conceived or built as the symphony. But Mr. Stojowski is a pianist and he writes well for his instrument. The concerto was originally called "prologue, scherzo and variations" and this title clearly outlines its form. The transfer of themes from one part to another is again used and the variations are evolved out of two subjects previously heard.

These variations are skillfully made and the composer has indulged in the striking device of permitting the concerto to end in a prolonged diminuendo instead of the customary brilliant bravura close.

On the whole these compositions were worth a hearing and they were all presented well. Mr. Stojowski probably contributed the least satisfying element in his own playing, which doubtless suffered from some natural anxiety.

A Stojowski Concert.

Probably no piece is more frequently played by Paderewski than the "Chant d'Amour" of Sigismund Stojowski, an exquisitely melodious composition pliantly harmonized—a piece that should be in the repertoire of every pianist, professional or amateur. Stojowski, who was born in Poland, in 1870, was for a time a pupil of Paderewski, and fifteen years ago his symphony in D minor won the prize in a competition founded by Paderewski for Polish composers and judged in Leipzig. This symphony opened the concert given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon by Mr. Stojowski, who played the piano part in his own second concerto, which closed the entertainment, the middle number being his cello concerto, which was played by Willem Willeke of the Kneisel Quartet.

The symphony opens with a solo for bass-clarinete, followed by some rich and luscious pages of harmonization and orchestral coloring. Had the level thus set been sustained throughout the work, it would be one of the world's masterpieces. Unfortunately, the author was led astray by the German notion that a symphony must last at least forty-five minutes, the result being that there is much over-elaboration of the thematic material. A stirring climax at the end of this section partly atones for this state of affairs.

In the slow movement one of the features is a lovely clarinet solo. Mr. Stojowski has a great variety of tints on his palette, and he uses them lavishly in this andante. It is followed by a scherzo, which suggests "dancing elves in a moonlit night." Nikisch, who first conducted Stojowski's symphony, liked it so much that he has often played it as a separate number. It deserves the compliment, for it is cleverly conceived and carried out. In the last movement—which has a theme recalling one of the "Flying Dutchman" motives—the best thing is an enchanting episode for wood-wind instruments.

The symphony was played by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Stransky, who had evidently devoted conscientious labor to its careful rehearsing. There were a number of recalls for both composer and conductor. Then came the concerto for violoncello, which Mr. Willeke played with beauty of tone and brilliant execution. This concerto had never been played anywhere. It is, on the whole, as idiomatic and effective as most works of its kind, the florid element being subordinated to the cantabile style, which is better suited to the knee fiddle.

Mr. Stojowski has written two concertos for piano. The second one, composed at the suggestion of Paderewski, was the one played yesterday. After a brief introduction, the pianist pounces on the keyboard like a lion in hiding. It is an effective beginning, and while the concerto, like the symphony, is too long drawn out, in the Teutonic fashion, it contains many interesting details. At the close all display is cast aside, and the composition ends as poetically as the symphony begins. The composer, it is needless to say, played his work as it should be played, and the reward in applause was abundant.

MR. STOJOWSKI'S CONCERT. A Resident Pianist and Composer Presents His Own Music.

Sigismund Stojowski gave an orchestral concert of his own compositions yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall that was planned on an elaborate and ambitious scale. The Philharmonic Orchestra, under Mr. Stransky's direction, was employed. Willem Willeke, cellist of the Kneisel Quartet, played a cello concerto, and it was his first appearance in New York as soloist with an orchestra. Mr. Stojowski himself, who is well known to be a pianist as well as a composer, also appeared as soloist, and played with the orchestra his second concerto for pianoforte. Mr. Stojowski has been a resident of New York for a number of years. He has given several pianoforte recitals before this, in which he naturally has played pieces of his own composition. Such pieces have appeared on the programmes of other pianists, as of Mr. Paderewski, his friend and compatriot. So Mr. Stojowski's music is not unknown in New York, though it has become known mostly in minor forms. It was, and always is, a matter of doubt-

for speechless to convey an entire concert to the music of any one composer of less than the first rank. Very few can stand such a test as that. It may be questioned whether Mr. Stojowski's serious undertaking did as much for his music as would have been done had the three compositions heard yesterday been heard separately, at different times, in different surroundings, with the contrast that such surroundings would give.

The symphony in D minor, op. 21, with which the programme began, won the prize given by Mr. Paderewski for Polish compositions, and was written in 1901. Obviously an earlier work than the others, it shows a grasp less firm; a less interesting quality in its themes; less skill and imagination in their development. Mr. Stojowski writes well and intelligently for the orchestra; he is never extravagant, but he secures effects of richness and appropriateness in his instrumentation, in his combinations and contrasts.

Mr. Stojowski has made an excellent attempt to supply the violinist's crying need for concertos in the one he presented yesterday, played by Mr. Willeke with stirring spirit and enthusiasm, with great technical brilliancy, and with richly vibrant tone. It is not free from the reproach that clings to most compositions of its kind, of exploiting the instrument in a manner that does not best become it; but very much of it is written skillfully and effectively, and the instrument has something to say of musical value, in which the orchestra joins in an appropriate voice. There is especial interest in the experiment in form that Mr. Stojowski makes in this work, seeking to condense and concentrate the traditional plan of the sonata.

Of still greater interest and value is the piano concerto which Mr. Stojowski himself played. Here again there is an experiment in form. The concerto is in three movements, "Prologue, Scherzo, and Variations," and use is made to some extent of the device called community of theme. The variations seem to be the finest portion of the work, and, indeed, in many respects the best of all that Mr. Stojowski presented yesterday. The theme has emphatic individuality and musical significance, and the variations show a rich fancy, abundant technical resource in the treatment both of the pianoforte and the orchestra and originality of conception. Mr. Stojowski played the concerto with assured mastery and evident conviction.

It is to be said of his music that it shows a personal quality, a touch that can be realized as the composer's own. Mr. Stojowski in these compositions is not a "national" composer; he has not undertaken to make use of the idioms that have become known as specifically Polish or characteristic of Polish folk-song. Nor is his music "modern" with the modernity of today or tomorrow, and there are few of the signs in it of prevailing fashion, but it is obviously music of today. The best of it has abundant vitality.

Mr. Martinelli in Mr. Caruso's Favorite Role

More than ordinarily tragic with more than the usual number of stage deaths in the double bill of "L'Oracolo" and "I Pagliacci," which was the programme at the Metropolitan Opera House last night.

The feature of the evening was the appearance for the first time in New York of Giovanni Martinelli in one of the favorite roles of Caruso, that of Canio in "I Pagliacci." Since the favorite tenor started for Europe much of his work will fall to the lot of the younger Italian singer. Last night his success with the audience was evident. After his solo at the end of the first act he was called before the curtain more than half a dozen times by the audience. His voice was at its best and he sang with a passion and dramatic force that produced fine effects. His acting, while there was just a suggestion of self-consciousness, due no doubt to the fact that it was his first appearance here in the part, was highly commendable. There was little in it suggestive of Caruso. He was a younger and more active Canio.

Miss Emmy Destinn, who has sung the part of Nedda several times this season, again sang it brilliantly, and Pasquale Amato was again an excellent Tonio. The usual cast was heard in "L'Oracolo." Mr. Scott's striking characterization of the Chinese den keeper was the feature of the performance, and Miss Lucrezia Bori, Adamo Didur and Luca Botta again sang their roles well. Mr. Polacca conducted both performances.

The Studio Club Concert.
Yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theatre a concert was given, under the auspices of the Studio Club, at which one of its members, Miss Hilda Deighton, made her debut. She has a pleasing contralto voice of good range, and shows a sound instinct for the dramatic in her singing. The first songs on her programme, beginning with Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," seemed a trifle lugubrious to go with her youth, but when she reached "The Morning Wind," by Branscombe, she showed her command, both of lightness and dash. Miss Deighton was assisted by Miss Orrell, the cellist, and by Madame Narelle, the Australian soprano.

HOFMANN REVIVES RUBINSTEIN MUSIC Pianist's Work Brilliant at Damrosch Master Com- poser Concert.

The name of Anton Rubinstein is not found so often on symphonic programmes as it was in times gone by. Perhaps it is that the lack of intellectual content in much of the great Russian pianist's work has become recognized by a world taken by storm by the sheer brilliancy of the music; perhaps it was simply because that music had been played to the point of weariness. Whatever the reason or reasons were, the announcement by Mr. Damrosch that he was to present at one of his five master composer concerts an all-Rubinstein programme caused undoubtedly much rubbing of eyelids and recalling of ancient days. The wisdom of such a course must have been questioned by many until the further statement was made that Josef Hofmann was to be the assisting artist, when a suspicion arose which refused to be stifled—that the concert had been organized because Rubinstein was a great pianist, who wrote for the piano brilliant concertos unplayable by any save a few great virtuosi, and that Josef Hofmann was one of these. The fact that yesterday afternoon's programme contained two of these concertos to two rather light orchestral numbers, one of them considerably abridged, lent added color to this suspicion.

Be this as it may, Carnegie Hall was filled to overflowing, and the huge audience listened to as brilliant an exhibition of the possibilities of the pianoforte as has been put forth in many seasons. Mr. Hofmann played the concertos in D minor and in G, the former of which is still heard occasionally, the latter rarely. The *sine qua non* of both is dash and brilliancy of execution, and these qualities Mr. Hofmann has in superlative degree. Some cynics have asserted that not even Rubinstein himself could play his concertos with unflinching accuracy, and it is certain that their technical difficulties are at time appalling; yet Mr. Hofmann surmounted all, and if he made mistakes there was no evidence that any one knew it. Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra gave the pianist admirable accompaniments, and the audience after the D minor Concerto applauded until it seemed as if its applause would never end.

The orchestra numbers were two of the "Costume Ball Sketches" and the symphonic poem "La Russie," in which the composer introduces the melodies of the various peoples contained in the Russian Empire, and caps the whole with the Russian national anthem. Neither of these compositions is important, both are full of color and won immediate appeal. A world tired of Debussy and Strauss may well drift back to Rubinstein. It probably won't; yet yesterday's audience gave evidence that with the aid of great virtuosi it well might.

RUBINSTEIN MUSIC BY MR. HOFMANN

The third of the Symphony Society's "master composer" concerts took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The musician represented by the programme was Anton Rubinstein and the list consisted of two movements from the suite called "Bal Costume," the D minor piano concerto, the so-called symphonic poem, "La Russie," and the piano concerto in G major. The pianist was Josef Hofmann.

Naturally there might be some discussion of Rubinstein's claims to a place in a series of "master" composer concerts, but since the chief examples of his art were from the repertoire of the piano, perhaps the discussion may be avoided. That Rubinstein was a master pianist no one is likely to dispute. That he wrote music most grateful to the pianist is an equally safe assertion. That his D minor concerto is one of the most beautiful compositions in the literature of the piano is an opinion held by the majority of music lovers and by most pianists, albeit there are some who will shake their heads violently at this faith.

However, there was a large audience at yesterday's concert and there was evidence of general enjoyment. Doubtless the stirring proclamation of the Russian national anthem with which "La Russie" ends would have evoked longer and louder applause if peace still sat upon the wasted plains of Europe. As it was, the demonstrations of the afternoon were chiefly for the art of Mr. Hofmann, about which there need be no neutrality.

It is always a joy to hear this great master play the music of his teacher, for which he cherishes a genuine affection and respect. Furthermore, he had a sincere feeling for Rubinstein the man, and when he plays his music he plays it with a personal love. The D minor concerto has not been heard as often in recent seasons as it was some years ago because it was then performed so often that both players and public felt

that it was never played better in this town than it was yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Hofmann sounded to the uttermost depths every one of its moods and every secret of its melodic phrases. Tenderness, brilliancy, delicacy, power, cool repose, tumultuous aggressiveness, and above all musicalship, were found in his interpretation. Whatever of poetry and song exists in the composition were fully published and a splendid exhibition of technical mastery was given.

Comment on the performance of the G major concerto must necessarily repeat these assertions. But the work itself gives not so much scope for variety of technique and expression. The slow movement is the best of the three, and this was played in a manner to be described as ravishing in the subtlety of its tints and the exquisite perfection of its singing style. Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra supplied admirable accompaniments to both concertos.

Hofmann Plays Rubinstein.

Joseph Hofmann played the Chopin concertos as well when he was eleven years old as he plays them now, at the age of thirty-nine. The instinct of genius taught him to do that. He did not play the Rubinstein concertos at that early age, because they require a leonine power which a child cannot have. Subsequently he studied two years with Rubinstein, and that is one reason why he plays the works of that great master of melody and pianistic expression more authoritatively than any one else. Walter Damrosch was therefore wise when he engaged Hofmann to play two concertos in the concert devoted to Rubinstein in the master composer group.

He did so yesterday afternoon, choosing the best two of the five concertos, namely, the ones in D minor and in G. The D minor belongs in the first rank of concertos and will remain there, for it contains so much original melody and passionate expression that its pianistic brilliancy, which alone would suffice to make it popular, becomes a matter of secondary importance. It is needless to say that Mr. Hofmann, being a genuine artist, played it in a way to subordinate virtuosity to the higher musical qualities. It was a notable performance, which evoked thunders of applause. The concerto in G is less inspired than the D minor, being in this respect on a level with the Brahms concertos; but from the purely pianistic point of view it is a remarkable work, and Hofmann knew how to make it interesting by his beauty of tone, exquisite phrasing, and all the other things that combine to make the perfection of piano playing.

Who says that Rubinstein is passé? The *Evening Post* has maintained for years that it is only the folly of professionals that has made him seem obsolete. All of the music of his played yesterday was very much alive. Where is there any ballet music more charmingly melodious and piquant than the "Toreador and Andalusian," with which Mr. Damrosch opened the concert? And what composer has treated folk music more delightfully than Rubinstein treats the Polish, Caucasian, German, Lithuanian, Tartar, Little-Russian, Hebrew, and Bohemian airs he has linked together in his symphonic poem, "La Russie"? Why does not this piece figure frequently on concert programmes? It ends with the Russian national hymn, superbly harmonized. It is, as Fritz Kreisler thinks—and we cordially agree with him—the most inspired of all the national anthems. Mr. Damrosch and his men played it inspiringly. If they had all been Russians they could not have done so more *con amore*.

An Excellent Hungarian Pianist.

Four concertos for pianoforte were played in Carnegie Hall yesterday. After Josef Hofmann had delighted a huge audience in the afternoon with two of Rubinstein's, another pianist, heretofore unknown to the New York public, added to the list the fifth of Saint-Saëns and Liszt's in A major in the evening. Being unknown here, he did not, of course, attract a very large audience, but he deserved one, for he proved to be an admirable pianist and musician. It says much for him that he was able to keep wide awake until ten o'clock the interest of those who had by that time heard all of the four concertos within seven hours. His name is Desider Josef Vécsei.

He began with the Saint-Saëns, and immediately won the favor of his audience. He is the possessor of a splendid finger technique, and, what is much better, he has a beautiful tone and poetic feeling. He played the rhapsodical movement of the Saint-Saëns concerto like

an improvisation and revealed perfectly the Oriental atmosphere and color which pervades this fascinating work of the great Frenchman. In this work Saint-Saëns used certain dissonant runs which almost shock the ear, even in these days, but the effect aimed at is achieved. It stands alone, this sudden shock which drops one abruptly into a land of strange instruments and stranger intervals. Mr. Vécsei was equally fortunate in his treatment of the first and last movements. The surging crescendos of the runs in the first movement were especially beautiful. Perhaps even more gratifying were his conception and execution of the Liszt concerto, which had the genuine Hungarian dash, brilliancy, and emotional glow. The orchestral part of this concert was provided by musicians from the New York Symphony Orchestra, conducted with remarkable skill by Victor Kolar.

The Kneisels Play Schoenberg.

Leonard Liebking's remark that "the critics have declared a war zone around Arnold Schönberg" does not refer to his earlier works. In those he was not in the least iconoclastic, but they got no attention from professionals or the public, so he began to make bombs, and when he started out to explode these, everybody listened, and the critics began to fire on him from their trenches.

At last night's Aeolian Hall concert of the Kneisel Quartet the programme included one of Schönberg's early works, a sextet for strings, published as opus 4. It proved to be almost free from anarchistic dissonances; indeed, the most remarkable thing about it was the agreeable euphony of not a few of the pages of the score. Even more than in the (somewhat later) quartet played last season by the Flonzaleys, Schönberg shows in this sextet an almost Schubertian skill in getting rich and varied colors from a small number of instruments. There are even suggestions of Wagner in these blends. From the point of view of melodic invention, however, this sextet is quite unimportant. In one of its aspects it is to be hoped it will prove epoch-making—its brevity. It is in one movement and lasts only about twenty minutes. If all sextets, quintets, quartets, trios, duos, and solo sonatas were as short as that, condensing all that is good in the usual four movements into one movement, chamber music would be ten times as popular as it is now.

The Kneisels and their associates played the sextet admirably, as they did the other numbers on the programme, including Brahms's opus 51, No. 2, two

movements of a quartet by Kodaly, and Boccherini's charming quintet in C. Mr. Hofmann Plays Two Concertos in the "Master Composers" Series.

The third in the series of "master composers' concerts" was given by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Damrosch's direction, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Like the others in this series, it was dominated by a master pianist, playing concertos for the piano, namely, Mr. Josef Hofmann. The master composer was Rubinstein, and the orchestral music by him consisted of two of the "Bal Costume" pieces, originally written for two players on the piano, transcribed for orchestra. "Toreador and Andalusian" and "Pilgrim and Fantasy," and the symphonic poem, "La Russie." Mr. Hofmann played two of Rubinstein's concertos, those in D minor and in G major.

Much might be said as to the choice of Rubinstein as a representative "master" in such a series: some would conjecture that the choice was made that Mr. Hofmann might perform an act of piety toward his old master. Much might also be said about Mr. Hofmann's playing. There is little to say about the music of Rubinstein heard yesterday. The costume ball movements were once popular items of popular concert programmes, but they are hardly that now. The symphonic poem "La Russie" is a dull compilation of folk-tunes, ending with the Russian national anthem. The idea at the bottom of this is more interesting than the execution of it; the tunes are those of the various peoples which make up the Russian Empire, and there are some ingenious combinations.

Though it is perceptibly losing its hold on life and the mists are beginning to gather about it, the D minor concerto is still one of the living items of the pianist's repertory. So much cannot be said of the concerto in G. It is most rarely heard, and then chiefly on the fulfillment of a desire to honor the composer's memory. For this reason, it may be imagined, Mr. Lévinne resuscitated it some years ago. There are

acelle tunes in it, not always mighty, original. The most notable part of the work is a rhapsodic passage in the character of recitative in the slow movement. There is a singular want of skill and effect in the instrumentation of the accompaniment.

Mr. Hofmann played as if resolved to convert all his hearers to an admiration of these works. He put into his playing all his intensest energy, his robust power, his widest gradations of dynamics, and all the tonal beauty and changing color that go with them; all his brilliancy and all his inspiring rhythm. He seemed to give, if anything, more devotion to the weaker concerto in G than to the stronger one in D minor, and there was a leonine power in his delivery of the sweeping themes that in themselves seem of little value. He raised to its highest power the slow movement and gave a peculiarly fine dramatic significance to the passage of which mention has been made. His performances made a great impression and aroused great enthusiasm. The orchestra gave him an excellent accompaniment, and did what was possible to do with the orchestral numbers.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Shoenberg's String Sextet Played for the First Time in New York.

At the fifth concert of the Kneisel Quartet last evening in Aeolian Hall there were a few empty seats that are most rarely seen empty at these concerts. Were they abandoned by their possessors in terror at the name of Arnold Schönberg, that occupied a place for the first time on one of Mr. Kneisel's New York programmes? If so, the alarm was unfounded. The composition by Schönberg was found highly acceptable, apparently, by the audience; it was applauded as few new compositions brought out in recent years by Mr. Kneisel have been applauded, and the players were repeatedly recalled to bow their acknowledgments.

The piece was the sextet for strings in D minor, marked Op. 4, and provided with the title "Verklärte Nacht." It was played for the first time in New York. It is one of his earliest works, his first one for instruments, and was composed in 1899, when he was 24 years old. It thus precedes by several years the quartet played last season by the Pionzale Quartet and by a long span in musical development the latter works of a composer who has occasioned a large amount of disturbance in the musical world in recent years. New York has not been privileged to hear his "Five Orchestral Pieces" or his "Kammersinfonie" that are responsible for most of the disturbance and that have left most of their hearers bewildered, if not a resentful and angry frame of mind. A few may have heard within a few weeks the pieces for piano-forte that are quite on a par with them in dissonant unintelligibility, put before the public by an ardent young apostle of the dissonant and the unintelligible.

With these things the audience last evening needed to have no concern. The sextet offers nothing in the way of such difficulties to listeners at all familiar with the material of music of the present day; and it may show how Schönberg, like his elders, if not his betters, stands on the shoulders of his predecessors, no matter how far he may have gone in his own way. The composition is in one movement, though there are several well-defined sections. It is a programme music. The title, "Verklärte Nacht," refers to a poem printed at the head of the score, an extract from Richard Dehmel's "Weib und Wils." No mention of this was made on the programme, nor was the poem printed, either in the original or in a translation; nor even a synopsis of it. Those who wish the omission explained have only to get the verses and read them.

This sextet is not, however, programme music of the most literal tendency, and that it can stand by itself without the aid of interpretation its reception last evening showed. Schönberg still discloses in it influences both in melodic quality and in harmonic traits of the later Wagner and the earlier Strauss. It is in certain passages, prolix, in certain passages it shows sentimentality and even an almost cloying sweetness. But it has conspicuous beauties, and it seems truly sincere. The opening section is deeply poetical, dark in color, gloomily suggestive in mood. There are pages of passionate eloquence and there is imaginative power long sustained. The harmony is bold and striking, of the adventurous, though the Schönberg of this period had not cast loose from the teachings of the past, and there is little to disturb the ear of the modern listener. One of the most noteworthy qualities of the sextet is the skill and resource shown in the writing for the instruments, in the variety, the effectiveness, often the originality, the keen sense of beauty disclosed in their treatment. It is a composition that could be taken as a most auspicious beginning for an instrumental composed however he may have strayed since into impassable mazes.

The sextet was followed by a more recent innovation of modern art. Kodaly's quartet, of which two movements were played, and was preceded by another that now has the serene and unassailable outlook of a classic. Brahms' quartet in A. O. 51, No. 2. At the end came Beethoven's quintet in C. Mr. Kneisel had the assistance of Samuel Gardner, violin, and Hyman Eisenberg, violin cello. The performance had great features of ensemble; and Schönberg's sextet, extraordinarily complicated and difficult especially in intonation, was played with superlative finish and power.

HUNGARIAN PIANIST'S DEBUT.

Desider Josef Vecsei Makes a Good Impression at First Concert.

Desider Josef Vecsei, Hungarian pianist, made his debut last night at a concert in Carnegie Hall, at which he played with the Symphony Society under the direction of Victor Kolar. He had only two numbers, both with orchestra—Saint-Saëns' concerto No. 5 and the Liszt concerto in A major.

Mr. Vecsei is a player of many excellent qualities. His touch is strong and all of his runs and rapid passages were exceptionally clear. His octave work in the Liszt concerto was notable. He has a fine command of tonal shadings though the works presented did not offer all of the opportunities for the display of emotional depths such as might have been expected at a first performance. Both Saint-Saëns and Liszt are writers of brilliant virtuoso pieces. Nevertheless, there was much dash and spirit to the performance of the Liszt work.

The orchestra contributed two numbers, Weber's "Oberon" overture and a Suite of Dvorak.

Amateur Club of Musicians Gives Concert

large audience heard a programme played by Ernest Schelling, American pianist, and the Symphony Club of New York, an orchestra made up of women of society and directed by David Mannes. The concert was for the benefit of the American Polish Relief Committee, for which Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave a recent recital.

Yesterday the programme included two orchestral numbers, Beethoven's Coriolan Overture and the sarabande and gavotte from Grieg's suite for strings, opus. 40.

Considering that the Symphony Club is an amateur organization, it plays with more than ordinary smoothness and the tone of the strings was quite creditable. Its numbers were well played and it also played satisfactory accompaniments for the soloist, Mr. Schelling, who played two Polish compositions, the Chopin Concerto in F minor and Paderewski's "Polish Fantasy."

In the orchestra were Miss Gertrude Field, who is the concert master; Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Brown, Miss Helen Morgan Hamilton, Mrs. John A. Hartwell, Miss Florence Hawes, Mrs. R. B. Kimball, Mrs. Ferdinand Kuhn, Miss Louise Marshall, Miss Eunice Prosser, Mrs. George P. Robbins, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg and Mrs. Throop M. Wilder.

ERNEST SCHELLING PLAYS.

He Appears with Symphony Club for the Benefit of Polish Fund.

For the benefit of the Polish Relief Committee Mr. Ernest Schelling appeared with the Symphony Club of New York in a concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. There was a large audience and the funds of the committee were largely increased by the proceeds of the concert. The Symphony Club is an association of ladies, amateurs, who study orchestral music under the guidance of Mr. David Mannes for their own pleasure. In this concert they had the assistance of professional players of wood and brass instruments, since the members are all players of strings. There were also some professional string players who played. Mr. Schelling is well known in New York as a pianist of the first rank, and is one of the very few such pianists now here who have not appeared publicly this season.

It is not every pianist who would feel stimulated and encouraged by the accompaniment of an amateur orchestra in concerted music of difficulty, such as Chopin's Concerto in E minor and Paderewski's Polish Fantasy, which he played yesterday. But the members of the Symphony Club did themselves credit by their performance of this music—more credit, in fact, than some of their employed assistants. And if Mr. Schelling was not thereby urged to surpass himself, he gave a beautiful and poetic performance of Chopin's concerto, and in Paderewski's fantasy he interested and delighted his listeners by bringing to a hearing a composition replete with charm and poetic imagination and brilliantly wrought, which does not frequently figure on concert programs. The orchestra also played Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and string members of it the sarabande and gavotte from Grieg's Suite for strings, Op. 40.

Ernest Schelling is one of the greatest pianists of the time, but he does not have to play to support himself, for which reason he has not entered the concert field this season as one of the many competitors for popular favor. Yesterday afternoon, however, he did make an appearance in Aeolian Hall, playing at a concert in behalf of the Polish Relief Fund, a cause endeared to him through

his friendship with Paderewski, Sembrich, and other eminent products of the land which gave birth to Chopin.

The numbers chosen for performance were Chopin's F minor concerto and Paderewski's Fantasie Polonaise. It took considerable courage to select the latter piece, a very difficult one, for the orchestra was that of the Symphony Club, of which David Mannes is conductor, and which consists largely of ladies who play the string instruments as amateurs, the wind instruments being taken by professionals of the other sex. Listening to amateurs is not always an unmitigated pleasure, but the Symphony Club did its part surprisingly well, not only in the two pieces in which it formed the background for Mr. Schelling's playing, but in the purely orchestral numbers, Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, and two movements from Grieg's "Holberg" suite.

Schelling played the Chopin concerto with the *impudite delicate* which those who had the privilege of hearing Chopin himself admired so much, and with those subtle gradations of tone which are an essential part of poetic piano playing. It was Chopin *comme il faut*, including the effective use of the sustaining pedal, which Chopin said was the study of a lifetime. Schelling is still very young, but as pupil of Paderewski, the wizard of the pedal, he had abundant opportunity to learn its mysteries at an early age. The "Polish Fantasy" gave him better opportunities still to show his mastery of the pedal and of rich and varied tonal effects in general. He played this piece authoritatively, with splendid rhythmic energy and in the true Polish spirit. It is to be hoped Mr. Schelling will play this admirable composition with the Philharmonic next season.

Metropolitan Opera House.

The third performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio," given last night at the Metropolitan, brought a change of cast, the part of Leonore being assigned to Selma Kurt, while Sembrich sang Florestan. Mme. Kurt proved to be as sincere an artist in this rôle as she was in the Wagner operas in which she had previously sung here. She surmounted the almost unsurmountable difficulties of Beethoven's vocal intervals and altitudes and acted the part of the disguised wife with skill. Mr. Sembrich also scored once more as the unhappy prisoner. He had previously proved, especially in the first aria in "Euryanthe," that he can cope with any vocal situation. From Jean de Reszke he learned the art of tone production. The other parts were taken as before, and Mr. Hertz once more made one's heart heavy at the thought that he is not to be here next season. To-night, he will conduct the "Rosenkavaller." Mr. Guard distributes the following announcement:

Owing to the delay of three weeks, due to the war, in the arrival from Europe of the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera Company, it has been impossible to provide for the satisfactory preparation of Borodine's "Prince Igor" this season. "Prince Igor" is an opera in which the chorus's share is both very long and very difficult. General Manager Gatti-Casazza has therefore decided to postpone its first production in New York until next season. In its stead he will make a revival of Mascagni's "Iris," which has not been heard since the season of 1907-08. It will be conducted by Mr. Toscanini, and the principal rôles will be sung by Miss Bori and Messrs. Botta, Scotti, and Didur.

During the month of April two symphony concerts will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House under Mr. Toscanini's direction.

'FIDELIO' IS REPEATED.

Mme. Kurt and Mr. Sembrich Appear in It for the First Time.

Important changes were made in the cast of "Fidelio" at last evening's performance at the Metropolitan, by which Mme. Melanie Kurt appeared for the first time as Leonore and Mr. Sembrich as Florestan. It was Mme. Kurt's first appearance at the opera in music other than Wagner's; the first opportunity she has had to exhibit her powers in a different style of vocalism. To achieve success in the part of Leonore is one of the highest ambitions of the German dramatic soprano, as it is one of the most difficult of her tasks. Mme. Kurt, it may be said, achieved an unqualified and indubitable success as one of the finest interpreters of the part heard here for a long time.

The dominant feeling in her impersonation is womanly tenderness, and an exaltation of sympathy. A deeper tragic note has been sounded in it, but there have been few more sympathetic Leonores than Mme. Kurt's. As to her singing, it is on the highest plane of excellence; the voice beautiful and dramatically moving in quality, the technical skill equal to coping with the heartrending difficulties that Beethoven put into his music.

The third performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio," which was given at the opera last night, brought two new singers into the cast—Mme. Kurt, as Leonore, and Johannes Sembrich, as Florestan. Both were factors largely contributory to a peculiarly fine performance. It was to have been expected, after the engaging qualities which she had exhibited in the five Wagnerian rôles in which she has appeared, that Mme. Kurt would not prove disappointing in a character so well adapted to her sympathetic style of action and song; but the listeners accustomed to the critical attitude may yet have questioned whether her voice had the volume and the intensity of agitated emotion called for by the great air of the first act, which has afflicted the souls of dramatic sopranos ever since the opera has been on the stage. The doubt grows almost into apprehension in the beginning of the scene, but was dispelled as soon as she sang the first phrase of the cantilena. At once beauty of the highest order had a proclamation which carried senses and feelings of the audience captive and held it to the end of the evening.

It was dramatic singing of the truest type; musical always; strong because of the truthfulness of its declamation; moving because of the sincerity of the pathos which vitalized it; convincing, thrilling, uplifting, ennobling. The newcomer had won her first triumph. And all these qualities informed also the acting and singing of Herr Sembrich, whose Florestan was one of the finest achievements that he has yet put to his credit. With Fräulein Schumann, a most ingratiating Marzelline, and Herr Braun, an exceedingly capable Rocco, the debutantes proved that the "Fidelio" of this season is as satisfactory as any that New Yorkers can recall. Mr. Herz conducted in an obvious spirit of love for Beethoven's still much misunderstood opera, and had sympathetic collaborators in chorus and orchestra.

TWO NEW SINGERS HEARD IN "FIDELIO"

Mmes. Kurt and Sembrich Contribute to Fine Performance of Opera.

The third performance this season of Beethoven's "Fidelio," which was given at the opera last night, brought two new singers into the cast—Mme. Kurt, as Leonore, and Johannes Sembrich, as Florestan. Both were factors largely contributory to a peculiarly fine performance. It was to have been expected, after the engaging qualities which she had exhibited in the five Wagnerian rôles in which she has appeared, that Mme. Kurt would not prove disappointing in a character so well adapted to her sympathetic style of action and song; but the listeners accustomed to the critical attitude may yet have questioned whether her voice had the volume and the intensity of agitated emotion called for by the great air of the first act, which has afflicted the souls of dramatic sopranos ever since the opera has been on the stage. The doubt grows almost into apprehension in the beginning of the scene, but was dispelled as soon as she sang the first phrase of the cantilena. At once beauty of the highest order had a proclamation which carried senses and feelings of the audience captive and held it to the end of the evening.

It was dramatic singing of the truest type; musical always; strong because of the truthfulness of its declamation; moving because of the sincerity of the pathos which vitalized it; convincing, thrilling, uplifting, ennobling. The newcomer had won her first triumph. And all these qualities informed also the acting and singing of Herr Sembrich, whose Florestan was one of the finest achievements that he has yet put to his credit. With Fräulein Schumann, a most ingratiating Marzelline, and Herr Braun, an exceedingly capable Rocco, the debutantes proved that the "Fidelio" of this season is as satisfactory as any that New Yorkers can recall. Mr. Herz conducted in an obvious spirit of love for Beethoven's still much misunderstood opera, and had sympathetic collaborators in chorus and orchestra.

SYMPHONY CLUB HAS LARGE ATTENDANCE

RECEIPTS TOTAL \$4,000

The Symphony Club of New York, composed of amateur musicians, gave its annual concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, this time for the benefit of the American Polish Relief Committee. David Mannes conducted the concert and the soloist was Ernest Schelling, pianist, who played Chopin's concerto in F minor and Paderewski's fantasie polonaise, with the accompaniment of the orchestra. The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's Coriolan overture and the sarabande and gavotte from Grieg's suite for strings, opus 40. The concert was listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience and the receipts were \$4,000.

In addition to the regular members of the Symphony Club there were players from the New York Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras. The members of the orchestra were as follows:

Violins—Miss Gertrude Field, concert master; Mrs. W. C. Bissell, Mrs. William L. Brown, Mrs. Howard Brockway, Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Brown, Miss Antoinette Burke, Mrs. Nathan Clark, Miss Emily Gilbert, Miss Helen Morgan Hamilton, Mrs. John A. Hartwell, Miss Florence Hawes, Miss Alice Ives Jones, Mrs. R. B. Kimball, Mrs. Ferdinand Kuhn, Miss Elizabeth Lascel, Miss Louise Marshall, Mrs. Boris Maruchess, Miss Eleanor May, Mrs. Alexander C. Morgan, Mrs. James Murphy, Miss Selma Peck, Mrs. F. Prior, Miss Eunice Prosser, Mrs. George P. Robbins, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Miss Edna Ruppel, Mrs. O. C. Steinhauser, Miss Jean Stockwell, Miss Margaret V. Underhill, Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg, Miss Alice Wilson, Mrs. Throop M. Wilder, Miss Mildred Woolworth.

Violas—Miss Elsie Smith, Reber Johnson, Bertram Simon.

Cellos—Miss Edith Otis, Miss Ethel Lee, Elias Bronstein.

Base—Morris Cherkasky.

Mme. Kurt Sings Fidelio Role for First Time Here

With two important changes in the cast, Beethoven's only opera "Fidelio," was

heard at the Metropolitan. The music was heard by a large and appreciative audience. Mme. Kurt sang the title rôle for the first time here, and Mr. Sembach was heard for the first time as Florestan. Mme. Kurt added to her laurels by the beautiful manner in which she sang the "Abscheulicher" aria. At times her performance was lacking in dramatic significance, but this was atoned for by rare beauty of the singing and by good diction. In addition she was impressive in men's clothes, and the audience applauded her heartily.

Mr. Sembach sang his big aria in the dungeon scene effectively, making much of the sentimental side. The other principals were Mr. Braun as Rocco, Mme. Schumann as Marzelline, Mr. Middleton as Don Pizarro, Mr. Goritz as Don Fernando and Mr. Reiss as Jacquino, all satisfying in their rôles. Mr. Hertz conducted, and after the playing of the "Leonore" No. 3 Overture, between the two scenes of the second act, the applause was enthusiastic.

March 5, 1915

Bauer with Philharmonic.

Last night's Philharmonic audience in Carnegie Hall enjoyed very much a performance of Schumann's great concerto for piano, in which Stransky and his musicians cooperated with Harold Bauer in giving a brilliant performance of this melodious and rhythmically enchanting master-work. Even in these days of orchestral as well as pianistic virtuosity the "rhythmic cross-pulsations" and "nervous twitches" (as Mr. Humiston calls them) in the final movement are rarely executed with such unanimity on the part of soloist and conductor as they were on this occasion. In the days when this concerto was first produced, these difficulties were held to be almost insurmountable, some of the critics going so far as to advise pianists and orchestral leaders not to perform this concerto, because a breakdown in this last movement was almost inevitable!

Josef Stransky revealed himself once more last night as not only a great orchestral commander, but as the prince of programme-makers. In addition to a master-concerto played by a master pianist, he presented the "Tragic Overture" of Brahms at one end of the concert and Weber's romantic "Freischütz" overture at the other end, besides the fourth symphony of Dvorák, for the revival of which last night's audience, judging by the cordial applause after each movement, was most grateful. Seidl and Paur conducted it for Philharmonic audiences, and then it fell into undeserved neglect.

When Dvorák was director of the National Conservatory of Music in this city, the present writer, after hearing his fourth symphony, remarked to him that in it he had entered on a new phase in the development of his creative powers. He nodded his assent with his Socratic head and replied that Joseph Bennett, of London, had said the same thing to him.

Pleasing though this symphony is, it must nevertheless be admitted that it is not a masterpiece of creative genius equal to his "New World" symphony, with its inexhaustible wealth of original melody and deep emotion. As many plants are improved by being transferred to new soil, so Dvorák's genius was wonderfully stimulated by being placed amid new surroundings, and fertilized, at the same time, by homesickness. For this gain, for this evolution of the Greater Dvorák, the musical world is eternally indebted to Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, who brought this Bohemian to our shores. The debt is the greater because the best of Dvorák's chamber music also was written in America.

DELIGHTFUL MUSIC IN CARNEGIE HALL

Philharmonic Society and Bauer

Will Repeat Programme

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

There was a deal of delightful music and not a disappointing feature in the concert which the Philharmonic Society gave in Carnegie Hall last night. Pleasure of a rare sort awaits those who purpose attending the repetition set down for this afternoon.

The programme was not too long, its one gloomy note was sounded at the beginning, and the solo feature was one that will linger as long and as pleasantly in the memory as any other single feature whenever it is recalled. Mr. Bauer played the Schumann concerto—played with it, so

lightly, limpidly, fluently, sentimentally, all its fascinatingly resilient passages leap out from under his fingers, so charming was its song, so well poised, admirably proportioned and joyously proclaimant its superb first movement.

There may have been more eloquent performances of the work in New York. If so they have slipped out of our memory, and we cannot imagine in what the superiority can have consisted. To the lovers of magnificent work it was a pure joy which Mr. Stransky's accompaniment enhanced.

The evening began with Brahms' "Tragic" overture—"Jan qui pleure," as Dr. Hanslick characterized it a generation ago, when it was new, in contradistinction to "Jean que rit," the academic. Then, by a happy inspiration, Mr. Stransky revived Dvorák's Symphony No. 4 in G major.

It is a long time since we heard it last; twenty years, may be, and its measures so full of the joyousness of nature, of lush and waving grasses, of the singing of birds, the chiaro oscuro of woodland glade and their gentle denizens, shepherd's songs and autumnal merry makings carried simple happiness to the hearts of its hearers. Why should so welcome a guest visit us so seldom? It is needed for comfort and solace of ears and souls in these days of din and dissonance.

At the end came the "Freischütz" overture.

PHILHARMONIC IN ELEVENTH CONCERT

Harold Bauer's Playing of
Schumann Concerto Is

the Feature.

The eleventh Thursday evening concert of the seventy-third season of the Philharmonic Society took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. The programme was one of music generally known to concertgoers and not likely to arouse any serious discussion in these days of strange doings in art. The list comprised the "Tragic Overture" of Brahms, Dvorák's G major symphony (No. 4), the Schumann piano concerto and Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz." The pianist was Harold Bauer.

The fourth symphony of Dvorák is not played very often. Can it be that peaceful music of this kind no longer bites enough? We are fond of warm spices in these days and "ginger shall be hot in the mouth." But perhaps the pastoral attitude with sermons in stones and books in running brooks may from time to time bring joy. Certainly the old symphony, which had not been heard in years, gave delight to many serious music lovers last evening. There is nothing in it to call for psychologic interpretation. All it needs is good tone, balance, clarity, cheerfulness and above all sanity. The orchestra did its share last evening, and Mr. Stransky seemed to enjoy the music which he was conducting.

Mr. Bauer is at his best in the Schumann concerto. His incisive treatment of its rhythms contributes greatly to his success with this work, which is singularly captivating in the character and variety of its rhythmic figures. But his delicate gradations of tone and nice adjustment of pedal effects also play important parts. Mr. Bauer's musicianship is proverbial, and every lover of piano playing knows that his temperament warms geniality in the glow of Schumann's poetic thought. His performance of the concerto last evening was a lovely interpretation of one of the loveliest of all piano compositions.

MISS SOVEREIGN'S RECITAL.

Songs by a Singer With Real Contralto Voice.

Alice Sovereign, contralto, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme contained songs by Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Arensky, Homer, Vacek, Metzl and others. Miss Sovereign disclosed a voice of a type which for some reason is in these times very rare. It is a genuine contralto of low pitch, but with a sufficiently extended scale to prevent the monotony certain to be found in the continued hearing of the low tones.

The singer was apparently very nervous at the beginning of her recital and her voice was clouded and dull, but it warmed up as she proceeded, and by the time she reached her fourth number, Haydn's familiar "Mermaid's Song," she was able to show her best qualities. This particular song she sang well and with skill in the treatment of the light and airy upper tones necessary for its delivery.

In general it can be said that while Miss Sovereign showed no great warmth or impressiveness in her singing she displayed technical accomplishments of a respectable kind, and also some intelligence, sentiment and taste. These are valuable qualities too often absent from the offerings of platform singers. When brought to the assistance of a voice so unusual in character and beauty as Miss Sovereign's they furnish results productive of interest to the hearer.

ALICE VERLET SINGS.

A Concert of Vocal Music of Varied

Kind. March 5, 1915
Miss Alice Verlet, coloratura soprano, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Miss Verlet, who is a native of Belgium and has sung in the opera houses of that country and of Paris, was announced on the programme of the concert as being a prima donna from the Grand Opera House of the French capital.

The offerings of the entertainment yesterday were generous in number and of much variety. Aside from Miss Verlet's own share in them she had several assistants, comprising a flutist, a violinist and two accompanists. The programme list contained arias by Gluck, Mozart and Chabrier, "Le Rossignol" of Handel with flute obligato, "Le Bonheur est chose légère" of Saint-Saëns, with violin obligato, several modern French songs and the aria, "Concert à la Cour" of Auber as well as some solo work for flute.

Many things good and some things bad, might be said of Miss Verlet's singing as heard yesterday, though the detrimental features could be largely obliterated in remembering that her voice, of a naturally good quality, is now owing to the usage of time not entirely what it was once, and it was on this account that in numbers calling for a sustained legato she was on the whole more successful than in colorature, though a desirable sense of taste and a good knowledge of style stood her generally in good stead. Her singing was much liked by an audience that had evidently come prepared to enjoy all that should be offered and there was much applause that resulted in frequent repetitions and encores. Miss de Forest Anderson was the flutist and Charles Vet, the violinist.

Miss Verlet's Recital. 1915

Miss Alice Verlet, the Belgian soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Her voice proved to be a pleasing one, and she uses it with evident ease and understanding of its capacities. Although she is regarded as a coloratura soprano, it was in the more lyric numbers that her voice was most agreeable. Her higher notes are true, but they are thin in quality, whereas the medium have much more color and sweetness.

Her programme was an unconventional one, but not of any special merit.

March 6, 1915

BEETHOVEN MUSIC STIRS AUDIENCE

Symphony Society and
Elena Gerhardt Enthusiastically Received.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Mr. Walter Damrosch conjured with the name of Beethoven with great success when he gave a festival of the great tone-poet's music some years ago. He has done it repeatedly since, and nothing has yet happened to spell the charm backward. Yesterday afternoon's concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall was an "All Beethoven" one, and though another is to be given next Tuesday in Carnegie Hall the house was crowded and the manifestations of interest and enthusiasm were more than generous.

The loudest outburst of applause was given to the singing by Elma Gerhardt of a group of songs, but the most significant was that which followed the performance of the three instrumental movements from the Symphony in D minor. For Miss Gerhardt the custom which prevails at all other concerts of magnitude was set aside and she was permitted to repeat the song, "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," from the incidental music to "Egmont."

Mr. Damrosch could not repeat the slow movement of the symphony which brought the concert to a close, but had he done so extraordinary a thing he would doubtless have had a large portion of the audience with him, for the performance had taken a tremendous hold on the feelings of the hearers. It was indeed a beautiful performance, though not so perfect as that given the first movement, in which the conductor and his men were at their best. The scherzo was marred by an unpardonably rapid tempo. Beethoven has given it a mitronome mark of 116 measures to the minute. Mr. Damrosch played it at the rate of 200. His men were firmly seated in the saddle and were not unhorsed. It was an amazing piece of virtuoso playing, but the music suffered sadly.

The concert began with one of the overtures which is seldom heard and the one which can be most easily spared from the Beethoven list. It was that to Kotzebue's drama, "King Stephan, Hungary's First Benefactor," composed, with other incidental music, for the opening of the theatre in Pesth in February, 1812. It figures in an historic incident, which is one of the few blots in the composer's musical esccheon.

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In 1815 the London Philharmonic Society commissioned Beethoven to compose three overtures. He accepted the commission, and sent to the society the overture to "King Stephan," that to "The Ruins of Athens" and the so-called "Namensfeier," Op. 115; also an "occasional" written for Vienna. He demanded 75 guineas, and the money was promptly paid.

(The receipt for the money, by the way, is in the possession of Mr. Richard Aldrich, of this city, and is in German, although all the biographers, even Thayer, state that it is in English.) Neate, a friend and pupil of Beethoven's, carried the scores to London. The Philharmonic directors were disappointed in the music, and more than grieved when they learned that, instead of the new overtures which they had commissioned, Beethoven had sent them old things out of his desk which had already been performed. The next representative of the society who went to Vienna received an energetic admonition:

"For God's sake don't order anything from Beethoven!"

The composer had reserved the right to publish the works in two years; the overture to "King Stephan" was not published till after the composer's death. A year later, i. e., in 1816, Beethoven applied to Neate to sell some works for him in London, a task which that devoted friend found it impossible to accomplish. Beethoven wrote to him:

"I was grieved to hear that the three overtures did not please in London. I do not by any means count them among my best; but they did not displease here or in Pesth, where the people are not easily satisfied. Did not the fault lie with the performance? Or was there not some party interest involved?"

Miss Gerhardt Sings an Encore at Symphony

Wins Much Applause as Soloist at
Concert Devoted Entirely to
Music of Beethoven.

It was a concert fitting the occasion of the last Friday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society that its conductor, Walter Damrosch, presented in Aeolian Hall yesterday. With Miss Elena Gerhardt, one of the best singers of songs that this city is privileged to hear, as soloist and a programme devoted entirely to the music of Beethoven one of the most interesting of the series of Symphony Society concerts was heard by an audience as large as the hall would hold.

Miss Gerhardt's selections included two of Clara Schumann's songs from "Egmont," "Freudvoll und leidvoll" and "Die Trommel geruhret," which were delivered with great dramatic force and with an exceptionally effective use of a voice of fine calibre. "Wonne der Wehmut" and "Die Himmel rühmen des ewigen Ehre" were equally well sung, and after the latter the applause left no doubt in the minds of those present that an encore was wanted. Since Paderewski ignored the "no encore" rule at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last year, and Carl Flesch did the same thing at a Philharmonic Society concert, the rule has not been observed as rigorously as in the past. The orchestra was prepared yesterday with another Beethoven song, which was sung most acceptably. This was Miss Gerhardt's only appearance with orchestra her this season.

The symphony was the ninth, or rather three movements of it were played, and especially brilliant was the work of the string section in the adagio movement, with which the concert closed, leaving unplayed the finale with its choral "Ode to Joy."

Striking proof of the great popularity of Geraldine Farrar was given at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, when she appeared as the unhappy heroine of "Madama Butterfly." It was an extra performance, without any subscription to help, yet the house was full from parquette to gallery, and there were two rows of "standees" below. Even Caruso could have hardly done better. Miss Farrar again made a profound impression by the beauty and pathos of her singing and the matchless realism of her acting. There were many recalls for all the singers, with special outbursts of applause when the great American prima donna came forward alone. In the evening "Il Trovatore" was repeated, with the usual cast and favorable results.

Walter Damrosch is giving four con-

A Remarkable Russian Concert.

concerts in eight days. In the words of the late lamented Artemus Ward, "this is 26 to the power of 8." Yesterday afternoon, in Aeolian Hall, he led his orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth symphony, which did not differ from others that he has given during the past quarter of a century. The final choral movement was omitted. The opening piece was Beethoven's dull "King Stephan" overture, and Andrew York, Scriabine's so-called "Smell Elena Gerhardt gave much pleasure by singing the same composer's "Eg songs."

A pupil of Godowsky and Josefmann Wassermann gave a recital same hall last night before a full audience. Although only twenty-two, he has already mastered the technical demands of the piano, as revealed by such Chaconne, pianized by Busoni, Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" and other difficult works; and what is more, plays like a musician.

Herman Wasserman's Recital

Herman Wasserman, a young pianist who had not before played in New York, gave a concert last evening in Aeolian Hall which was heard by a considerable audience of friendly disposition. Mr. Wasserman is said to be a pupil of Leopold Godowsky and shows excellent technical acquisitions, good schooling, good taste, musical feeling. It could hardly be said that he has yet reached a position where he can make important additions in piano playing to the music of the present New York season. There is still something of the prize pupil in his playing, but there are talent and promise in it. He did not fully meet all the technical demands of Busoni's transcription of the Chaconne from Bach's D minor solo violin suite, nor yet find all the significance of the music. There were grace and finish in his performance of Mr. Godowsky's amplification and enrichment of antique pieces by Rameau, Corelli, and Locatelli, and good qualities in his playing of Chopin's B minor sonata. An interesting number in his program was a set of six "Walzermasken," by Mr. Godowsky, played for the first time.

JEROME UHL
MAKES DEBUT

Sings "Marseillaise" Under Another Name and Wins Much Applause.

A new bass barytone made his New York debut yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, in the person of Jerome Uhl. Though Mr. Uhl came to us unknown and unheralded, he left an altogether pleasing remembrance. His voice proved to be an organ of unusual richness, though not large in volume of tone; he phrased well, and sang both with discretion and with temperament. His chief trouble seems to lie in his upper register, where at times his breath control appeared insufficient. Especially well given were Caldara's "Come raggio di sol," Mozart's "Qui seigneur non s'accende," and Delibes's "Eglogue."

Also Mr. Uhl sang "La Marseillaise," which for some strange reason was declared on the programme as "not the French Anthem, but the Battle Song of Democracy for the World."

However that may be, it was none the less the "Marseillaise" that is sung to-day by two million French soldiers; and whether it was because it is the "Battle Song of Democracy," or the anthem of France, or both, the audience rewarded its singer with round after round of applause.

Following this came a pianologue, in which Mr. Uhl was assisted by John Palmer, and then a group of German and English songs. Sydney Dalton played Mr. Uhl's accompaniments sympathetically.

THIRD BAGBY MORNING

Miss Bori, De Gogorza and Kreisler the Soloists. There was a representative gathering yesterday morning in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria for Mr. Bagby's third musical morning of this season. The soloists were Miss Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera, Emilio de Gogorza, barytone, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Richard Hageman and Carl Lamson were

The Russian violinist, Zambalst; the opera singer, Didur; the actress, Nazibva; the Russian Cathedral choir, and the Russian Symphony Orchestra will be heard to-night at the Biltmore Hotel. An entertainment which cannot but prove most enjoyable. The proceeds will go to the aid of Russian war sufferers. The Committee of Mercy. The orchestra will play, for the first time in New York, Scriabine's so-called "Smell Light" Symphony.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

When Dr. Muck opened the orchestral concert season in Boston a few weeks ago, there was a good deal of comment on the fact that he aggressively presented an all-German programme. Last night, in Carnegie Hall, he conducted the same programme. The objection to it was, however, not that it was all-German, but that not all of it was good German music. Brahms's "Variations on a Haydn Theme" are about as dull and uninspired a specimen of hackwork as could be found, and the fine performance given of it could not redeem it. It was amusing to observe that nearly every one in the audience, during the performance of this piece, took to reading Philip Hale's articles in the programme book, which certainly were far more interesting than the Variations.

There was another piece on the programme which did not represent German music, or its composer, at their best—Strauss's "Don Juan." It is needless to say that Dr. Muck and his men played it with wonderful virtuosity; but even in the second largest city in the world three performances within one week of such a "Machwerk" are more than it deserves.

A timely addition to the programme was the "Euryanthe" overture of Weber, a piece in which the spirit of German romanticism in music achieves one of its most enrapturing triumphs. Those who heard it last night will look forward the more eagerly to the promised revival at the Metropolitan of this Weber opera, in which are to be found the very roots of Wagnerism.

The symphony of the occasion was Beethoven's "Eroica," which opened the concert. Dr. Muck, who, when he first appeared, was received with the most enthusiastic applause, made his men play it with so much technical finish, precision, and delicate shading that at the end the applause persisted till all the players had risen to bow their acknowledgements. It cannot be said, however, that the emotional contents of this work were fully revealed, especially in the funeral march, the poignant dissonances of which were not sufficiently accented, while the overwhelming climax which Mahler, in particular, knew how to build up, was missed. The other movements were more satisfactory; in the scherzo Dr. Muck had so much confidence in the technique of his players that he allowed them to do it without any guidance from his baton. To-night the Boston Orchestra plays in Brooklyn and to-morrow afternoon at Carnegie Hall, where the programme will include the second Brahms symphony, Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," and the "Finlandia" tone-poem of Sibelius.

It is probably owing to the sublime funeral march in the "Eroica" that nearly all the orchestras of Germany seem to have opened their season with it, as Dr. Muck did that of the Boston Orchestra in two cities. It is well known that Beethoven had dedicated this work to Napoleon, but revoked this homage angrily when he discovered his ambitions. "Now he'll trample on all the rights of men to serve his own ambition!" he exclaimed. Would he have dedicated this work to any ruler of our day?

A Recital by Leonard Borwick.

A piano recital with Chopin left out seems almost an anomaly, but such a recital was given by Mr. Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, at Carnegie Hall, yesterday afternoon. Mr. Borwick studiously avoided any highly emotional music, so it is at present impossible to give more than a one-sided estimate of his playing. Possibly at his next recital at Carnegie Hall, on November 24, his programme will be made up entirely of romantic composers.

Three names of the romantic school did figure on his programme: Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, and Liszt, but no one

of the three numbers was more than moderately emotional. Mr. Borwick's playing of all three was admirable. He has a beautiful tone, a splendid technique—nowadays this is practically taken for granted—and a highly intelligent and musical grasp of his work. It was a great pleasure to hear him play Paderewski's delightful Thème varié in A major. The finale is superb and suggests by its characteristic color Paderewski's later work, the Polish Fantasia. Little by little, pianists are realizing that the great Polish pianist's works are valuable additions to their own programmes, and such playing as Mr. Borwick's yesterday will certainly help to popularize Paderewski's compositions. Admirable, too, was his playing of the familiar, but always welcome, Etude de Concert in F minor by Liszt; and Rachmaninoff's "Serenade" was equally interesting. This serenade is suggestive of Spain, but a Spain seen curiously tinged by Russian color.

The rest of Mr. Borwick's programme comprised his own arrangement of Bach's Organ fugue in G minor, the familiar Rondo in G, by Beethoven, three "Harpischord lessons" by Scarlatti, and Brahms's F minor sonata. In the Brahms sonata Mr. Borwick's happiest moments were in the more poetic portions of the work, the Andante and the Intermezzo. The Andante, which is built around the lines of a love-poem, fails to convey the passion of the words, but Mr. Borwick made the most of its gentle phrases. The Bach fugue was built up to a fine climax, with splendid solidity. Of all this first part of the recital, the fugue, despite its somewhat antiquated form, was by far the most modern work. At the end of the concert Mr. Borwick added several encores.

Carl Friedberg's Recital

Carl Friedberg, a German pianist from Cologne, made his first appearance in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. He played the Bach-Liszt G minor fugue, Beethoven's sonata opus 109, Schumann's Symphonic Studies, and groups of short pieces by Brahms and Chopin. He played like a German, with military precision and careful obedience to the printed page, but little sympathy with the style of the Polish Chopin. He missed much of the poetry of Schumann's work, playing it too literally, without rhetorical pauses or stirring climaxes. In the Beethoven and Brahms numbers he was at his best, playing them with sympathetic insight and loving attention to details. From the intellectual point of view his playing is all that could be desired.

"JULIEN" AT THE OPERA.

Mr. Caruso and Miss Farrar Heard Again in Charpentier Opera.

The opera at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was Gustave Charpentier's "Julien." Although speculation is still active as to the ultimate fate of the work, it can be said that public curiosity in regard to it is still vigorous. The audience last evening was a large one and the applause was sufficient to show that, if not the opera itself, at any rate its excellent presentation, and the fervor of the impersonations of the principal artists commanded much approval.

Occasion has already been found to praise the great artistic devotion which Mr. Caruso has brought to the interpretation of the title role. Those who have watched the career of the famous tenor know that he never slights his tasks, that whether he is brilliantly successful or not he does all and the best he can. Nor does repetition tempt him to relax his efforts. He is always found in the last nights of the season giving himself with whole heart to the delivery of his music.

It can therefore be no news to his admirers that he sang Julien last evening as if the opera were presented for the first time and its success were resting upon his shoulders. It can be added too that he has made improvement in this impersonation. It is not one of his best, and doubtless no one is more keenly alive to this fact than he is, but if he does not eventually grow to its measure it will be because the style of the work is foreign to his whole artistic development.

Miss Farrar has had less difficulty with Louise, because the part was tolerably well suited to her from the beginning. She is most at home in the last act, chiefly because here she has the most room for action. Mr. Gilly continues to give the distinction of his art to the High Priest and his successive embodiments. The choral parts of the opera were well sung last night and the orchestra played excellently. Mr. Polacco conducted.

WAGNER AT THE OPERA.

"Tristan und Isolde" Heard by Monday Night Subscribers.

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, when the seventeenth week of the season began. It was the sixth perform-

ing. Nine Italian operas have been given, one of them in conjunction with an operetta in English. Monday evening subscribers have also heard one Russian work (given in Italian) and one French, or eighteen operas on seventeen nights. It cannot be said that these subscribers have wanted for variety of that they have been forced to listen to too many serious works of German type. The French repertoire of the Metropolitan is small, or the range of styles might have been made even larger.

The performance of Wagner's great love tragedy last evening served to give Mme. Gadsdill another opportunity to impersonate the heroine. She was in plenteous voice and poured out tone with immense generosity. Her Isolde is always an interesting impersonation, but there have been occasions when it had greater repose and weight than it had last evening. It was best in the sustained lyric pages. Of Mr. Berger's Tristan nothing new need be said.

Mme. Homer was the Brangäne, and as usual her finest achievement was the watch tower warning, which she has always sung well. Mr. Amato was heard as Kurwenal, a role in which he has not appeared for several years. This Italian artist has had experience in German opera houses, but his vocal style is not perfectly suited to the declamation. Otherwise his impersonation is intelligent, manly and sympathetic. Mr. Witherspoon was a creditable King Marke.

Mr. Toscanini was to have conducted last evening, but he was suffering from an infected finger which had to be lanced and this made it impossible for him to officiate. Mr. Hertz, who had not directed the work for a considerable period, took Mr. Toscanini's place at short notice. It can be said for him that the performance went with warmth, spirit and nuance under his baton. In the circumstances his achievement deserves especial commendation.

DANCES REPEATED

AT THE CENTURY

Miss Rasch and Mr. Makalif Provided

Feature of Concert

There.

At the Sunday concert at the Century Opera House last night a series of dances showing the evolution of the dance, illustrated by Miss Albertina Rasch and Mr. Edna and Makalif, which was a popular number of the previous week's programme was repeated. The dances were a Minuet (Boccherini), Gavotte (Louis XIII), Waltz (Strauss), Two-Step (Sousa), Tango (Roberto) and Furlana (Ponchielli).

Mr. Ludwig Schmidt, an American violinist, was heard in Beethoven's Romance in E, and the last movement from Violin Concerto No. 1. His playing was musically and his intonation fairly good, but he evidently lacks experience. Among the soloists from the opera company were Miss Louis Ewell, Miss Ida Green Howard and Messrs. Thomas C. and Louis d'Angelo. Orchestral novelties were a march from Gounod's "Faust," two short pieces by Gili, a variation to Auber's "Fra Diavolo," Berlioz's "Arlesienne" Suite, the intermezzo from "The Cuckoo on the Heath" by G. Fauré, and an overture to Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."

MR. OSCAR SEAGLES HEARD.

Barytone Provides Greater Part of Songs at Entertainment.

At the Tuesday salon at Sherry's yesterday afternoon Mr. Oscar Seagle, American barytone, provided the greater part of the entertainment. Three groups of songs, the first in German, including Brahms's "Botschaft," Novak's "Zigeunertanz" and Dvorak's "Zigeunerlied," a group in French from Faure, Paladilhe, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Massenet and songs in English by Fairchild, Winthrop Rogers, Marshall Kernochan and Carl Busch, comprised his selections.

Among the other entertainers were Mr. Harry Gilbert, pianist; Mme. Marie Sun-Jellius, soprano, and Miss Ruth Draper.

Mme. Culp Sings
English Songs
First at Recital

Holds German Numbers, in Which

She Is at Her Best, for the End of Her Programme.

Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder singer, who gave her second recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, changed somewhat from the usual method of singers in arranging her programme. The first and last groups were devoted to German lieder, of Schubert and Hugo Wolf; there was a section in which old French airs appeared, and instead of tacking a group of miscellaneous American songs of varying qualities on at the end, as is the custom, she

placed her songs in English in the first part of the recital and, what is more, she selected them all from the works of one composer, Mr. John Alden Carpenter, a young Chicago writer.

As was to be expected, Mme. Culp was at her best in the German numbers. From Schubert she sang Suleika I. and II., "Der Haidenroslein," "Der Schiffer" and "Der Musensohn." Her greatest talent seems to lie in her ability to bring out with exquisite effect the fullest meaning of songs of sentiment. It is not in dramatic things that she excels, but she has an amiable talent, and one that is placing her in a position of prominence in the affections of persons who appreciate artistic singing. The beauty of her voice and her skillful use of it were as much in evidence as ever.

It is seldom that an American composer's works are sung with the same care and seeming appreciation as were those of Mr. Carpenter yesterday. Mme. Culp sang as if she felt that she were singing something worth hearing and not as if she were courting favor, reluctantly, by taking up the cause of native music. The audience found something to admire, not only in Mme. Culp's art but in the songs themselves, which were entitled "Go, Lovely Rose," "The Cock Shall Crow," "When I Bring You Colored Toys" and "The Sloop That Flits on Baby's Eyes." The audience was large and its attitude toward the singer enthusiastic.

N. Y. A. DVORAK CONCERT.

Three Works Given by Miss Hauser and Salslavsky Quartet.

Isabel Hauser, pianist, and the Salslavsky String Quartet gave the first of two concerts last evening in the Belasco Theatre. The programme consisted wholly of music by Antonin Dvorak. The first number was his quartet in E major, opus 96, known as the "American" quartet. This work was composed while Dvorak was in this country and was first played at a concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Chamber Music Hall on January 12, 1894.

It was one of the series of three works in which the composer illustrated his theory that a distinctively American type of music could be produced by using themes imitative of the negro melodies created in the United States. The other two were the familiar "New World" symphony and a quintet. The quartet heard last evening is not one of its composer's greatest works, but it is richly melodious and all his music is, and compactly made. The second movement wears better than the other three, though the composition as a whole sounds fresh, spontaneous and charming in these days of profound criticisms.

It was played with much spirit and with appreciation by Mr. Salslavsky and his associates, albeit something was left to be desired in finish. The next work was the sonatina in A for piano and violin. The opus number is 100 and it was written after the American series, 95-97. It was in this composition that Miss Hauser was first heard last evening and afterward in the piano quintet, opus 34, one of the earlier productions of the master.

The concert as a whole was enjoyable, partly by reason of the fluent, clear and easy style of the composer and partly through the sincerity and good musicianship of the performers. The audience was large and there was plenty of applause.

TETRAZZINI AND RUFFO.

United They Draw a Great Audience at Hippodrome.

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, the Florentine coloratura soprano, and Titta Ruffo, the Tuscan barytone, assisted by Naham Franko and his orchestra, appeared at the Hippodrome last night in a joint concert. The two famous singers had each appeared singly at Sunday night entertainments given within a short time in the same place, but now double opportunity was afforded to hear them in vocal specialties and in combination.

The result of this attraction with the public brought together an audience which completely filled the seating capacity of the great auditorium, including many seats that filled every foot of available space on the stage. The enthusiasm following the various selections offered to the audience was great and encore numbers abounded.

Mr. Ruffo's numbers were an aria from Rossini's "William Tell," the prologue to "Pagliacci" and an aria from "Dinorah" feeling and genuine artistic taste, her were the aria "Ritorno Vincitor" from meeting with spontaneous recognition. Verdi's "Aida," the "Mad Scene" from Thomas's "Hamlet" and "Polacca" from the same composer's "Mignon."

The familiar features of Mme. Tetrazzini's singing were lavishly disclosed in her numbers; those of brilliance in floritura being uppermost. Mr. Ruffo was in fine voice. The quality of his middle and upper range has not before been more clearly defined in his singing, here than last night, nor his dramatic qualities more convincing. The orchestra interspersed music of the programme by some of Anher and Strauss. At the final number the two singers sang the duet, "Dunque io Son," from Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A Programme of Beethoven and Wagner—Mme. Culp, Soloist.

The Philharmonic Society's Sunday afternoon concert was devoted to the performance of music by Beethoven and Wagner, which suggested compliance

with the provisions of Mr. Pulitzer's bequest to the society. It was, of course, a willing compliance, and there was no need of a bequest to induce the Philharmonic Society to put the works of both those composers on its programme, where they have so long occupied prominent places, and have so long delighted its audiences.

The Beethoven numbers were the overture to "Fidelio" and the Eighth Symphony for orchestra, and the song "Adelaide," and "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," and "Die Trommel gerühret," from "Egmont," sung by Mme. Julia Culp. Of Wagner there were the Prelude and final scene from "Parsifal," the death music of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung," and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

The playing of the orchestra was highly praiseworthy, and the performance of the symphony showed careful study and elaboration, a mastery of most of the external and some of the deeper significances of the music. Mme. Culp's singing had the beautiful qualities that have so often been admired in it. It was at times, however, so free in tempo and in treatment of the rhythm that Mr. Stransky found some difficulty, very naturally, in following her closely and completely with the orchestral accompaniment. The audience was heartily enthusiastic.

SUNDAY CONCERTS

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE

New York Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall—Puccini Night at Metropolitan Opera House.

Once again New York was able to enjoy a Sunday rich in concerts. The New York Symphony Society, at Aeolian Hall, conducted a replica of the concert given on Friday afternoon. Miss Katherine Goodson, the English pianist, and a poetess of the piano, played the Paderewski concerto and acquitted herself well in that difficult composition. Orchestral numbers were by Bantock, Arnefeldt, and the invasive Sibelius. The Philharmonic Society had an excellent programme at Carnegie Hall. It was derived from the works of Beethoven and Wagner. M. Stransky played the actual overture to "Fidelio," and a poetess of the piano, played the Paderewski concerto and acquitted herself well in that difficult composition. Orchestral numbers were by Bantock, Arnefeldt, and the invasive Sibelius.

There was a Puccini night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Mme. Tasc, Miss Bella Alten, M. Paul Altouse and M. Amato all joined in doing honor to the most important living Italian music. M. Richard Hagen conducted.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

BRING VARIED MUSIC

Philharmonic Plays Beethoven and Wagner—New York Society in Modern Works.

Beethoven and Wagner compositions occupied the entire programme offered yesterday afternoon by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall. The New York Symphony Society confined itself exclusively to modern writers in its Aeolian Hall concert.

The Philharmonic, under Conductor Stransky, gave an excellent account of itself in the Eighth Symphony and the "Fidelio" overture of Beethoven, as well as in Wagner's Prelude and "Glorification" from "Parsifal," the "Goetterdaemmerung" Funeral March, "Siegfried" Idyll and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Julia Culp, who was the soloist, sang "Adelaide" and two songs from "Egmont" with beauty of tone, true of Meyerbeer. Those of Mme. Tetrazzini's efforts, like those of the orchestra, were the aria "Ritorno Vincitor" from meeting with spontaneous recognition.

Walter Damrosch brought forward Sibelius's Second Symphony as the important composition for the New York organization. Performed here three seasons ago, this Finnish work made no more popular impression than then, but in spite of its somnolence it has strength and originality.

A deal of credit should be accorded the performance of the symphony, which exacts much of an orchestra because of its involved structure. Praise for individual accomplishment also was won by Katherine Goodson, who played Paderewski's concerto for piano and orchestra with skill.

The second soloist of the afternoon was Jacques Renard, the New York Symphony Orchestra's recently acquired first cellist. He exhibited a pure tone, musicianship and technique in interpreting a new Granville Bantock composition called a "Sapphic Poem."

FRIENDS OF MUSIC

HEAR NEW QUINTET

Composition of Florent Schmitt

Has First Performance Here.

The third and last of the series of subscription concerts announced early in the season by the new organization called the Society of the Friends of Music took place yesterday afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton. An extra concert will take place on Wednesday, February 18, when Mr. Ysaye and his son will play. The first and second entertainments of the society unfortunately escaped discussion owing to the crowded condition of the musical calendar.

The object of the organization is to give hearings of works which by reason of their exclusiveness of appeal or their expensive demands in the matter of instrumental artists cannot be offered by chamber music-bodies relying upon the support of the general public. The concerts are provided with variety and relief by the addition of lighter numbers or songs, and in these cases also novelty is sought.

The scheme is entirely worthy of serious consideration and has thus far placed good results to its credit. Compositions which might not otherwise have been heard and which deserve hearing have been admirably performed and numerous audiences of people interested in rare products of art have been brought together. The programmes have been arranged with judgment and intelligent notes have helped toward an understanding of music either complex or elusive.

The principal number on yesterday's programme was both. It was the quintet in E minor, opus 55, of Florent Schmitt. It may be recalled that on January 10 the Boston orchestra played his "Tragedie de Salome." It was said here that this work was neither crude nor vulgar in method, and that it showed a genuine mastery of materials. The composition was described as instrumentally rich and beautifully and with some novel effects, that it was clear in form and showed a real and valuable talent. Some of these comments might be repeated in reference to the quintet heard yesterday.

No exhaustive analysis can be given of the work, for The Sun's chronicler heard it for the first time and without having studied the score. The impression made by this hearing, however, was that this is a very important and significant piece of chamber music and that it should be heard again and again. Its length is much against it, for audiences are slow to give themselves up to prolonged intellectual application, and such music cannot be grasped by an indolent listener.

Mr. Schmitt has displayed in this composition a great mastery of form, extraordinary ingenuity in planning new and striking instrumental effects, or transferring to the domain of chamber music some hitherto confined to orchestral work and, in the modern method of development which preserves through a work certain elementary thematic thought, expands these into new matter which has individuality.

Rhythmically the composition is opulent and harmonically it is very comprehensive, but without becoming mystic in tonality or losing hold of the fundamental values of the simple scale. The reflective character of the melodic ideas and their developments is intense, and this places a barrier in the way of popularity for the music. It is the creation of a serious artist, who makes no concessions, but imperiously demands that the hearer shall follow him into his remote chambers of thought.

The quintet was played by Edouard Dethier, first violin; Davol Sander's, second; Samuel Lifschey, viola; Paul Kefer, cello, and Gaston Dethier, piano. These artists performed the difficult composition in a manner which showed that they had given it earnest study. Gaston Dethier commanded special admiration for the smoothness, color, fine adjustment of dynamic values and technical skill which he brought to the formidable piano part. After the quintet Paul Reimers sang some songs, mostly new, by Blair Fairchild, Georges Hue and Courtlandt Palmer.

BARRERE ENSEMBLE CONCERT.

Works by Little Known Composer—Feature of Its Matinee Entertainment.

There were several little known names on the programme of the second concert of the Barrere ensemble, heard in the Belasco Theatre yesterday. This organization of wind instruments has made the giving of new works a feature of its concerts.

The first Symphony of Mr. Vladimir Dyck, a young Russian composer, who has become identified with the modern French school, and is now residing in Paris, was the opening number. If it was not interesting throughout, at least the second movement, a Pastoral, had a charm that was brought out in the skillful playing of Mr. George Barrere and his players.

The work that attracted the greatest interest was a lied and scherzo of Mr.

Florent Schmitt, a French composer, whose music is gradually finding a place in the programmes of instrumental music of the country. The lied and scherzo was notable for its remarkable instrumental color. Most skillfully has Mr. Schmitt used each instrument so as to bring out unusual effects.

Two American works also were heard. Miss Mahel Wood Hill's suite, containing an intermezzo and a gypsy dance, and M. Seth Bingham's sole opus No. 17. In place of Mme. Gerville-Heacoe, who was announced as the soloist, Mr. Herbert Witherspoon appeared. His skill as an interpreter of songs is well known and he gave pleasure in Gluck's "Un roué bien clair," Florida's "Mad rigale" and songs by Georges, Faure, Carpenter and Wieniawski.

MUSIC FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS

Concert by the Barrere Ensemble—ble and Mr. Witherspoon.

Mr. Barrere, his associates and his friends are striving valiantly, faithfully and patiently to create a love for chamber music for wind instruments. It is a form of art which must be set down as anomalous and outmoded by even the most liberal mind, and the task of habituating it seems to proving difficult to Mr. Barrere. The reason is not far to seek. The tone of the wood-wind choir, even when reinforced by the horns, becomes monotonous when used in the frank, unaffected manner of the period when the old serenades, cassations and divertimenti (as the pieces were variously called, though they differed little in form) were written, and the modern effort to give them variety of utterance generally serves most of all to make the need of string-tone more poignantly felt. The instruments are most beautiful when permitted to speak as nature intended they should speak—for nature had something to do with the construction of all instruments and their proper utterance. In consequence a taste for the new compositions in which they are employed must be cultivated—like that for olives or caviar. Mr. Barrere has brought out some very interesting experiments, as he did yesterday in the case of a so-called symphony by Vladimir Dyck, two pieces by Miss M. W. Hill, an amorphous thing, with indications of genius, if not talent, by Florent Schmitt and a suite by Seth Bingham. All the music had a sympathetic hearing. Mr. Witherspoon sang some songs with fine intelligence, but his humor must be confessed, is somewhat tedious.

THE BARRERE ENSEMBLE.

Second Concert of Music for Wind Instruments in the Belasco Theatre.

George Barrere, in the second concert of his excellent ensemble of wind instrument players, given yesterday in the Belasco Theatre, devoted his programme almost wholly to modern works for the combination of instruments at his disposal. Paul has been found with some of the recent programmes of his concerts; and it might be found again with the programme of this concert; not because the music is modern, not because of difficulty in comprehending it, or because it is couched in unfamiliar tones embarrassing or irksome to the listener, but because of the essential importance of most of it. What was played yesterday was not difficult, but all too easy to understand.

Mr. Barrere began with a "symphony" for two flutes, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons, by Vladimir Dyck, a name not familiar to music lovers hereabouts, whose insignificance persisted through four movements, of which the third, a "pastorale," had agreeable and pleasing qualities, but little else. Quite as inconsequential were two pieces by M. W. Hill. The work of Florent Schmitt has recently become known here as that of one of the strongest and most aggressive of the modern French composers through his "Salome" music for orchestra and his impressive quintet for piano and strings.

A "Lied and Scherzo" for wind instruments on Mr. Barrere's programme appeared to have few of the important qualities of either of these compositions. Doubtless it is intended to be taken in a lighter vein and not in any way to be compared with them as to musical content. What musical content it had seemed to be desultory and expressed in an unattractive and undistinguished form. A more cogent and more interesting work than either was the suite by Seth Bingham, an American whose previous compositions are unknown here, though this is his seventeenth. It was new and had then its first performance. Its movements are prelude, pastorale, gavotte, nocturne, and jig.

Instead of Mme. Gerville-Reache, who was announced, Herbert Witherspoon sang. He was troubled with hoarseness, was not in full control of his voice, which has so often given much pleasure, and frequently sang a little flat. The most enjoyable of his songs were the old English "Twelve Days of Christmas" and others by Wieniawski and John Carpenter in the style of old English.

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YOUNG WOMEN IN RECITAL.

Miss Mary Wood and Miss Florence Wohlfert Heard.
Miss Mary Wood, soprano, was heard in her first recital in the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon, with Miss Florence Wohlfert, pianist. She has natural gifts, but has not yet acquired that vocal perfection and ability to interpret moods and emotions which concert goes in New York demand of their favorite recitalists. Her selections included Xavier Leroux's "Le Nl." and songs from "Der Frieschutz," songs in German by Reynaldo Hahn, Liszt, Reger, Schubert and Brahms, and a group of American songs by Miss Fay Foster, who has been her accompanist. Mr. A. Walter Schamer and Miss Josephine Homans.
Miss Wohlfert played the Vieuxtemps concerto in D minor, Sarasate's "Zigeuner" and a sort of "Carnegie" from "Carnegie" and "Carnegie".

BRILLIANT "TOSCA" AT METROPOLITAN

Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso Join Forces in Puccini Opera.

SCOTTI AT HIS BEST

Performance Received With Enthusiasm by Audience of Great Size.

"Tosca" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before one of those audiences which are always seen when Mr. Gatti-Casazza chooses to cause the chief stars to sing together. With Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso in the cast it was a foregone conclusion that the space allotted for standing room would be crowded to the very last limit permitted by very blind Justice.

Old and hardened observers, who have heard quite away either by the elemental physical charm of the ever young prima donna or the unflagging energy of the idolized tenor, find themselves amazed, as they have been for years past, that the largest figure in Metropolitan presentations of "Tosca" is the Italian Scarpia, created out of the broad historical act of Antonio Scotti.

Comparison is not criticism, yet sometimes it has its own special message. Recently Mr. Scotti sang Scarpia in Boston and the Herald of that city was moved to declare "he was the first Scarpia and he is still the best." We in New York are not known the Scarpia of Vanni Marchetti, but we are willing to accept the verdict of the city where he is continually engaged. We have made the acquaintance of some other Scarpia's, and we accept the dictum of the Boston Herald. Mr. Scotti is still the best, and he is still the most important figure in the Metropolitan performances of "Tosca."

What he does will not furnish material for "talking machines" and his voice will not intrude in the home performances of selections. Mr. Caruso singing his solo in the third act or Miss Farrar bewailing the fate in the second will be ground of scorn to Jehosaphat to the Golden Gate, but when Mr. Scotti retires from the stage, Scarpia will be a splendid memory against which younger singers will shatter themselves.

Let it be added that Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso were at their best and contributed much to the delight of the audience. The orchestra and chorus discharged their duties capably and Mr. Toscanini conducted in his familiar manner. The house was packed to its utmost capacity.

MME. GINA VIAFORA PLEASES

Soprano, Formerly with the Metropolitan, Gives Song Recital.
In Aeolian Hall last night Mme. Gineporelli-Viafora, soprano, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave a song recital and Mr. Enrico Scognamiglio, cellist, and Mr. Samuel Gardner, violinist, played.

Mme. Viafora was in good voice and was received with enthusiasm by a large audience. Her first group of songs was from Puccini, Pergolesi, Bassani and Capponi and in Bassani's "Posate, dormite" she pleased most. Later she was heard in a new song of Zandonani "Coucher de Soleil" Kerazur, an aria from "Cavalleria" and a group of American songs.

and Zandonani's "The Angels," sung with organ and cello obligato.

Mr. Scognamiglio played a charming barcarole of his own composition and Braga's "Saltarello Abruzzese." His playing gave pleasure and he was forced to respond to an encore.
The other artist, Mr. Gardner, is one of the most talented of the younger violinists of New York. His contributions were the first movement from the suite in E major by Goldmark, Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois," arioso "Infant Joy," by Gardner, and St. Lubin's fantasia on the sexte concert. She has natural gifts, but has not yet acquired that vocal perfection and ability to interpret moods and emotions which concert goes in New York demand of their favorite recitalists. Her selections included Xavier Leroux's "Le Nl." and songs from "Der Frieschutz," songs in German by Reynaldo Hahn, Liszt, Reger, Schubert and Brahms, and a group of American songs by Miss Fay Foster, who has been her accompanist. Mr. A. Walter Schamer and Miss Josephine Homans.
Miss Wohlfert played the Vieuxtemps concerto in D minor, Sarasate's "Zigeuner" and a sort of "Carnegie" from "Carnegie" and "Carnegie".

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Carl Flesch, Violinist, Makes His First Appearance Here.
The concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last evening served to introduce to the audience a violinist new to this country, Carl Flesch, who has already won a prominent place in Germany. Flesch elected to appear, not as a virtuoso, but as an interpreter of the most serious music, and for this purpose he chose the concerto of Beethoven. This is indeed a courageous act in New York, where the great work has been played by many masters, even within the memory of younger concert goers.

Mr. Flesch passed through his ordeal, not unscathed, but not without honor, and will be accorded a place among earnest and well equipped artists. He has a good, incisive tone, which last night grew rough at times under vigorous bowing, especially in the lower part of the scale of the instrument. His finger work was excellent and there was abundant boldness in the bow arm. In the cadenzas, which were not in correct style in themselves, his technical display was of the first order.

In the reading of the composition Mr. Flesch was not entirely satisfying. In whose parts there was dignity of style and nobility is yet tempered with a poetic charm. Others there was too much employment of the portamento. The player showed a tendency to transform the noble phrases of Beethoven into sentimental utterances. To play the Beethoven concerto with repose and breadth and at the same time with deep feeling is indeed not easy, and a man may be a very respectable artist without fully accomplishing it. Mr. Flesch's performance pleased the audience so well that he was compelled to add an extra piece, and he gave the first two movements of a Bach unaccompanied sonata.
The orchestral numbers were a hallette of Gretry (arranged by Felix Mottl), Schubert's unfinished symphony and Weber's "Oberon" overture. The ballet suite, taken from "Cephale et Procris," consisted of a tambourin, menuet and gigue, and furnished a light and easy prelude to the concerto.

Goodson Plays Paderewski's Concerto.

Attention has been called in this journal several times to the strange fact that while most of the violinists play the pieces and arrangements of Kreisler, the pianists foolishly avoid the compositions of the "Kreislere of the piano." Ignace Jan Paderewski, although all of these pieces are as pianistic as the music of Chopin, Liszt, and many of them as effective in the concert hall as they are beautiful.

At last the spell has been broken. Katherine Goodson, the English pianist with the Slavie temperament, took up the Paderewski concerto last year, and after mentioning it in her London studio, she went to London to study the details of interpretation with the great pianist himself. Yesterday afternoon, at the Aeolian Hall concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, she played it, with artistic results that would have pleased him as much as the ardial and sincere applause of the audience.

Mme. Goodson played the opening allegro brilliantly, the andante tenderly, and the final movement with splendid dash and vivacity. The concerto had not been heard here since 1902, wherefore it may have been novelty to many of those who applauded so enthusiastically yesterday. They must have wondered why it is not heard every season, for it is a concerto which is remarkable for melodic invention as well as for its mastery of form and its ingratiating style. What is particularly noticeable is the thorough mastery of orchestral resources shown by this pianist—a mastery subsequently shown still more strikingly in Polish Fantasia and his symphony. The first inspired and inspiring of the concerto's three movements is the third, the lightfully melodious themes of which are elaborated with a brilliant vivacity as ennobled as that of a Liszt rhapsody when played by Paderewski.

To Mme. Goodson cordial thanks are due for reviving this splendid composition, also Mr. Damrosch for a sympathetic accompaniment. Mr. Damrosch also gave an interesting and exciting reading of the second symphony of Sibelius, a work which, with its truculence and almost ferocious wildness, nevertheless appeals to listeners of northern countries than Finland. Less than composer, Armas Jarnefelt, which preceded the concerto, or the "Sapphic Poem" Granville Bantock, which is not one of the happiest inspired works of that distinguished English composer.

"LOUISE" WELL SONG AT THE CENTURY

Charpentier's Opera Given in English for First Time in America.

Charpentier's "Louise" received its first production in English in America last night at the Century Opera House. To the high priests of opera in the vernacular this event must have seemed of moment, most glorious, especially as the audience was considerably larger than any corresponding on Tuesday night for several weeks past. And the apostles of opera in the vernacular are not without reason in urging the claims of "Louise" to English libretto suffrage; the opera is one in which the story is of peculiar human appeal, and the sense of drama will undoubtedly grow with an understanding of the dialogue.

Yet last night's hearing, perhaps because of this very fact, emphasized the impossibility of the preservation of the flavor of an opera when that opera is sung in a tongue never dreamed of by its composer. "Louise" is essentially Parisian, as Paris knows herself in Montmartre or on the exterior boulevards. Its chief protagonist is a little *midinette*, whose longing for the fleshpots of the city is yet tempered with a poetic charm. Sung in French, this charm proves the character's saving grace; sung in English, as it was last night, little remains except a very heartless little hussy, whose true habitat would be, not the garret of a poet, but some glittering Broadway café.

However, let this be forgiven, for the English language is English, and let it be said that the Century Company's "Louise" was, all things considered, a creditable performance. In the first place, the scenery and costumes, borrowed from the Boston Opera, were altogether pleasing, even though some persons may still object to Mr. Urban's impressionistic manner. Then, again, the orchestra showed evidences of rehearsal. Conductor Szendrei, when he is given the chance, proves himself always an able musician, and last night he brought out most effectively the rhythms of the street cries which are the basis of the music. There was a good deal of life in the sewing-room scene, and also in the pageant on the Butte, where the scene of festival was one of real beauty.

The Louise was Miss Beatrice La Palme, who gave a very satisfactory performance in the third act, and sang the great air in the third act with considerable skill. Mr. Bergman succeeded in giving some distinction to the part of Julien, and though his voice is not a large one, he was, as ever, a sincere and well rounded artist. Mr. Kreidler was excellent as the Father, as was Miss Howard as the Mother. Of the smaller parts, special mention should be made of Mr. Kaufman's Old Rag Man.

The audience appeared to be keenly interested in all the proceedings, and applauded vigorously. A good word should be said for the singer's diction. It was unusually distinct, except in such portions where the orchestration was particularly heavy.

"LOUISE" PRODUCED AT CENTURY OPERA

Charpentier's Work Given for the First Time With English Text.

OPERA WELL MOUNTED

Performance Generally Commendable, Though Not Even in Its Details.

Charpentier's "Louise" was introduced to the local public by Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House in January, 1903. It had an immediate success, which was due chiefly to the impersonations of its principal characters by Mary Garden, Charles Dalmores, Mr. Gilbert and Mme. Bressler-Glanoli. Something was also due to the excellent conducting of Cleofonte Campanini. Last evening the opera entered the English repertory at the Century Opera House.

If the work were introduced to the public in its new condition of linguistic adjustment, it will be because the local public finds something to enjoy in the music and the delineation of the most depressing features of life in a great city. The English text leaves nothing to the imagination, except when it cannot be understood. That which was heard was trivial and slovenly in character, as might have been expected. The aim of the librettist of this work was to make his personages talk naturally, not poetically, and to this end he used prose. The English prose is the commonest kind. It mates badly with music and the disproportion between the words and their melodic setting is frequently such as to evoke smiles, if not laughter.

Known to Music Lovers.

Fortunately there is no need at this time to make any further comment on the opera itself. "Louise" is fairly well known to music lovers in this town. It can be noted with some point, however, that the drama as such gains not a little from presentation in a theatre smaller than either the Manhattan or the Metropolitan. The slide of humanity offered for consideration is not a pretty and not—save in the solitary instance of the Father—one to invite sympathy; but such as it is, one gets closer to it in the Century than in the other houses.

The performance of last evening was in some respects much better than the habitual dolings at the Century promised. In others it was on the familiar level. But care had been bestowed on the preparation, and a conscientious and therefore commendable effort made to present the work with fidelity. In the preparations the artistic taste and skill of Mr. Szendrei, who conducted, must have figured largely, as they did in the disclosures of the evening. He worked wonders with his ligneous orchestra, and he instilled into some of the singers a more delicate feeling for the thought of Charpentier than they had lately shown for that of less subtle composers.

New Pictorial Features.

The pictorial features of the work were new and interesting. The scenery was that of the Boston Opera House, the creation of Joseph Urban. This scenery is the chief theme of an article in the current number of the Century Magazine. Urban, as already told, is what is called a "pointillist," and his method of scene designing and painting is singularly well adapted to the requirements of "Louise." It was a pity that in some details the setting of the scenes last night was not complete, but possibly this defect will be remedied in future performances.

The most difficult part of "Louise" is the first scene of the second act, that depicting night and early morning life in Montmartre district. The small roles in this scene are potent factors in creating the atmosphere of the Parisian underworld which Charpentier strives to delineate. No one of these was adequately impersonated last evening.

James Davis, who was the *Noctambule*, sang his music technically well, but he did not succeed in conveying to the audience the spirit of the prowling demon of Parisian night, the epitome of the ethical (or unethical) thought of the entire work. The role is formidable and would really be perfectly presented only by a singing actor of the first rank. Flora Cingolani as the *Young Ragpicker* came closer to the real feeling of the scene than any of the others.

Conventional as "Louise."

Beatrice La Palme was quite conventional as Louise, a part which calls for the peculiar talent of a Mary Garden, while Kathleen Howard was much in the same vein as the Mother. Mr. Kreidler was praiseworthy as the Father, albeit his treatment of the role did not penetrate far below the surface. Mr. Bergmann acted Julien very well, but his singing would have gained much by a complete loss of its remarkable nasality.

"Louise" was a formidable undertaking for the Century enterprise, but its presentation helped to fulfill the promise of the projectors of the plan that all varieties of opera would be given in English. The faithful keeping of promises is to be commended. On the other hand those who care to use it will find this new disclosure of "Louise" a potent illustration of their argument that it is better to give operas in the language in which they are written.

FUTURIST MUSIC PLAYED.

Before an audience which included many of the foremost musicians of New York, the Flonzaley Quartet last night in the Little Theatre gave a private performance of the Shoenberg quartet in D minor, which is to be heard for the first time at regular concert on January 26. It was the first performance in America of this futurist music. The complicated character Shoenberg's style of composition makes almost impossible for even the trained ear to understand it at one hearing, and that reason the hearing for subscribers and friends of the quartet was arranged. Before the performance a short explanatory talk on Shoenberg and his music was delivered by Mr. Kurt Hindler. The time consumed in playing the music is exactly fifty-two minutes, and there is absolutely no pause. Among the musicians in the audience were Messrs. Arturo Toscanini and Alfred Hertz, conductors of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Mr. Louis Koenen, conductor of the Oratorio Society; Mr. Franz Kneisel, of the Kneisel Quartet; Mr. Walter Damrosch, director of the Columbia Frivars; and Chod's Mr. R.

